

HERE IS Something else Mayor Sewell should explain: Why the Fiesta, held recently at the Cinderella Ball Room, put on by Chamber of Commerce through State clubs, fostered by Sewell, is short \$300, although 7000 tickets were sold.

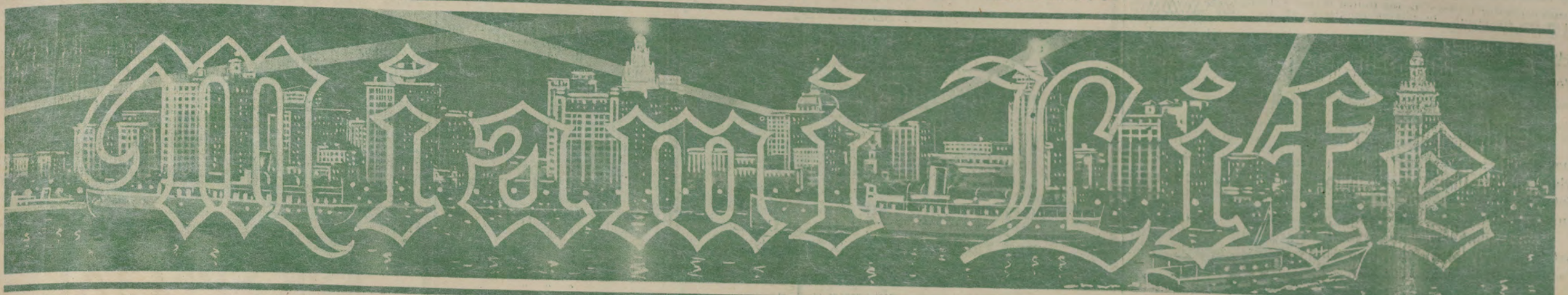
Gov. Sholtz Should Pardon Men Ex-Judge Collins Sentenced So Severely Many Times.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY TOMORROW

ST. PATRICK was always supposed to have driven the snakes out of Ireland—but that's all wrong. The fact is that he imported a lot of monkeys and they drove out the snakes. Unfortunately the monkeys got to be more destructive and dangerous than the snakes, and St. Patrick got his people together to drive out the monkeys. When everything was ready for the drive, St. Patrick called the men together to give them the last instructions. In his hand he carried a large bunch of small green leaves. "These," said the Saint, "are shamrocks. Before this drive starts I want every Irishman to pin one of these on his lapel. I don't want any mistakes to be made!"

W "HI" LAWRENCE, high sheriff of Palm Beach County, and Fritz Gordon, our legal light, got facetious a few days ago in Miami—and sent a signed Yom Kipper telegram, deliciously worded, to Gov. Dave Sholtz. Sholtz is still frothing at the mouth!

Every Miami Business Man Plans Firing Every Employee Next Year Caught Betting.



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

VOL. 9, NO. 26

MIAMI, FLORIDA, MARCH 16, 1935

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HAWTHORNE CAN'T WIN

(At the moment of going to press, we find the Miami Beach Junior Chamber of Commerce planning to give the defeated mayor, A. Frank Katzentine, a gold medal "in recognition of outstanding community service during the past year." Tom Smith of Dan Mahoney's Cox-News, which failed to elect Katzentine, is head of that body. Words fail us!)

Let's review the record of our pampered state's attorney Mr. Vernon Hawthorne.

The American Flag Association, a not-too-well-known organization, gave him a couple of years ago a gold medal for his work in:

The Zangara assassination case (apparently an attempt in Royal Palm Park at Roosevelt's life, but privately believed to be just what it was intended for—the killing of Mayor Cermak of Chicago).

The Lancaster case (the aviator whom Hawthorne tried to prove killed a youthful lover of his sweetie).

The Fred Pine slot-machine cases. The net results of which three cases were as follows: Conviction of Zangara (who had immediately pleaded guilty and begged for immediate electrocution). Acquittal of Lancaster.

Not only acquittal of Fred Pine, but reinstatement—with back pay, mind you, for all the months he had been out of office!

In baseball parlance, to use another expression, Mr. Hawthorne was, in that period, 3 times at bat. He made no hits, no telling how many errors, was given one forced run on a platter (Zangara's unequivocal admission of guilt) and his batting average was "Nix."

We pass the Zangara case, without comment. No prosecution was required.

The Lancaster cases was an open-and-shut case, with

County Persecutor Bats Average Of .000!

ample evidence to convict in one of the most harrowing crimes of illicit passion that was ever perpetrated on our community. But which, because of the international significance of it, was staged to give Vernon's bosom friend, Attorney Jim Carson, fat fees and gratuitous publicity that furnished his journalistic organ, the Cox-Mahoney Daily News, an opportunity to exploit the Associated Press and other news agencies to their profit, and which resulted in no conviction—as a matter of fact, resulted only in an afterthought that the prosecution and defense were effectively co-operative!

And the third pretext for the gold medal: the slot-machine cases.

These cases were another proof of Vernon's yen for political persecution. They consisted of indictments involving Fred Pine, county solicitor (and doubtless indictments of the same status of the rapidly failing indictments cluttering up our public prints at present)—indictments found to be nothing more or less than spurious and political and malicious spleen by not only the courts, but by the state as well—with Fred Pine being reinstated with full honors—and back salary to boot.

And now Vernon, the megalomaniacal, self-designated and appointed Galahad of the Duke of Dade's (meaning Dan Mahoney's) Round Table—not to mention the Annenbergs as Sir Launcelot and Sir Modred, comes forth for new encomiums for his tiltings in our present winter tournament.

If this Quixotic knight deserved a gold medal for the three achievements above discussed, certainly he deserves a new accolade.

He should have his imperturbable brow brushed with a Grail. (The omission of the world Holy is entirely ours!)

Unless our meaning be mistaken, we shall describe the Grail we have in mind.

It's the shape of an old-fashioned teacup in porcelain or enamelled tin—large handled—and is what is commonly known, among the conscientious, as a thunder-mug!

However, he may take some unction to his soul on re-

THE FAITHFUL NINE

You Can Find Them at Every Social Function in Miami—Perhaps You're One of Them

THERE were thirty-four people at this particular party over on Miami Beach, but nine stood out distinctly from the rest. They are the nine to be found at practically every gathering of a similar nature. If you have missed them heretofore, look for them the next time.

Here they are: The hostess who is wondering how the account of the affair will look in the morning paper. . . .

The host who is wondering how soon he will be able to sneak away, unobserved. . . .

The florid-faced, rather stout gentleman, who has just arrived and wonders if he has come to the right place. . . .

The terribly devoted couple, who have been together all evening, swearing their undying affection for the seven hundred and

sixty-third time. . . . The tall, fair woman with a lengthy necklace who watches every move of the middle-aged man with a moustache and a flower in his buttonhole. . . .

The man with thinning hair who wonders how he can get a chance to talk to the brown-eyed debutante in the pink dress. . . .

The young man with curly hair and gray eyes who wonders when they are going to serve any champagne. . . .

The brown-eyed debutante in the pink dress who wonders whether the young man with curly hair and gray eyes is going to ask her to supper. . . .

And the waiter with the bald head and shaggy eyebrows who wonders why people ever give parties!

sults of the Judge Collins' case—and it may be that the American Flag Association will probably forget G. A. Worley's effective work in this case—and think only of awarding the redoubtable Vernon Hawthorne a few diamonds to stud his medal with.

If so, then we recommend that Hawthorne and his sacrosanct colleagues (and you know who they all are; the leaders have been mentioned in this bit of writing) should fill the Grail with the usual liquid for which it was intended—and quaff deeply to the long life and continued infallibility of the American Flag Association and the appointed bestowers of honors.

Is it not to laugh?—or more appropriate to weep? Here's a prosecutor who hasn't yet successfully won a contested case!

Mayor Ev Puts Over Another Queer Deal

IF TAXPAYERS of Miami don't put a stop on these emergency measures Mayor Everest George Sewell and his trained collaborators on the city commission are putting over this year, they won't have enough to pay even interest on the staggering bond-issue already making property-owners weep.

