



# Miami Life

"Florida's Most Influential Weekly"  
Published on Saturday by  
LIFE PUBLISHING CO. (INC.)  
(A FLORIDA CORPORATION)

Executive Offices: American Bank Bldg., Miami, Florida  
Telephone 2-2227

All checks should be made payable to Life Pub. Co. and not to individuals.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: In the United States, \$4.00 per year in advance;  
\$2.00 for six months. In foreign countries, \$7.50 per year in advance;  
\$4.00 for six months.

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

Vol. 11 Miami, Fla., Saturday, January 2, 1937 No. 15

Entered as Second-Class Matter May 25, 1924, at the Post Office at Miami, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

**FREDDIE** Bartholomew's movie contract has been renewed. In view of the Buddy Rogers-Mary Pickford romance we suppose it contains a clause forbidding his marriage to Edna May Oliver.

**THE** load father sneaked in with before Christmas was hidden in a closet. The one he brings in for New Year's will just be dumped into bed.

**TOURISTS** shouldn't be alarmed at that blast they hear every morning. It's only the Tribune blowing its own horn. The Trib HAS to write about SOMETHING.

**OVER-NIGHT** airplane flights to Europe in the near future are announced. It isn't mentioned whether the boys can take along their over-night "bags" or only their wives.

**HEADLINE** in Miami daily reads: "U. S. To Probe Air Crashes." Maybe the law-makers will draft a law "agin 'em."

**DUKE** Jordan complains that an amateur boxer has been barred from the Golden Gloves Tournament because he is a professional lifesaver. Maybe it's because he's a professional "diver."

**SEEMS** as though every Tom, Dick and Harry who comes to the U. S. from England is a bosom friend to Ex-Rex Eddie and Winsome Wally. At least, so you'd believe from their "inside stuff" to ship reporters.

**BURGLARS** cleaned local laundry cash drawer of \$11.46. That's dirty!

**JUDGE** Dunn fined nine Sin Sisters of two Miami bagnios \$25 and costs after police staged a holiday raid. "But I don't care," one of the pash-purveyors snorted. "It's deductible from our income tax!"

**MIAMI** Beach Tarzans are all burned up over the police order that they must wear "tops" of bathing suits while strutting their stuff before the goils. They just can't bare it!

**NOW** that Jack Dempsey has become a full-fledged boniface, he will again have a chance to answer the bell for the fourth round — of drinks in Room 345.

**There is no substitute for PURE MILK and no PURER milk than WHITE BELT Protect your children . . . It costs no more**

## THINGS I'd Like to Know

Unofficial headquarters for sportsmen from all over the country again have been set up in Tony's barber shop, 158 N. E. 2nd street, where the proprietor, who was a boxer once, himself, makes any of the gentry at home. Tony's a great little fellow

Veterans who read the Herald's wire story to the effect that General Pershing was 76 years old on December 30th had a laugh. They remember that the St. Mihiel offensive, launched on September 12, 1918, was identical with their commander's birthday. Look it up and you'll see

E. N. Hunter was jailed here for inserting counterfeit "winning numbers" on punchboards and collecting some \$17 from unwary store keepers. He should have been given a medal for discovering a way to win on one of them

**We Specialize In Repairing Expensive Shoes**  
**Mrs. TED'S SHOE SERVICE**  
1460 West Flagler St. — 2-2797

Sorrel Top Kavanaugh intends using those 40 extra policemen to rout out flop-house inmates in the wee hours of the morning so they may fingerprint them and, who knows, discover Public Enemy No. 1 in the lot. Or even the lost Charley Ross.

**TROPICAL PARK**

POST  
NATION'S BEST  
PROUGHBREDS  
GIVE DAILY

WINTER SEASON  
JAN. 12  
SUNDAY F. COURSE

## GREEBY GETS NECKTIE WITH SLEEVES

### Unwraps Christmas Presents Four Days Late On Account of Having Holiday Date In Hoosegow

**R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY**, who gained fame during prohibition days by inventing the famous Greeby-Jeebie Highball composed of a concoction of cracked pig iron, sheep dip and embalming fluid, was found this week by the Miami Life reporter in the living room of his sumptuous home in Ey Sewell's woodshed.

"I do not desire no publicity," yammered the celebrated drink mixer as the reporter entered.

"Quiet," thundered the news hound, flopping himself down on the horse hair sofa.

"Quiet, yourself," snorted Greeby. "Don't disturb me. I've gotta unwrap these Christmas presents."

"Christmas presents!" ejaculated the reporter. "Hell's bells, Christmas is all over. Why didn't you unwrap them four days ago?"

"He couldn't," giggled Little Geraldine, Greeby's adopted daughter, poking her head into the living room from the kitchen. "He was in the calaboose."

"You're a liar," roared Greeby as he made a pass at Little Geraldine with a baseball bat.

