

The Historic Chief Skugaid: Its Captain & Tales from the Net Shed

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&
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The Historic Chief Skugaid: Its Captain

Purpose for Chiefly Skugaid Pages, Historically Speaking

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: You live in the net shed in Langley, British Columbia. You are the captain of the *Historic Chief Skugaid*, the *Chief*, or the *Skugaid*. What is the importance of a book for the *Historic Chief Skugaid* now?

David Cobb: It is important because the *Chief* is an iconic representation of the British Columbia fishing industry. Also, it flies the flag for bygone times. That flag for an industry redundant and spent up. Its human capital has been depleted or dispersed because the industry no longer exists.

Many of the boats and fishermen over the last hundred years are gone. It is important as a marker or a milepost for things environmental, too. It is incumbent upon me. I have taken on the *Chief*; and its associated responsibilities.

In other words, this book, the website, and an upcoming film are important to the representation of the *Chief*. For example, the film is about the *Chief* as part of a larger project focused on the Prohibition Era and the *Volstead Act* of the early 1920s to the early 1930s.

The website contains much information on the craft. This book covers the *Chief* and me. I am hoping these things will coalesce into one. I want make people mindful of the importance of these vessels in the evolution of the society known in the Pacific Northwest.

This includes Newfoundland. It also means the salmon, herring, and halibut fisheries. As it incorporates the Aleutian Chain into the North coast of Russia, there are many connections between these two jurisdictions. There was in the commercial past as well.

The fishing and sealing industry, and the logging industry, from a decade to a century ago. I am hoping more light can be brought to bear on important points of contact by exposing this information about this specific vessel.

The information about its place in time and in history. The industry, the region, the ethics of those days, and so on; these will be explored in this interview-based text. The days tritely referred to, by me and others, as the era “when ships were wood, and men were steel.”

There is a great deal to be drawn for current and future generations from the experiences of people who were plying these trades in the decades and centuries past.

In the Beginning... O Historic Captain, My Skugaid Captain

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: So, David, you are the captain of the *Historic Chief Skugaid*. In prior talks, you mentioned feeling like not only the captain of the boat. As a book-wide prefatory caution sentence, you are a Christian and a creationist, and the captain of the *Chief*, which can provide some context to the references within the book here.

What has been your history and relationship with the *Chief* and the sea?

David Cobb: To quote an even more venerable source than Lipman, “In the beginning was the Word...” Yes, you are right. Matters marine or maritime have been central to me.

They have been a profound and large facet of personal and professional existence from an early age. As the cowboys in Alberta will say, “From then ‘til now.” I have been involved in different jurisdictions of the East and West coasts of Canada or North America.

I have fished out of Ireland. I have done some tow boating in Ireland: small towboats. I have been fishing in the Gulf of Mexico on shrimp boats as a deckhand or a simple grunt. I have had a couple of other sailing adventures or misadventures in the Atlantic or the South Atlantic.

In fact, this has extended into South America. All this will come to the attention of readers in the fullness of time. Returning to the thesis, I subsumed personal identity to the *Chief Skugaid*.

I presume to be the *Chief Skugaid* as the *Chief Skugaid* is me. I do not want to sound binary or schizoid, though. What I am trying to do, in a largely metaphorical fashion is breathe or imbue life into an inanimate object, a vessel of wood, aluminum, steel, rubber, and various other constituent parts.

I believe the boat has a life of its own. I am attempting to subsume personal being into the *Chief Skugaid*. I want to re-animate something long in the tooth. It is not regarded with reverence. It is not a revered thing in this country or the Western part of Canada.

It does not have the authority an elder deserves. This boat is as much an elder - in the broadest, strictest, and most organic sense of the term - as any of the First Nations elders or the elders are known to me in Ireland. The old folk who are fonts of wisdom.

This boat should be elevated. If I have my way, it will be elevated to a prominent position, not a simple titular authority. I aim to venerate the *Chief*. If I can do it, I will make it iconic.

Not an iconic representation in an idolatrous sense, but, rather, as a representation or as a living animate representative. Keep in mind, it does go fast. It is one of the fastest boats on the coast. It could “go” with two weeks of hard graft and cosmetic upgrades. It could go to the Bering Sea or Hawaii again, under power or sail.

I could set the sails and have them in masts in two weeks. I am thoroughly convinced; in small part, it will be my doing. The boat is a necessary and pivotal position in the recent history of this coast. Its position is in maritime lore.

We have explored or will explore, or return to its position, as a runner of strong spirits in the Prohibition Era. The battles against the sea, or in the Bering Sea, in the early days under sail alone.

It will return to a central position. It will be both a lighthouse or a guiding light. I would presume for the next generation or generations of seafarers, whether they are day sailors or commercial fisherman.

To quote one of my favourite characters in one of my favourite books, *Wind in the Willows*, "There is nothing so good as messing around in boats." It is a soporific. It is something sentimental and spiritual to me, and to many others the world 'round regardless of the culture.

Whether it is a maritime culture appreciated by land lovers and those who travel down to the sea in ships, there is a tremendous inspirational component to this vessel and to vessels like it. I am determined with God as my witness.

I do not use the term in a random or in a promiscuous fashion. With God as my witness, I will make this a lighthouse, a beacon, and a fount of information about a great many topics, concerns, and processes.

I have a hope in the near future. I hope the heavy lifting and the graft have been done. The boat has a great deal of structural and mechanical integrity. What is left of the re-rigging of the sails and so on, it has to be done. However, the heavy lifting is complete.

There are cosmetic concerns, e.g., a couple of good coats of paint. Something to spruce its old colours.

Jacobsen: If the boat was fixed, you could travel to the Bering Sea or Hawaii.

Cobb: It is not a hard trip for the boat. It was built as an ice-class boat. It has a hull six-inch thick - three inches inside and three inches outside over an oak rim, old Doug Fir. However, it is built to sail to the Bering Sea and in icy conditions

It was insured as an ice-class vessel. It could go through the Northwest Passage and return to Newfoundland and Labrador. Labrador is a hereditary home for me. My family, the Cobb family, immigrated as part of the first immigrants between 1750 and 1760.

Newfoundland was the first and shiniest jewel in the Imperial Crown. It was the first colony. The closest in terms of proximal concerns. The most proximal to the mother country, Britain. It was, pre-empted by my real ancestral home. My heart's content is in Ireland.

It was a colony *de facto* for 1,000 years. It was treated with the same cavalier contempt as other colonies. The “Sassenach” is a common word for the Scots-Gaelic and the Irish speakers. Two of the same linguistic family. Sassenach means “the old enemy,” which means the Brits. My Scottish and Irish grannies were oil and water together.

Both, after they had a couple of glasses of the tincture on high holidays (e.g. Easters, Christmases, Christenings, and Wakenings), they would get along swimmingly, even famously at times. It would be as if they were long lost sisters or at least cousins.

They were poles apart in terms of their background. When they got together over a couple of glasses of strong spirit, like a good single malt scotch or a triple-distilled Irish, they were both equally pleasing. In particular, if the drinks were taken in excess, they agreed on a few things.

The old one was a Sassenach: one of the Brits. They were responsible for all the ill if not downright evil in both of their worlds. The Irish were exploited and treated badly. There is little doubt about that.

They came in 1750 to the colony and protectorate of Newfoundland. My family, a portion of my family, came to the North coast of Newfoundland. In fact, there is a community. They bear the family name in the same neck of the woods as Fogo and Twillingate.

The Isle of Fogo. Fogo being a contraction or a corruption of Fuego (means “fire and smoke”) from the Portuguese because the Portuguese used white sail fleets, fishing fleets. They were there prior to that in the 1500s, where they seasonally fished for cod.

Fogo and Twillingate. Twillingate being a corruption of Touyllgay. A famous opera singer who gave her name to the town of Twillingate. It became corrupted. Fogo, Twillingate, and up the shore, are the Cobb’s Arm, which is an arm of the sea.

It is above Joe Batt’s Arm, which is a famous little community, fishing community. It goes Cobb’s Arm, Joe Batt’s Arm, Virgin Reach, and Dildo. Those are the four towns on the coast there. I will leave that there. I will not leave any vulgar comment.

Newfoundlanders do not find anything comedic or vulgar about any of those four mentioned little arms of the sea. Newfoundland, what did Solomon the Wise say? “There is nothing new under the Sun saith Solomon.” There is nothing new about all that. Nothing phases them. The one half of the family went there in about 1750, 1760.

There are a few Cobbs living in that neck of the woods in and around Cobb’s Arm. There are some Cobbs left in Newfoundland. They live on Bell Island. It is close to St. John’s, close to a ferry that runs to Bell Island. There were big iron mines.

Again, the Brits were exploiting the Irish. The iron ore was sent over for ships of the line and structural steel. However, the family is not as numerous down there as it was at one time. Many Newfoundlanders and Irish had been dispersed to the four winds as a result of exploitation by parent countries or companies.

the Newfoundland connection is a stronger, strenuous one – a familial connection. My father's namesake is Christopher Cobb. The Christopher Cobb in Newfoundland was a famous folk poet, songwriter, and a bull of the woods.

He was a timber cruiser and logger and sealing (swilling) captain and fisherman. He enjoyed notoriety in his lifetime. He was the first man to be rescued off an ice flow by a float plane.

Not something that I would want in my *curriculum vitae*; however, he stood on the ice, off the sealing grounds when he became by happenstance or circumstance separated from his vessel for 3 days and 3 nights at something like 45 below zero.

He stood because if he sat down he would have frozen. He was half-frozen. He did not lose any digits or extremities. He was a real bull of the woods type. The old days, as they used to say, "When ships were wooden and men were iron." He was one of them. He lived to tell the tale.

He was rescued by a float plane off the path. He lived to a ripe old age and became one of the best-known songwriters. There is a Smithsonian Museum LP if people remember LPs. An LP playing a 33 1/3 rpm vinyl recording. I had a copy. It went a walkabout.

I would like to find another one. I will probably have to go to the Smithsonian to get a tape or a digitized version of it. However, it was the songs of Newfoundland. Fishing songs of Newfoundland were recorded in 1953 by one of the archivists on a trip to Newfoundland.

One of his songs was called "Brown Flower," which was featured prominently in his time. There was "Squid Jigging Ground." There were a couple of other well-known ones. I will not itemize or delineate.

Nonetheless, an interesting L, "Brown Flower" was placed in a position of prominence because of the prominence of Christopher Cobb. It was a story about the Depression Era in song and rhyme. It was about shovelling snow in the streets of St. John for a pound of "Brown Flour" a day.

That is what they got as pay. The "Brown Flour" was deemed to be sub-standard and much more wholesome than what we know today as the nutritionally deplete, bleached, and allegedly enriched white flour of the rich folk.

However, the "Brown Flour" was given to the poorest of the poor. The navvys, those who shovelled the snow on the streets of St. Johns in the depths of the hard winters. I have been in St. John, where it snowed 22 feet in the course of a winter. It was regularly 40 below.

People imagine St. John as a mild, foggy, maritime, and coastal place. It is among the most inclement weather conditions rolled into one. It is a kettle of fish. the Cobb name is prominent in Newfoundland.

I could itemize and articulate some prominent Newfoundlanders of the 21st century. Some interesting stuff going on there with the later generation of Cobbs. One, in particular, a female

entrepreneur in IT who travelled to London, Rome, and Paris in her 20. She came back a millionaire.

She bought an island and a huge patch of shoreline. She built a museum, a hotel, and an airport. More to the point, the idea of the *Chief* going through the Northwest Passage to Newfoundland to visit there.

It would be flying the flag. Not the flag of British Columbia or D. Cobb Esq., but it is flying a flag of the *Historic Chief Skugaid*. To me, it is an important part of the resurrection of the boat.

I would not be loath to leave the coast of Labrador and the port of St. John after carrying or lingering after taking in the friendly kitchens, and the even friendlier bars and pubs along Water Street. I am all too familiar with those bars and pubs.

It Smells Like Teen Spirit, and Shrimp and Spirits

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: What are some other introductory points to discover the boat and its captain?

David Cobb: There are plenty. They involve fishing in the Labrador Sea off Newfoundland. Also, the fishing for shrimp in the Gulf of Mexico out of Fort Myers Beach in Florida, and Houston across the gulf in Texas (Gulf of Mexico).

They fished shrimp at night because the shrimp rose to the surface in huge iridescent, phosphorescent schools. They were as big as the old-fashioned Coke bottles in those days. We are not going back to Methuselah's era by saying, "...in those days," but only five decades ago.

There were three fellows on the boat. There was the skipper, who was sometimes the owner or often the owner/operator of the boat. There was the rigger, who was rigging the booms and the trawl net.

It was done with a modified trawl net. It is like the North Sea and Atlantic trawlers, not to be confused with semi-mechanized trawlers out here. Rather, the trawlers had "otter boards" like barn doors at the largest point.