Ordinance No. 1234 was passed last month. But few people in Miami know anything about it. Most taxpayers thought that with all the hullabaloo raised over the city's purchase of property ostensibly for purposes suitable for a town of a million year-round inhabitants instead of little more than 100,000 (one-third negroes), Mayor Ev and his real-estate Shylocks would be frightened. But not our long-haired mayor and his avaricious accomplices.

Ordinance No. 1234 gives to a bunch of Brooklyn Semites the choicest tax sale certificates in its possession, for the trifling sum of \$2,500, the property known as the Boggs property and the Louis E. Kloeber property, situated in the Sophie H. Kloeber tract. For those people, paying in taxes on Miami property, we furnish this accurate description of the property, so they may know just what it is all about: Southeast Quarter of Section 21, Township 54 South, Range 41 East, according to plat thereof record in plat Book 4, at page 142 of the Public Records of Dade County, Florida, excepting therefrom the streets and highways as shown in the second amended plan of said proposed park, prepared by the Department of Public Service—and attached to the ordinance.

This agreement is between the City of Miami and the Empire Investment & Realty Company. Look it up, sometime! And you'll find its ownership is as we said.

We'll quote the essential parts of the ordinance:

AND WHEREAS, in order to secure said land it is necessary and required that an additional sum of \$13,500 be obtained upon a mortgage or mortgage secured by the above described property, and

WHEREAS, the Corporation has agreed to advance and loan to the owner of said property, the said sum of \$13,500 to be evidenced by promissory notes executed by said owners and secured by a mortgage executed by said owners encumbering the above described property in the sum

of \$13,500 payable on or before the 15th day of July, 1935, and WHEREAS, the City is acquiring said property for said park purposes subject to said mortgage, which said

(Continued on Back Page)

STRONG EVIDENCE

Six glasses, one full another half-full, three one-quarter full, one empty. * * * Two empty gingerale bottles, 14 empty White Rock bottles, one glass full of cigarette butts. * * * One pocketbook containing two nickels, three pennies, five hat-checks, 10 boxes of paper matches, eight mutual tickets on Our David at Tropical Park, three Minsky theater stubs, one Deauville check, five Miami and Miami Beach police notices, a Roney Plaza pools bath-key, a Rubin pawn ticket, a lip-stick, a Miami Beach street-car transfer, a parking check, and a jade earring. * * * One straw hat minus the brim. * * * A partly obliterated list of feminine names and telephone numbers on the back of a Whelan's Fish Grille menu card. * * * One coat, with sleeves turned inside out (under the bed). * * * One pair of slightly soiled flannel trousers dangling from chandelier. * * * A broken bottle-opener. * * * Three corkscrews. * * * A broken pane and a shoe (on the window sill). * * * Snores.

Wen's NOTEBOOK

(Wen R. PHILLIPS)

NOW THAT film magnates are barging into these parts of Florida, apparently intent upon breaking California's exorbitant tax upon their artistic and financial skill, it's about time to recall a Miami bon-mot of a film manufacturer visiting here ten or twelve years ago:

"These captains of industry," said he, "come down to Miami every year to collect old masters and young mistresses!"

Found in our mail: "Betty, believe it or not, regardless of 2nd-ay arena, Jack still goes for you!" Evidently, this cryptic message was meant for some gal.

Another misadventure this week asks us to mention that the Venetian hotel, with its manager, Jack Senger, is most fair and kind to employees. That's a real boost.

And still more mail. This most impressive letter informs us that nine out of ten motor license plates on cars used by the Miami police's auto-theft department are out-of-state tags obtained from cars picked up by that bureau. And Frank Mitchell just acquitted!

Will some—if any!—uninterested concern investigate these reports about Col. Henry L. Doherty operating his local hotels at such losses. Only last week, 'twas pretty reliably reported that the Roney Plaza hotel (the one hotel the oil-stock "colonel" actually paid out ill-gotten gains for) this season averaged a \$200-a-day loss.

It might be of interest to whatever local investors there are among the millions of people over the United States who bought stock or traded in shares of Cities Service and other goofy Col. Henry L. Doherty's various stock promotions throughout the country, to know that Howard McDougall, local visitor from Portland, Me., who won prizes for seven years in New England as champion salesman of Doherty securities, has a letter from the Federal trades commission informing him that it "was not compelled to include Doherty among the other big corporation heads because his stock was only allowed to be quoted in the curb market, but it has not been actually listed!

Add iniquities of Miami's Southern Bell Telephone Company (and, if you have a business house that has pay stations, you might check up, too):

Second-Ave Sundries has two telephones, one private; one pay-station. The pay station phone (Continued on Back Page)

The Winner—But He Was Placed 4th

MR. JOE E. WIDENER, of the Philadelphia and Belmont and Palm Beach Wideners, you know, and his satellite, Col. Abe Hallow of New York (who is popularly reputed as having made more money on the Hialeah track than did Widener and Col. E. R. Bradley combined!) will never successfully explain to most of the 20,000 who attended the last race of the Hialeah meet last Saturday why Prince Pompey, who came down nearly the center of the track evidently the winner, was placed fourth—and the three horses, bunched up against the rail were the only ones the judges apparently were paying any attention to.

Before another horse race is permitted in Dade county, horse-tracks should be forced, in some manner by law, to put in photographic apparatus that will positively show, in such a race, what the one-two-three horses were.

It is a shame that a season should be marred by the last race!

THEY TELL ME

LITTLE GERALDINE

When Little Geraldine's adopted father, R. Hammerhead Greeby, was fined \$100 and costs by Judge Jimmie Dunn for speeding, Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed because she knew Mr. Greeby didn't have that much money.

Philadelphia and warning all his Miami friends to keep in the straight and narrow path, until he gets back

THAT, wearing his white suit, Fritz Gordon tells folks he is "now whitewashed"

THAT a veteran of 25 years with racing publications and racing itself, declared most emphatically that Prince Pompey won the last race at Hialeah by a neck, at least

THAT Earl Sisley, at last reports, was at the Hotel Vendig in

AT THE CLOSE OF THE SEASON, THE BIG EVENT WILL BE THE RACE BETWEEN THE FOUR MECHANICAL RABBITS OF MIAMI'S FOUR DOG TRACKS (INCLUDING THE ONE JUST ACROSS THE BROWARD COUNTY LINE). THE GENERAL DIRECTION WILL BE NORTH—AND THEY'LL HAVE WHAT MONEY THE HORSE TRACKS DIDN'T GET.

THEY'RE OFF--At Tropical Park Today--Every Day Except Sunday

7 Races Daily (Post at 2:00 O'clock) — Admission: Grandstand, \$1; Clubhouse, \$2.50. All Roads Lead West to the Course.

3/4

Miami Life

"Florida's Most Influential Weekly" Published on Saturdays by LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY

Executive Offices: Professional Bldg., Miami, Florida 2-3239

Subscription Rates: In the United States, \$2.00 per year in advance...

Advertising rates supplied on application to the executive offices in the Professional Building.

Vol. 9 Saturday, March 16, 1935 No. 26 Entered as Second-Class Matter May 25, 1924, at the Post Office at Miami, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

From Jacksonville comes a shocking story. Iris Clemmons, aged 19, was fired upon by an armed night watchman who stood guard over a cabbage patch of the emergency relief administration.

Clemmons lived long enough to say he stole into the patch because he was hungry. The watchman says he fired "accidentally!" Make your own comment.

Alabama's recent cut in telephone rates is followed by the finding of a legislative committee in Arkansas that the rates in that state are too high, and that "the people are entitled to reductions which have now been delayed too long."

The Lindbergh case has already cost \$1,181,000, it is estimated. It is quite worth that to the nation if it arouses the people to a better understanding of how the entire American public has coddled criminals and permitted them to run the country.