Little Geraldine retaliated neatly by sniping her celebrated father in the seat of the pants with an air-gun and thoughtfully shoving a bucket of boiling water in his path when he made a dash toward her. By the time he emerged from the impromptu bath she had faded out of the picture.

"Damn such hellions," snorted Greeby, they ain't got no respect for their parents."

"I can wear it when I go back to Vandosta for my vacation next summer," interrupted Greeby. "Bushwah!" snorted the reporter. "It will be just as big next summer as it is now."

"Sure," agreed Greeby, "but I'm a bigger man in Vandosta than I am in Miami."

"Gangway, gangway," shouted the reporter, making a dash for the door. "Why did I ever stumble into this madhouse in the first place?" "Maybe you come over to loan me two-bits or give me a seegar for Christmas," surmised Greeby, anxiously.

"Yeah, and may I'm just plain nuts," shrieked the reporter as he made a dive for the back fence.

**AND Meet at THE SDR**  
301 N. E. 1st Ave.  
Corner of Bird Street across from Postoffice

A man named ampagne and one named Lager fined for reckless driving here by Judge Cecil Curry. To make more binding, a Mrs. Pye and a Belcher drew fines, too. Sound like a banquet

"When I left L.A. a few weeks ago, I was buying 12 cents for a quart of Gra A milk," says Pat O'Hara, news erman. "At your hold-up price 18 cents, I'm going to learn to ta my java with

**White Pharmacy**  
N. E. 2nd & 2nd — 2-2113  
"The Thrifty Drug Store"  
PRESCRIPTIONS  
CUT RATE DRUGS  
— OPEN ALL NIGHT —

"Well," mused Greeby picking up a package, "here's a bottle of spavin cure I got from Ey."  
"Spavin cure?" shrieked the reporter. "Why you ain't even got a horse."  
"I might get one sometime," snapped Greeby.

"Sure," agreed the reporter, "and when you start picking one out, use your has the spavins so you can use your medicine. Skip it and on to the next package—what is it?"

"Half a dozen hair nets," grinned Greeby, holding them up for inspection.

**Eat Drink & Be Merry at**  
**PIG & WHISTLE**  
BAR B-Q & GRILLS  
N. W. 7th Ave. at 5th St. & at 34th St.

"Hair nets!" raved the reporter. "What in hell are you going to do with 'em?"  
"Sell 'em," smirked Greeby. "I'm gonna get two bits apiece for them on them Minsky girls."  
"Minsky girls don't wear hair nets," snorted the reporter.

"That's what you think," grunted Greeby. "They wear two apiece."  
"Oh!" wheezed the news hound. "Let the matter drop right there and proceed on to the next package. What's in that big bundle there on top of the wheelbarrow?"

"That's my suit of clothes my brother sent me from Vandosta," beamed Greeby, holding the suit up for inspection.  
"Mygawd," groaned the reporter. "That suit is big enough for M. H. Rolfe; it wouldn't fit you in a thousand years."

## Campus Chatter

AT MIAMI U.

We'd surmise that many of you are just on the fair road to recovery after a rather strenuous New Year's Eve. Try a Blue Heaven, as the New Yorker would put it. A Bromo Seltzer to us.

Quite a few of our people about the campus seem to have wandered down CUBA way for the sports festival. SCOTTY of the boxing team is showing them how it's done. MULLOY and DUFF went down with good intentions to astound the tennis world, but failed, leaving JUG no longer the men's singles champion of CUBA. Sister MARCIA was listed among the best of the girls' basketball team that lost to the CUBAN girls' team.

Speaking of sports reminds us that we'll have a chance to see some high class tennis when the BILTMORE tournament opens. The old saying that you get sand in your shoes and you will surely return to Miami, must be true. We noticed BOBBY RIGGS' name among those entered.

Last week found not a few of the Le Jeune boys working hard out at the BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB. Among them CHICK, HAMILTON, WALTER, GOSTOWSKI, WYLIE, ZOMPS. Have we too much imagination, or do we really feel that maybe something might go amiss with some of those jobs again this year? You might remember what happened last year, but they say lightning never strikes twice in the same place.

The WEST FLAGLER boys make a fine appearance in their colorful outfits. Sort of reminiscent of a Virginia hunt. This track went in for the taller boys from the looks of things, DIXON, ABRAMS, POORE, RASKY, ARRIES, DOUGLAS, and ROCCO.

We've often wondered what the secret to WHEEDEN'S success was and now it's no longer a secret. From a recent news reel we discovered that she owes all her success to oranges. Yes, sir, sun-kissed oranges from our own Miami trees.

**We only heard:**  
That HORSLEY and RUTH of the Lambdas really have a system for passing the common herd waiting their turn to get into a crowded show.

