



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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RACES STOPPED SEASON

Divorces, Gambling For South Florida, Maybe!

[Meaning Bradley]

MIAMI HAD two bad breaks in the last few months — which explains the mediocre season we're experiencing, at a time when we expected the greatest in our history.

One was the American Legion convention in October, giving landlords, owners and lessors of living quarters an entirely false conception of normal tourist wealth, even that early in the year. The other was the Palm Beach pair — Mr. Joe E. Widener and Col. E. R. Bradley — With their Hialeah race track, taking money out, but putting none in Miami.

Landlords, with their uncalled-for rents, undoubtedly put the biggest crimp in the season.

But that doesn't explain five thousand men, who normally spend all they make right here in Miami, being thrown out of work.

The only explanation possible is that Col. Bradley, who runs the biggest gambling establishment in Florida — his club at Palm Beach—used his money to stifle any possible competition — even from Dade county. Just as he used to in Palm Beach county, while the late Bob Baker was sheriff there.

Col. Bradley, mind you, is the man who is half owner of the Hialeah race track, but brags about never coming to Miami. He turns right at the city limits, far north, to get to the Hialeah track, simply to show his aversion to the Magic City.

HALLOW-ED RACES

When a grand-stand rises to see a race, it should be time for a race-track to stop and take inventory. "Get rid of that jockey!" "Get rid of that dog!" were a couple of mad yells resounding over Abe Hallow's hallowed racing paradise (the Widener-Bradley racetrack at Hialeah). Ovation, leading by four lengths, came into the stretch in Wednesday's seventh with the jockey looking back to see how far back the field was—and then he pulled out even farther—and Ovalette, almost hitting the outside rail, with the jockey flogging him (which, with jockey sitting back is just as good as "pulling" a horse), came in fourth. How the stands roared disapproval!

Last Thursday at Hialeah Park the stewards had a very busy day. Yes Sir, they suspended an owner, trainer, jockey and two horses, the owner, J. M. Jones couldn't explain why his horse St. Stephens decided to run in the fourth race. Tuesday and finished second, the jockey was surprised too, as there is much discussion as to why Hermitina was stopped in a previous Thursday race, the stewards decided they had to make an example of someone and as usual the "little man" took the rap. (Agent form reversals are being tolerated with stables that Col. (Abe) Hallow looks after and unless one is in line with his combine, they may expect the worst.)

To show that the stewards do not favor anyone in particular they made a grand stand play when they fined George Phillips \$10 for not reporting his contract rider B. Austin at the scene when the boy could not make the weight. This is the same George Phillips who won the race, the much discussed Hermitina race, George and Abe and the boys (including Litzeburger, the famed money rider) must have cleaned up neatly on Recovery when it won at 10 to 1, but folks this Hermitina race smells and our special investigator is finding out more and more every day, watch for a real story in the very near future.

Editor Miami Life.
Dear Sir:
Your front page is great. —Why not have four fronts and no insides.
Signed
Life Lover.
Miami Life is read — not skimmed

We voters, of course, are mainly to blame. We gave this Palm Beach pair permission to take a couple million or more out of town in 45 days each winter, through their operation of the race track. We, however, didn't contemplate their controlling of local politics. We should have known, after Widener's wholesale corruption of the 1931 legislature, in order to pass the pari-mutuel bill—a corruption that someday will go down in history as more colossal than the late Henry Flagler's \$60,000 legislative purchase to obtain a divorce.

But, to recapitulate: Miami will never be more than an overgrown town, if such a condition continues to exist.

You natives, take inventory of your pocketbooks and bank accounts—and see if you're not worse off right at the present moment than you were in the dead of last summer! Out of every hundred we've interviewed in the last week, 99 tell us they're worse off than they have ever been.

That there is a dreadful wrong is obvious. And it must be corrected at the coming session of the legislature.