March Sixteenth, 1935

"Samme" Hexplains St. Petreeck

(Thus educating Naturalized Irishers)

WUNCE a pound of time wuz ah floating city culled Cuck wot wuz in Eyeland. So wuz an indiwijial known as Petreeck. He didn't wuz drinking Hialeah emetics so he wuz culled ah "Saint," ain't you?

So Cuck wuz full from snakes, are you? So he wuz hesked to kill hall de snakes wot wuz in Eyeland. So itch day he killed wid killed. So widd his Hopp and Shemrock he procided to clinn opp de snakes.

Vell, wot I should tell you, so he did ah clinn job. So when he died, he laff Eyeland an came to MeYamee during the boom epidemic in 1925.

He tried wid tried but until dis day he made ah mass from clinning out de snakes in MeYamee. So on de day when he rilized dot its wuz no izzy job, he laft dis woid covnwent wot he laft de snakes here. So from dot day to dis, is known Saint Petreeck's day in MeYamee.

—By "DOC" BENJAMIN.

The Low-Down On The Week's Happenings

Defendants in famous grand jury probe shed indictments like ducks shedding water. Shooting of Benjamin F. Ranger, retired naval officer, finally declared suicide. Changes in Miami zoning lines may permit expansion of business districts. Traffic check shows 12,000 more cars daily pass the circle at Thirteenth and Biscayne Boulevard than in 1932. Pickpockets are giving a great reception to the winter customers here. Fox Films crowd joints in threats to bring movie studios here from Hollywood. Fair practice bureau shakes a stick at phoney racketeers. Hal Leyshon, Daily Noose editor, was among the invited guests at Solicitor Pine's office this week. Hungry natives must be gunning for their supper; hunting licenses show big increase over previous years. Deputy sheriffs raid a horse booking room at Miami Beach and find it empty; oh, yeah? City commission urges railroad commission to deliver a little action on the phone reduction case. City directory gives 11,536 more names than last year's book. Cuban crisis throws a few steamers here off schedule. National insurance agents' convention begins here Sunday. Miami and Dade county demand a bigger cut out of gasoline tax funds. Twenty-three nominating petitions are being circulated by aspirants to city commission. Tropical Park attendance exceeds Bill Dwyer's hopes. Enrollment for rCCC ends here Saturday. Miami Beach will celebrate its twentieth birthday anniversary on March 26. Summer rental rates for the beach will be advertised beginning April 1.

Royal Palm Club

PETER HIGGINS RKO SCREEN AND STAGE STAR

THE MAXELLOS IN THEIR SENSATIONAL ACT

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JIMMY DUPRE'S NEW SONG

Jimmy Dupre, well known song writer and better known locally as the official turf adviser to non-playing horse fans, has burst into song, his new number entitled: "Can You Imagine a Girl Like That?"

Women are strange, and deep as the sea Never act according to plan, I know one who's a puzzle to me, She's a woman I can't understand.

Chorus: I haven't got looks, not a cent to my name, I live by my wits and gambling's my game, She thinks I'm a hero, and free from all blame, Can you imagine a girl like that, I don't treat her right, and she's often in need, She thinks that I'll change, but I never succeed, She's willing to follow, wherever I lead, Can you imagine a girl like that! Now I make her pack and I send her away Hoping it ends like this, But she comes back on the very next day Begging for a kiss, She knows I'm untrue, and that I caused her fall She gave up her home in spite of it all, She's happy with me in a hole in the wall, Can you imagine a girl like that! But, locally, you'll be interested in the patter he has improvised for Miami:

We haven't got gambling, and the season has closed, All we had was the races, and hick towns have those, All summer the natives can sing in repose, CAN YOU IMAGINE A TOWN LIKE THAT! We tried to do right, and we paid all our tax, But we failed to vote right, now we can't relax, While the mayor and his aides, keep swinging their axe, CAN YOU IMAGINE A TOWN LIKE THAT! Now I've been around and there's no town I've found Like my own Miami Shore, Why should they chase all our gambling away While they gamble just next door (Palm Beach) They don't treat us right, and in the summer we'll need The money we missed all this winter for feed While hungry politicians satisfy their greed, CAN YOU IMAGINE A TOWN LIKE THAT!

EDITOR'S MAIL March 13, 1935 Editor Miami Life: I have just learned some of details of the Rayburn Utility Bill. If the things proposed by this Bill ever become law in this country then we can all take a trip to Russia or some other would-be Utopia and be just as well off as we would be here in the land-of-the-free.

What I had heard of the bill lead me to believe it was intended to control holding companies in such a way as to prevent wrong practices and misdeeds indulged in by some of these companies in the past but I find out that the Bill actually proposes destruction of the Companies with resultant destruction of the investments of citizens in both holding and operating companies, and—most astonishing of all—takes the way for control, operation and even actual ownership of electric light companies by the Government itself, with but a small legal step necessary for this policy and practice, should this bill become law, to take in other businesses and other holding companies. It flashes the red signal of communism. A signal to beware of forces being brought to bear to destroy the ideals of our forefathers, our constitution and our liberty. I have no idea such a proposal would ever be accepted by American people but I do think it about time for real Americans to rise up, voice their opinion, and definitely stamp out any possibility of such a reversal of American ideals and principles creeping into seriously proposed legislation at Washington. Your business may be next. Philip Harrison. Coral Gables, Fla. Miami Beach, Fla. March 12, 1935. Editor, Miami Life: Why all this agitation against the Rayburn utility plan? If it will bring good service at low rates and bring back the value of utilities securities already issued and make sound those issued in the future, I am for it. However, I do not know if the plan will bring about these results. So if this bill is a rate-cutter and a stock-pusher, I believe that it will be beneficial to the country. To the contrary, if it will push stocks further back into the mire in which they now are, and if it will not cut rates, but prevent rate cuts or make rates higher, then I am in doubt as to its value. Scissors are dangerous instruments if not used properly, but on the other hand they serve a good purpose if used properly, so before I say whether or not I want to support the Rayburn Utility plan, I want to know how the scissors created by this bill will cut, and whether or not such cutting will be beneficial to me and to millions of other people, or detrimental to me and such other people. I once saw a child have her eye gouged out by scissors. She has never gotten over it yet, and never will, so if the Rayburn scissors plan will prevent gouging, I am for it. However, if it will produce such gouging or ill effects as these people will never get over, I am against it. Jesse Collins.

THINGS I'd Like to Know

If the spirits that make a certain Miami funeral home so popular are all dead ones? ? ?

If Virginia realizes that the P.B.X. is jealous, or if Polly knows that Ginger is too? ? ?

If Frances has ever confessed to Johnny, and what the result will be... if any? ? ?

What the secret from the past can be that Dot is holding out on Bill? ? ?

If Joe really believes that she has serious competition for M's affections (?) ? ? ?

When a certain fair Lauderdale commuter will find out that she can't bluff her way through life... and if she wouldn't be a best bet if only she would act natural? ? ?

Who Bob thinks he is fooling with his matrimonial stories? ? ?

Why Doug thinks he can succeed where everyone else has failed? ? ?

If Babe now understands the song, "Here Come the British."? ? ?

If Lois was the only one in the party who was embarrassed when Jack's wife walked in on the party? ? ?

Where Helen is now finding consolation now that her husband and his cane have gone north? ? ?

What there is about Four-Star Jack that the girls find so very irresistible... oh, yeah! ? ? ?

Why Bill was so disappointed with the party the other week-end, and if his girl-friend doesn't know the answer? ? ?

If Pat's arrival will be scheduled as one of the bigger events as it was last year—and what Al will have to say about it? ? ?

If Joe P's marriage difficulties are real, or just imaginary? ? ?

How long Bill and Polly are going to keep up the Winchell-Bernie feud and who they think they are fooling? ? ?

If this week's orchids shouldn't go to Chris and Steve for being the town's best host and hostess? ? ?

If Polly's friends shouldn't stop calling her "Toots" because it reminds her that she needs a new car? ? ?

\$500 For A Winner

MY policy of BUYING only the best, I wish to announce that I am again in the market for some REAL information. Because of this I am offering \$500 for a WINNER.

