

# An old-time project, bootlegging in Vermont

by Daisy Dopp

*Daisy Dopp lived most of her life on the Glover farm that is now home to the Bread and Puppet Theater. When her husband, Jim, died in 1970, Daisy Dopp moved to a home in the village, and spent some of her time writing articles recalling life on the farm. Most were published first in the Newport Daily Express. Elka Schumann befriended Daisy Dopp and, in cooperation with the Old Stone House Museum, collected and edited a collection of her columns. This is the seventh of a series of these columns, with illustrations by Peter Schumann and photographs provided by the Glover Historical Society, the Chronicle will publish from time to time.*



Back in the days of prohibition it was not unusual for rum runners, as they were called, to operate through this area of Vermont.

Our first experience in rum running began during a bad storm of snow and hail, just before winter set in. We were sitting around the table after the chores were done for the day. The wind was howling around the buildings, dashing the slush and

snow against the kitchen windows. Suddenly, there was a roar of a laboring engine and the lights from a car showed the rain and snow coming down in front of the vehicle.

Jim was smoking his pipe contentedly after a hard day's work. "That outfit won't go far up the Heights tonight," said he. "Only a stranger would be foolish enough to try it." (It was in the days before the roads even had been scraped here, only rollers were used.) Shortly after, there was an imperious rap at the door. Jim came back inside and spoke to the boy who was helping us. "Bundle up good and we will get the team and see if we can get these foolish fellows headed back where they belong.

About a half hour later our boy rushed into the house, "Jim says to call up Burl and tell him to bring down his team, it will take them both to get the car turned around and headed back. You know," he added shrewdly to me, "there is something funny going on. When Jim went to hitch the horses on the ex in front, that man reached down and snapped the number plate right off the car so we couldn't see the number. Said it was just in the way. Those folks sure don't know much about Vermont this time of year. They have got on light summer coats and shoes with rubbers. They are wading around in the snow like that. They do not like it a little bit and they are swearing mad."



Daisy and Rover.

Photo courtesy of the Orleans Historical Society

About an hour later, Jim came into the house and tossed a \$10 bill into my lap. It was a small fortune then, we seldom saw one of those.

"I'd like to earn one of those every night for an hour's work. They are sure loaded heavy; I have a feeling it might be a load of booze. They said money was no object if we would pull them to the top of the Heights. I would not abuse Rex and Roxie like that for any amount of money."

I nodded agreement.

Later on, we heard of others who got fabulous sums for taking loads up Sand Hill, but we did not mix with them much. However, our curiosity led us to give chase once in a while to see what went on.

One night after the movies, there was the screech of a siren and we lurched to one side just in time

to allow a big car to clear ours as it passed closely followed by another. Right behind them was a police car with an officer standing on the running board with a gun in his hand. He took a shot at the tires on the car ahead, but missed. They dashed toward Glover at a mad rate of speed. This was too much for Jim so we went in hot pursuit. Opposite to what is now the Barton dump the first car started a smoke screen, which cooled the rest of us down to nearly a stop. By the time the smoke was cleared away the second car refused to let anything pass by crowding each one that tried into the ditch. There was a Grange meeting or dance in town and the startled inhabitants in Glover Village watched the strange actions of the cars as they sped through the town.

(Continued on page thirteen.)



**This summer, beat the heat**

with a powerful, yet quiet and energy-efficient ductless heat pump system. Cools in the summer and heats in the winter for year-round comfort!

ENJOY YEAR-ROUND COMFORT



Schedule by July 31, 2022 and **GET \$100<sup>00</sup> OFF** a complete installation of a heat pump system when you mention this offer.



CallFred's.com

**DERBY**  
802.766.4949

**LYNDONVILLE**  
802.626.4588

**MORRISVILLE**  
802.888.3827

**RICHFORD**  
802.848.3164



**New Selection of L.V.T.s**

Over 10,000 sq. ft. of L.V.T. Click Flooring

**\$2.29** PER SQ. FT. & UP

Go Shop the Big Box — Then check us out!!!  
**SHOP SMALL — SAVE BIG!!!**



**DONS** CARPET ONE FLOOR & HOME

24 KENT LANE • 802-334-5271

VISIT US ONLINE <http://www.donscarpetonenewport.com/>



**WE ARE FULLY STOCKED!**

Over **3,000** Firearms  
Over **1,000** Scopes  
Over **200** Binoculars  
Over **1,300** Knives  
Over **600** Holsters  
Plus a lot more accessories & **TONS OF AMMO!**

**RITE WAY SPORTS**  
Vermont's Largest Gun Dealer  
With Over 3,000 Firearms!

Rte. 15 • Hardwick, VT • 802-472-5916  
Monday-Saturday 9-5, Sunday 9-2

**"The hardest to get guns that everyone wants."**



# Accidentally guiding a rum runner

(Continued from page twelve.)

The police car pursued car No. 2 up the old dugway road and up Sheffield Heights. We turned in at the farm in disgust and heard later that the load of booze went up the Greensboro Road and that the second car was only a decoy.