The opening end/the front end/the forward end of the large trawl net and the otter boards would be bouncing along the bottom of the sea floor. They would hold the net open and act as a vacuum cleaner

They would suck everything. That was always the objection to trawling in all jurisdictions for any reason. It destroyed the bottom, the sea floor. The habitation for various species. It scooped in an indiscriminate fashion the myriad species that were non-commercial – so-called trash fish.

With the shrimp, we were using the same technology, such primitive technology like booms and hydraulic winches, and the otter boards, on a large conical shaped net. In the North Atlantic, the small end, the end most distal from the vessel.

It is towing the trawl and the otter boards, which is called the cod-end. It is not to be confused with the codpiece. However, that would be Monty Python - British humour. The cod end was a bag that had a release mechanism on a piece of line. Land lovers say, "Rope."

However, "line" more properly: as soon as it goes shipboard, the rope becomes the line. A line was used to release the collar on the cod end and allow the catch to drop onto the deck, into the holds, or into the hatch – and then the fish hatches of the subject vessel, the trawler.

The technology was approximately the same. However, the methodology was different even until it was not for environmental reasons or strictly pragmatic, purposeful concerns. The net itself would trawl along the surface of the Gulf of Mexico, then and now.

Less so now with the oil spill, the environmental predations that have taken place including agricultural runoff from some of the adjacent states that produce huge amounts of super-phosphates in agriculture runoff.

It comes from the tens and hundreds of thousands of cattle raised for beef in Florida adjacent to the Everglades and the sea coast. There is a great deal of aquatic life, flora and fauna, below the surface of the Gulf of Mexico.

It was at one time a large and living organism of its own. However, back then, going back five decades, the various species, commercial species particularly, were superabundant and the shrimp were in great demand.

Most of the shrimping take place in the East or West coasts, Caribbean or Pacific coast of Central American countries. In particular, the Pacific Coast on the North shore of South America, where there is a reasonable amount of catch.

The regulations are non-existent or were not in place until the recent era, but, at that time, the Gulf of Mexico was the producer of high-quality shrimp. As mentioned, they were the size of the old classic Coca-Cola bottle.

They packed a small number. I do not remember after 50 years the number placed in the wooden packing cases with ice. The quantity fetched in the fish hatches. That was my assignment. There was the skipper.

The rigger operating the trawl. Machines operating the rig and so on. There was the lowly serf-like header. He was literally called the header. I was called the header for a reason. You had to snap the heads of these Coca-Cola bottle-sized shrimp before packaging them into the ice.

I would pack them in wooden crates. Those crates were sent one-by-one down the fish hatches and holes. So, I became adept with one hand, more properly one finger and a thumb.

You always let the thumbnail grow out. You get it sharp. Sometimes, you would have it coated with clear nail polish. So, you had a clear utensil or extension of your right hand in most cases, where you could snap or flip the head of the shrimp off.

We packed a hundred to a crate. Now, that wooden crate would take several hundred to fill it. We packed a hundred or less with the small layers of ice. The coarse ice is taken from the fishery, from our home dock.

We would go out for about 14 days at a time. 14 days on an inland sea or the Gulf of Mexico. It does not sound like anything more than pleasure cruiser or mere bagatelle for the seasoned fisherman that are used to the Labrador Sea, the Bering Sea, or the Celtic Areas. I was not at the time.

However, it was subject to of different wind and wave action. Some areas close to land. Although, we did fish, as a rule, out in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. When it gets shallow, you get a cycloidal wave action.

They are not noticeable or appreciable. The waves are large, long swells, which do not crest or break like some of the waves seen by most people or me. Those seen on television programs or documents on the Bering Sea fishery.

I have experience there, not the 50-foot rogue waves. However, I have experience with the 20-30 foot waves that pass the Bering Sea. Canadian fisherman can no longer fish in the Bering Sea. It is a right reserved for Americans due to treaties and conventions signed in the 191970s.

Treaties and conventions signed between the related parties of the United States, Canada, and Russia. It is calm appearing the Gulf of Mexico. However, the fishing at night with this longrunning cycloidal wave action could get, as they say in Newfoundland, "Some lumpy."

You had to be well-acclimated or well-used to the action. Otherwise, you could be whooping your cookies, as you were doing the equally distasteful occupation of heading thousands of shrimps and packing them through the course of a long and dark night.

We had big orange lights. They were not sodium pressure lights or iodine. We ran them on the masthead, which acted as a lure, an attractor, or an attraction for the shrimp. The shrimp would rise to the surface.

You would see the phosphorescence. It was an eerie orange glow for hectares and hectares, or acres and acres. The nets would be trawled close to the surface with the otter boards keeping the net open.

If we were fortunate, and often we were, we would be able to make our complete catch. If we were lucky, we would be in a precarious position. Because then you would be dependent upon that part of the boat.

Many of the boats were fibreglass in those days. It was boilerplate, which would be riveted Swedish steel or rod iron. However, there were a great many old shrimpers, which were wooden, and heavily and masterly built. Some of the gum woods like Tupelo from the Mississippi estuary.

If I can say this with a certain of sonority, the Oaky Fanoaky Swamp, that was no more memorialized by Walt Kelly and his Pogo comic strip. of gumwood, black gums, blue gums, Tupelos, and so on, were logged out of there with decidedly low tech and in an environmental way.

However, these were hand-logged and converted to ship's timbers. There was nothing like gumwood for the stem wood and the bough, or the rear or the aft, or some of the ribbing and the stations. It was a soft wood. A light wood like longleaf pine from Carolina.

I worked on many boats. I remember one was a boat called the *Lacy L*. It was named after the skipper or owner's daughter/girlfriend. I would not be so easy or vulgar as to say that it was in those backwoods, "It was the self-same individual."

So, I will not say it. The notion of these wooden boats out for 14 days and sometimes more. These were lucrative expeditions. However, there was a modicum of danger and risk, as always, and probably the riskiest industry.

The fishing industry is probably the riskiest industry the world 'round. That was the early experience for me, in my teenage years. It was rewarding. Even if I was getting a small portion of the catch, we were on a shares deal for the catch.

There were canners and fuel suppliers, and the stevedores on the docks or the fish plants to move the docks took some. However, I was given 5-10% of the two-week catch. The grow value, it became a good deal of money for a mid-teenager. That is one of the several facets of the industry.

Jacobsen: That was the teens and younger.

Cobb: Not any younger than that, my mid-teens, I did the shrimp boating in the Gulf of Mexico. It would have been late teens through my 20s in Ireland and into my 1930s. There was an effort to get this wrangling in Ireland by that time.

All credit to the otherwise blaggard Prime Minister, Taoiseach in Irish. However, the Prime Minister who was a racehorse owner, a rake, a roué, a gambler, a womanizer, and a property developer.

Absolutely, he took the biscuit, over there, for corrupt and corruptible. However, he owned a winner of the Irish Grand National one year. Not unusual for politicians, there is no conflict of interest or no apparent conflict of interest in owning racehorses.

It is a mark of some distinction and acumen, even nuns and priests are part of small racehorse ownership, e.g. syndicates. It is not unusual to see several sisters from non-cloistered convents at the racecourse in Leopards Town or one of the tracks around county Dublin.

They like sitting in their sweet spot, favourite spot, next to the walking ring of the paddock with a pint of Guinness in their knee and the racing form in the other hand. They were waiting for their favourite horse, either a horse they were involved with as syndicate members of the horse or one of which they took a shining or liking to.

When the horses came down the long straightaway that was the home stretch, all these ancient, and in many cases these venerable, sisters of mercy would be yelling in shrill horse voices at the top of their lungs, "Come on you good ting! Come on you good ting! Come on you good ting! Go on paddy, give 'im a good whack! Come on you good ting!"

The accent would depend on the county. That would be a County Cork accent. Taoiseach signed into law the patriality and matriality notions extant today, where most other countries in the European Union give the passport to the sovereign state that automatically gives them the Euro.

The passport with the 26 stars, or whatever number of stars that are signatories to the Treaty of Brussels. However, the Irish stood on principle because of the huge diaspora and the great drain of people over from the so-called potatoes famines and other exploitations.

Especially one exploitation of the greatest national resource of Ireland, its young people. It had a patriality condition for the second generation. So, if you have an Irish grandmother or grandfather, you get the passport as if you were born in Cork city or Dublin.

That was a good ting; that was a good ting, Taoiseach [Smiles].

Interspersed with a long list of blaggard things he did with impunity, he was ever successfully prosecuted. he did any hard time at all. The Irish until recently did not prosecute tax evaders.

There might have been one. They were light on that thing. There was a good reason to some extent. That they were trying to encourage the return some of the more successful and well-capitalized grandsons and granddaughters.

Paul Getty bought passports for all his family. That way, all his family bought investments in Ireland. They were allowed a patriality as if they were born in Dublin or Cork. Even though, they never set foot on the old sod of the Irish soil.

Many of them were disinterested in being charitable. However, they received absolute diplomatic reciprocity with the rest of the European Union.

So, they could have what used to be known as the right to employment and the entitlement to an abode in all the signatory nation states. Totalling between 26 and 28 nation states now.

Rescue and Transport Through the Skugaid

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: Let us talk about rescue and transport. You had some work the rescue and transport of equines. What happened with your man there?

David Cobb: There was the impetus for that project of mine. It is largely unrealized. I wanted to facilitate the rescue in a low-cost way. The point was to facilitate the rescue and transport of equines. That is a rather broad category.

There are a fair number of equines in Africa in danger or under threat from climatic concerns, climate change in part, but predation by the most invasive species of all - human beings - into the traditional jurisdictions of feral equines.

However, there was a need, too. In fact, there is ever more, especially given the tumultuous upheaval that we see culturally and socially in the world. If there was a need to have a vessel, a seagoing vessel, that could for a low cost per equine move large numbers of those units.

The *Skugaid* could do it. Those equine units needing to be moved trans-oceanically or from continent to continent. They need to be moved out of areas of jeopardy, great threat, or risk, including the Skeleton Coast of Africa or some of the war-torn zones of the Middle East.

Or the climatic disasters in South America and in the Far East as they needed pre-emptive movement. The point is so that these equines, either domestic or feral, could continue to exist as they had heretofore for millennia.

I approached some backers, money people. It is well-reported. I was looking for it, in one of my storage accounts. The *Irish Examiner*, one of the big dailies. They did a 3-page colour treatment with photographs of myself, and with pictures of North American mustangs from the American West.

The first and only run sea horse transport and rescue was a small vessel moving about 500 mustangs from the American West over land, initially in trailers, to the docks.

From there to Ireland, to be sold and not adopted, they were to be sold as broodmare prospects or sport horse prospects for eventing in pony clubbing. The thesis or the premise was that a small, what was known as a short sea trader, would be rigged with about 500 stalls.

They were small. However, given enough room in each of the stalls, each of the horses would be comfortable. The vessel would be carrying many tons of compressed bale hay and small granaries.

We did manage to do it. It is well-reported. However, it was meant to be the pilot project for a much larger vessel. One able to take several thousand. It does not sound like the 500 would be needed on any given day, week, or month.

In fact, there are tens of hundreds of thousands of horses and other equines at risk of imminent peril of displacement and death by disease, starvation, or destruction before human consumption. This was a controversial portion of seahorse transport and rescue.

"Why are you moving human food out of the market - so to speak - in countries that, culturally, are well-acclimated or used to eating horses as part of their daily affair?" It is a fair question. These horses, by and large, were the ones moved by us. They were mustangs in superabundance on the American prairies and protected to some large degree by the *Wild Horse Annie Act*.

Jacobsen: What did it state?

Cobb: Wild Horse Annie was a well-known animal rights or mustang advocate. She lobbied vocally, vociferously, for many, many years along with the Brislawn brothers.

A couple of grizzled old brothers who were well-capitalized. Long gone, long dead now, the Brislawn brothers formed an act that eventually found its way through the state and federal legislation that protected the wild horses of North America and the United States against slaughter and consumption.

The problem with the Wild Horse Annie Act is the pre-emption of the export of horses for slaughter, for human consumption. In fact, Canada has become a conduit of choice. Many tens of thousands of young, sound, and undiseased horses of different breeds, not the feral horse.

Those such as the racehorse that got hurt and was not able to keep up with their peers and got long in the tooth as a racehorse, which means 7 or 8 years, where they could live until 25 or 30 if they were not summarily dispatched for the most part human consumption.

Japan is one of the big consumers or purveyors of horseflesh. They like it live and on the hook. However, there are some logistical constraints. It is slaughtered here and sent over flash frozen refrigerated ships.

The low countries, such as Belgium, Holland, and France have always been a huge consumer of horse meat. I made the mistake of pontificating on a topic to somebody that was, in fact, from the low countries.

Although American born, I referred to the low countries. Their process of consuming and vending in the equine flesh as a low practice from a low country. That did not sit with the immediate descendant of parents from one of those low countries.

However, I do think the tremendous effort has been made by equines for centuries and millennia in the service, in harness and otherwise, of mankind.