That MONK won't return from his vacation back home.  
That SKINNY and HECK are regulars on one of the Coral Gables radio cars. And that SOX adorns a police badge at the various tracks.

That Santa Claus gave some of the LE JEUNE boys cars for Christmas.  
That HARNEY is seen hither and yon in a swanky looking car.

That JERRY, BEVERLY, MURIEL, and GLORIA have a line.  
That a certain dormitory freshman is secretly wed.

That no matter how hard you didn't look, all you could see were flashy new CHI OMEGA plus working at BUREAUX before the holidays.  
That quite a few attended the Lambda open house Wednesday.

That a few of the University students can be located on the beach sunning themselves.  
That High School students weren't the only ones who obtained free tickets from the WEST FLAGLER KENNEL CLUB for the east bleachers at the ORANGE BOWL FESTIVAL.

Which reminds us that no one can figure out who picked the sponsors for the game and why they ignored such beauties as our fair campus can offer.

We leave this week's bench for DICKER and BOBBIE.  
Adios, mis amigos. See you in classes soon. (Note the Cuban influence).

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All Advertised Prices Met  
Give Us A Trial And Be Convinced  
PHONE 2-9555

Charley Williams, Los Angeles newspaperman who has many friends in and around Miami, wrote one of them that the recent storm and tidal wave which destroyed homes and other structures off the California coast, "wasn't really anything more than an unusual ripple."

The L. A. Chamber of Commerce must have got to Charley.

Two guests who checked in recently at the Halcyon Hotel, registered as Messrs. HALE and HARTY. Subsequent activities by the lively gentlemen proved they were all of that.

A restaurant on 1st Street N. E. pulls a fast one on its customers. Each day on their menu appears "Hungarian Goulash" and "Beef Stew" whichever you order, it comes out of the same pot.

Who was the wag who wrote "Joe Goniff" on the elevator check-in sheet in a large downtown building late at night and failed to mark his checking-out time and thus had the night watchman scurrying all over the structure, hunting for the elusive Mr. Goniff?

Who is the gent who sits from morning until night in the lobby of the Senate Hotel in full golfing regalia—and has never had a golf stick in his hands? And who never leaves the lobby long enough to walk nine holes?

What miscreant "collected" from a number of Houses of Sin for a local periodical under the threat of showering down on them if they didn't kick in—and although he had no connection whatsoever with the publication

Bring your own container to  
**Miami Home Milk Producers Assn.**  
760 N. W. 18th Terrace for the Finest  
Golden Flake Buttermilk  
you ever tasted 25c GAL.

When in the world are Peg and Otto going to get down to brass tacks and name the day—if ever

How come the popular Jimmy, who served you at the Regal Men's Shop for so long, finally jumped over to Howard's on N. Miami avenue

Wonder if "Monk" of the Postal Building feels so smart after writing out those bets for the raiding deputies

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Only genuine invisible reweaving in city. Mends holes, tears, burns in woollens and linens restored to new condition. Open all year. Residents.  
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406 PROFESSIONAL BLDG.

What is the magnet which nightly draws Ed Claggett, who managed a theater in Fort Lauderdale last summer, to one of the hottest night spots hereabouts? Has Ed an eye on some entry in the fem free-for-all

What rug company delivered some 30 enormous wharf rats to a brand new hotel inside of a large lobby rug—and did they charge extra for the supercargo?

**Empire Bar, Inc.**  
N. E. First and First  
—Under New Management—  
**Italian Kitchen**  
Our Specialty  
Try Us—You'll be Surprised!

Just who is the charming little wren whom he sees riding about on the beach daily with Dot Fisher? And how does one move in on an introduction.

What downtown bartender took on so much Aley Ale on Xmas night that he faded from the picture and had to be relieved from duty by one of his best customers

What would the wkes of all those Smith men who larded in trouble the past week, do if they only knew which Smiths were their own husbands and wouldn't the divorce courts get big play?

How many erudite persons know what the name "Tjeure" means; how to pronounce it? And does the lady who bears that middle moniker realize how it intrigues a lot of fellows

**Everglades Hotel**  
OPEN ALL YEAR  
244 Biscayne Blvd.

Wasn't it a pain in the neck to one of the more important Leavitt lads when the newspaper notice of the sale of property for the new Beach postoffice was published? And wasn't it a signal for a flock of touches for aces, deuces, fins, saws, double saws, half-yards, yards, and in one case for a G-rote

Wonder how every little thing the illustrious Jefferson Davis Sibert is interested in is coming along? And isn't he beginning to find biographies tiring and the study of law more interesting

If the delightful 19-year-old Antoinette knows that she is the center of more silent respectful attention than most girls are given in a life time

When Virginia hopes to have the "crick" in her back completely eliminated and how many remedies has she tried

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Just who is that baby-face blonde vision whom Les Kruse is squiring about nightly at the bright spots? And do they really care that much

