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now. Strong. So I was anxious to get right to work • to lift those 10-gallon kegs out of the dory. The big boat of course couldn't come that close to shore. We'd go into the water to our knees and above our knees • you had on rubber boots. One would take a 10-gallon keg, put it on his shoulder and walk with it. The next would take a 10-gallon keg, put it on his shoulder, walk ashore with it. I took a 10-gallon keg, put it on my shoulder, and I tipped over. Right in the water. They had a great laugh over that. Must have been 8 or 10 of us. Most of them would carry it right in front, against their chest. This is after midnight. And we'd stay at this, finally get the boat unloaded • and we had to cross a sort of sand bar and a lagoon. We had to take the kegs across the sandbar to the lagoon and load it into another rowboat and take it up onto the farra and hide it into a cache. We had a horse to put them in the cache, right in the middle of the woods • an about 8 by 10 by 6 feet deep hole. This would be filled with kegs of rum then covered with tree branches. This was an arrangement they'd made with a farmer in Irish Cove. And any time any of this would be Alex Goldraan Sol Green Duncan Carapheil sold • say someone, one of the bootleggers, whoever around to me wanted 2 or 3 or 5 kegs of rum we'd go out there and pick up the order and deliver. The cache is the warehouse, as it were. (Were you ever followed at this?). No, as far as I know we were never bothered. In fact, I remember one particular night, on the way to Main-a-Dieu • there were 7 cars going alone. We had preventive officers then and some of them were in it too. I remember meeting one on the way to Main-a-Dieu, stopping us and telling us the coast was clear. (You never had any trouble?) No, although one morning coming in from a successful landing, we met someone out here at Perry Lewis' corner • where the Red and White is now • this is 6 o'clock in the morning • he told us another group had made a landing and one of the fellows got shot dead. He was pretty cocky, and the preventive officer was equally cocky. They were on their way in, were stopped near Birch Grove. He shot him and killed him, right there. Sol Green: I was a so-called bootlegger. That's what they called them in those days. As far as I was concerned I had a respectable business. I had a hotel here in Sydney, The Victoria. I went down there in 1921 or '22. I started bootlegging in '22. I could get it through a vendor. He could get it from Halifax. But he could only get a half a case at a time. Half a case of rum or whiskey. And that wasn't daily. That was a quota. It wasn't enough but it was a help in putting out, if you had a reputation for having good liquor. Then in '23 the rum runner started coming. We were buying from people who'd bring it in. We'd buy rum in 10-gallon kegs and scotch was in 12 bottles to a case. I'd just serve it by the drink or serve it by the bottle. No bar there. Bring it to you. You'd sit at a table. Oh, yes, it was open enough. The law didn't want to stop it no more than we did. They'd come up and every now and again you'd pay a fine • and that was it. They never cleaned you out. If you were convicted a Second Offence, well it meant a 30-day jail term. It was up to the inspector himself whether he wanted to put a Second on you. They didn't want to jail us. (Alex Goldman: They could keep on getting you and calling it a First Offence?) Oh, yes. To



put a Second on you • very very rarely. They'd have to hate you. (You had more than one First Offence?) Oh, yes. (How many?) Who can remember? It was practic-
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