That they should be in a random and promiscuous fashion put to death at an early age. It is to feed the palette or predilections of various nations for cultural or scientific reasons. They should eschew or disavow consumption of other muscle meats.

The Japanese and the French, as mentioned, are big consumers. They identified this source of animal protein or muscle meat as being relatively pure, clean, and fresh compared to the practice of feedlot beef.

It stays true. In particular, the horses in the racing industry. There are many thousands that are shipped for meat unbeknownst to the people involved, for the most part, in the racing industry. Although, it is becoming better known now.

Racehorses are not meant to be fed or modified with much in the way of pharmacological concerns for different reasons in order to accommodate the need for scrutiny and chemical free athleticism in the racing industry.

So, the ones that are long in the tooth or short in their stride, injured to some greater or lesser degree and incapable of performing to a certain standard; they are shipped for meat because they are relatively free of chemicals.

The anabolic steroids, the widespread antibiotics, fed to beef cattle in feedlots and through pharmacological injection; by comparison, that makes their meat more suspect.

Jacobsen: What would this imply for human health?

Cobb: The anabolic steroids are there to build muscle mass and, in many cases, are known carcinogens in the human species. The broad spectrum or wide spectrum antibiotics like Tetracycline. Its varying successors, too.

Those are randomly and promiscuously reduced into bovine feedstuffs. Also, it is something that reduces the autoimmune system in both the livestock and second-hand in human beings as well.

So, the Japanese and the French are right for wrong reasons. They are keeping their lard pure by turning to non-beef sources of animal protein. However, that was only one aspect of concern or interest in rescuing and supporting horses.

There was to be another aspect, had this pilot project gone on to be a regular occurrence. That would have been to move equine, bloodstock.

In other words, horses that had some value or viability as breeding prospects. In some cases, they were athletic competitors in other jurisdictions. From their jurisdiction of origin, they could be transported cheaply. Thereby, they were facilitating the transport of many more units from A to B to C to D.

For instance, horses in Ireland, there is a huge surplus of good older racehorses in Ireland. Nothing wrong with them, they by fractions of a second became with the passage of time or the increase in their age slightly slower than the younger horses.

The up and coming generations, there is a degree of similitude in any athletic regimen in any species. These horses were being shipped from Belgium and the other low countries rather (countries at sea level or below).

The Irish bloodstock agencies, the grey flannel horse traders as opposed to the tinkers, travellers, and gypsies - and my immediate antecedents. They were concerned. They were trying to remedy this area of high impedance or bottleneck.

They would like to maximize the return on these older horses rather than selling them at so many pence per pound on the hoof. They were being transported by the hundreds and thousands in Cork city in big cattle liners.

Nothing like this little freighter that we would have rigged up, these were, in some cases, a thousand or more horses going across the channel and into the low countries. A trip of 24, 30, maybe, 40-hour maximum.

However, they were crammed in like sardines and being fed substandard feed, and not being treated with the respect or the care these horses heretofore had received as money-generating athletic individuals, either as racehorses or as show or stadium jumpers or as pony mounts.

Once they became older, or shorter in their stride, or made some small minor injury to compromise their ability in whatever their discipline might have been, they were sent off with so many pence per pound to be butchered in the low country like France for human consumption.

Now, of these horses did have, if it were not for the prohibitive cost of air freight, or do have a value in the Far East, for instance, the Japanese racing scene, the many good race tracks in Japan that value Irish horses.

The Chinese are building huge, in the outlying satellite provinces of mainland China as they enter the 21st century along with the European. They are emulating, mimicking, or aping some of the concerns or constructs of the Europeans and the North Americans.

One of them near and dear to their hearts over there because of the gambling component. They are building huge racing complexes, or racing plants as they call them, where hundreds and thousands of horses are needed at each one of the locations.

So, if there was a large transoceanic vessel, that was picking up and delivering racehorses, sports horses, ponies and so on, at a reasonable price. We were costing it out at about 500USD per head.

However, we were figuring. We could move a horse with those self-same long distances for about 500USD. Based on the economic mode of transport, 500USD and up, depending on the size of the vessel, an increase in the carrying capacity with the number of stalls and the size of the vessel was not a matter much in terms of the fuel costs or the crew costs or the handlers involved in the affair.

We did it on a limited basis. The vessel was a leased vessel, not that it would have taken much money to buy the short sea trader. They are not of any value on the international market.

They are vessels of about 200 foot and are often known as tweendecker freighters. They have a couple of decks below the main decks rather than huge capacious holes that lent itself to the installation of pre-fab stalls, porta-stalls essentially.

We had volunteered for the most part doing the handling of the horses, e.g. the chores and the cleaning. It was cleaning the manure out of the stalls and hosing it down. However, it was not something.

It might have been an idea too far ahead of its time, or maybe perhaps I did not tell it in a strenuous enough fashion on a large enough scale, on an upgraded scale, to the people that put the money up for this pile. That is rung.

Nonetheless, it is interesting, exciting, and fraught with danger. because it was a pilot project, trial-run, not much danger in or at sea. However, too many things that were unknown.

There was no template, let us say, to do this thing in this mode or in this fashion – had we wanted to shove them all into cattle boats and bring them across *en blanc* or *en masse*.

That, as mentioned, is being done now with so many pence and pounds. However, we wanted to treat them with respect and dignity, and to keep their resale value by billeting them in individual stalls rather than one huge barn-like boat.

Buzzing ‘Round in the Name O’ D. Cobb Esq.

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: With regards to some of your early life, what about beekeeping, then and now?

David Cobb: There is too much. It sounds hyperbolic or makes me out to be a logger blowhard. However, I would have to say the annoying comment that I used to get from some of my mentors - master tradesmen and other sorts that I used to look up to - literally, as an apprentice with paid apprenticeships often.

One was a French labour communist in the IWW in the 1920s. He used a phrase. I used the phrase used for an anecdotal biography and sketchbook of quotable quotes.

I can remember them saying, “Sonny boy, I have forgotten more about horses than you’ll ever know.” It was galling because I thought I knew about horses. I did know about horses.

My surname Cobb is synonymous in Britain, Normandy, Wales, and Ireland. It is a real riding, driving, and go to town plough medium-sized horse. They are classified in Wales and in Ireland as A, B, C, and D depending on their stature and body bulk.

The largest is D. Cobb, which would be me, of course – D. Cobb Esq. when people have said that to me of real authority rather than petty potentates, people of real integrity.

I listen carefully and have learned to learn by keeping my eyes and ears open - and my mouth, hard as it is to imagine this late in our intervals, firmly zipped and soaking it *in situ*.

The same thing happened with an old fellow who was another legend, and not in his own mind like myself, who was far and wide around Ontario. to return to the thesis, beekeeping in Ontario and Quebec in the 191960s.

I tied myself to another mentor or tutor of a different stripe and hue. Stripe and hue being, probably, a reference to the body pattern and colouring of the Italian honey bee. However, David Ritchie was his name.

This is as close as I get to a shout out to anybody. However, David Ritchie. He was one in the grave and one on the banana peel when I first met him. He was somewhere around 90.

So, in the late 1960s, we can do the math. We are talking about a real old timer in terms of the knowledge and the expertise in his field or fields of expertise. He was not only a commercial beekeeper.

Also, he was a miller at a water-powered mill at a lovely silver glade tributary of the river, and storm ground before that was fashionable *de rigueur* or trendy. That is about the only way those mills operated at the time.

A pal of mine in my old bread van. It was a dual-wheel 18-foot box, bread van more properly - or a step van. I had bought it from the YMCA who had it donated through Eaton's departmental store, which was a worthy cause.

It was their street worth program. It had some issues day to day. I rectified them and used the van for guerilla moving. People in and out of the countryside, Montreal and other cities.

Some of the Eastern Townships by the Ottawa border and Ottawa valley. I was the go-to guy for moving. I remember moving a draft horse, an upright piano, a pallet load of cased tin vegetables, and a two-room apartment.

All complete with rubber plants and foliage. [Laughing] All in that 18x8x7 old truck. I paid all \$50CAD for the truck prior to the mechanical work. So, the first couple of moving jobs more than paid for it.

I took that van and went from the farmstead in the far reaches of Quebec. I took that down to Perch, Ontario. Perch is a nice price, as I recall. All the equipment necessary and these in-brood chambers for a total of 12 hives.

We packed the bees up. We found ourselves on the road at high noon in late May or early June and the metal van soaking up the Sun's rays. The bees active. They were strong hives.

There might have been 50,000 in each one to start with; by the time we arrived at our destination, road-weary, dusty, and distracted, there was probably a good several thousand of those many tens of thousands of bees buzzing around excitedly, not dangerously or treacherously.

They were as confused, as we were. They were tempted to either fly out and do their foraging, which was the daily template or the daily activity. They wanted to find their way back into the right hive.

They had crevasse. They managed to scurry out of it. This was for the next time the truck went around the bend. It ended up being a continuous escape or exit for small numbers. However, these were a meaningful number of loud bees.

Either of us, my friend and I, was stung more than 50 to 100 times. [Laughing] In the course of it, I did find out. Previously, I did not reference it. I was not allergic to bee venom. That was a good ting.

My friend that came with me. He was an apprentice to this old boy, David Ritchie, for a couple of weeks before coming from the Eastern Townships of Quebec. He was only stung a few times. He was not driving.

So, we were not able to swat them, which is the worst one can do at those times.

He was able to bundle his cuffs and collars and get his bee veil on him. Purely from the outside, it was a sight to see. Men with the veil, the coveralls, and driving down in an old van with bees streaming along behind them.

It was leaving a trail of escapees who managed to get out the further crevices in the cracks of the doors of the van itself. In keeping with the “alls well that ends well,” we landed after about 18 or 20 hours.

We had predicted only an overnight trip of 12 hours. We offloaded the bees into the orchard and had platforms prepared for the hives. We hosed the hives down to cool the overheated, overfevered, and overexcited bees down.

Hosing the hives down, it not only cools the hives. It calms overstimulated bees. However, it simulates rainfall. It causes them to go into a more soporific state, not into the quiescent state in sub-zero weather over the winter.

However, they went into a more soporific or calm mode when they hear rain on the roof. Human beings are well-connected to the external and natural elements; we tend to do the same when we hear the pitter-patter of raindrops on the roof.

We do tend to shift down a gear or two. I got it reinstalled. That was the beginning of a modestly successful beekeeping. I designed those later in the summer. Then I re-queened, split the hives, and had 24. In the following spring, I bought by mail order.

They would come in little cages buzzing excitedly. A new queen of a more refined strain. A hybridized strain, perhaps, they were small. There were several hundred in the queen cage with her. We would devise the cages again.

I did increase the number to somewhere around 50 or 60 at its zenith or apex. However, a long hot summer with plenty of rain at the right intervals producing forage for the bees to make the honey. I managed to keep an average of about 100 pounds per hive per annum.

I was happy to be starting off in that fashion. It turned out to be an interesting and lucrative rural pastime.

Jacobsen: What happened other than beekeeping?

Cobb: My lifestyle, I realized, is to submit and subject oneself to, if not in all things then in some things, the small footprint. The simple if not downright frugal lifestyle. My time in beekeeping is something to take into the current context.

I would like to take a tilt at it. I want to attempt to keep bees on a small barge on the Fraser River and tow it hither and thither up and down the river. The river is the main highway. It is part of the long and verdant and natural Fraser Valley.

It is something to be done profitably with the *Chief Skugaid*, and the met loft and the barge. I have the met loft and the barge now, too. I did not tell you about my net shed. I was 49% owner many years ago.

I was in the fishing trade. My old friend cunningly, not criminally, took 51%. Finally, last year, he has had the utility of it for some long time. He said, called me up last year, that he would be happy to sign off on it and that I could repatriate it and the totality would be mine.

The Historic Chief Skugaid: Tales from the Net Shed

Terra Firma Nada: A Boat Needs Its Captain, and Its Captain Needs a Background

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: In brief, what is your personal background?

David Cobb: In brief, I will be as brief as I possibly can. However, brevity is not my long suit. I have been a licensed public horse trainer, a long-haul truck driver, a journalist, skipper of the fish boat, and many other vessels in Ireland and North America.

I logged and farmed with horses. I was a commercial beekeeper.

Jacobsen: You mentioned being a skipper. How does this relate to *The Chief Skugaid*?

Cobb: The skipper of boats prior to *The Chief Skugaid*. A boat called *The Gallant Girl*. Another couple of boats in Ireland. When I retired from the fishing industry, the *Skugaid* was retired as well. It was retired by the fishing company that owned it, Jimmy Pattison, Canadian Fishing Company.

Often, I saw the boat along the coast here. I said if I retired, and if the boat was available, it would be my retirement project. A retirement project to restore and refurbish the *Historic Chief Skugaid*.

Jacobsen: Are you retired now?

Cobb: Retirement to some is working twice as hard for half the pay. In my case, it is working twice as hard for no pay. So, I am retired from commercial pursuits. Because I am getting, like David Grisman and the gang would say, "Old and in the way."