Is there anything to be deduced from the daily appearance at Tropical Park of Dorothy Dey and Pete Bonamy, or is it merely that they naturally have kindred pastimes and contact automatically

How does Jack Bird manage to keep that pleasant smile on his countenance year after year in the Arcade soda emporium—and turn it on so warmly when old acquaintances approach

## STARS OVER MIAMI

TWO of the most valuable things of the last twenty years—Jack Dempsey's hands. In the prize ring he smacked them against plenty of chins and now he is using them to great advantage for shaking purposes. As a matter of fact, Jack is probably the world's champion handshaker and his record, already impressive, is being increased at his new bar at Miami Beach. Celebrities in the world of sport have adopted the place as a rendezvous and they say Jack is so pleased with the response that he plans to remain in Miami most of the winter instead of returning to his New York spot.

MILDRED Bragdon is getting a fine hand at the Town Casino where she headlines one of the best floor shows at Miami Beach. The way she sings her lyrics is positively captivating and at each performance she is called upon for half a dozen encores. The Town Casino, really one of the ultra-smart places of an ultra smart winter resort, is exceedingly popular and promises to become the real night spot of them all before the season progresses much further.

YOU'LL find all of the sophisticated at swanky Ira's Supper Club where Ike Levy leaves nothing undone to provide comfort for his visitors. The floor show is good; the cuisine is unsurpassed and the congenial atmosphere which starts with a smile when your car is taken in hand by an attendant and grows more intoxicating every minute, is beyond doubt exactly the kind of atmosphere and color which goes toward making a night club something to enjoy rather than tolerate. A winter in Miami without

a visit, or several visits, to Ira's cannot be called complete.

THE newspaper advertising boys may be able to keep clothes on those Minsky belles, but Minsky can't do it, and everyone is happy including the lassies themselves. Pulchritude is the watchword at Minsky's and the high class comedy offered in the big musical extravaganza is pleasing, but incidental. Advance reservations are advised if you plan to spend an evening on the Million Dollar Pier where Minsky holds forth.

## Drama In A Lift

WHEN fate deals 'em off the bottom of the deck, truth becomes stranger than fiction ever hoped to be. In one of the ultra-ultra hotels of the Miami district the other night, an elevator started to descend from the top floor—empty.

At the eighth floor a pretty young woman stepped on. She was a veritable dream—the kind of feminine creation which make strong men finger their collars and shuffle their feet. This type that—well, you know.

The sixth floor red light flashed. A tall, blonde middle-aged man in evening clothes entered the cage, and involuntarily, but not the less perceptibly, started at sight of the girl. Both colored, both registered flusteration.

Then at the third floor, a gentleman of advanced age joined the pair. His florid face, trim gray moustache and dignified carriage portrayed the aristocrat, personified. Deliberately, he turned his cool gaze upon his passenger companion. Not an expression reflected whatever emotion he experienced. But the other two fairly wilted under the steely scrutiny of the third side of the triangle.

When the lobby was reached, the woman hurried out and into a taxi. The blonde youth sauntered into the bar, where he hurriedly gulped a straight whiskey. The elderly gent leisurely sauntered through a door and disappeared down the

street. What's the answer? Bet you can't guess.

She and the blonde had been wife and husband. But he was poor and couldn't provide her with what it takes. The elderly gent was in the dough—and took her away from the youth. Then she tired of the old gent and took it on the lam. None knew the others were in the same hotel—even in the same city—until he entered the lift.

Meanwhile, the ex-husband scored in Mr. Morgan's Street and the banknotes rolled in. The gay old blade dropped his change in the 1929 collapse and ekes out a precarious existence by virtue of financial aid from former business associates. And she—she performs as decoy for one of the smooth card sharks who feeds upon the gullible rich playboys who like to play with the pasteboards.

When Fate deals 'em off the bottom—

**ROMA** Now Open  
ITALIAN RESTAURANT  
120 N. E. 2nd Ave. Phone 2-9670  
Where quality and quantity are foremost and the atmosphere is real.

## Social Whirl

MR. ROGER CARTER, formerly of the National Guard Carters, was seen at the Royal Palm Club last Saturday night. We couldn't tell whether he was still wearing nail polish on his toes on account he was wearing shoes.

MR. RED HENDERSON and Mr. Parks Rusk of the Atlanta Life Hendersons and Rusks, spent one night last week at a night club after Mr. Henderson was provided with a necktie by the headwaiter. Mr. Rusk was wearing a necktie when he came to town.

MR. VAN ALLEN, one of the Dinty Moore Van Allens, spent several minutes the other afternoon changing a twenty-dollar bill. When he finished he discovered that he didn't have the change or the twenty, either.

