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come?" I said, "No, sir, thank you. If it was double-dory I wouldn't mind--for two in the dory, 'cause the other fellow could show me. But a greenhorn in a single dory-you'd probably go adrift and never be seen!" "Oh," he said, "we'll help you. If you can't get the trawl in, we'll go out and help you to pull your trawl in." He couldn't persuade me, no way. So I kept on go? ing, to the next wharf I went down on. I saw a big vessel down there, drying their sails. She was dead calm. She had just come in from Cape Mary. They were out macke? rel-seining. About this time of year--it was earlier than this. They used to go down south, see, first, to meet the mackerel, and then come back and go to the Cape Shore down here, the Eastern Shore, down off of here. And I looked at it. And Christ, I knew him. He was my grandmother's son, here--Capt. Bisse;tt. And he had been down here about 2 or 3 years before that. And he (had) told me, "Never go to Gloucester." He said, "I'll crucify you if I ever see you in Gloucester! It's no place at all for you to go." I said, "You went there, you made pretty good. You're the captain there, any? how." "Yes, but," he said, "I'm one, maybe. I wouldn't be saying that'd be you." He said, "You must have run away, did you?" I said, "No, I didn't run away." "Oh," he said, "yes, I think Aunt Helen'd never let you go, unless you run away!" My mother was his aunt. He said, "We'll be going out in a couple of days time, and there's a boat Splicing wire on a vessel out of Gloucester down there for you. Go down, get a mat? tress, and get it fixed up. We'll be going to the Cape Shore." I went with him, the first trip I ever had made. That time, was night fishing. They put me and another fellow, and they came down here and started seeking the mackerel in the night, run? ning after night--right be? fore the wind-- going like the devil, too. We were put in a dory, to tow be? hind, to pick up a buoy, see, when they dropped the seine, if there was any macke? rel. Holy suf? fering cats! The young fellow was with me--of course he had been fishing a lot--a young fellow from Gloucester, American fellow. There was times the dory was standing right on her end, going like that, and that ves? sel going full speed! You'd think you'd be swept in the water all the time. I wasn't used to it--it looked worse to me than it did to him. Well, we run out of there a couple of nights, but there didn't seem'to be too much mackerel. The mackerel, see, shows red on water after night. They come up for her? ring. Mackerel generally circles. They boil up and circle, and then they start to go 7. Blue Heron Gift Shop VyVBOOKS, GLASSWARE, FIGURINES, WOOOENWARE, CRYSTAL fvj Gifts for All Occasions 'JJL BADDEXX, N. S.

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