I have work for 55 years, man and boy, in manual endeavours, not always. However, using a modicum of my brain and my brawn, I am coasting now. However, that means 60-70 hours per week profitably. I hope to restore, revamp, and refurbish the boat.

Jacobsen: When did *The Chief Skugaid* first get built?

Cobb: It was built in 1912 and 1913 in the Lower Mainland. It was constructed in the Vancouver shipyards, the old Vancouver shipyards by the premier, pre-eminent, boat-builder then and to the moment on the West Coast, William Watt.

He built most of the best-known commercial fish boats of the turn of the 20th century. Many large pleasure yachts for the rich and powerful: The Bell-Irvings, the Ladners, the Steves family, and so on.

It was put into service immediately in about 1913/1914. It began to go to the Bering Sea as a halibut schooner. Without power, it was strictly sail powered until about 1918/1919 when they put the first engine in it.

Jacobsen: 1913, is that around the time of the *Titanic*?

Cobb: This boat was launched about the same time as the *Titanic*. However, as I am over-fond of indicating when people make that notation, the *Titanic* sank. This boat remains afloat 104 years later.

Jacobsen: In terms of the overview of *The Chief Skugaid* for its first ten years of operation, what was it used for and by whom?

Cobb: It was used for fishing halibut in the Bering Sea for the most part of a decade, sail-only. After that point, a small engine was put into it. So, it was not motor or sail, strictly speaking.

It was the mother ship to many crude dorys with one or two-man crew to each of the dorys. These dorys would go to the Bering Sea and then fetch home as a packer. The accumulated halibut from several months fishing from the Bering Sea to Vancouver.

Jacobsen: Onto a personal note once more, what is the joy of working with boats for you?

Cobb: It is probably about the world 'round. Commercial fishermen of any era, of any region, values above all the freedom of being out on the water and the farther out the better in many cases.

I have fished in the Central and South-Atlantic. I have fished 500 miles off Newfoundland and Ireland. I have fished off Newfoundland and the Labrador Sea. I have fishes far away from *terra firma*.

No matter the land lovers' aversion to the waters, I do not have the land lovers' aversion to the open sea far from *terra firma*. I am speaking personally. However, it is a general theme amongst blue water sailors. Those who are sailing offshore for extended periods of time.

There are a certain serenity and security. There is the freedom factor. You do not feel beholden to any other man. You have a sense of obligation and respect to nature and God too if you happen to believe that.

From personal experience over decades, most of the mariners have their own idiosyncratic notion of God. They are a God-fearing tribe. That would be my impetus in remaining within that industry over a period of 60 years - man and boy - in one capacity or another.

I have a tremendous attraction to the offshore. It would be a pleasure to take this boat when it is thoroughly refurbished or restored to Central America or to Vladivostok on the other side of the great Pacific lake.

Jacobsen: You mentioned freedom.

Cobb: Yes.

Jacobsen: Some individuals have purchased the associated networks, boats, and general tools of the trade, which can reduce the freedom of the individuals who may have been freer in the past to sail where they want, do what they want, and make their living as they see fit with regards to the sea.

Has this changed in the last few decades compared to when *The Chief Skugaid* was started?

Cobb: If one wants to pursue this as a vocation, as a remunerative trade, it seems in the affirmative, decidedly. There has been a winnowing out of sole proprietors, free enterprisers. There has been a consolidation or amalgamation of fishing licenses, canneries closed, fleets gutted or reduced.

All this done by a small handful of businesspeople on every coast in every jurisdiction. We have a few prime offenders here, who will remain nameless to protect their guilt. However, anybody in the industry knows who I am referring to here.

It is a small band of robber barons. It is not these last few years. It has been decades and decades coming. The tremendous reduction in canneries, the fishing fleets, the boats themselves, and so on. However, in terms of getting out, whether it is blue waters or white waters, there are ways of individuals doing it.

Types of fisheries, types of boats, or perhaps not bothering at all with fishing for a living if the object is to be on the water. That is much the last refuge of the free man and woman, to be out on the water in a good sturdy craft, small or large. That can be done.

Jacobsen: With reasonable expense, a certain amount of foreknowledge or preparation; however, beyond that, it is a viable option for anybody within reason. You mentioned God and God-fearing folk on the water and in the trade. If you have your own conception, what is it?

Cobb: My personal conception of it. It is straightforward, straight ahead. There have been lots written over the millennia. I subscribe to most of it. there is anything too amorphous or abstract about my understanding of the creation around us, and the Creator who bestowed it upon us.

Jacobsen: Would that match the Freemasonic view where It is simply the Grand Architect of the Universe?

Cobb: No, it is anything as arcane as that. It is well-published and well-publicized. It is a traditional view of the world and the universe as we know it. it is necessarily a fundamentalist overview.

It is a sophisticated creation that we live in, which is self-regulating and always evolving. It is not at odds in any way with the notion of it being a divine work and a perfect one. Notwithstanding the ongoing, and constant organic changes and patterns of evolution within it, it is a perfect work.

As of now, it is a work in progress. However, that is not as material, except when the waves or 30 metres high and you are 300 miles offshore. Then I might be able to define chapter and verse more articulately.

Living a Life and Saving a Life at Sea

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: How long have you been a mariner, and so on, for *The Chief Skugaid*?

David Cobb: Probably, I bought the boat at the age of 64.

Jacobsen: Some publications such as the *Tyee* and others; they describe a boat captain, the *Chief's* captain, saving a man's life. How did this happen if this is so?

Cobb: Yes, it was the *Tyee*.

Jacobsen: How did this take place? What was the circumstance?

Cobb: That is an interesting story on a sidebar. The event itself, it is interesting for several reasons. I was tied up at the Westminster Pier in New Westminster. It was what most mariners over the last century considered to be a common law.

That it was not controlled by any corporate concern or even the city. There had been battles fought, a rather long series of skirmishes, with the developers. One obtained some quasi-legal control of the Westminster pier 25 or 20 years ago.

When he was back from the old smoky backroom deals, where there was a lease to purchase or an outright purchase, it is not clear for about the price of a ham sandwich at the time. I was there under duress.

I fought a series of legal battles at least twice in the Supreme Court over the right to be there. I made a position. I changed my position. It was an interesting period. It only factors into your query about saving a man's life insofar as had I not been there, had I quit the claim, or 'spit the bin' in the early part of May in 2013; I would not have been there in the position to be able to affect a rescue of somebody who maybe did not consider them worthwhile when they went into the water.

However, they had a strong will to live by the time he floated downstream to the icy waters of the Spring there. They glommed onto the mooring line of *The Chief Skugaid* at the Westminster Pier.

The many tabloids had broadsheets covering the story. Then they covered the Queen's Silver Medal. I was awarded the medal by the by the Lieutenant Governor at the time. The rescue, without going into detail or in sequence, resulted being recommended to the Royal Lifesaving Society (BC and Yukon chapter).

I was one of sixteen in 2013 in Western Canada awarded the Queen's Silver Medal for bravery or lifesaving. Fast forward, 16 or 17 were pinned to the ballroom of the Hotel Vancouver by the Seaforth Highlanders of Canada.

The Mayor of Vancouver and Lieutenant Governor were there. We were presented in sequential rotation with Silver Medals. Prince Michael of Kent who came annually to make the presentations.

He is the Queen's husband and patron of the Royal Lifesaving Society. That was an interesting period of events after the fact. I found the ceremony touching. I was prepared as an Irishman. An Irish Canadian with Irish antecedents.

I was prepared to treat the event with a rather blasé disregard. However, I was moved by the ceremony itself. I was moved by some of the other stories by the others in attendance, other recipients. So, it was an interesting sidebar.

Jacobsen: You talked about the event and the award and went into the events being “touching” and so on. If I may ask, how did this touch your heart?

Cobb: I maintain this notion or this position. It is not often one is given the honour and privilege of saving another human's life. As I say, I maintain that position or that notion. It did touch me on a spiritual level.

However, after the fact, I did not see too much more of it. It was more than another day at the office or another day in the life of D. Cobb Esq. However, I have been involved in a situation with a greater consequence for rescues at sea, where I have not been the sole participant.

It is an interesting sidebar or vignette in the side of the *Historic Chief Skugaid*. I mentioned, in the preamble: if the *Chief* has not been there, and if I had finished prematurely with the petty potentates, I would not have been there to save this man's life.

The Lord moves in mysterious ways.

Jacobsen: Last question for the evening, you mentioned this as a spiritual thing. You talked the other day about God as a non-arcane belief: a traditional belief in God. So, how does this relate to the experience of saving an individual's life?

That is, the being honoured by it, have it categorized to yourself as spiritual, and then have this relates to personal belief in a Creator.

Cobb: If I was spoon fed, however, I am well-versed in the traditional aphorisms, maxims, and sayings of our Western of Judeo-Christian culture. There is a litany or list of home truths. The notion of the greatest service being to not necessarily to lay down one's life.

However, the willingness to sacrifice one's life to save someone else. I am sure that was at play in that situation. I would not want to make too much of it, though. It is in any regard what any right-headed person would do given the circumstance.

Was it something passed to me? Or was that poor person put in the water at a fashion to strengthen my resolve? That would be too egocentric. It is an interesting sidebar or vignette. It is rather rambling, colourful, modern, or a latter-day history of the *Chief Skugaid*.

The *Skugaid* itself was involved in a great many undocumented and anecdotal salvage operations, rescues, where crew members were lost in the deck of the boat. They were lost in the Bering Sea by being swept overboard via rogue waves.

Some of the photos on the website show deck hands in 1914-1915. It was about a week after the photograph was taken when they were swept overboard and lost in the Bering Sea. If the *Chief* could talk, what tales would it tell?

Chief's Mandated Mission

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: We have talked about the nature of the *Historic Chief Skugaid* and some of its implications within the captain's narrative. The website for the boat provides some insights into its mandate and mission statement.¹

It contains five major parts. Let us begin, naturally, at the beginning, and do a point-by-point from stipulation one:

*To refurbish and reconfigure the vessel as a motor-sailor by restoring its auxiliary sail-power, thereby increasing its range and economy of operation.*²

What does this mean?

David Cobb: It does mean returning it to what it was originally, a sailing vessel. It was built in 1912/1913 as a sailing schooner/halibut schooner. The purpose and intent were to sail every spring or late winter to the Bering Sea to fish the lucrative halibut trade and the cod trade as well.

There is a great deal of archival information about the boat and that time of the times. The interval on the West coast in the fishery, where cod was sought after in Newfoundland, in the Grand Banks, and in the Eastern maritime regions.

It was built expressly for those industries without an engine. It did not have any auxiliary power until after the WWI. Then it had a small steam engine put into it. It was a WWI surplus Steam Jenny, which was converted to a propulsion unit.

However, when it went into the rum trade or the whiskey smuggling trade, it was a large slow-turning diesel. This increased the range and reliability of the boat. However, it is a combination of a reduced sailing vessel and the slow turning thrifty diesel.

¹ *Mission Statement* (2016) states:

1. *To refurbish and reconfigure the vessel as a motor-sailer by restoring its auxiliary sail-power, thereby increasing its range and economy of operation.*
2. *To provide a platform for non-profit, environmental, and educational programs, on a cost-plus charter basis.*
3. *To facilitate exploration and understanding of "the way of a ship in the heart of the deeps," by:*
 1. *Voyaging to the Queen Charlotte halibut banks and the Bering Sea*
 2. *Making sidetrips to the North Pacific Gyre*
 3. *Retracing the Chief's voyages, 1923-33, to the storied "Rum Row" of the Prohibition era.*
 4. *Delivering a load of Canadian whiskey to Mexico (a la 1927 voyages made throughout Prohibition era)*
4. *To conduct environmentally-sensitive eco-tours of Haida Gwaii and "up the Inlets" of the Great Bear Rainforest for amateur and professional researchers alike.*
5. *Ultimately to act as a Cetacean and Marine-mammal Rescue and Transport vessel by employing the massive fish-holds (photo) as 'aquaria in transit' i.e.: flooded with seawater to a depth of 12' to accommodate injured/distressed seals, sea-lions, dolphins, porpoises, basking-sharks, sturgeon from the Fraser, sea-otters, turtles, even juvenile orcas, from any pick-up point on the West Coast.*

The *Historic Chief Skugaid*. (2016). Mission Statement. Retrieved from <http://www.ChiefSkugaid.org/mission-statement.html>.

² *Ibid*.

Those provide a combined range of about 1,200 miles. So, there are apocryphal references in historical fiction to the *Skugaid*. Some fictionalized renderings by an American author of that time, of prohibition in California.

In it, the *Chief Skugaid* lead an excised coast guard cutter offshore. Both were using their large store or depleting their store of diesel fuel. They both ran out of fuel. The *Chief Skugaid* then hoisted its sails and sailed back. It left the coast guard cutter to call for a tugboat the next week to pick it up.

