



FORD MOYNES

# ON THE MAIN STREET

*May 22/68*

Gooderham, a scenic little village nestled in the hills and highlands of Haliburton, was blessed in the Nineteen Twenties with two hotels, according to a former resident of the district. "I understand that the village was named after a member of the well known distillery firm bearing the name Gooderham and that he used to spend some time there as a tourist and also as a salesman for the product." "But at the same time there were a number of 'moonshiners' in the district and I was one," continued this interesting, talkative gentleman.

"We had a farm near Gooderham and we only eked out a mere existence and we soon found out that it was easier to get money peddling moonshine whiskey. We made good stuff and it was easy to get \$5 a bottle and I have sold them for as high as \$25 a bottle to a customer who had to have one for a party. We soon found out that we got the best brew

from a good copper still and although we tried making the brew from corn and peas, the best brew was distilled from wheat."

"We could not keep our parents from not knowing we had a still but we were never allowed to have the brew around the house. We rigged up a still in the woods and we worked at night because we knew the smoke from the fire could not be seen at night — liquor inspectors were always snooping around. We made the stuff by the barrel and we used to bottle the brew in 26 ounce catsup bottles. We used to pick up empty catsup bottles at a large summer resort lodge near Bobcaygeon and many times we filled these bottles and sold the stuff back to the people at the Lodge."

"We had a couple of retailers and one was in Lindsay and many a keg we sold in Lindsay."

"We knew we were under suspicion and the closest call

was one wet morning when my brother and I were cleaning the car in the garage when in walked Inspector Billy Warren of Lindsay and a stranger. When one of them admired the car and started looking under the cushions, then we knew they were detectives. They found nothing but when they decided to visit the bush we were uneasy. That man Warren almost walked over the spot where we had a big jug of whiskey and we heaved a sigh of relief. We quit shortly after that."

"I heard of the time two inspectors called on a moonshiner at Bobcaygeon and found nothing although they knew the fellow was in business. They were getting in their car when one man saw a couple of hens staggering across the barnyard. They followed the hens and found the mash the hens had feasted on. Crows used to feed on the mash we dumped out and when they are drunk they are funny to watch

as they stumble, zig in their flying and fall to the ground. Squirrels would get drunk and get real mad and fight."

"The liquor men had their doubts about a Coboconk man who was making moonshine but they could not catch him because his wife did the selling. She used to hide the bottles under her dress around her bosom and she also had pockets in her pants."

"A story is told of a young man. The Inspectors could never catch him with the goods. One day they stopped him and asked him if he knew where they could get a bottle. It was after hours and they were thirsty. The young fellow said he could and how much did they want to pay. They handed over \$10 and the man asked them to hold his basket until he returned. When the man did not return the Inspector opened the basket and there was a bottle of home brew."

"It was the usual thing to hold dances in the north country and it was the usual thing for fellows to buy a bottle and the girls drank just as much as the men and I guess they do yet. We made good money but I do not know of any moonshiner hanging on to his money — easy come, easy go."