

Tales of the Customs

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opening the house on Bailey as a Plattsburgh heading and during the next year loads of Canadian liquor were smuggled into the States by the dapper little man and his men. Several of the loaded cars were captured by officers on the Border but Werner managed to escape their grasp, although the entire customs and immigration forces were constantly on his trail. Deputy Marshal Jim Murray, with Deputy Collector of Customs Ozias Plante, one of his trucks, which Tom O'Connor was driving, near Barracks in Plattsburgh and Deputy Collector Harvey Ladd were one at Beekmantown. Silas W. Day, perhaps the most successful customs agent ever operated on the North-western frontier, started on his day called a conference of customs officers in a room in the Sherill hotel in Plattsburgh and an action was outlined. The next day he went into Montreal and down into the haunts of the underworld around Lagache street. Here he stayed for a week, located Werner and learned the night on which his next load of contraband liquor was to be made. At six o'clock on the morning of that day he called the house in Rouses Point on the telephone, gave the officers detailed information and in their every road on the Border between Chateaufort and Lake Champlain was covered by details of special agents, customs officers, immigration men, State police and city marshals. It looked as though the smuggler would surely be caught this time if he attempted to take his loads through. The officers waited at there nearly all night long and Werner did not attempt to get through. It was bitterly cold and at four o'clock in the morning the little band of men of Special Agent Chandler and Major who were stationed on the highway not far from Roy Bond's house outside of Rouses Point had about given up hope. They were walking up and down the road in an effort to keep Werner when, with a roar and with lights out, two big cars thundered at them out of the darkness before they could bring their guns into play, were disappearing into the shadows of the night. Dick Werner had disappeared again.

Werner had no intention of giving up the chase, however, and stayed the trail so closely that Werner learned that things were getting warm for him on the Border. He determined to get out of sight for a while. For some time he completely disappeared and nothing more was heard from him for several months until a telegram came to the Ogdensburg custom house one day which carried the news that he had been captured in the city by the doughty customs men from Northern New York. Werner brought his prisoner North and he was convicted in Federal court on the statement of Bond, turned States evidence, and sentenced to 2 years in the State Penitentiary.

Werner served a few months in the Northern prison when he was released as a witness in another case which was to be tried in New York. As he was being brought to New York city he escaped from two city marshals while in the railroad station at Washington.

Several months later Deputy Collector Ralph Hackmeister stopped a big runabout in Mindin's beer Chazy, which contained a man and a woman. A bottle of Canadian whiskey was found in the car. With the permission officer he took the car to Plattsburgh where he arrested them before U. S. Customs Officer Gulland who was about to haul them to bail what Spec-

ial Agents Lewis and Kite of the New York office happened to drop into the Commissioner's office for a social call. Kite caught sight of a peculiar ring on the finger of the male prisoner and believed he recognized it as one described as having been worn by Werner. He stopped the proceedings and brought the prisoner to the immigration office in Rouses Point where the identification was completed.

Werner went back to Atlanta, served his term, was released and promptly ran afoul of the law again. He is now said to be a fugitive from justice and his whereabouts are unknown. O'Connor served a couple of terms in Atlanta and has also disappeared. Bond, who received immunity for turning states evidence in the first Werner case, was deported to Canada by the local immigration authorities.

Albertson—I told my wife that if she bobbed her hair I would leave her.  
Golde—But she bobbed it; and you're still living with her?  
Albertson—You bet I am. I'll show her she can't bluff me.—Houston Post-Dispatch.

HAIG & HAIG EXPLODES

A fire, which might have proven to be serious had there been any customs officers in the neighborhood, occurred on Lake street, in Rouses Point, last Thursday afternoon and resulted in the loss of one bottle of Haig & Haig Scotch whisky and the hurried exit of a party of tourists who had parked their car near the shore to watch the boat races being staged on the Lake. The local fire department was NOT called out to fight the flames.

About the time the first heat of the free-for-all was being run off, persons sitting on the veranda of one of the Lake street residence noticed smoke issuing from under the hood of a big Connecticut sedan parked in front of the place. Two ladies were sitting in the car while the male members of the party were standing on the shore nearby. A cry of "fire" went up and a rush was made for the smoking car but the owners on the shore beat all of the local residents to it. After lifting up the hood they quickly extracted five quart bottles of Canadian whiskey, wrapped in cloths, from around the engine. A sixth bottle, which had broken and saturated the rags

in which it had been wrapped, was a total loss. An overheated engine had set fire to the alcohol soaked wrappings.

The five whole bottles were quickly thrust into a suit case taken from the car which one of the men grabbed hastily and started off with it on foot in the general direction of Hartford, Conn. The car followed immediately with a woman in the back seat protesting loudly that she knew nothing

about the stuff being put in the machine and making it perfectly clear that there was one erring husband who was going to get his just desserts when she got him "back into the States." They had evidently neglected the formality of reporting at the local custom house.

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