So, the effective range was about 1,200 miles at the time. It was, of course, unlimited under sail power. However, I am going to restore it. Slowly, because it is a laborious process, it is not one that requires a great deal of money. I am going to re-rig it.

I am going to rig it not as a schooner, a traditional fore and aft, Eastern schooner; not like the blue nose or contemporary vessels at the turn of the 20th century. I am going to rig it as a two-masted Chinese junk.

For those who are followers of efficient, easy-to-handle and manipulate sailing rigs, the Chinese junk, e.g. a lateen rig, they are more efficient for sailing and much less costly to rig up. However, all those details need to be configured. It will be in the fullness of time.

Our hope is running as a sailing vessel with this massive modern 500 horsepower Volvo diesel engine. That is the main engine now. Another factor is the simple economy. Wind is free. In theory, it is only in theory.

However, the wind is always blowing about half the time. In other words, if you are not in a hurry to get where you are going, the wind is acceptable and particularly for the long-distance going offshore or the transoceanic. Wind is the most reliable and the most inexpensive. It is virtually free.

The Volvo diesel will burn grain oils. I have a Detroit diesel in there as a backup. It runs all the auxiliaries, the winches, the boons, the towing winch, etc. It runs on crude fuels. I have been using with a mixture of peanut oil, cottonseed oil, and paint thinner: Jet B and Jet A from the airport.

Everything donated over the last few years by various concerned friends of the *Chief*. I am always on the lookout for anything combustible. I have two 1,200 imperial gallon tanks on that boat, port and starboard, which gives an effective range of transcontinental.

There is nowhere it could not go on one fill up. But, the one fills up would be somewhere in the neighbourhood of \$20,000 if I was using conventional diesel fuel unnecessarily. As I indicated, I have been blending to some small degree as I can and as I receive it.

Jacobsen: Stipulation two:

To provide a platform for non-profit, environmental, and educational programs, on a cost-plus charter basis.³

What does this mean?

Cobb: That has morphed since; this website was set up about 5 years ago now. It was not meant to be etched in stone or graven in stone in terms of the mission statement or anything else on it.

However, without deviating too much from the point, my concern is the *Chief Skugaid* would not be an ideal platform as a protest vessel much like the old Phyllis Cormack became Green Peace 1 and a couple other ships, ex-Navy ships, became Green Peace 2, the Farley Mowat, and the rest of them.

They were environmental protest ships. There is a great deal going on the Fraser River now. It is down at the mouth of the Fraser in the lower gulf or the Salish Sea. That requires proactive proceedings.

I am not talking about acts of civil disobedience by necessity. However, citizen action, it would be in opposition to the concerns of capitalists. Those who believe the bottom line is the only line. Those would be the Port Metro, Jimmy Pattison, and people of that ilk.

The Port Metro is one target of many disparate, diverse, environmental groups/citizen groups. The various outlying suburbs: Steveston, Richmond, Ladner, and so on. They were outraged about the machinations of Port Metro.

The megacorporation, the octopus, that makes the industrialization of the Fraser River and accessory jurisdictions. That includes the lower Gulf, the Salish Sea, and as far up the headwaters to some of the rivers that are feeding the Salish Sea.

So, I would think that there would be an opportunity, if there is not, or if there is no need, for a vessel that can fly the flag and fly true colours, not a false flag, on the behalf of – and on a contractual basis.

I put out a contract to all organizations that want to make a visible, high profile maritime statement against the usurpers of the maritime history of this lower coast.

Jacobsen: You mentioned protest. as an aside, who joins in this with you?

Cobb: Anybody that wants to hire the boat.

Jacobsen: What about at this point in association with the boat, not necessarily using the boat directly?

³ Ibid.

Cobb: “Birds of a feather do flock together.” It is an organic thing. Even though, it is trite to trot out. It comes ‘round to the organic notion that those who think alike have the same concomitant concerns, e.g., environmentally, socially, and so on.

They naturally coalesce and amalgamate their efforts and being into one. I use the term “naturally” advisedly. They naturally gravitate one to the other or within the fullness of time. They find each other.

That is the purpose of everything for the *Historic Chief Skugaid*. The point of the film, the website, and this book is to make people aware of options, certain considerations, and the viability and the vitality of an old boat like the *Chief Skugaid*.

Its relationship to the concerns that threaten or jeopardize the culture and the history of this environment. Not the physical environment or geophysical environment alone; also, the threats to the cultural and social environment as well.

This was a boat with a good reputation by the First Nations up and down the coast. It is no accident.

Jacobsen: Which Indigenous bands?

Cobb: Bellas Bellas, they were notoriously hard on Occidentals or have been over the years. One of the elders alive in his late 1980s of the Bella Bellas, who would seem opener/interlocutor/facilitator for me if I want to go back and fish again.

They have cannery there now. I am told there is a possibility. A possibility of the boat continuing its work as a fish packer. However, the packing would be selective and for worthy concerns and causes. There are some micro-canneries in the Lower Mainland now.

If they are not on-stream, they are beyond the pre-production stage. There are fishermen’s co-ops. They are concerned with producing the best possible product. Those catches hook-caught, not net-caught, from the local waters.

Once they get beyond a certain size, the fishermen can no longer afford to do the deliveries themselves. When the volume gets to that point where they need a packer, the *Chief* could pack, depending on the species and the type, 60 or 80 tonnes.

It would depend on the necessity of the small fishermen, the canneries, and co-ops. All this is “speculative concerns or surmising conjectures,” as my dad used to say.

Jacobsen: Stipulation three:

To facilitate exploration and understanding of "the way of a ship in the heart of the deeps," by:

1. *Voyaging to the Queen Charlotte halibut banks and the Bering Sea*
2. *Making side trips to the North Pacific Gyre*
3. *Retracing the Chief's voyages, 1923-33, to the storied "Rum Row" of the Prohibition era.*

4. *Delivering a load of Canadian whiskey to Mexico (a la 1927 voyages made throughout Prohibition era)*⁴

Jacobsen: What does this mean?

Cobb: Dealing with the last mentioned first, there is a notion afoot with the one large drinks consortia. The parent body of many whiskeys and rums produced in North America.

It is to have a festival with drinks in New Mexico. The *Chief* would replicate and run with Canadian whiskey. Canada is making some wonderful whiskeys. It made some of the whiskeys of the world circa 2015.

It was not a scotch whiskey or an Irish whiskey. A Canadian whiskey made in the North of Winnipeg. It was, in fact, that Crown Royal Northern Harvest, which was 100% rye. It was rye grains to make rye whiskey.

The rye Canadian whiskey won the gold medal. Gene Taylor is the main spokesperson for whiskeys. Taylor publishes books and blogs. Taylor awards one gold medal every year.

For the first time, in the decades-long history of categorizing, assessing, awarding points, and giving various other awards to different whiskeys from around the world, a Canadian rye whiskey won. It was named the best whiskey in the world. A Canadian rye whiskey won the gold.

Consequently, they have sold millions of units in the past few years. To return to the thesis, the purpose is to take whiskey, and Scottish-crafted Canadian beers, from the Lower Mainland. There are plenty of breweries interested in participating. Those can include one opening here in Fort Langley.

They are brewing and selling product in the brewery and selling product. It is micro-breweries like Trading Post. The cottage drafters will be involved as well. One of the large fish holes or fish hatches holds about twenty tons.

It would be dedicated to the creation of crates of micro-brewed beers. The bulk in a large hatch, which holds 50 tonnes, would have 30,000 or 40,000 bottles of various Canadian whiskeys and other spirits.

In Ensenada, Mexico, the limit used to be 12 miles during the Prohibition Era. Now, it is about or over 100 miles. I am inclined to stay outside the United States customs. They have a very long memory.

The *Chief* was their mortal enemy for years. I am not sure if it would be given free and safe passage through the territorial waters. It adds to the flare. That the boat would continue to skirt the American territorial waters.

⁴ Ibid.

It did so throughout the years of the *Volstead Act* and the years of prohibition in the States. The same for landing the product in Ensenada at the fisherman's co-op, south of the American border or order as it were.

South of San Diego, there would be a drinks festival for a week with all things Canadian. Canadian whiskey, Canadian beer, maybe Doug and Bob Mackenzie, who knows?

[Smiles]

It peaks my interest and curiosity. It continues to make a statement about the *Historic Chief Skugaid*; its multifarious and nefarious activities through the period when the Rifle family owned it.

The Rifle family one of the Patrician families of the glory days, the wild west days of British Columbia and the Lower Mainland in particular. They built the Commodore Ballroom with the proceeds from the rum running.

The rum-running from the *Chief Skugaid*. However, that seems decidedly apocryphal and anecdotal.

Jacobsen: Stipulation four:

*To conduct environmentally-sensitive eco-tours of Haida Gwaii and "up the Inlets" of the Great Bear Rainforest for amateur and professional researchers alike.*⁵

What does this mean?

Cobb: It means that it is essentially an environmentally defensible or correct Charter vessel. It is not eco-tourism as such. There are enough people, and it would require a tremendous amount of capitalization to enact or institute.

It is more like a research vessel that is on offer, again. It is on a charter fee basis to go to these environmentally sensitive and scenic jurisdictions. The going to them on a regular basis with some firm motive or intent, whether it be environmentalists or environmental scientists/researchers.

We would provide a vessel that may be of some use to them. However, I am not sure if the hoops and the hurdles that have been put up by the Department of Transport and various other pointed hats or bureaucratic concerns would make it all that easy when you are conducting what appears to tour for hire.

⁵ Ibid.

The bar is raised considerably higher than if you were operating as the sole proprietor. Then there is not a fear involved. I am not sure that in the passage of time if that is going to be as doable as I thought. However, we will see.

Jacobsen: Stipulation five:

Ultimately to act as a Cetacean and Marine-mammal Rescue and Transport vessel by employing the massive fish-holds (photo) as 'aquaria in transit' i.e.: flooded with seawater to a depth of 12' to accommodate injured/distressed seals, sea-lions, dolphins, porpoises, basking-sharks, sturgeon from the Fraser, sea-otters, turtles, even juvenile orcas, from any pick-up point on the West Coast.⁶

What does this mean?

Cobb: That could be done. It means acting as an ambulance for marine mammals and cetaceans. That is, the need to go here or there on demand. Again, on a contract or hire basis by the various and many organizations devoted to rehabilitating and rescuing marine, the boons are working.

The fish axes are clean and water-tight. All the pumps are working to pump in and pump out raw water to flush the tanks. It could be done. There would need to be cooperation with the various organizations. They would need to show a real need or demand for it.

However, it is something that could be done. It is necessarily predicated on anything *Historic* or about *The Chief Skugaid*. Any vessel, we would prepare the vessel in the same way. There are too many vessels that have become redundant or superseded in large fish packers.

They are extant. The good ones are the big modern ones made from steel, aluminum, fibre glass, and so on. The latest or last generation of large fish packer is packing fish. The bottom line is the bottom line to anybody with CAD100,000 or CAD1,000,000.

They are not interested in many other reasons. However, their reasoning scopes to the pure material or economic reasons. It provides the basis for their participating in this scheme. However, there are a few big fish packers left over. I cannot think of many besides the *Chief*.

It was renamed when sold several times. It has been reconfigured. It is in good shape. It has been restored. It is in the process of working up to the moment. It is on offer. One of the boat brokers locally has it for sale now.

It is listed about CAD100,000 now. Although, it is not licensed at this time. It is going to spend CAD10,000 immediately to tune it. It will become a navigational aid or something.

⁶ Ibid.

They are not going to be interested in marine rescue or marine ambulance. So, we will see. We will see what happens. The more people who become aware of the boat itself via the website and its mission statement, the goals, the dreams, and so on, the better.

This includes knowledge of the desires of those involved, chiefly me. I am the sole proprietor, skipper, cooker, bottle washer, propagandist, and pamphleteer.

The more I can make this available, this information available, to all and sundry; then the more likely that I will get the feedback and cooperation necessary to realize all the hopes, aspirations, and dreams for the boat.

I am happy to pursue the points delineated or articulated above. It does not need to be binary, black or white. I am not a fan of black or white as a painter, and a colourful expressionist and impressionist.

I am a landscaper painter of seascapes and skyscapes. I am not fond of black and white because my mentors always told me that black and white were not colours.

So, it does not need to be black or white, one thing or the other. However, if it comes together in some concurrent or concomitant fashion, then so much the better. Pick one, any one of the above proposals or propositions.

One would be fine. I am leaning towards the environmental vehicle. The platform for environmental expression and in defence of the environment. So, that is the one getting the most play. We will see.

William Watts

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: William Watts, Jr. built the *Historic Chief Skugaid*.⁷ His biography shows a man of great determination. What is some of his known history, in general, and not-so-known history leading up to and including the construction of *The Historic Chief Skugaid*?

David Cobb: He was building boats back in Ontario with his dad, who came over from Ireland. They were building all manner of commercial and pleasure craft back there in Collingwood, as I recall. It has been a while since I looked at the website.