We're not against horse-racing; not against gambling. Furthermore, we contend that if horse-racing is allowed to continue in Dade county, book-making should be legalized. Five thousand people, earning \$10 a day (and spending it locally), are worth more to the city's welfare than the two horse-tracks and the three dog-tracks! We should take care of them — and take them out of the clutches of sheriffs, and constables, and grand juries and courts — and governors of Dave Sholtz' type!

THE LITTLE PART of the state that for many years has been supporting the entire state deserves a break under Roosevelt's New Deal. We should have a state all to ourselves. There's a North Dakota and there's South Dakota. If those two regions may obtain separation, why not North Florida—always sponging this community—and South Florida separate?

There's every logical reason for such a division. Dade, Broward, and Palm Beach counties for the last fifteen years, to our certain knowledge, have paid the main costs of the other 64 counties of the state. And mainly, Hillsborough (containing Tampa), and Duval, (containing Jacksonville). They are the other two populous cities of the state.

WHAT ALL CITIES SERVICE STOCK HOLDERS IN MIAMI ARE ASKING TODAY:

When Will Congress Resume Investigation of Col. Doherty's Colossal Defrauding of Investors in His Oil Stocks -- and How Long President Roosevelt Will Stand For the Be-whiskered 'Colonel' Introducing Him Over Radio?

Miami Sex-Town

During the rapid growth of a city such as Miami whose primary fame is that of a pleasure center, it is inevitable that many sordid chapters must be written in its history. All sorts of people come and go; all sorts of amusements and pleasures are provided. Some offerings are liked, some disliked, others merely tolerated.

It would not take a bluenose or Puritan to quickly condemn the bold commercialization of degenerates out at the Torch K-9 club on Sixty-Second Street, and 25th Ave.

This small supper-club caters to the thrill seekers with a flourish whose talent is composed of known pervers, impersonating female dancers, impersonating females, sexually-deranged people, it is boasted. Such a presentation, publicly or privately, is repugnant.

If "Red" Sellers, best known oil and gas station operator in Dade county, wouldn't make a wonderful city or county commissioner?

Why the man with the brown-belted suit who was squiring the attractive blonde wanted a chiropractor and for whose back?

What paper has been scooping the other papers and why?

Greeby ON Ev Sewell

Insanity is a most peculiar malady. Family fortunes have been spent to cure goofy grandsons, bughouse brothers or nutty nephews. Mental derangement is a visitation that nobody wants lurking about the family fireside — except when it's needed in court as an alibi for crime. It is traditional that a mental affliction is a skeleton in the closet — and the only time its discovery causes glee in the household is when a lawyer finds a murderer's ancestor five generations past had imagined himself Julius Caesar.

Psychiatrists have numerous classifications for varying degrees of sanity, but we estimate the number of groups, roughly speaking, at only three — people are either sane, insane or not right bright.

These thoughts about lunacy were prompted by the rather weird workings of Mayor Ev Sewell's mind. By invoking all the charity that is harbored in our gentle bosom, we have to say he registers somewhere between not-right-bright and crazy-as-a-loon. If left to the decision of a lunacy commission, there is one act of the current week that would win him a cushioned cell at Chattahoochee.

When the city commission met Wednesday, the moonstruck mayor or acquainted Chief McCreary with the news that evil days were upon the land, to-wit: that he had learned from some remarkable undercover source that a traffic ordinance had been violated in broad daylight by a daring jay-walker.

He was fearful that other such dangerous characters might become emboldened and dash across a red light and bring to Miami the reputation of being a hot-bed of crime. He proposed that Chief McCreary augment the patrolmen's side-arms with megaphones and harsh words to break up such heinous offenses as over-parking, wrong-turning, jay-walking and other such diabolical crimes. Chief McCreary disapproved the plan, tapping his head and assuming that knowing look.

