

**FOUR YEARS WITH THE DEMON  
RUM**

**1925 - 1929**

by

**CLIFFORD ROSE**

## **DEDICATED**

To the Saints and Sinners who fought and chased each other for the Demon Rum during the Roaring Twenties.

## FOREWORD

It is customary when writing scraps of autobiography to develop at the outset some definite aim, purpose or intention for having the rashness to get down experiences and impressions in print.

Through the past years several of my friends have urged me to "write a book" on the tragedy, comedy and adventure of the days of prohibition. This wish has been carried out with the vain hope that readers may be entertained and catch the spirit of exhilaration in which we, the hunters and the hunted lived during the lush era before the Great Depression.

A second purpose has been to show from experience and by my crude reasoning the curse of party politics to life in my native province. Much has been said and written on this subject and it has been a political football for a long time because the loudest voices have been given to fools and they are the first to get the public ear.

Be that as it may, however, if from these pages some exiled Bluenose may momentarily catch the peculiar flavor of Nova Scotia; a flavor made up of the smell of the sea, the aroma of apple blossoms in June, the fragrance of pine sawdust, the sense of frustration arising from thwarted opportunity, the sunset from Green Hill, the taste of new maple sugar or the first trout in the spring, the bitter chilling April wind as it sweeps down from the Labrador, — these things go to make up a Down East impression that if aroused in some wandering fellow countryman to give him again the smell of home, I shall feel well rewarded and this labor has not been in vain.