In fact, the little boat barn that was there in the yard is used as the home base for rowing and canoe clubs. He came out here in the late 1800s and started in building in Coal Harbour, building all sorts of commercial and pleasure craft.

There was not as sharp a dividing line between pleasure and commercial in those days. all them were commercial boats and used recreationally. He built some of the noteworthy fishing schooners, halibut schooners, the *Chief Skugaid* included.

However, a boat called the Maple Leaf is extant and is, in fact, giving whale watching and environmental cruises up and down the coast.

His minor claim to fame. However, one of some substance is building the Fraser River and Columbia River rowing skiffs, or fishing dorys. Both were row and small sail powered, and he built over a thousand of those.

Maybe, several thousand in his yard down in Coal Harbour. The original Vancouver Shipyards. Beyond that, he built of boats that are mentioned on the website, the *Chief Skugaid* website. However, beyond that, he built of recreational vessels that exported and taken elsewhere in different parts of the country.

⁷ *The Boat Builder* (n.d.). states:

William Watts Jr (1862-1954) came to Vancouver from Collingwood, Ontario, in December, 1888. With hometown partner Ed Trott, he began building boats on the beach between Cambie and Abbott streets in what was then called "Granville" -- later Vancouver BC, Canada. a talented self-promoter, he determined to make a name for himself by becoming BC's champion rower. He built his own 20' rowing scull and after months of exercise and practice, won a 3-foot First Place trophy (photo) at the 1890 Provincial Regatta in Victoria. In 1892 he opened "Vancouver Ship Yards Co. Ltd" where he and Trott and their workmen built the Chief Skugaid in 1913. They also built a sister ship, Chief Zibassa, and scores of other vessels, large and small-- including hundreds of Columbia/Fraser River Skiffs. His largest vessel was the 135' SS Teco for AJT Taylor & Associates. The fastest was the rumrunning shoreboat Skeezix, renamed the Fleetwood in the 60's, and now being restored in Steveston, BC.

Cobbs, D. (n.d.). *The Boat Builder*. Retrieved from <http://www.ChiefSkugaid.org/the-boat-builder.html>.

Jacobsen: The *Historic Chief Skugaid* was built by the Vancouver Ship Yards Company Ltd.⁸ Where did the Vancouver Ship Yards Company begin?

Cobb: William Watts was the founder. It was consistent with its name in Coal Harbour, which was the heart of Vancouver. It was bought out several times and then moved to the foot of Lonsdale over in North Vancouver and is now owned by Dennis Washington.

One of the railways. One of the industrial magnates of British Columbia. It was probably the leading shipyard, and there were a good few shipyards in the Lower Mainland in the early part of the 20th century and it was probably a leading shipyard, and at least remains in name currently.

⁸ *The Boat Builder: Where the Chief Skugaid was built: "Vancouver Ship Yards Company Ltd"* (n.d.). states:

Above, Watt's Vancouver Ship Yard on Georgia Street in 1902, ten years after he relocated from the north foot of Cambie Street, and two years before he built the 92' luxury yacht Maple Leaf. The photograph was taken from the shoreline , now Devonian Park, east of Gilford Street.

Click to enlarge: owner William Watts is in the centre, arms folded and wearing a tie, among 22 employees. They built a variety of vessels, including skiffs, yachts, excursion vessels (at left in the photo above), fishboats like the Chief Skugaid, and in the 20's-30's, fast shoreboats (see below) for liquor smuggling.

Below, the Coal Harbour shoreline on Georgia Street across from Stanley Park, a decade after the Chief Skugaid was built. Upper right is the Vancouver Yacht Club and Rowing Club, and "Deadman's Island," the former island-cemetery of the Squamish people. It was taken over by the Canadian Navy and christened HMCS Discovery. Watts' Vancouver Ship Yards is at the extreme right, the square white building-front with three windows.

Watts to Starratt at the Skugaid Awhile

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: William Watts built many, many boats. He was given of media attention throughout life.⁹ What else do you know about his life?

David Cobb: Most of that was news to me (stuff on the website). It was when I was doing the original research and fielding from archivists and history buffs. Those from the Lower Mainland and the fishing industry.

What you see on the website is the comprehensive presentation, one man was a famous person who was in the broadsheets with regularity and as a self-promoter. He was a businessperson. He lived to a ripe old age.

So, he did receive the adulation as a boat builder. He deserved it. He married well. He married the daughter of the shoe magnate, Leckey. He built boots, logger core boots. He made money himself.

He partnered up with people like Austen Taylor and some other prominent personalities at the turn of the 20th century. So, he enjoyed rubbings elbows with what used to be known as the hoi polloi, or the industrialists.

A few titled individuals; although, there was a few of those as well. Lieutenant Left Governor, he was friendly to them all to a purpose, to a design, a blatant self-promoter, and promoting his produce or his product.

That is another aspect of William Watts. It is not developed on the website. There is not enough information. However, he built the sternwheelers, the paddle wheelers, as well. So, some of those

⁹ *The Boat Builder: Canadian Boatbuilding and Wm Watts Sr & Jr: 10' Skiffs to a 135' Freighter* (n.d.). states:

Above, Watt's Vancouver Ship Yard on Georgia Street in 1902, ten years after he relocated from the north foot of Cambie Street, and two years before he built the 92' luxury yacht Maple Leaf. The photograph was taken from the shoreline, now Devonian Park, east of Gilford Street.

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boats were built in a kit from here and then transported and reassembled up in the Yukon and on the Prairie.

However, that is an area that I am not all familiar with his career. He built large and small, thousands of boats. It must be featured prominently in boatbuilding circles, and among the better-known and well-respected designers from back east. That was pretty much it.

Jacobsen: Starratt was the first owner of the *Chief Skugaid*. What do you know about him?

Cobb: Little is known about him other than that he was essentially the founder of the Canadian Fishing Company, which was a big surge in the building of freezer plants at the turn of the 20th century in and around the Lower Mainland.

In addition, it was involved in the scores of the canneries and fisheries along the coast. These cold storage facilities were becoming prominent. They were combines as they used to refer to them. Consortia that tried to accommodate all concerns.

The fish packing, the freezing, the ownership of fleets, and so on, this was the guy, Starratt. The nominally, at least, first registered owner. Beyond that, what is on the website provides little in the way of biographical information; however, a man typical of his interval or that era. He was hardnosed. It was a hard man, in a hard industry. Other than that, not much.

East to West and Halibut 'Nough of It

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: The halibut fisheries on East and West coast. Let us discuss some of that, please.

David Cobb: The West coast halibut industry is the one the *Chief* participated in; it was one of the top boats in the Bering Sea. The Bering Sea was known as the Queen Charlotte Banks in those days. Now, it is Haida Gwaii and the environs.

The *Chief* was purpose-built as a halibut schooner and a proper sailing schooner. It was known as a staysail schooner. It was the type for rigging or the type of sail built on commission in 1912/1913. It launched in early March 1913.

However, it went to the Bering Sea every late winter. The *Skugaid* went without power under sail for the first half dozen years of its life. Then it gradually powered up. It got its first small steam engine, which was a surplus WWI engine.

It was a standard gasoline or petrol engine. Then there were a series of slow-turning large diesel in the 1920s, particularly when it was dual-duty. That would be a fishing vessel. It would fish off the Charlotte Banks and the American territorial waters, which was only at a 12-mile limit in those days.

As a cover, rouse, or smokescreen for its most lucrative occupation, it was travelling during the era of the Volstead Act from about 1922-1934, when it was flying false colours or false flag.

It was a fishing vessel not full of fish. It was full of whiskey. Back to its first few years until the early 1920s, it was the mother ship for dory fishing off the halibut banks. It was engaged in cod fishing as well.

However, it was halibut. They took a series of nestling dorys, perhaps 8 or 10 that sat one inside the other like the Ukrainian painted eggs, wooden eggs.

They were built, purpose-built, by the same shipyard, William Watt, in Coal Harbour, and he built perhaps a 1,000 of those dorys. They were generally two-man or sailing. They would have the mast close to the bow and two sets of ores or suites for plenty of room for fish.

They returned to the fishermen rowing out waste-deep in fish. However, the *Chief Skugaid* would take this mass of nestling dorys on deck. The fisherman who ultimately would be using these dorys in the folks-hole.

There was about a dozen bunks, single bunks, up there. There was a galley down below, beneath the old small deckhouse, and wheelhouse. That is where they sat down and ate aboard, which was rarely.

They were out there for extended periods of time. This was, perhaps, for a month or two in the most tumultuous months of the year, winter and early spring. The riggings and the deck and everything else covered in a glaze of ice.

The ice needed to be chipped off. Otherwise, the ship would become top heavy and capsize. They would be off somewhere in the Dixon Entrance or into the Aleutians and the Bering Sea.

Isolated from other vessels, the same size stature and occupation, before modern navigation aids of radar, sonar, and depth sounders, even cell-phones [Laughing] and laptop GPS. They were men against the sea.

It was a mighty sea that time of year in those northern latitudes and northern regions in pursuit of a valuable commodity. The halibut was considerably larger in those days – several hundred pounds and more.

Because they had not been fished to near-extinction as they have been over the last century.

They would turn these dorys loose on a tow-line and tow them into position. The fishermen, two to each dory, would pull a pin and the painter, would be loosened from the main tow-line. There was a tandem tow line.

They would go fishing in different areas. If it was a night fishery, they would be subject to the darkness and the extremely low temperatures, dry wind, and ice, and snow. They would be blown many, many miles away from the point that they were released.

The mother-ship heavy weather, the *Chief Skugaid* in this case, would heave to in some lee area - in a cover or a tickle as they used to call them in Newfoundland - protected and tucked behind in the loft.

When a certain amount of time had elapsed or transpired, say 10-18 hours, they would backtrack in a meandering and zigzagging fashion. They would pick up all these dorys that would be heavy-laden at dangerous extremes in many cases.

It was a dangerous, onerous occupation, second only to timber fallers in terms of mortality per 1,000. As it mentioned on the website, in the first couple of chapters of the chronograph of these 100 or so years of *The Historic Chief Skugaid*, there are photographs of the dorys nestled on deck.

They were nestled on the four-deck of the old original configuration, truncated and Spartan compared to the booms and winches. Those are the appurtenances on the boat. Two of those fellas were staring into the camera.

They were swept over the side by a rogue wave and never to be seen again, and so lost at sea.

It was an onerous, burdensome, and demanding occupation, and lucrative - most lucrative. It was always the case when the ship's owner and the syndicate backed it. The fish packing plant, the

skipper, and the surviving sailors, there was little in the way of worker's compensation or another support system.

There was no fiscal or social safety net, and many were, if not lost at sea, then were maimed and left without the ability to pursue their vocation or any vocation.

So, it was a tough interval in time. It has, as trite as it is to trot out again, "when ships were wooden men were iron."

The Chief's Cod and Halibut Herring

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: In-depth information and images exist on the website. These images come with small scripts, and a timeline of the *Chief Skugaid*. She was built in 1913.

Let us talk about the East and West coast fisheries at the end of the 19th into of the 20th century. That is, the context of its construction and early sailing as a halibut schooner.

David Cobb: The fishing done was offshore. There was a sealing industry as well as the whaling industry. It was in the waters of Queen Charlottes Island as well as Vancouver Island and extending into the Bering Sea at one time.

Fishing treaties subsequently have barred Canadian fisherman from the American waters off the Bering Sea. So, there is no longer the fishing industry for Canadians there. It was cod and halibut.

There was some pilchard. The pilchard fishery industry was between the wars. A strong herring fishery, even a commercial hooligan at one time.

In addition to that, we follow peripheral molluscs, shrimp, oysters, crab, scallops, and some other long-gone delicacies now.

Whereas the eastern fishery, at least in my experience and from reviewing historical documents while I was living and working in Newfoundland, the fishery there was a mono-crop or a monoculture cod in no order.

There was northern turbid, which was a fish like a halibut out here. There was the flat fish industry, which was lucrative. We need to keep in mind Britain colonized Newfoundland as far back as the middle 1600s. It was the first jewel in the crown that became Empire.

However, they took far more than their fair share. The British continued right through the late 191940s. They denuded the island of boat building timber and they stripped the banks. Not single-handedly, I have to say.

The Portuguese were there for a few hundred years. It was a white fleet. However, they were fishing cod and whaling avidly as well. It was up and down the strait of Bel Isle and the Labrador Sea. There is a degree of similitude in the techniques of the fisheries east and west.

Cod is the one bridges in terms of equipment paraphernalia and fishing techniques. The cod fishery was a very strong fishery. Recently, I published archival out of print books, which have a great deal of information on the cod industry on the north and northwest coast.

It is featured on the website for the *Historic Chief Skugaid* to even some video or some digitized 8mm of the cod fishery. We were one of the principal mercantile seagoing nations until the few large international industries dismantled the industry. We were one of the largest seagoing merchant marinas in the world.