So what will the mayor do? He announces that on Saturday night at 8 o'clock he will take a megaphone to Flagler street and Miami Avenue and personally call out traffic violations to those persons he thinks guilty. He will publicly upbraid them, hold them up to scorn and ridicule; men, women, children will be pointed out as examples of law-breakers; visitors from Aberdeen to Zanzibar will be alerted to law for displeasing His Municipal Highness. The outcome? We fear to predict. Mayor Ev Sewell spent \$150,000 to advertise Miami, and a lot of that money was used to broadcast photographs of bathing beauties directing traffic on Flagler street, and some enraged and disappointed tourist looking for a glimpse of a mermaid on patrol may not relish the appearance of the megaphoning mayor in lieu thereof. There's no telling!

Again, his keepers may find he is at large and dispatch him in the paddy-wagon to Chattahoochee.

LITTLE GERALDINE When somebody remarked how charming Mildred McCarty looked in her evening gown, Saturday night coming out of the Presto restaurant, Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed because she knew Mildred had no shoes on!

from Wen's NOTEBOOK (By R. PHILLIPS)

JUST TO SHOW that this paper and Huey Long and numerous other celebrities have, without successful contradiction, remarked about our Kentucky countryman, Col. Bradley, as being a Palm Beach gambler (not a Miami one), here's some enlightening features from O. O. McIntyre from last Tuesday's Daily News:

Bradley's is probably the best-conducted gambling casino on the hither side of Monte Carlo. That it runs wide open year after year is a tribute to the popularity of its sponsor, Col. E. R. Bradley. . . . In other days the limit used to be \$500 in roulette, chemin-de-fer and various games. But the snobs have been trimmed and the bets now range from 50 cents to a top of \$25. Bradley's suffers no hangers-on nor toots. And the venerable croupier and moaning haridians who afflict European gaming tables are never seen. Circulating in the highly-polished crowds are more than a dozen crack and tuxedoed professors of "triggernometry" (gamblers try no tricks at Bradley's).

Attorney O. B. White last night proposed a most logical manner of selecting the next three city commissioners. The election, you know, comes up in spring, Sewell and Fossey are four-year men and don't have to run again. Well, White says everybody running for City Commission this year, and there are going to be plenty of them, should be required to sign an affidavit that he'll block everything Mayor Ev tries to do, or submit to recall, without public expense, if he fails! In other words, make Ev Sewell the issue in the coming election.

STRANGE THINGS may happen under the midnight sun up in the frozen north, but what about the things that happen under a last-quarter moon at Miami Beach. As witness, the sudden closing of bars at midnight Wednesday night along 23rd street. As the News would say, "at the time this edition went to press" no one could precisely say whether it was the Roney Plaza hotel, or the Bowman hotel, or Mike Dallett's political enemies who persuaded the city council to prohibit people from drinking—at a time of night when the ordinary Beach habitue just gets ready to start.

However, up at Palm Beach yesterday, a friend of the Colonel tells of the astute Kentuckian was edged out of several thousand dollars by a woman who posed as the wife of a man who had dropped about ten grand in roulette one night a few years ago. She'd given him the hard-luck story about her husband and two kids, and being unable to stand such a loss. Upon her promise to take her husband immediately back to New York and never to allow him in the place again, the colonel gave her back the thousands.

About three nights later, in walked the man. Bradley called him in his private office and demanded to know why he hadn't gone back to New York with his wife. (Continued on Page Four)

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OTHER PRICES UPON REQUEST We offer Our Beverage Service in 'Packages' ONLY, and all information is free.

Tub and Kib's DULANEY'S Package Store 14th & Washington Ave. WE DELIVER DAY OR NIGHT

THINGS I'd Like to Know

Why Kathrine and Francis were chewing gum so vigorously on 2nd Avenue the other evening and why they would not give the bald-headed man any altho he really meant all he said

Bronchial COUGH MENTHO-MULSION With Creosote 48 Concentrated DOSES 75c Sold and Guaranteed By

Red Cross Drug Store

and if he really knows how deeply that sentiment lies If Johnny Collins and Sallie aren't just about one of the best looking girls in this town

