

proceeded to transfer 49 bales of marihuana onboard the *Carrero*. Carr paid the crew of the boat from the monies he had earlier withdrawn at Grand Cayman.

Miss Rothwell was not a sailor and became seasick. Sexton had an affection for marihuana and was preoccupied with sampling the contents of one of the 49 bales daily. Carr's penchant was for rum, a considerable stock of which was stowed onboard. Moreover, the course set for Newfoundland, at one point, crossed that of galeforce winds of up to nine on the Beaufort scale. As a result, the 23-day journey did not rank high with the calibre of yachtmanship contemplated by Halsey C. Herreshoff in his *Sailor's Handbook*. There is little doubt, however, that Carr possessed the remarkable yachting skills required to singlehandedly navigate the *Carrero* into Newfoundland waters.

Meanwhile on the southern shore, which is not the South Coast of Newfoundland, but the eastern coastline south of St John's, some of the accomplices from St John's dug a cave in a cove separated from the sea by a narrow rocky beach called Kearney's Beach. Then they bivouacked nearby waiting for the *Carrero* and its crew to arrive.

The day before the *Carrero* reached its destination, a group of fishermen made a decision that was to change the lives and seal the fate of Carr, his crew and other accomplices. They decided to cast their nets off the cove of Kearney's Beach, a location not fished for several years. They set their nets and went home.

The following day, the entire cast met in the cove: the *Carrero* and crew anchored off the beach; the accomplices on the beach to meet them and, last to arrive, the fishermen returning to inspect their nets. What they saw must have been quite startling; a worldclass yacht anchored off a lonely stretch of New-

foundland coast, off-loading jute-wrapped packages onto a rubber tender which were then ferried to and stored in a cave on the coast.

Two of the fishermen came along side the *Carrero* and spoke to Carr, who gave them bottles of rum, hoping that this would dispatch them. In return, the fishermen gave him two codfish which he secured in a red plastic bucket in the yacht's cockpit. The fishermen then left the scene in their punts, or so Carr and his abettors believed. In fact, the fishermen only disappeared from view just beyond the cove, to observe the off-loading of cargo, and witness the *Carrero's* departure and the dispersing of the shore crew.

The fishermen went home and shared the day's unusual events with their families and friends. Parlour conversations spread like wildfire up and down the southern shore, and soon rumours were circulating about an enormous rum-smuggling operation. Later that evening, a band of southern shore fishermen descended on Kearney's Beach, in search of over-proof contraband potables. For several hours they scoured the beach, to no avail. One of the last to leave the beach was a petrol vendor, who tripped on the trunk of a fir tree, and stumbled to the ground with the tree on top of him. When he got up, he saw that the freshly-cut tree had covered the entrance to a cave containing two tons of marihuana. He fled to the nearby RCMP detachment, and when the officers arrived on the scene, they secured the area and sent word to St John's for reinforcements.

Later that night, the fishermen who had encountered Carr on his yacht and received rum from him were escorted by police to the wharf of a nearby village, where a yacht fitting the *Carrero's* description had docked for a short stay. They had no difficulty identifying the yacht. The red plastic bucket containing