My Proposition

NO STRINGS are attached to this offer EXCEPT the information MUST come from a bonafide horseman or jockey in GOOD STANDING. Furthermore the name of the horse must be in my office not less than three days before the horse is scheduled to start. Confirmation must be made after the entries are out. Upon acceptance by me and the horse WINNING, I will remit \$500. All correspondence STRICTLY CONFIDENTIAL. Names of horses will not be advertised.

SPECIAL—I am also in the market for two or three more clients, men who appreciate real INFORMATION and can keep their business to themselves. Can you use such? Write me PERSONALLY—NOW.

JOCKEY JIMMY 204 Professional Bldg. Miami, Fla.

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DON'T GO TO TROPICAL PARK WITHOUT JOCKEY JIMMY'S PERSONAL SELECTIONS for the 7 races. These contain the Daily Secret Reports and Undercover horses. Sold only at 204 Professional Bldg., or sent to you by fast messenger service. \$5.00 for the entire card, worth many times more IF IT'S WINNERS YOU WANT.

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TROPICAL PARK popularity mounts... crowds steadily increasing and the mutuels play is gradually getting well over \$200,000 mark... The public, now that the racing season is fast drawing to a close, expect to see many longshots and they will not be disappointed as every stable will be cracking down with their undercover horses...

TROPICAL PARK—AEGIS is ready for winning effort; CANDESCENT likes this track real well; CHARMED EYES will be right there when connections bet; CHIEF A is being primed for a real spot; FLAT ROCK likes distance and can run with the best of them; NIGHT SPRITE this has been a good thing several times; NOBLE SPIRIT give this one another chance; PARRISH ROACH my clocker friend is high on this one; PENNCOTE had this one when he paid \$40 will do it again soon, tab close; RIDGE MOR was shood in the other day same connections will go again. In the meantime don't pass up EL BANDIDO; FERVID; IDLE FLIRT; KING SAXON; MISS SNOW; QUICKLY; SECRET LOVER; SLEEPY JOE; SULA; VESTED POWER. Follow JOCK JIMMY'S SECRET REPORTS for longshots and LIVE HORSES.

\$25 SPECIAL ---WON--- Another \$25 Special

GOES MARCH 19—Rain or Shine This Horse Must WIN, or Your Subscription Refunded

The success of the last \$25 SPECIAL which WON easy has encouraged my connections and I herewith announce my second \$25 SPECIAL, at TROPICAL PARK. You see with me the releasing of racing information is a BUSINESS, not just guesswork.

I am personally as well as financially interested in this particular release that goes TUESDAY, MARCH 19, at TROPICAL PARK. So confident am I of this release winning, I herewith make this offer. IF—FOR ANY REASON this horse fails to WIN, not run second or third but WIN, I will refund your subscription. Could anything be fairer?

In order to protect this release the name of the horse will not be released until 12 noon Tuesday.

Out-of-town clients WIRE \$25 by Western Union or Postal Telegraph.

City clients call in person or phone 2-7797 or 2-6797 and messenger will be sent out or send your subscription direct to

JOCKEY JIMMY 204 Professional Bldg. Miami, Fla.

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I will release my best possible plays, which generally consist of late stable information, around 12 noon each day. This is my own personal wire service and has no bearing whatsoever on any of my other connections.

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JOCKEY JIMMY 204 Professional Bldg. Miami, Fla.

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Nite Life

At The Royal Palm

Art Childers and Michel Daye are packing 'em in at Royal Palm Club with Chic Scoggins' dance orchestra and a great floor show. Peter Higgins, 'RKO' star, is still a hit and the Maxellos troupe offers a spectacular touch that is infrequently seen in a night club program.

Twenty-four Ziegfeld girls and the Siboney sextette help make Royal Palm's show surpass most of the local night productions. "Miami's Downtown Supper Club" is its slogan and it will operate year-round.

Minsky's On The Way Out

Minsky's burlesque, at the Million-Dollar Pier, will adjourn within a few days to reopen on Broadway for the summer. So successful has been the winter engagement on the beach that it is planned to bring it back here next season. All seats are reserved, and there are two shows nightly: 8:50 and midnight. If you haven't seen this show, then you have missed a colorful bit of the season's official after-dark calendar.

Al Goldman At Auby's

Auby's Lagoon, that chummy supper club where you feel right at home the minute you cross the threshold, has operated successfully so many seasons in Miami that the excellence of its shows is usually taken for granted. The night crowds have a habit of staying away from mediocre night clubs in great droves; and Auby's is being largely attended even this late in the month of March.

Al Goldman is the head man of the show at present, and his program, presented nightly at 9 o'clock, 11 o'clock and 1 o'clock, headlines Frances Faye and Bryan McDonald, Lyn Lewis and Mack Pepper complete the bill.

Mlle. Boyer Bids Adieu

Lucienne Boyer, the French songbird, is bestowing her gracious presence on Deauville for her final appearance in America this week-end. Very soon she goes abroad and further laurels are predicted for her in the European capitals.

Paul Sabin's orchestra for dancing; Eddie Garr, Central Park casino star; Clifford Newdahl, tenor, and others who have delighted Deauville audiences for the past few weeks will participate in the farewell performances.

Don Spurns Floor Shows

Don Dickerman was thought to be heading for trouble in the purse when he leased the old ferryhouse on the causeway and opened his Pirates' Den, especially when he told the world he wouldn't have a floor show. But it has gotten a dandy play the entire two months' of its existence. Good food, good dance music, and atmosphere thick enough to lean against seems to be what a great many people like to spend their money for.

The marine motif is accentuated by an interesting collection of nautical relics and piscatorial curiosia. Forty synthetic pirates appear real enough to cut your throat and they provide real entertainment.

Several Places Soon Close

You begin to regard the season in the past tense when you consider just how many farewells are to be observed this week-end. At Palm Island, Earl Carroll's "36 of the world's most beautiful girls" will tantalize the eye for the last time in Miami this year. At the Hollywood Yacht Club, Brandt, Fowler and Curran take their final curtain. At the Miami Biltmore, the dancing favorites teaming as Medrano and Donna pass out of the picture. At Hollywood Country Club, Sophie Tucker does a fade-out.

Jimmie Peyton Still With Us

With so many larger establishments packing up to be on their way let's give a hand to those hardy spots who will remain open during the long and somewhat lanky spring and summer months. For instance, Eddie Peyton's.

Peyton's is ensconced in a beautiful out-door dancing garden, with dandy dining and bar service. Floor shows will be retained regularly, and dance music will be dishied by Jimmie Peyton's orchestra, Jimmie being the brother Eddie left behind while Eddie goes back to his famous Pittsburgh night club.

Pat Murphy
Will give you the best deal on a NEW FORD V-8
or a good used car. See Pat at SAM MURRAY, INC.
2001 N. E. 2nd Ave. Ph. 2-5733

STILL GOING STRONG—
— NEVER A DULL MOMENT AT —
EDDIE PEYTON'S
Miami's Most Colorful Nite Club
Music By
JIMMIE PEYTON
AND HIS
ORCHESTRA

Round The Town WITH ROD

Last week we touched on the gigolo situation, bewailing the prevalence of "chiseling" among the paid dance-partners who care for lonely ladies in this romantic resort. In response we got this in the mail:

March 12, 1935.

Editor Miami Life:
Last week you briefly discussed the gigolo situation in Miami. I am a professional, having escorted ladies on a clientele basis for several winters. I know your information about "chiseling" among the gigolos is only partly correct. We don't mind the price-cutters, or those who give their services free of charge frequently; but the chiseler who brings disrepute on the gigolo profession is the liar. Those of us frank enough to admit that we jerked soda back in Charlotte or cut meat in Bradenton are at a disadvantage when some former coffee salesman from Portsmouth

OPEN ALL NITE
Studio Grill
Biscayne Blvd. at 75th St.
Full-Course Dinners
Steak—Chicken—Seafoods
Midnight Specials
Parking Space—Car Service

pretends to be a disinherited duke, or when some encyclopedia peddler string of polo ponies that are tied up in litigation pending settlement of his estate. But worst of all is the sissy worm who tells his date that he is in reality a gangster and crook. One operates here now, claiming to be a Capone man, merely hanging around until Al's release. Naturally, the women go big for him, and he is getting some of the fattest fees. The real, decent gigolos are anxious to maintain the profession on a high plane, and we condone the unfair tactics of these dishonest interlopers.

