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Published by Ronald Caplan on 1975/6/1

William Fraser, Inspector RCMP Retired: I remember searching for liquor one time and we couldn't find it anywhere, and I was leaving the place and I heard a pig in the pig pen. And I went over to have a look • I actually went over to look at the pig • there was another constable with me. And the pig was running around the pig pen and he slipped • and when he slipped he pushed the dirt aside and here was the shiny head of a spike, under about an inch of dirt in the pig pen. Aw, I said, this is it. So we got some boards, penned the pig up against the wall in a small area, tore up the floor and we found the cache of rum. That happened north of Sraokey. I remember one time we searched a house and searched and searched and searched and finally we were leaving and coming outside, I looked at the floor, the step you see, and it looked odd. I got down and looked at it and I saw a little pinhole. I found a darned needle and I pressed it down into this hole • the whole thing flew up. There was a spring, the board came right up • and that was the cache of rum. Another place we were searching? The water tap was where the rum came out. You turn the hot water tap and rum would come out of a big tank in the wall. They had some good caches; they were ingenious, really. Then lots of times you'd come along at night and you'd stop a car and there'd be a keg in the trunk or in the backseat. There was a bootlegger in every community. Sold it out of his house, out of his barn, out of his field. Everywhere. Just as soon as we found one hide they made a better one. And there was no stigma to being a bootlegger and handling contraband rum. Everybody did it. There was nothing morally wrong. The liquor stores came in '31-'32 • but it continued long after that, because it was cheap. It was a dollar and a half for a quart where it was three dollars in the store. And it was much better liquor, eh? It was thicker and it was stronger. But once in a while they used to get some sour rum as they called it and the people'd be cross for a little while and they'd go to the liquor store • but they would come back to the bootlegger again. And you'd lay in wait, watch a place, watch a fellow coming out with a bottle and try to grab him • and they'd throw it and break it, you know, if they had a keg they'd push it out of the car and speed away. It was great fun those days, chasing cars. Two or three well-known rum runners on Cape Breton drove around in big cars for those days while we were saddled with Fords and Chevys. But we did very well. (Was there ever any violence?) No, never. Not in Cape '314

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