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And then when you'd go by Glendyer Station, there's another hill meeting you. Well, then you'd have to get the brakes off before you'd strike for that. One car to the other, putting them on and then taking them off. Turn the wheel. Dangerous job, jumping them hoppers. Winter and summer. Rain. Didn't make any difference. You had to do it. And cold, of course. You'd be toughened up to it. Very little money, very small. Oh, God help us! On a trip, the ahead brakeman would go up to the engine. He'd help the fireman and he'd take water, shovel down coal, help each other. The other brakeman would be riding with the conductor behind, in the caboose. Two brakemen and a conductor in those days. And a fireman and a driver • five men. And when they needed brakes the brakemen, or one brakeman may be able to do it, the fellow on the head end, that's where you'd want the brakes," near the engine. Quite a knack to it, too. Well, it never ran away on me, anyway. I could put a brake on all right. You'd watch the thing • the shoe getting up on the wheel. Get it good and tight. You'd know it by the feel. You had to really pull on that wheel. Coming from Hawkesbury, down below Glencoe Station, between Glencoe Station and Mabou Station, downhill there • we were going down the hill, I had my arm around the driver, you know, standing on one side of the driver • noticed a light. Middle of the night. So we got stopped. There was an old fellow there, with a lantern. The rails had parted and there wasn't a damn thing under the rails. It all went down the bank there about 500 feet, a washout. If we had gone there, I don't think they would have found us at all. This farmer happened to come up the track and saw it. His house was above. He was a MacDonald. He had a nickname • poor old fellow • they called him August Gale. Had a collision down at Port Hastings. Snowplow came in behind us. We were in the engine, backing up from Point Tupper. Saw this snowplow. And right where the causeway is now, I saw it coming. I hollered, "Jump!" The old driver jumped and he went down to the shore. Two of us got out on this side. Snowplow put that tender right up on top of the engine • you know how a snowplow would go underneath the rig. Steam, and the whistle blowing, and couldn't see anything. I don't think they saw us. They wouldn't have time, anyway. It was around a curve. You'd get hurt. I got several hurts. You're bound to get hurt when you're around that kind of thing. Lots of fellows lost fingers, coupling the cars. I never lost any. In the early days they didn't have the equipment. They were a company, you know. Cheap. But I was '7 years on the railroad. I loved it. Some life to it. Wreckage of Train Number 2. Long Beach, Frank Gordon killed, November 15, 1904. Watch for the Sequel to Bread & Molasses Andy MacDonald's Don't Slip on the Soap Blue Heron Gift Shop BADDECK, N. S. 295-3424 Gifts For A It Occasions MARG and LLOYD MacEACHERN Harbour Restaurant Children's Portions Try Our Butterscotch Pie Open 8:00 a.m. to Midnight 1:00 a.m. Saturday Telephone (902) 224-2042 Cheticamp, Cape Breton, Nova S Take Out and Diet Dishes on request COME to Sun, Sand, Sea at Inverness Beach Village - Turn Left at the Causeway to Rte. 19 - fully equipped housekeeping cottages , huts with bunks , campsites pQj' RESERVATIONS CONTACT: . tennis



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