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of the morning--icy. Slippery. Well, I saw this truck coming. And he was just going like that. (Charlie showed weaving with his hand.) Although I had chains on, he didn't. So I saw him coming, and I pulled over. I knew he was coming with a load of slag, you know. And whether he was doing this-- probably getting a cigarette or rolling a cigarette. And he was just touching the wheel so it would stay straight. Then all of a sudden--BUMP--put on the brakes. I guess when he saw me. What the hell did he do, but he went that way and over the bank and tumbled into the Tar Pond. "Oh, God!" I said to the two men. We watched her tumble. She made one whole round, and then the wheels went in the

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tar. And it was like mush. And she started to sink. So I said to the men, "I'm going to  
get down and get the driver--help the driver." He was there trying to get--he  
couldn't--wooden cabs then, you know. He couldn't get the cab door open. So I  
went down to try and help him. And I took a piece of rope. We always carried a rope  
and a bench axe at your feet, for to give a pull or tow or something. And I took the  
bench axe and the rope, and I went down. The other two men got out and they said,  
"You can't get out there, driv? er! Don't try it! That truck is sinking too fast!" And  
poor (fellow) there--trying to holler, and he knew me, he said, "Char? lie, get me,  
get me, get me!" Well, I got out. Then, she was down below the engine hood. And I  
got on the engine hood. And she was tipping me--not back? wards --she was tipping  
in. So, I had a hell of a job. I just barely made it (off the hood), and I fell on my belly.  
I left axe and rope there. I couldn't--you know, trying to grab a few trees or the little  
limbs. And the frozen--there was no snow-- there was ice, but it was frozen. And,  
trying to grab it, you know. She went down. She was there. She went down in 22  
feet of tar and water. (Did you get him out, though?) Oh, no. As the men said, "You  
nearly lost your own life. Another second or two on that engine hood," he said,  
"you'd have been down with him." ""trNm A DREAM INTO REALITY K MART PLAZA  
MxUtmUt Kitchens Plus "tfie onCty name ifouneedi to know\* So, that was when  
they were building that. Government wharf. That was 1936. Dumping slag in for the  
foundation. They had it ready--nice wharf--when war broke out. Lovely wharf. My  
God, the things I saw! Terri? ble, terrible, terrible things I saw and went through....  
Now, like, if you were setting there in your car; if you were a cab driver. There was  
another car there. It was an old--it on? ly had the curtains--a '22 or '23 Studebaker. I  
knew him. So, I could hear them coming down, singing and hollering. They were at  
a party, you know, all drunk, you know. And it was a nice night--you could see the  
moon. But you used to get those squalls. And the ice was clear. And those squalls  
would run on the ice and block your visibili? ty, see, if you didn't know where you  
were going. So anyhow, they came down, and they came over talking to me.