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Look, Reader, I went to sea in 1873 and in the ship Ragner. It was a standing joke to have a run on a Cape Bretoner. Unfortunately, I was always thin-skinned and if you wanted a scrap, I would not go much out of the way to avoid it. Kind of took to it, like an old maid to drinking strong tea.... a nice man and every inch a sailor. Liverpool Kelly coming aft to relieve the wheel got caught by a high sea that washed him back and forth over the deck and into the lee scuppers. Big Mack and Hans, a Norwegian, rushed in water to their waists to pick him up before he would be slammed against a stanchion or jammed in the port. It was blowing harder than ever, if possible, a moimtainous sea running. Mr. Densi? more said it was the worst weather and heaviest sea he ever saw. This was some? thing for he said he rounded the Horn twenty times. The word passed, "All hands on deck. Shorten sail." The captain had decided to heave to mizzen lower top? sail, first tail on the clewlines and bimtlines. The mate sings out, "Lively boys, heave and show your spunk." One sea after another breaking over us, spluttering to our feet, we hauled and held on, working like fiends, no sulkers when down from aloft. Now comes a tussle; for the foresail must come in and it's a new sail. I was sent to ease away the sheet, a mighty ticklish job. Looking up, I see a huge mountain of dark water ap? pear above me. Hitch it and hang on G. Almighty quick for your life. Buried under tons of water, chilled to the bone, but working on, we at last got the foreyard braced up forward. "That will do," yells the mate, "lay aloft and furl it one yardarm at a time." We now had to fiirl the main lower topsail before the captain dared bring her up to the wind. Here was a nice job all right at midship, buried in swirling water; every once in awhile the whole crowd was under. At last we got the sail hauled up and laid aloft to furl it. When made fast, the helm was put hard down. The captain looked very anxious. I must not try to say that I was not excited, for I must admit I certainly was very excited as she came slowly up in the wind. She shipped a sea forward, sweeping her fore and aft; over and over she went till I thought she would tum bottom up. After some terrible moments of suspense, she lay steady almost on her beam ends; presently she righted and we saw the deck once more hove to. She made fairly good weather of it, though a good many points off. I said, "Thank God," when I heard the mate say, "Port watch go be? low." I slipped into dry shirt and draw? ers, and was asleep at once. All the rest of the watch turned in as there were some, in their oilskins, quite dead beat. Everything in the forecastle was soaking. I had a top bunk and my mattress was wet through. Coming on deck at four A.M., the worst watch in the twenty-four hours, we found the starboard watch squaring her away before it again. We of the port watch baring a hand at the braces. The captain was on deck and the second mate was below out of sight. The captain was down on him. He, though so big and rough, was a poor man as second mate. The star? board watch was glad to get Lighthouse Electrical Services Ltd. ' 155 Peppett St. NORTH SYDNEY Prop. David Mulley Let us help you Save \$ on Energy! ??~ Call us about energy efficiency • 4or your present electrical system or for any changes or additions you want to make. 24 HOUR EMERGENCY SERVICE



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