

[Page 11 - Remembering Rum-Running Days](#)

ISSUE : [Issue 11](#)

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Cove. After the boat went aground over there, the cook • he was a Newfoundland fellow • he rowed me across. To the beach up here. I had an aunt living up there in Jersey Cove. And I had three barrels of rum and I hid them under a bunch of trees on the beach. He was supposed to stay with me • going to let the dory go adrift, see • but when I looked he was rowing back and he gets there and the provincial police were there. It wasn't the counties in them days. So the provincial staff were looking for me. I went down to my relatives • and she wouldn't let them take me out of the house because they didn't have a warrant • wouldn't let them inside the door. But the next time they came they had a warrant. Took me over North Sydney, give me a supper. They were good guys. Sgt. MacKinnon and Billy Lambert. MacKinnon gave me a brand new shirt and a necktie • and I looked pretty odd with a pair of rubber boots. And they were talking about jail all the time. Jail. Well I knew I didn't want to go to jail. Got me a room in the Belmont Hotel and told the woman, "Don't you let this fellow out till I call for him tomorrow morning." Well I watched my chance and when she wasn't behind the desk, I met this fellow and we went to the bootlegger for a few pints of beer. Then went back to the room. Next morning I got up • nobody was there so I just kept on going, I wasn't in the street two minutes, I met some of these Jews who were involved in the load of liquor we had there. I told them what the cutters didn't get the people in Englishtown got. They were hauling it with horses and carts. That was the last I ever heard of it. I met that mounty years after that. He said, "We knew where you were all the time, boy • could have got you anytime." But what was the use, I wouldn't tell them anything. Milton MacKenzie (The story of the Kromhout): I'll tell you the thing that convicted him, boy, was the line of bearing we got from Canso. The radio bearing from Canso. He was inside the line from my calculation from the time I left Louisbourg Bouy in the morning. He wasn't supposed to be there at all. He was supposed to be up off of Halifax. We had never watched the Kromhout. We happened to run right on her. I knew the bouy wasn't 12 miles off of Louisbourg and I just ran up a parallel course. And there was this schooner, the Dot and Nellie • exactly the same schooner • and I thought it was her fishing • but when I was running up she was inside. And then the Kromhout started to cut over and I saw black smoke, then head off. I put the glasses on. Jesus, that's not the Dot and Nellie. We never even knew who the Kromhout was. She wasn't even on the list at that time. I was the Chief Officer at the time, number 2. If Capt. Jiraray Fraser had been there or Capt. Willard Bonner • she never would have went outside the 12-mile limit. Because she'd have been sunk with the 3-pounder we had. For not stopping in the name of the king or the queen, whatever it was at the time. She'd've never got outside. No, sir. I was just firing the 3-pounder across her bow. Blank shots. And then we fired a couple live ones across her bow. But after about three shots with Fraser or Bonner • "That's it, boy, give it to her." I'd have given it to her right at the waterline, sunk her right there. But Capt. Hyson then.

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