(Signed)
Mugsy McLain.

A balled singer came to Miami during the Legion convention and decided to remain for the winter season and reap some of the golden harvest (!) that would be in store for night club entertainers. In January he enrolled with a booking office. Washington's birthday passed and he had secured no engagement.

One morning last week he got up enough spunk to call on the booking agent and barked: "Listen here, now! Can you book me or not?"

The agent shook his head in that no manner.

"Well, then," said the disgruntled fellow, "give me back my name and address!"

Musing over names of food we have often wondered about the name of Sirlon steak. Recently we stumbled across this bit of newsy verse about Charles II of

England:
"Our Second Charles of fame
facite,
On loin of beef did dine;
He held his sword, pleased, o'er
the meat,
'Arise, thou famed Sir Loin!'"

Musical means of attracting patronage have long been utilized by many trades and businesses. The blatant notes of the call-bell has been the most efficacious bal-lyhoo of the circus. The monkey-man grinds a wheezy organ and draws great circles of penny-tossers. The scissors-grinder, with his shrill whistle, brings the house-wives to the windows. The junk buver clangs a great bell. The Salvation Army lassie shivers her tambourine to coax the nickels, and at Yuletide she tinkles a bell.

No instrument is used, though, by a Miami hatter. His own vocal chords make the melody that floats in the corridors of local office buildings, soliciting chapeaux to be cleaned. His business card carries this rather fetching slogan: "He Knows How to Fix Your Hat."

And on his lithe strolls about the business section he sets an armful of hats that less energetic hat-cleaners would never have a chance to renovate.

Volume of tourist travel in Miami is judged almost accurately by the downtown newsdealers who handle dailies from every American metropolis and several foreign cities. Their rise and fall of business is a correct barometer of the season's ebb and flow. There can "feel the pulse" of the world perhaps quicker than any other type of business men in Miami, for their customers within a year hail from Aberdeen to Zanzibar.

FLY Bimini
NASSAU
Fisherman's Paradise
SIKORSKY AMPHIBIANS
RATES QUOTED
SEAPLANES, INC.
829 Biscayne Boulevard, Miami
Phone 2-4474 — Night 2-0275

Property Funds Ready For Loan Applicants

Approved financial institutions in Miami are fully prepared to receive home and other property owners desiring to apply for loans during the Miami modernizing campaign.

Joining with thousands of other such institutions over the country to provide funds in every community for carrying out the provisions of Title I of the National Housing Act, the Morris Plan Bank of Miami is extending loans.

Country-wide reports indicate an early rush of applicants in almost every section.

Local plans and organization work have been under the direction of Frank Hilson for days has aided in preparations for the actual opening of the modernizing campaign as well as supervising an educational drive to acquaint the property owner with his opportunities and advantages under this act.

"Everything is in readiness, including an adequate supply of the necessary blank forms," Mr. Hilson said today as his work passed

Jockey Jimmy's
FAVORITE BEER
Sabana
(made in the warmth of New Orleans. Therefore Most Suitable for Miami's Own Warm Skies)

YOU FOLLOW JOCKEY'S HORSES AND WIN
You Can't Lose, Following Him on Beer Taste

CAPITOL THEATER BAR
(Next to Theater)
320 N. Miami Ave.
(One of the Bars Specializing in It)

MODERNIZE
Your Home With New Furniture On Our Convenient Paymet Plan

Miami Furniture Co.
COMPLETE HOUSE FURNISHER

400 N. Miami Ave. Tel. 2-3208

from the preliminary planning stage to the permanent phase of turning property-owner interest into action. "Owners of residential and business property here seem to grasp fully the opportunities offered them in this program. Necessary investigation for credit will be speeded up as much as sound practice will permit. Labor is available for every type of work."

Mr. Hilson called attention to the provision in the act which entitles owners of farms, commercial buildings, and industrial properties to participate in these loans, as well as home owners.

"The government and our local financial institutions have placed a real opportunity on the doorstep of every property owner," Mr. Hilson concluded, "and it will be up to the owner himself to see how far we go in getting worthwhile results."

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Closed Saturdays Phone 23181
DR. R. S. AKERS
DENTIST
Office Hours:
9:00 a. m. to 5:00 p. m.
1744 N. W. 50th St., Miami, Fla.

THEY TELL ME

THAT the barbershop tenor in the Paddock bar was a celebrated radio star who likes to do his drinking incognito

THAT Henry, the high-brow fiddler, never expects to play under a Coral Gables balcony unless the moon is bright enough to reveal any and all weapons, such as door-stops, golf clubs and other missiles

THAT Bebe is through playing shepherds, and her lambs in Coconut Grove are looking for a new leader.

THAT Proctor G., the wine merchant of the bayfront, got the bum's rush when he stumbled into the wrong wedding at a swanky hotel.

ROMA
ITALIAN RESTAURANT
"Italian Style Food"
OUR FOOD
Prepared, Cooked and Served Differently
SPECIAL LUNCHEONS AND DINNERS
WE SERVE
BEER, WINE, CHAMPAGNE
130 N. E. 2nd Ave.

THAT some of the curb laws are decrying the growing tendency of the swams to aight and wait on themselves rather than put out a tip.

THAT the boys over at Perry's Dairy are feeling a bit blue since their basketball team lost out in the play-off finals in the Commercial League. But for an injury to one of their star players Perry's quietest feels it would have licked the tar out of the Daily "Snooze" five

THAT Mary Roman got quite a kick out of a 45-minute phone reminiscence with someone from her home town, Rockville, Conn., the other night. The man who called her became so interested talking about old times back in the frozen Nutmeg state that he forgot he called her on business

CARRYING COMPLETE LINE OF BEER AND IMPORTED WINES
DINE AT
Caruso's
167 West Flagler St.
Full Course Italian Dinner Specializing
SPAGHETTI — RAVIOLA
OPEN ALL NIGHT

THAT Jim Dowdy is thinking about quitting his job to become a horse-handicapper after his luck at the re-opening of Tropical Park.

THAT Tommie from Topeka was a red-head last season and a Harlow-blond now.

THAT the next time Ellsworth ships his car to the missus at Baltimore he will first inspect all compartments for stray bits of lingerie and other feminine trappings.

THAT Friske was finally convinced that "Boots" was merely a handsome Persian kitten that Oscar admired.

THAT Mary Ellen and Ben Gordon circled the Thirteenth Street traffic loop about a dozen times just before dawn Thursday, and only a rude policeman halted their fun.

That a prominent Beach and Tennis Club patron had to pawn his spare wheel and tire near the Roman Pools Thursday night for gasoline to the Biltmore.

