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hell popping. And he went down there, and when he was there, they cut the four tires off his car. So I guess he got the tires fixed and got back to his detachment the next day and decided that discretion was the better part of valour, and that he couldn't beat them, he'd join them. So he stayed drunk all winter until I got there. Word was always getting out that moonshine was being manufactured in Meat Cove. I got a call from Bay St. Lawrence, from Fr. Paul MacNeil, the parish priest. He would send me a message in Latin, and I'd be able to decipher it. That's the only way we could do it, because everybody could read Morse code up and down the Shore, and if he didn't send it in Latin, they would have known what we were doing. I remember the old telegraph operator in North Ingonish; he used to get cross when you'd get a message in Latin. I was there a couple years when this happened. So I decided, well, something's got to be done about this, and the only time you can do anything about it, really, is to go in the wintertime. In the summertime nobody would give you information. So, now listen to this: I decided this winter that I would go to Meat Cove and try to catch this man with moonshine, and get his still, if I could. And I went on my skis from Ingonish, down through Neil's Harbour, stopped at New Haven, just past Neil's Harbour, and had a bit of a lunch at Mrs. Budge's place. She saw me going past, came to the door and called me in. And I can still remember, because she did something I never saw done before--she was frying me an egg on the stove, and she put a saucer-- just a plain saucer from under a cup--on the stove, and a little butter in it, and put the egg on it, and that's how she fried the egg. I never saw that done before. But I had lunch there, and went over where the White Point road is now, walked over there on skis. Crossed that long beach into Dingwall, went to the hotel and had supper there that evening, and it was the usual--you always had corned beef hash at the hotel, particularly in the wintertime. There was no fresh meat around. And I had a supper there at 5 o'clock, and then I got on my skis and went another 12 miles across the beach and into Bay St. Lawrence, or St. Margaret's, to the parish house, the glebe house, Fr. Paul. 1 r 1 MacKenzie Mt /North'''''' 1 Pleasant BayX Mt (Neil's Hrbr French Mt/ (457 m) A 'nish 1 (455 mK < 1 Cheti camper SmokWMt 1 ) (455 7m) 1 J /Big Bras d'Or 1 Inver/ness ''/f/A 'tO' 1 i' ''C''''y ir~y' --'6' 1 ''o' Had a cup of tea with Fr. Paul and talked with him until 11 o'clock. He went to bed, and I got on my skis again, and I went from there to Meat Cove in the middle of the night on skis. Packed the skis up after I got down into Meat Cove--the first hill--and then started hunting for tracks into the woods. And lucky enough, I found a track into the woods and I followed it. And I was back quite a distance back of Meat Cove, and I came upon a little camp. There were 4 dogs tied there. There were barrels of mash sunk in the snow, in the ground, and the fireplace was set up, and the still was set up there. So I tasted the mash--I'd learned to do it in Inverness County--and realized that pretty soon they were going to have to run this off. So I picked myself out a nice tree to lean against,



across a little brook. I was only there about an hour when I heard somebody coming--it was a man coming. He fed the dogs, and then got the fire going, and started to run the moonshine. When he got a little bit run off, he took a sip of it and kind of smacked his lips. I waited till he got a little bit more in the can, and then I jumped him. Saved the moonshine and smashed up the still, put the fire out, broke the barrels, cut the dogs loose, and said, "Well, I'll be back and get you. I've got to send this away Bagnell's Gift Boutique Camera Supplies, Handcrafts, and Souvenirs Open Year 'Round - 7 Days a Week In the Heart of Louisbourg ReichersTannery Ltd. TANNERS - WHOLESALERS - RETAILERS Sheepskin and Deerskin Products Open 7 Days a Week BLUES MILLS on Trans-Canada Highway 105 R. R. 1, River Denys, Inverness County, Cape Breton, Nova Scotia BOE 2Y0 Tel. 756'2788 Karl Reichel, Owner Dining Room Historic Telegraph House and Motel Ltd. Est. 1860 - Four Generations of the Dunlop Family Baddeck, Nova Scotia BOE IBO Telephone 295-9988 (23:|