



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Vol. 11—No. 17

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10

CENTS A COPY IN GREATER MIAMI ELSEWHERE 15c \$4.00 per year in U. S. A. \$7.50 in foreign countries

DOHERTY NEAR DEATH!

MIAMI DICTATOR ROBS CITY OF BUS COMPANIES' TAXES!

WHO is the Guardian Angel of the Big Interests in Miami?

Why have city officials made NO attempt to collect transportation taxes from bus companies operating in this city?

Who is the Big Shot who can not only IGNORE the edict of the People but actually oppose it—and get away with it?

These moot questions, asked before, are revived today emphatically as it became known after investigation that, although taxi-cab companies of the city have complied with their end of the transportation tax levy voted early in December, 1936. NO ATTEMPT WHATSOEVER HAS BEEN MADE TO COLLECT THE 5% GROSS TAX FROM BUS COMPANIES USING THE CITY'S STREETS!

Municipal officials freely admit this flagrant misfeasance of office but they WON'T TELL WHO GAVE THEM ORDERS NOT TO COLLECT THIS MUCH-NEEDED REVENUE!

Here are the facts:

The 5 per cent transportation tax was voted early in December by the city commission. Since that time, some \$650 in taxes have been collected from various taxicab companies doing business here BUT NOT ONE CENT HAS BEEN GLEANED FROM THE BUS COMPANIES!

Why are the Coral Gables and other Companies held as "sacred cows" by the officials of the city?

George B. Dunn, president of the Miami Transit Company, declared to MIAMI LIFE that no attempt whatsoever has been made to collect the taxes which the company owes to the city—to you, and you, and you who foot the municipal bills—other than the mailing of a regular notice sent on about December 10th that such a tax law was in effect.

"This company is setting aside in a separate fund the money required to pay such a tax," Dunn said. "But it is being withheld pending investigation by legal counsel of the company as to whether the corporation is liable to the tax."

"Our contention is that under the franchise upon which we are operating, a ten-year franchise which has three and a half years yet to run, we are free to operate without paying tax levies which may be assessed against us."

Under direct question, Dunn admitted no attempt had been made by the city to take possession of this tax fund and Finance Director A. E. Fuller later admitted this was true.

Yet Irving Ballard, who operates a SINGLE TAXICAB ON THE STREETS OF MIAMI WAS TOLD RIGHT OFF TO KICK IN WITH THE \$10 TAX WHICH HE OWED AND WAS MADE TO LAY IT ON THE BARREL-HEAD!

The Miami Transit Company, which Dunn heads, owes approximately \$3,000 under the tax ordinance and no city official takes the trouble to ask that firm to come through—as Dunn admits—BUT THOSE SAME OFFICIALS FIND TIME TO GALLOP OUT TO THE HOME OF A STRAGGLING TAXI OPERATOR IN ORDER TO GLAUM ONTO TEN BUCKS WHICH THE INDEPENDENT OPERATOR OWES!

Something rotten in Denmark, you say? Not rotten—putrid! And the Big spectre who PULLS THE STRINGS behind the scenes smirks scornfully and asks you HOW YOU LIKE IT!

The Coral Gables line IS DELVING INTO THE POC—
CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR

HENRY L. Doherty is pulling his "dying swan" act again! Slinking into his hole like a scavenging hyena which feasts upon the kill of more courageous beasts, Doherty, the power "maggot" whose tentacles have closed over other people's money for years, has pulled his famous expiring dodge out of the closet just as he is facing A PRISON TERM ON ALCATRAZ ISLAND AS THE MASTER THIEF WHO "MADE" \$20,500,000 FROM GULLIBLE INVESTORS!

Henry has been "near death's door" every time he has been faced with court proceedings for his various FINANCIAL MANIPULATIONS and he has actually become on speaking terms with old St. Peter during his many visits.

This time, his man Friday, Attorney John W. Davis who once ran second best to Cal Coolidge in a race for president, has told the court in New York City, where Doherty is being tried as the Ponzi who fleeced stockholders in his various companies, out of almost A BILLION DOLLARS, that "my client is sick almost at the point of death."

The lawsuit in federal court was launched by minority stockholders against the so-called Doherty Utilities for RECOVERY of \$20,500,000 and an accounting for an additional \$80,000,000 with which, in effect, Henry and associates have been charged with "going South."

Facing the music isn't exactly one of Henry's long suits, so he has fronted with Davis with his regular near-death's door subterfuge.