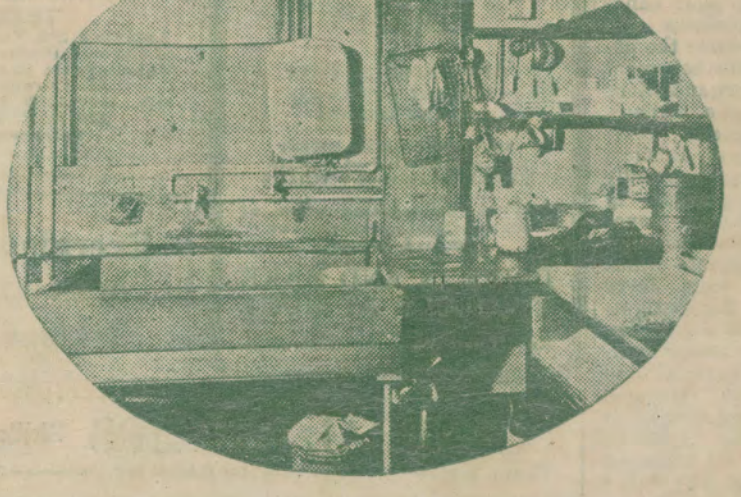
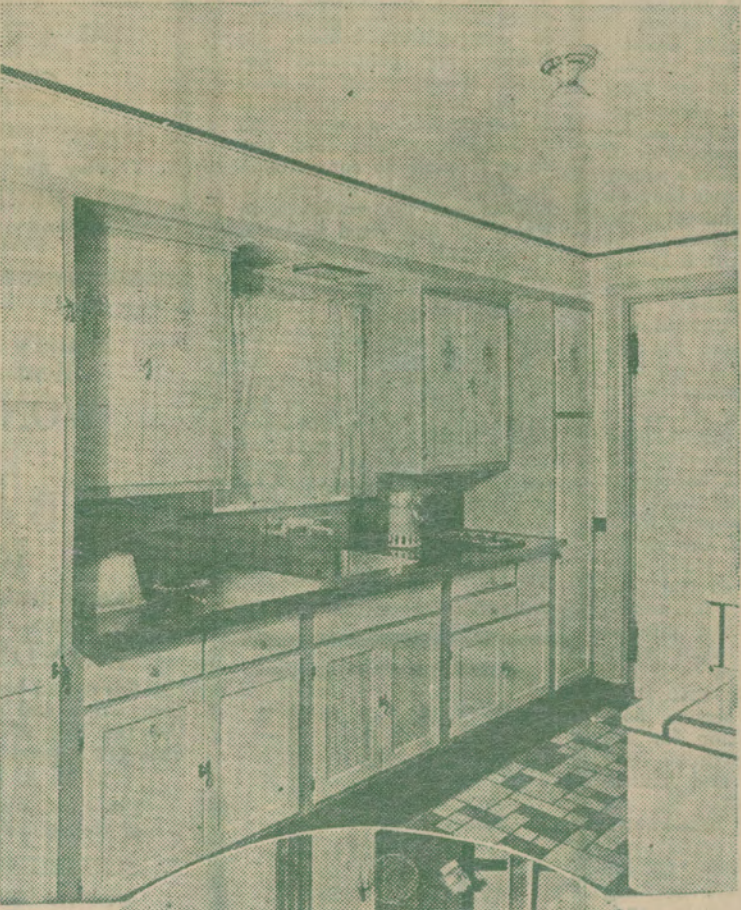
THAT Bert Mortimer, probably the best exercised boy in America, is the happiest kid on the race track. It's a girl and the name is Dora Jean.

MODERNIZE YOUR HOME

How to Secure Funds For Home Modernization Under the FHA

1. WHO MAY APPLY? . . . Any Property Owner or Citizen with a regular income from salary or other sources of assured income may apply for a Federal Housing Act Loan.
2. WHAT SHOULD I DO FIRST? . . . Make a list of needed improvements—Roofing, Painting, Plumbing, Remodeling, Enlarging, Heating . . . whatever it may be. Consult your contractor or building supply dealer for an estimate of costs.
3. TO WHOM DO I APPLY? . . . Any dealer co-operating with the Better Housing Program will assist you in securing a loan from any Building and Loan Association, Homestead or Bank approved by the Federal Housing Administration, or any firm listed on this page will be glad to help you.
4. HOW MUCH MAY I APPLY FOR? . . . From \$100 to \$3000, depending on your income, for improvements on any one property. Notes may be from one to three years.
5. WHAT SECURITY IS REQUIRED? . . . Only that you have an adequate regular income and a good credit record in your community. You do not have to secure any other endorers of your note.

Nothing is more vital to the health and comfort of your family than modern plumbing in your home . . . modern plumbing will completely revise that obsolete bathroom, kitchen, or laundry. The National Housing Act and Better Housing Program, sponsored by the Federal Government, makes it possible to install modern plumbing, improve your home and its comforts, on a very favorable financing plan. Consult us for estimates of your plumbing requirements; we will be glad to explain how you can secure funds for this purpose through the Federal Housing Administration.



What a transformation modern equipment and careful planning wrought in the old kitchen pictured above. The photographs are actual ones and illustrate how even the oldest kitchen may be brought up to date.

Apply For Loans To Firms Listed Below:

PLUMBING & HEATING

- CHAS. M. EWING, 752 So. Miami Ave.—2-0251
- HENRY FLATTERY, 7631 N. W. 2nd Ct. ED. 1349
- JOHN F. GAFFNEY CO., 7718 N. E. 2nd Ave. ED. 1196
- P. M. LEVI, 125 So. Miami Ave.—21517

MODERNIZATION

of your property indirectly benefits the whole community by employing men and creating a demand for materials. If you, Mr. and Mrs. Property Owner, can meet these two requirements, don't hesitate to consult us for further details.

I—An Income Equal to Five Times the Monthly Payment.
II—A Good Credit Standing.

THE MORRIS PLAN

The Morris Plan Company
OF MIAMI, FLORIDA
216 West Flagler Street Phone 3-3185
Vincent R. Brice, Manager

FEDERAL HOUSING ADMINISTRATION

At cocktail hour important people are going to **AUBY'S LAGOON** at the Miami Beachend of the Venetian Causeway

WEN'S NOTEBOOK

(Continued from Page One)

isn't listed in the new phone book. However, if less than \$7.50 is available to the coin-box collectors from the telephone company each month, Second-Ave Sundries has to pay the difference. If the amount goes beyond that, however, no matter how large, Second-Ave Sundries receives only 10 per cent of the amount above \$7.50!

The only loser there could possibly be, in such a transaction, is the telephone user. Only the \$10.25 private business phone of the establishment gets directory space. It is a pleasure to welcome Raymond J. Foley of Rochester, N.Y., back in our midst. There's no more astute horseman in the country than Ray, who is known in many parts of Dade county from his visits of past years—and especially now, when he is negotiating for a stretch of land somewhere close to Lauderdale and the Dixie highway, which he intends making sesame for real sportsmen visiting here in coming winters. He has owned and purchased horses the U. S. over, and also in Mexico and Canada, is an Elk from No. 24, Rochester, and is a genial host at most any kind of party.

Out of 80 ponies he saw at Nautilus polo field a few years ago, this scribe saw him unerringly pick the three that carried away all the honors of the thrilling event.

Now, if the drivers only had new suits and clean shaves and hair cuts to match their glistening new jitneys, most everybody would vote the present-day Miami Beach jitney system a success.

You old baseball timers who, fondly remembering the old saw "Tinker to Evers to Chance," go into the Wonder Bar to see the new partner in the enterprise, the famous old Joe Tinker, will be amazed to find a trim-built man younger than you! Joe won't reveal his secret of eternal youth.

Criminal Judge Collins didn't retire so gracefully for an apparently hard-boiled jurist who didn't blink an eye at handing out life sentences to some poor wretch for stealing a bicycle. Some folks have a sneaking suspicion that some of his Sunday school satellites are frankly ashamed of him.

Which side of the bench you're on evidently makes a considerable difference in the Criminal Court of Record.

Judge Collins' behavior (his son, Linton, by the way, was one of the Cox-News' picks for state committeeman from this district) was worse than that of any defendant who heard the nervous and squirming little man behind that big bench deal out years to him, instead of reprimands as he expected.

Whitey Martin, of Beach and Wonder Bar, was reminiscing the other night about his son, Roger, age five weeks.

"When are you going to start him in school?" asked the inquiring reporter of the MIAMI LIFE staff. "Well," said Whitey, reflectively, "I, of course, don't know much about those things. But I figure that if he can keep out of reform school until he is six years old, I'll put him in an up-and-up school by then."

(Whitey is still afraid of dropping the baby when his actress-wife hands the infant over to him!)