MR. J. K. WILLIAMS, of the barrister and candidate Williams', says he is going to swear off rummy playing for 1937. He has sworn off for the last nine years but just can't make it stick.

MISS DOROTHY DEY, originator of the famous T. U. mystery, was seen on Flagler street one afternoon this week. She was passing Dave Davis of the Bagdad Club, and she just kept on passing.

MR. J. K. FINK, one of the library Finks, wishes it would get real cold on account he has to wear an overcoat all of the time to wear up his new Christmas necktie.

MISS CHRISTINE MOORE, of the sheriff's department Moore's, has a boy friend who looks like Roy Weston, but it isn't Roy because Roy has a wife, and Christine wouldn't be running around with a married man.

MR. AARON KANTOR, of the lawyer Kantor's, says slot machines are illegal or something. He put 30 cents in one the other day and didn't hit the jack pot.

GIFT HEADQUARTERS  
**SCHERMER'S**  
5c - 10c and Up  
Department Store  
171-173 N. E. 79th STREET  
LITTLE RIVER

## LAUGH THAT ONE OFF!

AT Tom Heene's bar the other evening was a patron who claimed to follow one of the oddest professions on record.

It was Manny Epstein, late of New York City, who told all and sundry that he worked for a living as a—guess what? As a LAUGHER!

"I know it sounds like a junker's hallucination," said Manny as he annihilated a Tom Collins. "But I'm a laughter and get plenty of money for being one, too. You see, I was blessed with a raucous bellow and when I laugh, I laugh all of time and blew a saxophone the orchestra. Cost me ten bucks in court next day—they claimed I threw son-a-bitch."

"I worked for a radio company. They put me on when one of the country's leading comedians does his stuff. I hold the script and when the alleged 'jokester' pulls one, I cut loose. The others in the audience always join in—but they're usually laughing with ME and not at the radio artist."

Manny was asked what he did when he felt out of sorts—how he managed to get up steam enough to laugh.

"That's easy," he replied. "I take along a couple of reefers, and take a few drags before we go on. Well, if you know your muggles, you know that a couple of pulls on the weed will make you laugh at your own funeral. I never fall down."

The professional bellower declared that the most difficult time he ever had raising his belly-laugh was the night after the last Kentucky Derby when he had his all riding on the nose of Brevity.

You think he is, do you? So do we!

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## 'The Sportlife'

BY TOM STOWE

THROUGH the magic voice of radio Miami received the most valuable publicity in its history New Year's Day when Columbia's ace sports commentator broadcast the Orange Bowl game between Duquesne and Mississippi State over a coast-to-coast hook-up. Not since Ev Sewell built Greeby's woodshed, has this winter wonderland commanded such national attention.

Husing's vivid description was heard over all 96 stations of CBS affiliation, so my good friend Norman McKay of WQAM, local outlet, reveals. It marked the first national broadcast of an Orange Bowl classic which puts Miami's grid plump a step closer to the older and more publicized Rose Bowl attraction at Pasadena. Millions of listeners all over the United States and in Canada and Mexico as well, turned thoughts to the land of eternal sunshine.

Thus in one day radio accomplished more for Florida and Miami in particular, than all of the newspapers and chambers of commerce put together.

BUY A BULLINGSLEY \$375 DOWN  
BALANCE LESS THAN PAYING RENT  
LOGAN BILLINGSLEY SECURITY BLDG.

As the fellow says, into every life a little rain must fall. This commentator covered the New Britain-Miami game for the Hartford Courant. While so doing, he learned exclusively that the visiting coach was seeking a college job.

New Britain's lone scribe, a life-long friend, learning of the impending scoop, yelled loud and long—he was leery of his job, and proffered money. But . . . well, what would YOU have done? That's just what we did. Although it destroyed a friendship, we stuck by our guns. One tough spot!

## Studio Grill

A Dining Place in a class of its own. Specializing in STEAKS and FRIED CHICKEN  
Midnight Specials — Open THU 2 A. M. BISCAYNE BLVD., at 75th ST.

The best laugh of the week at Leo (Call-Me-Bromo) Seltzer's roller skating derby which is taking Miami by storm acclamation, came from the witty mind of an inebriated old codger who spent every night in the same ringside seat.

Said he, gazing at the graceful form of Boston's Esther Runne: "She's got free-wheeling down to perfection but the body beats anything Fisher ever turned out."

Dinny Dennis reveals that professional football may adopt Florida for regular league games during the winter months thus making a year-round job for the country's foremost pigskin toters. Miami grid lovers get their preview of big time football when the New York Yankees and Boston Shamrocks clash in Miami Stadium Sunday afternoon. The future of the pro game in Florida depends largely on how it is received.

ask for MENTHO-MULSION IF IT FAILS TO STOP YOUR COUGH IMMEDIATELY ASK FOR YOUR MONEY BACK new only 75¢

For Sale at . . . RED CROSS DRUG STORE

Duke Jordan, Tribune sports editor, naturally can't give himself any credit for organizing a Golden Gloves team of amateur boxers to represent Miami in New York this winter, but his efforts shouldn't go unrewarded. So we take the liberty of borrowing one of his Saturday "Miami Moons" and presenting it to Duke in this manner. The Golden Gloves mean much to Miami's sportdom.

