

OPERATOR No. 259.Nov. 7th.

John Willie Right is a blockade runner, and he supplies a lot of peddlers with whiskey. He has a large car and brings whiskey in from the still, wholesaling it to the peddlers. A man named Curly Daddis has a motorcycle and I never saw him doing anything but playing pool. I believe he is transporting whiskey, but have never seen him selling any.

Officers Dodd and Evans reported on duty in this district at 6 o'clock. They had both been drinking. I know them both. Evans was having a good time talking to a woman in one of the milk depots on Carrell Street. Dodd was drinking, and was very talkative.

Nov. 8th.

Bud Elrod spread the glad news that he had plenty of whiskey, but only in pint bottles and at \$5.00 a pint, so I bought a pint from him. Joe Alverson and Lawrence Jenkins drank most of it, but I kept a small quantity for a sample. Bud Elrod did not drink any of it, but he said he didn't mind selling it. I had not suspected Elrod of selling whiskey before. There was a lot of drinking in and around Bud Johnson's pool room on Decatur Street.

OPERATOR No. 249.Nov. 8th.

I found a good many drinking and some selling whiskey, but it was difficult for me to get the names without exposing myself. A barber shop on Carrell St. and Bud Johnson's pool room on Decatur St., also a negro at the rear of the drug store at the corner of Decatur St. and Boulevard, is the headquarters for bootleggers. A white man in the pool room whom they call Bud wanted to sell me some whiskey, but I did not buy.

Nov. 10th.

At 7:30 I was at Dr. Christian's drug store, at corner Decatur and Boulevard, and saw the negro that runs the joint in the rear sell a man a pint of whiskey. At 9 o'clock I was ~~in~~ at the pool room run by Bud Johnson, where I found a full house. Bud was almost drunk. At 10:20 at Clay's barber shop on Decatur St. I became friendly with a barber named Joe and asked him to find me some liquor. He went down the street to the other shop and found a man he called Ed, who lives at 266 East Fair Street. He said he had only a pint and would sell it for \$5.00, so I bought it, and gave the barber a drink.

OPERATOR No. 445Nov. 7th.

I was a little late getting back into the mill section and did not get to make any purchases from the blind tigers. However, I could have gotten some had they not sold out. The Fleming Bros.,

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referred to in my previous reports, are selling whiskey.. I am sure it will be no trouble a little later on to get whiskey from them.

Nov. 9th.

I believe if spotters were put on the track of Fleming Bros. you could land them selling whiskey.

OPERATOR No. 18.

Nov. 9th.

I saw a number of men drinking on Carroll St. Also saw a man named Carroll Smith selling liquor every Saturday or Sunday, either by the drink or pint. When a pint is desired by a patron he walks up beside him, pulls his coat tail to one side, and the customer, being posted, slips a bottle out of Smith's pocket and places the money for same in his hand or pocket. If the customer should only want a drink he gives Smith 50 cents and the two walk to the rear of the barber shop on Carroll St., or go upstairs at 71-1/2 Carroll St., or sometimes go into the Cemetery to take the drink. Smith carries a small glass in his pocket for this purpose. A man named Charlie Hughes is seen nearly every day by the writer at the corner of Fair and Boulevard, or at the Carroll Street Pressing Club, and has been told that he is a wholesaler. He generally rides in a fine-looking car, but at times is seen in other high-powered cars. Operator was told that he goes to the mountains every week, or sends, and gets a car load of liquor which he sells to boot-leggers in the mill village.

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