MIAMI'S MOST NOVEL ENTERTAINERS - THE TWO MUSICAL BARTENDERS - ED AND HUD - NIGHTLY at The Marine Bar 286 NE 2ND AVE. (Just off Second St.) The Best of Wines and Beers, and plenty of chairs and tables for your comfort Try Our Marine Cocktail or Our Sherry Portside

NOW OPEN BOULEVARDS OF PARIS BAR Under Personal Direction CARL OLSEN Wines - Liquors - Beer - Cordials N. E. 2nd Avenue at 75th Street

If You're Not on the Mailing List of MIAMI LIFE Simply fill in the following blank spaces and mail to MIAMI LIFE, Miami, Fla. We'll do the collecting. Send MIAMI LIFE for one year (\$2), or six months (\$1) to (Name) (P. O. Address) (Town and State)

EARL CARROLL'S PALM ISLAND REVUE

THERE'LL BE A CROWD

The Maxellos boys, who provide the greatest entertainment at the popular Royal Palm Club, by lying on their backs and tossing not only members of their act, but amateurs from the audience, with their feet, are in for a treat.

Joe Neibert, down here with the Buffalo ball team, in training at Lauderdale, weighs 426½ pounds—and is mighty well-proportioned.

At the first opportunity, Joe, who comes to Miami often, plans taking in the Maxellos show—and the fun is going to start when people in the audience are invited to the stage to be tossed about by the clever boys. For Joe is going to volunteer!

MAYOR EV

(Continued from Page One)

mortgage indebtedness is to be assumed by the City as a part of the consideration to be paid by the City to the owners for said property, and WHEREAS, the Corporation is desirous of purchasing from the City certain tax sale certificates now owned and held by the City, and WHEREAS, the City is desirous of disposing of said tax sale certificates:

NOW THEREFORE, IN consideration of the Corporation advanced and loaning to the owners of the above described property said sum of \$13,500, in cash, in the manner hereinafter specified, the City does hereby agree to deliver, assign and convey unto the Corporation, City of Miami, Florida, the sum of \$25,000 computed upon the basis hereinafter agreed upon, and which is the time of selection by the Corporation of the face amount of the certificates to be purchased by the City at the face amount of the certificates selected by the Corporation and delivered to it by the City without accrued interest or penalties, with the express provision, however, that should the assessed valuation of any property upon which the Corporation selects certificates be less or lower for any subsequent year than the assessed valuation of such land made for the year for which said tax certificates shall have been issued, then and in such event the consideration that shall be received by the City for such tax sale certificates shall be computed upon the lowest assessed valuation of such property. It is expressly provided, however, that in no event shall the Corporation be required to pay for the tax certificates selected by it, an amount greater than the face amount of such certificates without penalties or accrued interest.

And, mind you, there is no further mention whether this said corporation of Brooklynites shall pay 10 cents or \$10 additional.

Now another thing: this contract is negotiable. The sum of \$22,500 is supposed to be due upon July 1,

TEDDY'S MINUTE GRILL SEAFOODS STEAKS CHOPS Plenty Fresh Fried Potatoes Home Cooking—Home Made Pies at Reasonable Prices Teddy's Minute Grill 169 N. E. 2nd St.

1935. But the negotiability of the contract puts everything in the hands of the Brooklyn combination until that time for the pittance of \$2,500!

And the tax certificates are all upon improved property! The cream of our realty crop.

No wonder Mayor Ev failed at running a store. His forte is deluding voters into electing him main boss of the city, and then capitalizing upon his position with out-of-towners.

But there's a time coming! Miami Life is read—not skimmed

"The intelligence of the American people is deteriorating at the rate of about 1 per cent in each generation."—Dr. Norman E. Himes, Colgate University Sociologist.

Say, Dock! How About Qualifying That Remark?

By Frank P. Gould

You can't just step up and tag the base like that and run. And besides it's not good sportsmanship and always spoils the fun! Here we've strutting 'long, all these self-satisfied years, without so much as suspecting that, and now YOU jam the gears! Don't get the notion, Dock, that you can hide behind Colgate U. Here's where we drag your carcass out and display it to public view. Give us a dirty look and crushing scowl if you dare. How we'd love to get hold of you God, how we wish we were there! Assail our politics and condemn our motives too; crucify our good intent, for these can mean nothing to you! Professor, indeed! Please, Norm, take a look at our lamps; that defiance means we could lick you on a pair of one cent stamps. The point we wish to clarify and stress and emphasize is that you can't spit in our face, as you should well realize. A Doctor of Sociology, "way behind the times; you're all wet on this intelligence quotient, Norm. Professor Himes! We deny the allegation with thorough disgust and from now on accept his forecasts only with mistrust. It reflects no credit on even his great college. If what Dock says is true he's slipshod in dispensing knowledge. Where does he get his figures? How does he get that way? Let him be heard, you argue? Let him have his statistical say? No, many times his, a stack of nots and a never! We're getting a kick out of the cherished illusion that we're rapidly growing smarter, despite the confusion. If you care to believe Norman, go on, help yourself, and grab your outmoded conclusions from the library shelf. Personally we prefer to maintain our self-esteem, irrespective of how prejudiced and hide-bound it may seem. "Retrgrading in intelligence?" It's just a bluff. It's a heluva mess, this damned sociological guff!

2nd Ave. Sundries Whiskeys For Even Most Discriminating Tastes Wines, Beer, Ales and all first-class sundries OPEN ALL NIGHT "Where Lights Never Go Out"

Campus Chatter

Two weeks to go and then, after we have nudged the exam barrier, the new term begins. Term papers, notebooks and the like have been causing their usual confusion. The plan to have exams at the same time as classes usually come and for the students to continue classes right up to the very exam day will save the office and faculty arranging an exam schedule but the general consensus of opinion seems to be that it's pretty tough, apart from the fact that we are deprived of any kind of a vacation. Whatever happened to the movement afoot to secure a spring vacation? * * * Connie and her fire fears are well known now. Some girl! * * * Earl Carroll will pick the prettiest co-eds for the lib. * * * And Norm is still trying to collect the seniors' cash. * * * The studio to be set up at school will be in full swing in about a week or so. * * * The Zeta carnival plans to be quite entertaining. It is to be hoped that the weather is not as inclement as it has been at several of the carnivals. Remember when Ruth was the main part of the Pi Chi program and Ray, in a playful mood, released the gadget that pitched her into the water? And when the Goon sisters played to a full house—and had trouble with their ample but none too secure bosoms? * * * Registration for the spring term is scheduled for Tuesday, Wednesday and Thursday, in the auditorium. We are losing several of our best-known profs in the English department but Doc Lowe will take up his duties shortly. It won't be long before the "morons at their handball" and the hall-stalkers will either pipe down or become the objects of the gentlemen's behestment wrath. * * * Three organizations make their bow on the campus. Phi Beta Omicron, recently reorganized; Omega Kappa Epsilon, men's social fraternity, reputedly backed by former pledges of P.E.P.; and a freshman honor society—no cracks about whether freshmen have any either—which is a movement that even Jerry should be commended for instigating. . . . Second week in April likely to be time when senior minstrel comes off. * * * Ernie elected head of legal frat. * * * Goo-goo staggering (and staggering) it again. * * * Wedding bells to chime this week-end. * * * Diamond ball in full swing (get it?) * * * While Bob is the recipient of some darn' good-looking pictures. * * * And Silver Fires goes to press. This includes some surprisingly good stuff, both poetry and prose, written by people we all know and least suspect. Talk it up! * * * Mary is all bandaged up. Says she fell — for Norm? * * * Friday dances getting better and better. * * * Horsley and Chet still oblivious. * * * Theta Chis invest in some slick new furniture and entertain at luncheon for the first time in the new room. * * * Four hot items on the lunch room menu. What are we celebrating? * * * Second performance of "Gates of Paradise" tonight. Worth seeing.

If Mr. Krooker didn't do the squaring-round for Fritz Gordon the other day. . . . and if Mrs. Gordon got the address right. . . . in other words, will she remember his address is 12-209—but as Mr. Krooker said it "twelf-twenty-noin" ? ? ?

