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be--top of Brion Island--I knew it so well, I worked around there so much, I said, "You get to the wheel and open her wide o- pen and get her going." I saw her scoop the water up over her head, trying to get through between Brion Island and the Bird Rock before dark. Only 10 fathom water at the most going through there, only 60 feet of water in that storm of wind. Well, we went right through in the right place--it looked like she was breaking eve? rywhere . But when we got through there, an hour from that we were up on the east point of the Madeleine Islands. We were all right. Twelve o'clock that night we were in Grindstone, tied onto the wharf. We had had 152 fish boxes on deck--you couldn't lash empty fish boxes--and we took off 150, We lost 2 overboard in that wind. That's how good she was. Oh god, that boat was good. If you keep her clear of the rocks, she'd kill you be? fore she'd drown you. She was that good. You won't believe this, but it's true. We had a little one of those ship-mate stoves in the fo'c's'le for cooking on, and it never was lashed. There were holes in the four legs of the stove on the block it was on, and there were just three-inch nails put down and bent over--that's all that was there--it never was lashed--and she never knocked a cover off all the time I had her. But you'd get her broadside on a roll, and she'd roll the milk out of your tea. But head on, you wouldn't know she'd ever blow. If she could steam, you could steam, she wouldn't hurt anything. She was a good old boat. They told me there at Grindstone, you couldn't see Entry Island all day for wind, and that's only 10 miles across to Entry Island from Grindstone, We did '11 right on the Muddy, I mean to sav. on the end of it, it was getting that a coaster was no good. See, the place didn't increase anything. And when the roads got through, the trucks were taking everything. But the first 4 or 5 years I had her--if I had let W. N. MacDonald put a bigger engine in her, oh my god, I'd've cleaned up. Because she was just about the right size. Then they got it so you had to go way the hell down to Labrador, pick up a load of fish in the fall of the year. You'd be two weeks probably getting a load. And you'd beat your way up to Halifax or the ,Bay of Fundy--time you'd get back, you'd be in debt. You may pick up a load of salt in Halifax--you come back to New? foundland, you're in debt. And you had to try to give your men half enough to live on. So you couldn't make anything. Ships were too long and the freights were too little. But we did all right first. We paid for the old boat. Then we bought a house and we lost that to fire, and we built this, and we don't owe anybody any? thing. And we had a big family, a fair big family. So we didn't do too bad, I got no kick coming, anyway. And the Muddy, she's finished now. Worms got her all eaten. Hardly anything to see now, the wheelhouse is gone and all, al? most all gone out of her. But I was through with her. But what I intended to do--I guess in June I put her in there, and I was going to take her out in the fall or the next spring, take her some? where, take the propellers and shafts out of her, and burn her or do something with her. And by god, I couldn't get her out of it--the worms ate her just in that time. I had four 4-inch pumps on her, and couldn't move her at all. Ralph Pinaud there, he had the power from the winch on her, trying to move her, never moved her, she was stuck fast in the mud



that much. The Muddy stuck in the mud. Wishie Rose and the remains of the MUDDY. (14)