Kurto THE GUARANTEED FIVE MINUTE RELIEF FOR ATHLETES FOOT AND ECZEMA ON SALE AT RED CROSS DRUG STORE

Who the little fellow is with the big old Llewellyn setter and is he a huntsman When Bill will have a few passes to the extravaganza and what makes him think they are selling out all the time

What has become of the publisher who used to ride up and down Flagler in the rear seat of the Packard touring with the top down, carrying an umbrella every time it rained and only riding when it rained

If some of those appearing before the grand jury think they are immune on everything just because they have answered specific questions pertaining to some certain thing If Tommy and Rusty have completely recovered from the strenuous effort they made successfully

TIMES SQUARE CLUB MIAMI'S HOT SPOT 6001 N. E. 2nd Ave. — Cor. 60th St. MUSIC BY THE BROADWAY PLAYBOYS

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CARRYING A COMPLETE LINE OF SELECTED DOMESTIC AND IMPORTED LIQUORS WINES CORDIALS The PADDOCK is Host to Many Stage, Screen, Radio and Sporting World Stars.

Wen's NOTEBOOK

(Continued from Page One) The man, who has one of the best financial ratings in New York, laughed at Bradley and proved he wasn't married—and could take any kind of bet the astute Kentucky colonel could offer.

EDITORS MAIL

Editor, Miami Life. Dear Sir: Knowing that your paper is interested in what is going on I want to take this means to say that I have almost lost confidence in racing information.

Closed Saturdays Phone 22131 DR. R. S. AKERS DENTIST Office Hours: 9:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m. 1744 N. W. 36th St., Miami, Fla.

THEATRE CALENDAR TIVOLI Sun., Mon., Tues., Feb. 3-4-5 AGE OF INNOCENCE—Irene Dunn, Lionel Atwill, John Boles. Wed. & Thurs., Feb. 6-7 BLIND DATE—Ann Southern, Paul Kelly, Neil Hamilton. Fri. & Sat., Feb. 8-9 DEFENSE RESTS—Jack Holt, Jean Arthur.

SEVENTH AVENUE Sun. & Mon., Feb. 3-4 TREASURE ISLAND—Wallace Beery, Lionel Barrymore, Otto Kruger, Jackie Cooper, Lewis Stone. Tues. & Wed. Feb. 5-6 WHIRLPOOL—Jack Holt, Lila Lee, Jean Arthur, Donald Cook. Thurs. & Fri., Feb. 7-8 TARZAN AND HIS MATE—Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan. Sat., Feb. 9 TILLIE & GUS—W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth.

DINNER BELL "Miami's Most Popular Eating Place" 145 N. E. FIRST STREET, MIAMI, FLA. DINNERS 25c

Federal Housing Opens Offices Here

Frank C. Hilson has been appointed director of Federal Housing in Miami district. The offices are located in the court house, room 322. Field representatives from the offices here will start campaigns and make canvasses to disseminate information about opportunities in loosened credit in scores of communities in the district.

THEY TELL ME

THAT Bernard (Wagner Brewing) Thyson's name is wherever Wagner beer is sold and is one of the colorful executives that causes the brewery to run to a maximum capacity at all times THAT Helen Morgan says she feels like an Elephant tusk from sitting on top of the IVORY (piano to you) so much

THINGS I'd Like to Know

Did Props Taylor (formerly of Terre Haute) kiss the wrong girl to get his lips in the condition they're in Did Chuck catch up with the fellow who hit his girl at the Lagoon What was on the back of Mildred's evening gown Saturday night When Dusty will take the "kids" celebrating to the Frolics again

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CHEVROLET SERVICE Factory Trained Mechanics Phone 2-5000 P. & A GARAGE NO. 2—20 N. W. 2nd St.

IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL diGhilini In Midnite Bayfront Park Show

To the Editor of Miami Life: Florida's Tip To Hitler ...Homesteads of unmarried women who are bona fide citizens of Florida are excluded from the new \$5000 tax exemption act.

MAXWELL HOUSE Daily: 12 Noon TH 8 p. m. 50c TURKEY DINNER 50c

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