If Rosey Rosenhouver, Florida Sugar Distributor whisky salesman, got his cut from the hostess while with Mr. Krooker at the Wonder Bar ? ? ?

And sav, what about the boy that hangs around the 2nd-Ave. Sundries who can talk like Geo. Givot. . . . and in some ways better ? ? ?

Ford Dallas lodge of Odd Fellows next Tuesday will present L. E. Carr with a 25-year jewel.

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE TURF By Jockey Jimmy Morpluck Needed Race Before Derby According to Norris Royden of the racing form: "One explanation of Morpluck's dismal performance in the Florida Derby is forthcoming from a veteran horseman, who watched closely the colt's preparation for the Hialeah Park special, in which he was one of the choices. Morpluck should have had a taste of competition before the Derby, my informant believes, if only to put his mind on the business of racing. J. H. Loucheim's good colt was fit enough, it was said, but when it came to competition he still remembered what he had done in his workouts, in which he was tried under a steady pull at all times. In his final important trial for the Florida Derby Morpluck was waved down by Trainer Clarence Buxton after showing keen speed under restraint. If the colt had been ridden briskly in any of his late workouts, he would have known what was expected of him when Bobby Merritt went from a pull to a drive on him in the Derby. As it was, Morpluck acted in a bewildered manner, according to Merritt, and refused to stride out."

TNT SANDWICH AND BARBECUE SHOP Alton Road at Fifth (Just off Causeway) MIAMI BEACH SANDWICHES—BEER COLD DRINKS—CIGARS CIGARETTES—LUNCHES TNT is the meeting place of all sportsmen—where the crowd meets DRIVE IN AND MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME Eat Your Way to Happiness

CHEVROLET SERVICE Factory Trained Mechanics Phone 2-9096 P. & A. GARAGE NO. 2 38 N. W. 2nd St. OPEN DAILY AND SUNDAY Daily: 12 Noon to 9 P. M.

MAXWELL HOUSE Noted for Miami's Finest Full-Course 60c TURKEY DINNER 60c Chicken, Steak and Sea Foods Served Daily Phone 2-5222-2147 S. W. Eighth Street

SAM SLATKO OPEN ALL NIGHT JEFF LANIER

JEFF'S BAR FLAGLER AT TWELFTH Make Miami's Largest Bar Your Rendezvous Meet Miami's Most Gayal Bartenders: "Mac" McGee — Joe Danice — Jack Fowler NAME IT AND TAKE IT—DRINKS OR PACKAGE GOODS A BITE WHEN HUNGRY

FOR SALES AND CHARTERS SEE Florida's Best Known Yacht Brokers You Are Assured Satisfaction and Prompt Service Fleetwood Hotel Phone 52433 Miami Beach

Fable of the Week

"I'll send you this ten spot as soon as I hit home."

THINGS I'd Like to Know

If a lot of people wouldn't like to know who the phantom Winchell really is ? ? ?

If Lucky isn't sorry now that she got so thoroughly boiled on the Beach the other day ? ? ?

Why Gil, the apartment mar, got so excited over his recent break into print ? ? ?

If Tom, the well known insurance man, realizes that the flame of youth is flickering . . . or if he is hoping for a final conflagration ? ? ?

If Jack, the radio announcer, ever hopes to get jobs for all of the girls he promises ? ? ?

Why didn't Billie DeRosia mention that she had married her long-time sweetheart, Jack Barlow, on February 4—and that she is still happily married. . . . Perhaps it is because they got married at Fort Lauderdale and didn't want anybody to know it. . . .

If Collyer's Eye wasn't a complete blimp one day this week when every single horse, whether private or paid-for selections, ran completely out of the money ? ? ?

Why barkers are still allowed to carry on their antics for the Sparks theaters. . . . but two or three cops in the downtown section, at the behest of Mayor Sewell, try to keep MIAMI LIFE newboys from declaiming the paper's headlines, especially when concerning King Ev, our mayor (who'll be for two years more, if that recall isn't started mighty soon!)

Herman J. Arrant has been re-elected president of the Greater Miami Insurance Board. Roosevelt C. Houser is vice president.

Under New Management of Domino "Fats" ATLANTIC CITY FORMER FIGHTER The PLAY BOY CLUB "FANNY"—HULA DANCER Music By Play Boy Serenaders BEER 10c DOC FINLEY—BURLESQUE SINGER

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On Municipal Ownership

JUST TO straighten out a public impression of MIAMI LIFE's policy toward public utilities, concerning which we are getting many letters, let us do a little explaining.

Years ago this paper, angered at what seemed to be excessive rates, cited various cities with municipally owned plants producing electricity at much less than our comparative cost. This was merely to afford comparison—and consumption gained by a general adjustment of rates to our altered conditions.

But never has this paper advocated municipal ownership for a community so infested with political parasites as Miami is!

That's the point we want to make clear. In no way yet have the city fathers shown themselves capable of running the city's affairs for the betterment of the inhabitants—let alone running such an involved and highly specialized science as providing light and power and water for a great community such as we have.

Until we get a bunch of city commissioners who can reduce this monstrous city debt that hangs over us, we'd better sit tight and fight off the wolf, instead of stirring up more grief.

PAGE ST. PATRICK.

Once upon a time there were two Irishmen named Pat and Mike. Pat distinguished himself by chasing all the snakes out of Ireland, so he was sainted, thereby becoming known as St. Patrick, in whose memory we set aside tomorrow, March 17.

So effectively did St. Patrick rid the emerald isle of reptiles that we feel his saintly presence might help to despatch this community of ours. What an opportunity to demonstrate his prowess in putting the reptiles to rout! Number one on the list is the snake who comes into our midst in January, convinces a widowed landlady that he works here year round and induces her to make him a bargain rental rate on his pretense of "sticking all summer," when in reality he hails from Baltimore, is spending plenty at the tracks, and leaves in March.

Another natural for St. Patrick's wrath would be the fellow who nose-dives his flivver into a parking-hole after you've been maneuvering for ten minutes to back into the curb.

Then there's the girl who says: "Oh, but I've already been to Bagdad! let's go to Palm Island tonight," when your bankroll is \$3.00 and your chariot is costing you 12 cents a mile.

Others whom St. Pat would flail mightily are: The supercilious hotel clerk who MIGHT quote you a rate provided you first let him count your bankroll. The hotel clerk's boss. The newsboy who yells "Snowstorm in Peoria" whenever he sees an auto bearing an Illinois license. The "hostess" at a taxidance who promises plenty of dates as long as the boys buy the dance tickets, and then lets the trap-drummer escort her home.

The high school lad who shoots pins at the burlesque chorus. The race-horse tout whose victim is the sweet old lady who'd like to bet once "just for the thrill." The guy who lets the sand-spurs grow on beaches on these pretty moonlit nights. The would-be promoter of six-day bicycle races, who inveigles cyclists into coming two thousand miles and then lets the races flop. The cafe man who sells you a meal for fifteen cents and then charges a nickel extra for butter. The hitch-hiker who leaves his lately deceased sox hanging on your running board. The pan-handler who lays a gentle hand on your shoulder and begins his touch by inquiring, "Brother, are you an Elk?"

The old pal who is kind enough to let you cash his check "until next week." The oil promoter who will always be with us until St. Patrick, or somebody else just as rough on snakes, comes his way. The health lecturer who pretends to treat your cancer by wiggling your left big toe. The health lecturer who pretends to treat your left big toe by wiggling your cancer.

THEY TELL ME THAT you mustn't fail to remember that the Greater Miami Bellmen and Porters' Annual Ball comes off Friday evening, March 29th, at the I. O. O. F. Temple, 215 NW 7th street. . . . otherwise, you might receive a micky-finn sometime when you least expect it. . . . there'll be at least 500 people there ! ! ! THAT Shorty Barton is still peeved about the telegram he received: "Meet me at Whitebel dairy will be third from left with shoes on happy landings (stupid Miss Carrage)"

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