

First Time in a Fishing Boat

COLLECTOR: Marie Marshall

CONTRIBUTOR: Josephine Cabot

Marie Marshall:

Okay, Jose is going to tell me a story now about the first time she went out in boat.
Okay, Jose go for it.

Josephine Cabot:

I went out in boat with dad, I 'spose when I was ten years old. Dad use to haul his trawl and I would pass him the bait to bait the hooks. He had about six lines of trawl in the fleet.

You'd look over the side of the boat and you would see the fish on the hook, all in a straight line. There would be different things on the hook. I would ask him what it was, sometimes, he'd say... that's scallops, starfish, crabs, bakeapples....

Marie Marshall:

Bakeapples .?

Josephine Cabot:

....sea urchins, it was always something different ... it was always something different you hauled up. As I got a little older, I would sit in the stern of the boat and put out the jigger and jig.

What fish I would jig, dad would give it to me, and when he came in he would salt it in the barrel.

Marie Marshall:

That was your own fish?

Josephine Cabot:

That was me own fish, yeah.

I suppose that would kind of make us want to go out again. It was quite a bit of excitement because you'd see the whales, horse mackles(???), gulls, would chase the boat and as long as you threw away the liver and the guts, they would chase you. You'd be

afraid of the whales, but I suppose the gulls would keep you company. As long as you stayed busy, you'd never get sick.

I would ... I would have the jigger out when you'd get a fish on, you was busy, but there was times when you wouldn't catch a thing. Dad would say to me, "You're awful quiet, you're not getting sick is ya'?" (laughs)

Marie Marshall:
(laughs)

Josephine Cabot:

I said no, but at the same time, my stomach was turning over. The smell of the gas from the engine would almost turn you. Especially on a calm day. All of a sudden then here it comes.... my oh my, you'd feel like your guts were coming up, and then you threw up.

Dad would say "you're sick, you're white as a ghost", but then he'd say "come up to the head of the boat and throw back the fish." After you'd move around, you'd get a little bit better. There were times when you'd feel like lying down and dying, but the next day you'd get up and go again, thinking it would pass away. Not all the time it would be smooth.

The older I got the more often I would go, especially when you would go jigging. You never had no oil clothes but you did mind getting wet either. Bare hands, I could never wear gloves, when they'd get wet they would stretch almost the length of the boat and take all your time then to keep 'em on. There were times, when I went out in boat with dad, the fog would be so thick, you could almost cut it with a knife.

I remember one time when we left the wharf and we turned around three times and came back to the wharf again, couldn't get out to the mouth of the tickle or around MacDonald's Island. No compass then so we stayed in. The next day probably we'd be out there and the fog would come in while you were on the trawl and dad would say, "listen for the fog horn", "listen for the sound of something". Probably there'd be someone beating the drums, so you'd get the sound and that would take ya' in.

When they put the fog on MacDonald's Island...

Marie Marshall:
Lawrence.

Josephine Cabot:

...that was a blessing. Because it would blow, I think every five seconds or so. So you would come for the sound and when you would think you were getting close to the island, you'd stop the engine and listen for another sound. If you wasn't sure, probably you'd put out a jigger line to measure the water to know how close you was to the land.

Other times you may hear the youngsters laughing or shouting or playing. People would be on the wharf then, when you come in to see how much fish you had. When you hit the wharf, was I glad.

There was nights at first, you'd dream about it, I know because more than one night when me and my sister would go out in boat with dad, there were nights when she would wake up in her sleep and crawl under the bed for the boat. I use to have to get up and make sure that she'd get back in bed.

Marie Marshall:

(laughs) Who's that, Mary?

Josephine Cabot:

Poor Mary, oh, yes. Yes.

Marie Marshall:

Yeah.

Josephine Cabot:

Yeah. Poor Mary, use to have nightmares, hey?

Marie Marshall:

Yeah.

Josephine Cabot:

And more so when you get out and it's foggy and no compass or nothing and you know, you'd have to listen for the sound or somebody beating the drums on the inside. Like on a calm day, hey.

Marie Marshall:

Yeah.

Josephine Cabot:

Or probably when it'd get lippy too, you know, when you was only small.

Marie Marshall:

Hmmm.

Josephine Cabot:

You know, wasn't use to it, you'd be frightened and....

Marie Marshall:

So it was only you and Mary, hey use to fish with your father?

Josephine Cabot:

Oh, yeah.

Marie Marshall:

Kathleen or Alice or none of them.

Josephine Cabot:

No. Mom use to go out....

Marie Marshall:

Yeah.

Josephine Cabot:

Oh, yes. Mom use to go out, when we use to go out jiggin'. Now she wouldn't go out on the trawl or nothing like that, hey.

Marie Marshall:

No?

Josephine Cabot:

No.

Marie Marshall:

So the other crowd....

Josephine Cabot:

Yeah, first when you started, you'd get a bit of fish and put in that barrel and then you'd have your own little barrel of fish and make you right contented, hey?

Marie Marshall:

You'd sell that in the Fall year for yourself?

Josephine Cabot:

We'd everything in the Fall, we didn't get no money in the summer time.

Marie Marshall:

No.. no... for yourself, I say.

Josephine Cabot:

Oh, yeah.

Marie Marshall:

Yeah.

Josephine Cabot:

Yeah. You'd have your couple of barrels of fish, whatever...

Marie Marshall:

Yes, maid.

Josephine Cabot:

Yeah.

Marie Marshall:

Nice, hey.

Josephine Cabot:

Yeah.

Marie Marshall:

Alright Jose, that's a good interview, thank you very much.