So, there is a great deal on the industry on the site that does tie the coasts together, and, William Watt and his father were building boats back east before they came out here and became prominent and preeminent boat builders and boat yard.

The star shipyard in New Westminster, another contemporaneous and leading yard was the Mercer family from Newfoundland and they came out to Bud Mercer and built much the same type of boat that William Watt was building in Queensboro in New West.

His name was Dawson. He set out to Poppler Island; a pistol shot away and red in the face of the Mercer family. There are some humorous anecdotes about the head-butting and the rivalry.

The *vis-à-vis* between those two yards that would be a stones-throw apart from each other. Mercer or the fellow shipyard, they prevailed the Dawson yard on the island.

After WWII, they were building slightly more modern steel, what they call Swedish Iron for riveted hulls. The William Watt yard and the Vancouver shipyard would largely build and pervade wooden vessels.

Jacobsen: What places were sailed at the time?

Cobb: The *Chief Skugaid* was built, hypothetically or theoretically, as a navigator. Although, it could not go around the globe for its own sake. However, it was a long-range vessel. It was what they call a blue water boat as opposed to an inland boat/fishery boat. It was purpose built in 1912/13 when it was registered.

It was purpose built to go to the Bering Sea. That was lucrative fishing grounds, halibut and cod as mentioned. A great deal of other sailable species including some other flatfish. The *Chief* was included in this anecdote, though apocryphal. It was reputed to have gone on one trip during Prohibition when the Volstead Act was in place in the United States.

It was reputed to have gone on many runs to California off to San Clementi Island. That was a staging island where Richard Nixon had his Xanadu or his retreat. That was a martialling area, staging ground, for rum-runners, properly whiskey. However, some rum as well.

Then they would also martial offshore the Mexican border and even go into the fishing port of Ensenada. You would run the alcohol in over land through the desert. It was less risky at that point with less scrutiny in those days before George Bush and his heirs/successors had built systems, towers, and so on. It was wide open in the desert.

There was an anecdotal and apocryphal episode where the *Chief* under sail went as far as Hawaii. It was shaking off the pursuing coastguard cutter. It is a chapter in a fictionalized and rendered novel. That was published a few years ago. There are some remnants on The *Historic Chief Skugaid* website.

It was the deep-sea water vessel capable of sailing and motoring wherever. Apparently, it had 100 imperial tanks on each side with a modern 500 horsepower Volvo diesel in addition to American-made relatively slow-turning diesel as an auxiliary power.

It theoretically could go twelve or fifteen hundred miles on one fill up. The only thing you would have to do is come up with what it is at current prices. It would be 20 to 30 thousand dollars to get it filled up. That leads segues naturally into the mention on the website. It would be soon.

I want to re-rig the vessel as a motor sailor in which case the cost is no concern or constraint. The wind is free. The vessel was designed and built solely as a sailor. This was before she was powered up five years after the initial launch. She could go anywhere that the winds blow. The *Chief* could frivolously and fantastically do a circumnavigation.

My inclination, if I were to go anywhere and any duration and any distance gave the environmental concerns, would be to take her through the Northwest Passage and into the Labrador Sea and into Saint John port. However, we will see how things go the next two or three years. That will in large measure determine ultimate destinations.

1934-1970 – I Think I am Learning History, I Really Think so

Scott Douglas Jacobsen: David, with respect to WWII and Canada's Gunboat Navy, what are some aspects about it?

David Cobb: The Gunboat Navy had many fecund war impressed fish boats. It had some pleasure yachts. It had some other commercial vessels applied on the West coast in one way or another.

They were amalgamated loosely or known colloquially as the gum boat navy. Gumboots being the sailors in said navy. It was a citizen or a reserve navy patrol vessel service. It monitored all the bays and patrols; all the nooks, crannies, and off-beat tracks in what is, after all, a long and well-indented coastline.

On the presumption that there would be a Japanese vessel, particularly submarines. One using some of these remote bays as launching areas for either fifth columnists' Japanese spies or others.

Those who were meant to meet with the largely mythical or non-existent Japanese. To my knowledge, speaking with the Japanese community who were aware or alive at that moment in time, there was virtually no support for fearless Japan.

While they were not the Japanese community, the fishing community on the coast was not integrated. They were sequestered or ghettoized. It was largely of their own doing or volition. Also, there was a great deal of prejudice. It kept them sequestered in certain areas such as further up the coast. Nonetheless, they were happy to be here.

They considered themselves Canadians. There was a real threat of a fifth column being established. It would be with the landing of spies and then liaison through sympathetic spies and Japanese Canadians.

Nonetheless, the government considered them to be a liability to national security. They were such after a prominent episode. A prominent a life on the West coast was shelled by the penny guns and cannon fodder, which was likely a Japanese submarine.

After that incident or episode, it initiated the ramification of the government's position that the Japanese nationals were a liability and should be dispossessed along with chattel and fish boats.

That they were a liability up to and including Alberta and the interior of British Columbia. The thrust of the section that we have on the website of *The Historic Chief Skugaid*. It is dealing with the wholesale impoundment or legalized theft of hundreds of well-built commercial fish boats.

That Japanese were most expert at building the fish vessels. Many of the Japanese have immigrated through the early part of the century and even a century before that.

They founded shops up and down the coast. One particularly notable that comes to mind. It is the Maximoto. Boatyards originally in Prince Rupert, they transferred down to the North of Vancouver down by the Dollar Highway.

In the last few years, they have given up manufacturing small and medium-sized commercial boats. They changed to steel and fibreglass rather than traditional wooden models. However, we are producing boats there until five or six years ago. In the heyday, Maximoto had a big yard in Rupert and built many, many fish boats that are around today.

They have been repurposed. Some of them carry salmon licenses. However, the government took all the Japanese boats. When the owners, the fishing families, were sent to internment camps in the interior and beyond, this was during the war and beyond.

It was six, seven, eight years at the time. Many of these fishermen lost their boats at the time to impoundment in 1939. By the time they had come back and been allowed to settle in coastal areas, all those boats had been sold, dispersed, or broken up in many cases.

So, the Japanese fishing fleet was once a large minority. However, a large minority of the boats on the coast, which no longer exists. There are a few boats under licenses that belong to the fleet, but that is it.

Some of them were integrated or seconded to the gum boat navy as per the earlier part of this conversation. They were used as patrol boats for the European or Anglo-Saxon crew.

So, they could be that service through the war. They would even stay in the naval reserve and could main the integrity of the vessel after the war. They continued to work for fishery and forest patrol boats.

A sad chapter in Canada's history. As I say, they did not, with the benefit of hindsight pose any threat. The Japanese community was a decided asset. They were keen fishermen, good fishermen, and good boat builders, hard workers.

They were for the most part proud and happy Canadians. So, it is a rather large, black spot on the history of the 20th century in British Columbia.

The Sku and the UFAWU

Jacobsen: What is the Allied Workers' Union? How does this relate to the work of the *Historic Chief Skugaid*?

Cobb: The importance of the fisherman's union and the solidarity of the fisherman on the coast. The *Chief* because of its prominence as a Bering Sea halibut boat, and camp tender, packer, towboat, and a latter-day salmon and herring packer.

It played a prominent role. Skippers and crew members over the many, many decades including Brett Anderson, Herman Gerbransen, Stan Sorenson, and Glenn Anderson.

Glenn Anderson is the father of the hockey player, Magnus Andersen. He is from the Lofotens. He plays a component or has an interest in the boat. We have put some photos on the website of him pulling a halibut over the side.

It is probably the most prominent organizer and longest-lived. He is volunteering at the UFAWU. That is the United Fisherman and Allied Workers Union in New Westminster. His name is Nick Carr.

He was instrumental in getting, for instance, the fisherman's needle at Grey Point down at the end of Steveston village. The old fishing village of Steveston. He was active in organizing the annual Orphan's Fund herring's sale.

This is where he would bring your own pales and buckets to buy fresh herring out of the fish lugs or big totes right on the dock and serve yourself. In the 1960s before CKNW took it over, you could buy a big bucket like a five-gallon herring for three or four dollars.

It depended on the year. Nick Carr was an absolute pit bull terrier in negotiations and a 110% union man. He was active right up until his dotage. He is in his 1990s now. Last time I checked, he was volunteering a couple of days a week at the union hall. There is not a whole lot that is not public record and well-documented on the UFAWU.

However, it is important to ramify the central position. In the 1940s and 50s, precursors to the UFAWU were plunderers and pillagers, the robber barons. They are capitalists. There is nothing wrong with free enterprise. The capitalists who claim to believe in the free enterprise if it was free for them alone. It is the case.

They mean the freedom to monopolize and not so free paid admission. The admission price being at the cost of their lives. Many of the fisherman gave their lives in a dangerous industry. The feather-bedded, the wealthy industrialists and capitalists at the turn of the 20th century and into the mid-20th century.

So, it is important to the purpose, the integrity, the strength, and the solidarity of the UFAWU. There was an anomalous fishing community of about 800 souls, which was at the same interval the most rabid and fervid socialistic.

I was going to say communistic. Some of them were card-carrying communists in the 191940s and 1950s. However, by the time I was up there late 191960s and mid-191970s, they were simply socialists or so inclined.

The upshot, they were the richest community in North America because they had big families, not as big as say the Irish Catholic families. However, 5, 6, 7, 8 children, most of them sons.

Most of them gill-netters, trawlers, or combination boats. The brothers had the same boat. The mother, the wife, would be the *Chief* cook and bottle-washer and hold everything together in the little family fishing company.

The daughters would work in the processing plants gutting fish or as a deckhand on the boat. They would be working on a vacation. However, by the same token with this statistic and most highly capitalized family unit community in North America, they were also the most solidly, rabidly socialist community.

Happy Hundredth, Chief

Jacobsen: 2013 was the *Chief's* 100-year birthday party. David, let us discuss some of that interval from 1970-2013.

Cobb: One of the least productive intervals in the first hundred years in the life of the vessel. The fishing industry was going great guns in the 1970s, and for a packer into the 1980s. So, that qualifies.

In the 1960s and the 1970s and the early 1980s, it was probably the last hurrah. The *Chief* was based largely in Prince Rupert and acting as a fleet tender going from boat to boat, fish plant to fish plant with deck loads of diesel fuel in drums.

In the current configuration, there are two big hydraulic winch-driven booms, port and starboard – left and right on the vessel. They have a capacity of about 3 tonnes lifting capacity. She was fuel to the fishing fleet.

That would be the BC Packers Fleet. Their various, either contract, boats, or owned boats, taking fuel out and bringing fish back in the two massive fish hatches. It was depending on how far they were going out or for how long.

It was also how close to the cannery. They would put 20, 30, 40, or 50 tonnes and more in the large deep fish wells or fish hatches. So, she was on the move all the time. A new engine in her in that interval, which would be the engine in her now.

That would be the Volvo 500 horsepower diesel. I have not been able to nail this down exactly off the West coast of Vancouver Island. A rough and dangerous part of the coast. The boat was overloaded.

It was the early mid-1970s. However, it was overloaded intentionally in a risky or dangerous fashion with herring, when herring would fetch a huge price from the Japanese. The boat sank, it did not go grey seas to the bottom.

However, there was so much fish herring in the hatches that it was riding at the waterline. I suppose not necessarily a rogue wave. However, waves that were over and caused her to awash. They had to pump the fish out of the hatch into another packer post-haste.

Then they pumped the water as it were out of the shallows. There had to be a wholesale replacement of the machinery. At that time, it had a caterpillar motor. A slow-turning, not powerful diesel, so a couple 300 horsepower ones. However, at that point, I refurbished her and put this Volvo in there.

It was an exciting time. It was an active time at the early part of those several decades. However, as it approached the late 1980s and the 1990s, the need for big wooden boats, packers, fleet tenders, and so on, was much reduced. She was working offhand and on-hand for the BC Packers, which became CanFisCo.

It was working largely in Prince Rupert. However, it was also delivered to the cannery down the foot of Gore and Hastings. There were to be a few weeks on and a few weeks off for the situation.

It was tied up at the dock out in the New Westminster Queensborough slew shuttling of things back and forth.

Do Not Forget the Rouge, He Is a Corksman After All

Jacobsen: These are new times for the *Historic Chief Skugaid* past 2014. What is new?

Cobb: What should be of most concern in this part of its life, chronograph, and the trajectory is that the *Chief* requires work before she can go deep sea again, it has to do with cosmetic concerns. Some rough work on the hull. Wood butchery as they used to call it.

The stuff is done by shipwrights, not something that requires close or precision fitting. However, it needs work on wooden hulls, which is a lost art. Few good wooden shipwrights, or corksman, who can cork a hull, those who are able to fill the seams properly.

It needs paints. However, these are not things that are jeopardizing the mechanical or general integrity of the vessel. They are largely, if not purely, cosmetic concerns. I have been, for the last two or three years now, working away diligently and not overdoing it.

There are only so many man hours left in me at this interval. I am a pistol shot off 70 years of age. It is no longer a long rifle shot. In fact, it is at the beginning of the end of next year. I am pacing myself for keeping a certain regular steady but slow pace.

