

The Bootlegger Who Ruled Portsmouth, Virginia

Tom Boundtree Had the Biggest House in Town and \$100,000 in the Bank Earned by Selling Liquor which He Legged Across the Virginia-North Carolina State Line Late at Night in Autos. Then Something Went Wrong.

By **BIG BOY**

Tom Boundtree was a big bootlegger in Portsmouth, Virginia, in the year of 1925.

CLASSIFIED ADS

WOMEN DON'T SUFFER! Our Treatment guaranteed. Indian Medicine Co., Oklahoma City, Okla.

MEDICAL

LUNG SUFFERERS—Will gladly tell you how I arrested my trouble. Jean Miller, Madison D. Dept. 2, Columbus, Ohio.

HELP WANTED—INSTRUCTION

DETECTIVES—TRAVEL—MAKE SECRET investigations. Experience unnecessary. Particulars free. American Detective Agency, 2150-D Broadway, N.Y.

GERMAN PEP SECRET

RESTORES MANHOOD COMBINATION LABORATORIES 124 West 117th, New York

A FAVORITE

The American public have their "favorites." Whether person or product, these favorites enjoy unusual popularity. For instance, Babe Ruth's popularity is the result of his home run hitting and colorful personality. Constance Bennett's fame results from her beauty, her ability to act and wear clothes effectively. Bobby Jones, the golfer, occupies a pre-eminent position because of his uncanny skill and pleasing personality. And so it goes, on and on, St. Joseph's Genuine Aspirin is now the largest selling pure aspirin in the world for 10c because it is as genuine and as pure as money can buy. Thousands now realize that it is neither sensible nor necessary to pay more than 10c for twelve tablets of genuine pure aspirin. Last month alone more than one million people laid down on druggists' counters more than one million dimes for one million boxes of St. Joseph's Genuine Pure Aspirin. Always ask for "St. Joseph's," it meets every government standard.



Lovely Light Skin

Spread this fragrant, white bleach lightly on your face and neck at night

... then watch how QUICKLY pimples and other skin blemishes vanish

... and how as though by magic your complexion becomes shades and shades LIGHTER and BRIGHTER.

Wavine Skin Whitener and Ointment is the name of this wonderful bleach that gives you clear, light, lovely skin. Price only 25c at drug stores or by mail postpaid from The Boyd Mfg. Co., Birmingham, Ala.

25c

Wavine SKIN OINTMENT

I happened to be one of his private chauffeurs at that time, although he employed about 25 men, most of them police officers. He was a man of high esteem among the ofays of that city. His word was law among all racketeers and underworld men of both races. He was a great gambler, in fact, he ran and owned three first class gambling clubs. But in spite of all his dealings with sin he was kindhearted. I have seen white men and women of all classes come to him for help and advice.

One night in January, Tom and I (that is the name everyone called him by, although he was 50 years of age) were sitting in the parlor of his home, which was then located on Effingham Street, when we heard someone knocking loudly at the front door.

Tom went to see who it was because it was very late. He staid at the door so long that I became alarmed and also went to the door. When I finally arrived at Tom's side I saw at a glance that the men he was talking to were policemen. I took one look at them and then ducked back into the room.

When Tom returned to the parlor I asked him what they wanted. He said that they were begging for money. That seemed strange to me—police begging for money, but I thought it was not my business, so I soon dismissed it.

At one o'clock the boys, as they were called by Tom, came in from North Carolina. They had 200 gallons of whiskey in two Ford cars. It was very cold that night and it was raining and hailing. It was a bad winter night. After they became warm, they all took a drink. After the drinks, Tom got down to business with the boys. He asked them how they made out in their trip to North Carolina.

After the boys had told of their trip, they all, including Tom, went to deliver the liquor, and, being his private chauffeur I had to go also.

The first stop was at the jail in Portsmouth. Ten gallons were left there to sell. The next stop was at a white man's store. His name was Charles Podd. One hundred gallons were left there. The remaining ninety gallons were delivered to various places around the city.

Now here is the police's big racket. Out of every gallon sold by Tom, they charged him 50 cents on the gallon and fifty dollars a trip for police protection, besides all the whiskey they would get free.

Tom's men were running whiskey seven nights a week, so you can judge what the police were making. Three hundred fifty dollars for giving Tom protection, and \$150 a day for whiskey.

Tom got so high in the city that the law didn't bother him, nor one of his men for anything that they did. Everything ran according to the way Tom wanted it for about two years. Then things began to happen against Tom.

First, they tried to get his home, which is one of the best ever built in that city for a colored man. Second, he began to get warnings from the K. K. K. Third, he had more money and jewelry than any white man in that city. Fourth, the whites didn't like it because they were almost ruled by him. Fifth, they couldn't get any jury to convict him. Sixth, the law was afraid of him because he knew so much about them. Seventh, he could get



One week later Tom received a summons to court on a charge of bribery. I happened to be one of his private chauffeurs.