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Authorized AAA Service  
Day and Night Service  
General Repairing  
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Happy New Year to all youse guys and gals, providing you renew your subscription to Miami Life. But watch out, the goblins will get you if you don't!

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# Folks You Otto Know

liquidating there and we can pick 'em up and step out!"

Now don't get the idea we're shilling for Mr. Bargar. We don't have a piece of him, at all. But when we see him cut the mustard like he did—not once, but three times without a miss-out—folks, we climb on the band wagon!

We asked Mr. Bargar if he'd like a drink. "No thanks," he said, "I don't need one." That stumped us. Maybe that's just his way of saying "no." But it makes a fellow sit down and think, at that.

—H.A.M.

## Station R. B. C.

with the long whiskers can do about it. The lure is Russian bonds issued in 1915 and 1916. The bonds were repudiated after the world war and became worthless. Recent negotiations whereby the bonds might be recognized as a portion of Russia's debt to the United States have caused a flurry and it is a by-product of this flurry that the "con" men have seized upon to fleece victims. Holders of the bonds have been requested to file formal claims at Washington in order that such claims may be made when the formal claim is made to Russia. Financial experts declare there isn't a chance in ten million of Russia ever paying her war debt much less her obligations on pre-war bonds, but the Washington angle is the catch and suckers are falling for it. The bonds are now worthless, and the "con" man admits it when he starts dickering with a chump, therefore there is no direct charge of fraud. In any event don't buy Russian bonds—sell them if you have a chance.

**D**ID you ever wonder why chewing gum is not sold in a circus tent? If so, stop wondering because the answer is a very simple one. Practically all of the "junk" sold at a circus is pop corn, peanuts, candy, lemonade and sandwiches. Concessionaires discovered long ago that a person with a wad of chewing gum in his chops is reluctant to toss it away for a few peanuts or perhaps a bite of pop-corn, therefore Wrigley has to take it on the chin under the big top.

**A** SAILOR on one of the U. S. Destroyers recently docked here "stumped" his captain with a very simple question. "Who holds the patent rights on the periscope?" The Captain frankly admitted that he did not know but mentally resolved to find out. Upon inquiry he discovered that no patent has ever been granted for a periscope and that all periscopes in use are infringements upon the brain child of Jules Verne who mentioned such a mythical gadget in his book, "Twenty Leagues Under the Sea." The idea is free; anyone who wants to collect royalties on periscopes can apply for a patent.

## Things I'd Like to Know

Where did Barrister or Counsellor or Lawyer Warren Gamaliel Aloysius Kennedy have his arm when it was broken recently and wasn't it a great relief to many members of the bar (particularly Whitely, Denby, Dwyer, Scissors, Bud Shivers and others) to know that his oratory which is positively wonderful would be only half as effective for a while at least.

How does Fred Tooker, the greatest handyman in Florida, who is 77 years old this week, keep up his speed and pep for work both outside and in the home and how many of you remember that he played short stop on the Fix-It company

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## New Year's Resolutions

- EV SEWELL:** Not to shake any canes or call anyone a scallawag unless absolutely necessary.
- ANDY KAVANAUGH:** Not to shoot or maim any squirrels except in self defense.
- BILL PRUITT:** I will not become a candidate for any public office until June, at least.
- DOROTHY DEY:** I may decide to loosen up sometime during the year and give away my famous T. U. secret.
- BYRON FREELAND:** I will not entertain my friends with luncheons at Walgren's or have my prescriptions filled at the Dade Pharmacy.
- WARD MINCER:** I will install double sized benches and folding beds for Dr. Gann and serve free beer the second Tuesday of each week.
- SUE KATZ:** I am going to do my damndest to keep from doing double duty in patrol wagons.
- SAMMY ALPERT:** Buy a bathing suit and negotiate for a place beside that mermaid at the Frolic's Club.
- BILL FREY:** To fix one of my slot machines so it will pay off a jackpot sometime during the year.
- DAN MAHONEY:** To continue my friendly relations with Frank Shutts and Moe Annenberg.
- LESLIE QUIGG:** To keep on trying to get my old job back if it takes fifty years.

## LEE OR KAVVY

(Continued from page one)

—but, get this, they have been functioning on work that is VITAL to operation of the municipal government—as office filers, surveyors, mosquito control inspectors—and rumor has it that some of them have been functioning as King Kong Kavanaugh's own personal snoopers, stools, spies and the like.