I put in about 4 hours every day at 365 days of the year. I presume to be slowly gaining on it, whatever it may be. Satchel Paige, the great black baseball player, said, "Do not look over your shoulder. Something may be gaining on you." That is one of the several reasons I do not look back.

Jacobsen: Look forward and laugh.

Cobb: I look forward and laugh. However, sometimes, it is a nervous laugh. However, like Satchel Paige, I am determined to not suffer the same lot as Lot's wife. However, there is a mixed metaphor or analogue.

I peck away. I do not lament; I do what I can do. In the spring of now, early summer by all appearances, it is lovely weather to work outside. So, I am doing more on the bulwarks and on the hull itself.

I will need some volunteer labor. I will be able to accommodate several people on the weekend or through the week. I will be able to provide basic billeting or back and forth travelling. That will probably transpire in the next couple of months. So, I am hoping that because of that accommodation I could get perhaps, 3, 4, 5, half dozen, people up here.

Particularly semi-skilled, the odd semi-skilled wood worker or shipwright or heavy-duty diesel mechanic from time to time to assist me with what about the machinery on the boat, and I presume to know plenty about it, and I have worked on different boats and power plants, and there are always a few things.

It is always nice to have someone who has something specific as their main trade on the elbow or over the shoulder to advise me. So, it is going to be more of the same for the balance of this calendar year, 2016, and it will be a continuation and extension of the art or the trajectory of the last two or three years, running behind schedule. However, that is as per usual. That is a given, and the point of departure is well-established.

It is the rapidity. It is that I have distanced myself from that departure, or the velocity that I would anticipate. However, as the Rabbi said, two circumcisions out of my control. I have had to dog the pace or pace myself due to lack of fiscal resources and goods and services. They come in drips and drabs. The drips and drabs I would have hoped would be over the winter 3 or 4 45-gallon high pigment marine enamel in black and green to repaint the boat.

Jacobsen: Why black and green?

Cobb: It is a nice colour. It was the old Nelson colour that was on the boat in the 1930s.

Jacobsen: Why the Nelson brothers and not back into 1912/1913?

It was plain back in 1912/1913. It was grey and grey as I recall. That used to be what Henry Ford said about the Model T. You can have any colour if it is black. However, boats were generally grey and grey.

For a good reason, it did not reflect the Sun too strenuously. It did not absorb the Sun. If too much Sun on bare wood or wood absorbing vast amounts of the Sun's rays, then it breaks down the lignin in the woods of this and other boats.

A black hull is easy to accommodate, the Henry Ford colour. However, I am hoping to put the trim and the deckhouse on a dark forest green. I will have to look in my shoebox archive. It has been a while since I have seen the Nelson brothers.

They used to own the boat, by the way, in the 1940s, before they sold their fleet to the BC Packers, CanFisCo variations. The me-my-more gang, the Nelson brothers were a nice deep yellow with a forest green.

I may go for that, but it is going to boil down to what of the several basic or primary colours are available in 45-gallon drums. The marine enamel from the supplier of paints in Vancouver.

They are interested in donating the paint, which I count as several thousand dollars. Then there are the chemicals, the bracers, the preparation work, the sweat equity, and the elbow grease. So, it is not an inconsequential project for a vessel that is 90-feet long.

Beyond cosmetic concerns, the plan is to get back into the blue water. White water is easy enough to do. She is in the Fraser now and in brackish water, so the hull is not coated with marine flora and fauna. She is in a sea-wise trim.

However, there is not anything to send out and about on a promotional tour or to get involved in any of the aforementioned projects that were mentioned on the various sections of the website. I would have to say that by the end of this year; the boat will be in some show shape, so that final phase of the plan, the project, and the process can be implemented.

A Bear, A Slave, and Bank Walk Into A Boat

Jacobsen: We are going to talk about the freighter canoes. These were freighter canoes – three 20-foot freighter canoes built in 1960s by John Buckley. It was in Port Moody, Canada.

I believe they were for expeditions on Great Bear Lake, Great Slave Lake, and on Lake Laberge.

Cobb: I bought them from the maker, from an Irish-Canadian, named James Buckley, who was a character. He may be alive in a nursing home somewhere high up in age now. He was organizing proto-outward bound programs in the 1960s, 1970, and 1980s.

They might have been used into the 1990s. about that latter decade. He built with students or proteges, and assistants. He constructed, with them, five of these big freight canoes and about a dozen smaller two and four-man canoes.

He did not deem those to be a remarkable success that the freight canoes were; he thought that most of them were too heavy and overbuilt. It defeated the purpose of them being able to transport easily with two people.

So, I had the option of buying of few of those canoes. There are 2 or 3 around. I like most of them. However, if there were five freight canoes, I would have bought all five, even until they were in unrestored condition.

Two of the three, I bought them. They were in decent shape. The third had some woodworking problems on the stern, even into the double integers. The bow and stern of every canoe. But I have bought one as in a package from the village over in Port Moody.

They have been used in coming down every year from the head waters of the Fraser in and around downtown Robson. They would trailer them up. I bought the trailer as well. That is being sold first. A big heavy trailer that took the five freight canoes.

A few smaller ones as if you can imagine; they pulled them all in Nashville Harvester, which is a corn binder school bus. They used that for an RV or camper for the students. They put in these big freight canoes up to and including 12 teenagers in each one with all their gear.

So, they figured that these canoes had a capacity, not that they were up to the limit or taxed them overly. However, that carrying capacity was about 5,000 pounds each. They would put them up to the head waters or to Laberge.

They could have put them up to the big lakes depending on the year for each trip. In the case of the Fraser, they worked their way down the Fraser and to their destination at the streets of Georgia or the gulf. However, they are impressive even now.

They could stand to be upgraded and refurbished. The third one, it needs some woodworking. The wood damage or decay on the stern. I want to take a few feet off the stern and put a platform there for a small electric motor or one of the British made 1950 seagulls.

One of those seagull motors with 2, 3, or 4 horsepower. That is the plan for that one. That one needs lots of work. I would like to re-canvass the two good ones. However, I could get away with patching the splits and putting an intentional coater over the canvass.

They were built expertly and precisely of western yellow cedars and steamed reds; western red cedar planking running longitudinally, and the crossbars on the seams were built or made of either white oak or western spruce.

Spruce is a high strength thickness and light relatively speaking. The gunnel caps were made of eastern white oak, which is strong and resistant to abrasion. The keyhole on the canoe, such as it was, was white oak as well.

White oak resists rot to a large degree, much better than most hardwoods, much better than the softer more porous red oaks and swamp oaks. They were nicely done. There are photos on the website of the three canoes.

They are being used by large or small parties. I would like to get going again. The summer of 2016, the summer or fall, and have recreation and fun and frolic for volunteers. Those volunteers are out here where the boat is brought from Fort Langley.

There are volunteers out here to provide labour, sanding, and such. Largely, unskilled and not demanding; however, it does require many man hours. I have two canoes in the waters along with the two small craft: skiffs, row boats, and so on.

The people that are here for several days or a week, or even upon day labour overnight and trips they could have a few hours on and then a few hours off to recreate. It is a lovely area on the Fraser.

That is in summation. However, it is of a story of the canoes. They are perfect replicas of the 24-foot-long and four-and-half-foot of the 5,000-pound carrying capacity canoes that were used in the opening of the country from the east to the west by the Metis and the French-Canadian courier devoir.

They are faithful to the style and to the ethic. I have a great deal of interest from the canoe museum in Peterborough, Ontario when they are going to be passed along. They should be the first to have the right of refusal.

In the collection, there are not too many canoes together of that ilk and that construction surviving. However, a canoe like that now. If you had a hand builder make them to the same spec and make them out of the same woods, it would probably be \$25,000 each to build.

Unfortunately, it does not justify the building. I have too many of them now. I love the craft or vessels as they are currently. However, it is too labour intensive. It is rare to find anybody. Anyone that is working on cedar canoes.

I would consider it a labour of love. Or if anybody reads this or logs onto the site that has some ability, expertise, and foreknowledge in cedar-strip canvas canoe, their building hands would be appreciated.

I would be much obliged if they contacted me through the website – contacts and comments box in the menu bar on the website:

www.ChiefSkugaid.org.

Yes, Indeed, The Chief Has Friends

Jacobsen: Emily Leckie Watts' father, let us discuss friends of the *Chief*.

Cobb: Her father was a friend of the shoe company, not literally. However, he was a major player in the development of workboots, logging boots, engineers' boots, and everyday shoe leather, when everybody was using shanks-mare.

Shanks-mare being an old term for walking about, I suppose, as opposed to riding on a horse. When you are on shanks-mare, you are using shoe leather.

He developed a big firm called Leckie Boots that morphed into something that is making boots by hand for the industry as the general populace down on East Hastings. She was the daughter of Leckie. He was a young up and coming boat builder.

So, it was not a marriage of convenience. It was a convenient marriage. I am sure there was some fiscal facet to it. They married and lived happily ever after, and ever after is a relative term of course. He lived to his early 1990s. I am not sure.

Somewhere, I have it in the shoebox archives. However, I am not sure she lived that whole term with him as maybe deceased. However, yes, they were a good match. The itemized friends of the *Chief* are, it is essentially a list of, supporters and in many cases donors, not necessarily financial donors.

However, in some cases modest but meaningful donations to the *Chief* for fuel and other, they can help with goods, services, and sources, or volunteer labour. People that help with the archives on the website.

People that organize benefits, musical or theatrical benefits, with some or all the proceeds to the *Chief*. I am remiss in adding a few. I have had them on a concise list to add for some time, but, for instance, there is the fire and safety supply.

One of the oldest such companies in British Columbia in New Westminster that did all myriad fire extinguishers and re-certified them and brought them up to date and with a few others. The same concerns. They are all appreciated.

The list is longer than you see on the site as I have been stating. I have been meaning to for some time. However, I have not yet. Some of them are prominent in the community. The general community, the GVRD or Lower Mainland. Some are more remote in Canada and other parts of the world.

Yes, I will be updating and adding a dozen, maybe fifteen, more than I have gotten down on the brief list since then since I did that up. The segue is natural. I would take any two of the next section on the menu bar such as support the *Chief*.

For anybody reading the site or linking to the site, hopefully, after hearing or reading this, there is plenty that can be done to support the *Chief* in a short, medium, or long-term. The problems that are the most urgent concerns are volunteer labour and goods and services, particularly copious amounts of paint and other liquids and chemicals.

Beyond the present, the need for the boat goes anywhere in the diesel fuel or another grouping. I have one of the two big motors on the backup Detroit diesel. I got it burning vegetable oil and a mix of other combustible or flammable Petro-chemicals.

However, if not solely recycled vegetable oil. the big Volvo, the main source of propulsion, if I had extra tanks to install it. I could segregate the 1,200-imperial gallon from the starboard, 600 each side, diesel tanks if I had some satellite tanks that I could use for holding clean oil as well.

I could be running that on a blender mix of vegetable oil and diesel or perhaps vegetable oil, diesel, and/or stove oil or furnace oil and admixture of jet D or jet A. The high octane or high cetane, rather, dating fuel that is used in commercial jets that are like kerosene.

So, that is important. All the things there listed on the website in no order or sequence. I bought them. There might be of a skill or a tout on that webpage as viewers or readers will apprehend venerability of stress, the integrity of the vessel, and the prominence of the vessel in the history of the Westcoast marine or maritime concerns, not fishing.

It was known for the rum or whiskey running to California and Mexico through Prohibition, which made it a notorious vessel with a great many admirers. Those that did not believe from the beginning in the Volstead Act in the States about the sale and consumption of liquors.

It is a subject of a great deal of literature. Either directly or by mention or inference, the subject vessel of a couple of movies that have been made or are being made in the former case. A couple of overtures that I have made about rum-running in commercials for beer, whiskey, and so on.

That there is some connection in the glory days and rum-running and boat running and hauling that back to Prohibition. All that information is on the website as well. It is in the context in terms of a part of the artists and other individuals deeming it the blue nose of the West coast.

It is so named in terms of Canadian maritime history. Some have said that this is the vessel that this should on the back of the old five-dollar bill with no disrespect to that BCP number 50, BC Packers 50, which is or was portrayed on the older five-dollar bill, in circulation.

It should have been the *Chief Skugaid* given the impact it had on the fishing industry and the fact that it floats. It is not turn-key giddy up and go next week to the Bering Sea. However, it is not far off.

Jacobsen: Some quick notes on contact comments and the Facebook for the *Chief Skugaid*. What are the best means to go about these things?

Cobb: Notwithstanding the utility of social media in this case Facebook. There is a Facebook page, of course. Most immediate and organic, I use it in its strictest sense and best way. In my estimation, it is to use the contacts/comments box in the menu bar. It goes straight to our account. I monitor it every day. The website contacts and comments box in the menu bar on the website:

www.ChiefSkugaid.org.

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