Another time to our great surprise and embarrassment, we found ourselves piloting a load of booze along the Square Road, but for a time there was no place to go but ahead. Late one afternoon we were on our way to visit friends. We were near the place where the two boys lived, who caused so much talk in town recently.

When we saw a friend across the field Jim gave three friendly taps on the horn as a greeting. To our surprise and horror out from behind the bushes beside the road rolled a big car heavily loaded, that tailgated us. We realized we had unwittingly given them a "follow me" signal, and there we were serving as the unhappy pilot.

We turned off the main line to where we were going and looked back to see what the car would do. It stopped uncertainly, hesitated, and then took off like a scared cat, across the square.

We did not go home until long after dark and we felt sure we would be stopped. We were so right. Down in the hill waited a car with men standing beside it with flashlights waving us to a halt. Not a word was spoken as we sat meekly while they played the lights over us and the

car. As our faces were lighted, we heard a muffled snort and several snickers as they recognized the culprits who had got their illegal bounty out on the road with no one to help them in case of trouble. With a disgusted grunt (but with some relief, I imagine), they waved us on our way.

In the future we were careful not to give any more strange signals as we had no desire to get entangled with smuggling.

One summer there was a big black Lincoln which used to go past quite regular. It seemed to get along fine, but as it often happens sooner or later, something goes wrong. When we saw the long dark car tearing up the hill and heard the powerful police car in hot pursuit, we knew that time had come. It was dusk, but we could see from the farm that it was going to be overtaken. Not being able to see as well as they desired, Jim and the boy went up the road where they could get a better view. Mother and I sat in the house with the lights out, hoping to at least hear something of interest. Finally, we heard footsteps coming down the highway and never dreamed it was not our men. We could hear low voices but could not understand them. I yoo-hoed softly, but got no response.

Just then our collie dog tore up the road snarling fiercely.

"What ails Rover? What a foolish dog not to know his own master."

Then I thought I'd play a trick on Jim, so I shouted, "Take him, Rover."



Our collie was half Airedale and a fine watch dog. He let out a roar and obeyed. To my horror, I heard a yell and a volley of oaths. I could hear two men as they leaped over the woven wire fence, cursing as they went. I realized I had made a boo-boo and a bad one. They were strangers and I began to try to call my dog off, for I feared they would shoot him. I could hear uneven footsteps, crashes in the bushes and wires squeaking when they ran into the second wire fence. I heard splashes of water as they went into the brook. Rover put them down the brook and across the road and into the sugar place before he came back and lay down near me, his tongue hanging out and panting hard.

Within a few days the news began to drift back. Two young men came out on Dexter Hill, red-eyed and exhausted and hungry the next day. They were lost, their clothes torn, and they were very unhappy, having lost their car and its load. By way of the party line the neighborhood knew about the

mistake I'd made intending to dog our own men. They thought it funny, but the bootleggers failed to see the joke. They were lame and badly shaken. One was especially bitter because the dog had taken a good sample of his pants before he could get away from him.

On another occasion, a group of men was standing together by the Lyndonville Creamery, during prohibition days, watching traffic pass. It was in the spring and the roads were not yet settled.

Said one, "Here comes a fellow the police are going to stop someday. See how the load settles down on the springs. He is pretty bold the way he goes through, not waiting for night. Remember how we watched that same gray car last spring? He'd make several trips and then we wouldn't see him again."

"Yep," said the man beside him. "I'll bet my shirt he has a good valuable load on today."

A third man who hadn't said a word so far gave a chuckle, "I'd like to be around if the police stop him," he said at last.

"Everyone is going to be surprised. I worked for that fellow for more than a year on his farm. He doesn't dream you are watching him. That load you men are so interested in is going to St. Johnsbury. It isn't booze. It's some of the best Vermont maple syrup you ever tasted."

July 19, 1966

## Stahler Furniture

*Lyndonville Location Only*

# MOVING SALE

Everything Must Go **20-40% OFF**



Lyndon Furniture **UP TO 80% OFF**

*Seconds*



Lyndon Furniture Chairs

*Starting At \$99*















## Stahler Furniture

*American Quality - Vermont Values*

469 Broad Street, Route 5, Lyndonville, VT  
 Mon. thru Fri. 9-5, Sat. 9-3, Sun. Closed  
 802-626-5996 1-800-439-5996

# FREE HEARING TEST

## UNTIL FURTHER NOTICE, THE HEARING CENTER OF VERMONT WILL BE OPEN BY APPOINTMENT ONLY.

*This measure is to ensure the safety of our senior population. As usual, we will try to accommodate all those in need.*

**Stay healthy, stay safe!**

## Hearing Center of Vermont

5452 U.S. Route 5, Unit F, Newport, VT 05855

*Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back!*






Heidi Eichenberger, BA, LHAS, COCH, BC-HIS

**802-487-9902** [www.hearingcenterofvt.com](http://www.hearingcenterofvt.com)