Tom's men were running whiskey seven nights a week, so you can judge what the police were making—\$350 for giving Tom protection and \$150 a day for whiskey.

the highest attorney in the state of Virginia to plead for him.

He was worth nearly one hundred thousand dollars in cash alone and about fifty thousand in jewelry and real estate and securities.

He was six feet tall, brown skin, and weighed 175 pounds and was a sport.

There was one motorcycle officer whose name was Poore. Poore had been discharged from police duty since the trial of Tom. He and five Catholic priests framed Tom.

Poore went to Tom's home a week before Christmas and told him his wife was sick and hungry. He said he didn't make enough in the police force to support and feed her. He asked Tom to lend him fifty dol-

lars. So Tom let him have it. After Christmas he came back again. This time he said that his wife was worse and the doctor had ordered her to be taken to a hospital. He told Tom that the city would not give him any money for his wife. This time he got one hundred dollars.

One week later Tom received a summons to court on a charge of bribery. He was tried within the week and got a sentence of ten years for something that he did not do. Officer Poore had been the cause of the trouble. The first money that Poore had gotten from him was given to the Catholic preacher, also the next one hundred dollars. So when the five of them testified that the money was for bribery, after seven good attorneys had pleaded the case before two state's attorneys, they had to send to Richmond to get a third before he was convicted.

The trial went from court to court and finally to the Supreme Court in Richmond.

Tom told how Poore had come to him for money. He spent thousands of dollars trying to beat the case, but this time he couldn't. They gave him ten years in Atlanta Pen. His trial was the biggest ever seen in Virginia.

THE END.

To Test a Feller's Friendship

Make a touch.
Smoke his pipe.
Don't laugh at his jokes.
Shave with his razor.
Borrow his car.
Flirt with his wife.
Throw rocks in the water
While he fishes for trout.
And if he remains serene
Never offend him again
For he is a friend—
Or Cuck-koo.

Did You Know This?

A. S. Leitch, writing to the Washington (Daily) News, gives the following information:

Elias Boudinot was elected President on November 4, 1782. The term of office was three years. Copy of a proclamation signed by President Boudinot, dated June 24, 1783, and of the "sovereignty and Independence of the United States the Seventh" year can be found in the archives at Washington.

John Hancock was elected as second President (served one year) and Nathaniel Gorham was elected President on June 15, 1786. In 1787 a constitution was adopted providing a four-year term for President, and Vice President, a different method of election and for two legislative bodies.

In 1789 George Washington was inaugurated first President "under the New Constitution" and for many years was so designated, though being really the fourth to hold the office.

Community and Group Organs

The Pathfinder under the heading, "Long Live the Rural Press," sets forth its value to the community it serves. All that it says may well apply to the better and more progressive of the weeklies (and now at least one semi-weekly) which serve our group.

The Pathfinder says: "The repainting of a neighbor's red barn, the Thursday postponed meeting of the Tuesday Afternoon Ladies Sodality and the glad tidings that a fellow townsman is recuperating from his recent illness—what important events these are in the life of the average small American community! The cities can have their picked over news and society stupidities but the rural press continues to flourish on local chronicles of genuine interest.

"Just as the country is the backbone of the nation, so is the rural press a guiding light in American journalism. Indeed, it is today more of a beacon than ever.

"It is true that the great city dailies and the national magazines are now procurable at the corner drug store or elsewhere in any representative small American community, but that does not mean that the local press has lost its grip. Quite the contrary, it is more firmly entrenched than before. That is why we find by our questionnaires many rural residents subscribing to as many as seven to 10 state, county and local publications. The modern countryman may take city paper and magazines for general news, agricultural advice and other reading, but he still depends on home periodicals for local news.

"The town or community with an independent and fearless local organ need not worry about being dictated to and having its opinions formed for it by outsiders often swayed by selfish interests."

Paul Laurence Dunbar's Ma Heard Son's Poems Broadcast on His 59th Birthday, June 27



PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR 1872-1906

DAYTON, O.—Paul Laurence Dunbar, famed poet, was born here June 27, fifty-nine years ago. Three weeks ago the late poet's mother sat in her small two-story frame dwelling at 219 North Summit Street, and listened to a radio broadcast

Mother Dunbar of Paul's poems



The Dunbar Home on Summit Street, which the Dead Poet's Mother Still Preserves as a Shrine.

over station WSMK. Everybody in Dayton knows Mrs. Matilda Dunbar. Some say she is 75 and others say she is near 100.

She has more visitors of both races than anybody else in the city.

She hated slavery enough to run away and find freedom.

Visitors who make the mistake of mentioning slavery never fail to hear Mrs. Dunbar protest in a most emphatic manner.