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THE A THE Ceilidh *L Cabot Trail "Trail WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN! No matter where you stay in the county of Inverness you will enjoy spectacularly beautiful """"? """" countless little coves to countryside complemented by explore, the warmest beaches in a rugged dramatic coastline. *'? Maritimes, hiking trails up to rocky mountain glens. Ask for the day trip brochures at any provincial tourist booth. For further information please write THE INVERNESS COUNTY MUNICIPAL TOURIST COMMITTEE BOX 179 PORT HOOD, NOVA SCOTIA BOE 2W0 or call (902) 787-2274 the Big Fish!" You could see him from White Point, Yes, he was up about twp miles or a mile and a half nor'west of The Point--his great dorsal fin, man, stood as high as this loft, 6 or 7 feet. Looked like a boat sail. Now, I believe there were four boats. And we were in John Will Dunphy's boat, John Will Dunphy fished there--had a big boat. And me and Gordon and Capt, Pearl were in that one. I don't remember if there was anyone else into her or not. But there were four boats in all. And Gordon was go? ing to stick him. So we leveled off for him and we were get? ting pretty close to him and Capt, Pearl wanted us to keep away, keep away--and we sneaked in onto him. And see, we were com? ing in on him kind of from his tail. His head was up here and we were coming in on him kind of slashways, this way--coming in for his big dorsal fin that was up now a- bout 4 or 5 feet over the water. And I was standing up looking at him, I think there was hair on him. He was gray. But it. couldn't be hair. It must've been some? thing that looked like hair. But a terri? ble looking fish. My dear, I've seen plen? ty ugly fish, but that one, that fellow..., I'll swear that he was 80 feet long. He was the biggest beast ever I saw. He was a tremendous animal. I could see his head a- way way up, and there looked to be gills back about 15 feet on his neck. Oh, he was out of this world. He was a tremendous, monstrous beast. But we drifted in alongside of him anyway, very slowly--and Gordon come onto him. He drove his dart right down alongside of his big fin, right in those great sinews down alongside of his big fin, drove it in clean to the wood. Well, as soon as he drove the dart in, the screeching took place--old Pearl yelling to start the en? gine. Anjrway, we got clear, started play? ing out the rope. And the other fellows came. And the old fish didn't appear to take any notice of us too much. When we hit him, he started to settle away. And old Pearl yelled for everybody to string on. So we hooked the other three boats on. See, with a 21-foot hawser and telephone wire into it, no darn way of breaking it-- the devil wouldn't break it. And you'd nev? er tear it out of him--not planted down the length of 14 inches of that iron down, into him. No way. So we got three or four boats on him. And we started towing him to? wards the shore. The old fish coming along pretty good. No sign of him, you know. He had settled away. He was down under and we were moving him along, towards the shore, . We were coming pretty good. Coming along, and old Pearl--he's hollering to "Speed her up! Give her a little more!" So all hands speede'd the engines up a little, and we were taking him along pretty nice. Not bad at all. But you know, we were getting in pretty well--we were in off of the Tittles. (Win? ston: That's shallow water.) And all of a sudden that fish decided that he was going