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But the thing was, you had to stay there till maybe 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning to get that typed out and get it in. And the thing too--we didn't have teletypes then. We had the streetcar going into Sydney on every hour. So every hour we filled an envelope with what we had written, and ran out and caught the streetcar. Somebody from Sydney ran out and got the streetcar, took the envelope off. That would go on all night. They ran all night. And many's the time I went to something--! remember one particular one at Passchen's daele. And it was 2 o'clock before I could get away. It was 3 o'clock before I finished writing it. And I had to walk home. And I had (two reporters). But I was sitting at the typewriter between (them). When the teletype finally came in, that was there. And that was chatting away, and (reporters) typing away just closed it off, and go ahead with work. It was great. Top left: the gang on a hike: Front row: Dorothy Stearns, Katherine Gillis, Marguerite Martell, Doris Spencer, Verna Matheson, Georgie Bezanson. Back row: Bert & Freda Martell, Florence Travis, Vera Stearns, Chris & Pearl Taylor. Top right: school kids up from a mine tour • Edie in the middle. Bottom left: Edie with pups, early '30s. Bottom right: Edie and first daughter, Averill. You'll tell you something funny that happened, though. We had a ship that came ashore, off Point Percy--out just beyond Donkin there. And when we heard of the wreck, it was a stormy--it was a summer or fall night, but it was stormy as could be, and raining like the dickens. We had two reporters, both of whom were a little bit addicted to liquor. They would work month about. Anyway, they sent the first fellow out, and he went off, and there was nothing more heard of him. Ten o'clock came, 12 o'clock came, 1 o'clock came--no word. So they sent the other fellow out. And he disappeared. No word, no word. And here, what had happened, you wouldn't believe. We have made the trek several times since then, birdwatching. The ship had grounded on Point Percy, which is beyond the headland, off of Donkin. The next headland beyond that. And they had gone out to Schooner Pond, where the new Donkin mine materialized. And walked out to where that one poor man had gotten ashore, he swam ashore. And he could see a light in the distance. And the poor fellow made it to where the light was, and there was no telephone! So you can see, by the time they got there, and by the time they got things figured out, they couldn't get back in time to give us the news. We thought we'd lost them both. That was the wreck of the Watford. But anyway, you should look up the write-up on that, HMS Watford, because it was really something, (see Sara MacLean's telling of "The Wreck of the Watford, 1932" in Issue 16. CAPE BRETON'S MAGAZINE.) That was one funny thing. We couldn't figure out where they disappeared to. The poor fellows were having an awful time! And then during the war we had the blackouts. You know, you had to walk home in the dark, no lights were allowed. We didn't have any bombing or anything around here. GILLIS
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