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tures half-human, half-animal • perhaps they've seen the hairy man and they think it's the devil. There were people were hunting one night. And when they got to Sandy's field • they could see this thing going through the woods and down the road and stood there. Now a lady died a' long time ago and buried some treasure there--or her brother buried treasure there • and everybody's been look? ing for it ever since. She had died years and years before. So these people were coming out from hunting; they were walking home. And when they turned the light on this thing going through the woods • I shouldn't say "thing" in case it's human-- it stopped. They said it was a woman they saw, the woman whose property they were crossing • the story of the treasure made them think of the woman who had died. They described it as a woman with a big beauti? ful coat down to the ground. They said it was standing about 8 feet tall. They couldn't see anything else, but they could see two great big eyes. Pushing Off at Wreck Cove Shore At one time, all around Cape Breton, fishermen in each community depended on one an other to get their boats launched and hauled up again • not only at the beginning of the season, setting the traps, but every fishing day. The boats, of course, were smaller then, and in most places there was no harbour at all. They'd meet at the shore in the morning, wait to see that one another got off--there'd be a lot of men around; usually two to a boat--and when the last boat got off all the pushers would jump aboard and get out themselves. And getting in, one fellow would get ashore and man the winch--in earlier years it was a capstan--see to it the poles were in place, while the captain watched for the right wave to come in on, A bunch would be gathered there to be sure she didn't go sideways, get swamped and lose her catch. Larger boats and bigger motors, the centralizing fact of the buyer, fewer men fishing in certain areas and so forth, meant the end of this pushing off together, waiting out weathers, waiting for the last man to come in through the fog. Here are some snapshots taken during the last years there was a crowd pushing off and landing at Wreck Cove Shore. There's a story still to be told here but that story isn't gathered yet, so we thought we'd let these photos mark the end. The grounds are still fished but the men use the . man-made harbour at Little River. And in the spring there is no activity at Wreck Cove Shore, none at all.