It will be well to remember that Kavanaugh was appropriated \$80,000 MORE at the beginning of the current year than the year previous. And now he wants \$40,000 additional despite the fact that the 200 deserving—and necessary—supplementary workers could perform a much more needed task for the city at an additional outlay of only \$25,000 to the end of June!

**HERE'S ANOTHER ANGLE: EVEN IF THE CITY DOES NOT ADD ONE SINGLE PERSON TO THE PAYROLLS, THERE WILL BE A DEFICIT OF \$182,000 TO BE MET AT THE END OF JUNE! AND YET, KAVANAUGH, WHO CAN SPEND OTHER PEOPLE'S MONEY LIKE A DRUNKEN SAILOR, WANTS TO HARNESS THE TAXPAYERS WITH AN ADDITIONAL \$40,000 SO HE CAN HAVE 40 MORE POLICEMEN UNDER HIS IRON HAND!**

Given proper directions, the Miami police department with its present personnel CAN protect this city. What would Kavanaugh do with 40 MORE policemen when he doesn't know what to do with those he already has?

**LET THE CITY COMMISSION APPROPRIATE \$25,000 TO KEEP THE 200 CITY EMPLOYEES ON THE PAYROLL INSTEAD OF \$40,000 TO PERMIT KAVANAUGH TO PLAY PER-SOLDIER!**

Manager Lee finds himself in the enviable position of the French general, acknowledged winner of the First Battle of the Marne. "Papa" Joffre's claim to the laurels as winner was questioned by some experts who claimed that Joffre was not responsible for the stopping of Von Kluck and the great German army. One day a friend asked Joffre what he thought about it.

"Well," replied Joffre, "I can't say anything about winning but I can tell you that if we had LOST, I'd been blamed for it!"

baseball team only five years ago and did a good job of it, too.

Is it going to be hard for the membership in the Aheppa to get John Manos, (recently elected secretary of the local Aheppa) to accept the presidency next year when his turn comes, or will John shrug his shoulders and say "Okeh, men, I'll do it although I'm the busiest man in town trying to outdo the Johnson Coal Co., Belcher and other fuel distributors."

How is Chris BeLair doing with the few things Al Kline has been teaching him and isn't everyone going to be proud of him as soon as he gets the business completed

Wonder what Harry Brown and Warren Crawford had to discuss the other night and if everything was satisfactorily settled

What do the street car conductors think of the great big blighty McDonough, blathering beer stering, bombastic, bums, when the buyer for broken ready to go ho effusive Mac gets bound electric time on the north

Is Fat Mathew gambler from Arson, the big shot plays above a \$2 abama who never came at any and limit and wears a

**Milkers Camouflage!**

why not? If it (Continued from page one)

PROTECT the two-cent rise in price is the best they can do TO credited politicians, they should be relegated to the limbo of dis-

As a last nms!

to hold a re-bearjinnute gesture, however, members of the board agreed an attempt to sang on the milk rise question. What is this if not only MIAMIANsue their faces—and, perhaps, their jobs?

NED MILK! —DRINK YOUR COFFEE BLACK OR USE CAN-

Beat the D

dry Rats at their own game!

## NEW YEAR'S NOISE IRKS HOTEL GUEST

It was 9:30 p. m. on New Year's Eve.

On Flagler street, firecrackers were popping, sirens were sounding, autos were backfiring, celebrants in varying degrees of conviviality were yelling out their lungs as they gave the year 1936 its final kick in the pants.

The telephone rang at the Fairfax Hotel.

Affable John McKenzie, on duty at the desk, answered. From upstairs came a feminine voice:

"Won't you please go out in front and stop that noisy fellow?" she pleaded.

McKenzie intimated that he might try it if he ever succeeds in first damming up the Gulf Stream.

## ATLANTA POLITICOS HERE

Among the interested but sober spectators of the New Year's eve parade in front of Child's restaurant were John Brice, treasurer of the Atlanta Journal, and Parks Rusk, whose face is as familiar in Atlanta as the Henry Grady monument, albeit not nearly so handsome.

Although Rusk is equally at home in Miami, he is still interested in Atlanta politics, and he and John Brice were factors in the recent election of William B. Hartsfield as mayor. Rusk had served a term in city council and was a leader in the campaign against the redoubtable Jim Key.

## Jimmy Walker

ly taking her place in the sun and letting the world go by. A plan to open a pet shop on the beach fell through, she said, and now she's "just looking around."

What'll Jimmy, Betty and Jeanette say if and when they meet again? Friends of the principals in this much publicized triangle claim none of the three would be so inane as to permit a scene. But they're all agog at the prospects, just the same. The question is:

"Will Jimmy have a wise crack to ad lib or for once will he be stumped?"

And will the Mrs. freeze the present Mrs. with a glare? Your guess is as good as anybody's.

in shape to become a water or an iceman since he has been in the errand boy for some \$5 limit boys who needed ice and service from a man who can carry a cane on his arm in a jaunty manner while doing the honors

What will Mr. A. Kays, newly elected president of the leading Greek organization, tell the boys when they ask him where they should buy their fish and what will he tell them if they say they want to do business with someone else besides Pepps Fish Company

Is jovial George Vore, that very young, old gentleman who has been selling crypts, mausoleums and other necessities to folks who are leaving here forever, likely to suddenly make a lot of money if and when activities start in Cuba

Have many Miamians seen Warren Weld's black suspenders and if not, why not, and will they make a worthwhile effort to do so and report to Wild Bill Muir, the world's greatest mental expert on travel prices

Was Frank Smith's quip, anent the sentencing of the guy to Raiford for a statutory violation, apt when he said "the Greeks have a name for it and we have a law for it

Are all the widows in downtown hotels getting a bit careless about watching their own pitfalls while watching that man whose wife and several children are still dependent on him, "whittle down the third or fourth widow for a piece of change" for a farm, grove or something

## REIGN OF TERROR IN CITY JAIL.

(Continued from page one)

only after thorough investigation—the city DOES operate a road gang which removes weeds in parkways, lying between public sidewalks and street curbsings. Under armed guard, these men, some of them wearing shackles about their ankles, swing what is facetiously called ukeleles—or wide, two-headed axes, and the swinging is anything other than an easy pastime.

Notwithstanding the edict of his superiors that short-termers need not work unless they desire, Jailer Williford has different ideas upon the subject and has, in effect, caused to be broadcast among the hapless prisoners the ultimatum that they "will work, or else . . ."

This happened just the other day:

A reputable Miami professional man, known throughout the entire Miami district, was fined \$5 and costs (total \$9.22) for imbibing too enthusiastically on Christmas Day of the potato that cheers. Believing he could remain in durance vile in lieu of paying the fine and thus keep his humiliation from his relatives and friends, he made no effort to obtain financial aid—aid he might have had for the asking.

At the same time, a Detroit businessman, owner of a large trucking company which operates between the Michigan metropolis and Chicago, was jailed, charged with driving his car the wrong way on a one-way street. And suggestively enough, charged with sassing the flatfoot who pinched him—lese majeste if ever we heard tell of a case!

Still a third inmate of Kavanaugh's Kage was a Miami youth, whose parents are in business here, who is widely known and who, thoughtless sprout!—took one too many cocktails and thought he was a tenor at 2 o'clock in the morning.

All three of these men were approached by Jailer Williford, who was wearing an expression which figuratively said that butter wouldn't melt in his mouth, and were asked if they didn't feel up to doing a bit of work for dear old Alma Miami.

Naturally, considering that chain-gang affiliations wouldn't exactly enhance their good standing in the neighborhood, all refused, politely, and thought that was all there'd be to it. But, that's only what they THOUGHT!

Jailer Williford put on a transfiguration which would make Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde look like rank bush leaguers. Premptorily, he ordered the offending trio into solitary confinement in a cell from which he first caused to be removed a solitary electric light globe, so there would be no danger the three could while away the time by reading such corrupting literature as the jail-house grapevines library affords. And when the inadequate noon meal was served the other prisoners, the Keeper of Karanaugh's Keys ordered that the recalcitrant trinity BE GIVEN NOTHING TO EAT!

"So you won't work, eh? . . ."

Yet, giving the Devil his dues, Jailer Williford has a keen if somewhat grim sense of humor. One delicate, chinless young prisoner requested to see the jail doctor, complaining that he had received an injury in the groin during the spree which had landed him in the toils of the Law. "I've just had an operation," he explained, and raised his shirt to reveal an incision scar which, even to a layman, indicated its recent origin.

Grinning somewhat after the fashion of the Cheshire Cat of storied fame, Comedian Williford replied: "We'll take care of that next year!"

That wowed some of the trustees—who have to laugh because they're doing long time and have to keep in good. But before the curtain falls upon this Bastille Boniface who would make the jail another Black Hole of Calcutta, let's have a little black-out:

A boy, whose juvenile jowls have scarcely borne their first crop of fungi, begged off from work on the street gang and displayed what once had been a pair of shoes. These were tied about his feet with baling wire. The boy's toes protruded and he wore no socks.

Williford closed one eye and, after the fashion of a lawyer addressing a jury, levelled the other optic on the foot-gear. Then, sagely, he observed:

"Boy, you're lucky. Think of the poor folks who haven't any shoes at all! Get in line—the exercise'll do you good."

The luckless kid, resigned, shuffled after the others. Under his breath he was mumbling: "And my own father was damned fool enough to lose an arm fighting for this land of the free!"

Tra-la-la-boom-de-ay! The show goes on!

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