Only yesterday at the trial, it was disclosed that stock in the Cities Service Securities Corporation, one of Hen's little enterprises for making two grow where one stood before, was palmed off on unsuspecting investors at \$120 per share, whereas only \$50 per share was turned in to the parent company, the other \$70 per

share reverting into the coffers of another one of H. L.'s firms, with an almost identical name of Cities Service Securities Corporation. Get it?

THESE FACTS WERE REVEALED UNDER SWORN TESTIMONY BY WILLIAM B. S. WINANS, COMPTROLLER OF THE COMPANY!

Percival E. Jackson, counsel for the stockholders who are demanding either their money or that Death Defying Doherty join Alvin Karpis and the other naughty boys on Alcatraz Island, SHOWED THE COURT HIS CONTENTION THAT THE MONEY REALIZED IN THIS HIGH-HANDED MANNER WAS ASSIGNED TO THE PROFIT ACCOUNT OF THE SECURITIES CORPORATION AND WAS LATER LOST IN THE STOCK MARKET!

Was sly old Henry holding the bag when those millions were lost?

Not on your life! The investors dropped THAT DOUGH!

It was revealed also that when this stock was sold, the securities corporation either bought more stock in the market or drew UNISSUED STOCK from the parent concern, Cities Service Co.

Comptroller Winans claimed the price in this manipulation of stock had no relation to the price AT WHICH THE STOCK WAS FOISTED ONTO THE PUBLIC and that it was never in excess of \$50 for \$20 par value shares!

Attorney Jackson declared to the court that 200,000 shares of Cities Service common stock, which had cost the company \$13.26 were later sold by the Doherty Utilities Corporation to the Cities Service concern for \$102.50 a share! Tie that one!

This little now-you-see-it and now-you-don't sleight of hand deal netted Henry's one company a profit of \$17,784,032, Jackson claimed. The stock, of course, should have sold at cost, he stated.

Now comes one Ex-Judge Joseph M. Prokauer into the scene as another lawyer for Doherty and tells the court in the face of this formidable evidence that threadbare excuse, "my client is sick almost at the point of death" and asks a dismissal of the damning case on the flimsy ground that the original complainant, Harry J. Thimbur, had withdrawn his suit and that the case was being prosecuted in the interest only of intervenors—in other words, in the interest of other who were left holding that gunny-sack.

Presiding Judge John W. Clancy took the motion "under advisement" while Whiskers Doherty took up his old stand outside the Gates of—rather, shall we say, at Death's balliwick.

But that's not all by a long shot. The investors further charge that Cities Service corporation lost \$80,000,000 between 1927 and '30 and that Doherty during those hectic years SOLD \$20,500,000 WORTH OF STOCK, PROCEEDS OF WHICH SHOULD HAVE BUT WEREN'T TURNED OVER TO THE STOCKHOLDERS!

Of course, defense lawyers protested that their fair-haired client, the Baron of the Biltmore, was only "acting for the best interests OF THE STOCKHOLDERS! Sounds almost like Eddie Cantor at his best, doesn't it?"

Jackson, the stockholders champion, alleged in open court that Henry L. and ten officers and directors of Cities Service were "guilty of misfeasance and malfeasance" in their duties, which is only a nice way of saying that the boys went over the hill with somebody else's shackles.

Jackson revealed that although he had had a 60-day interval in which to procure information, he had been unable to obtain needed info from the Cities Service company. Listen to what Jackson told the court:

"MR. DOHERTY, OVER A PERIOD OF 20 YEARS, THROUGH DIRECTORS HE APPOINTED, DEALT WITH THE CORPORATE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY AS THOUGH THEY WERE HIS OWN TO SUCH AN EXTENT THAT IT SHOCKED ME!"

Jackson traced the activities of the Doherty system from its organization in 1910 with THREE SMALL COM—
(Continued on page four)

HIALEAH WAR DECLARED

WAR has been declared! Attack at sunrise and shoot to kill! "They shall not pass"—No mercy for women! The Hialeah front is intact and the bluecoats are armed to the teeth with supponas.

An attack by the Hialeah City Council to assess a "head tax" of ten cents on every admission ticket at the race track failed and the "brains" behind the defeated movement immediately ordered the police department to "crack down" on motorists.

Anyone who zips across a stop sign is just as good as in jail. Speeders are to be "jugged" and fined. And the Hialeah street department, 'tis rumored, may decide to do a little road repairing pronto. Of course, Sportsman Widener wouldn't like to have all of the roads leading into his race track torn up at this particular time and he probably doesn't fawn with enthusiasm upon the crusade against motorists trying to get to his track to spend their money.

On the other hand, the boys out at Hialeah aren't exactly jubilant on account of the dozens of "imported" workers at the race track, with so many Hialeah taxpayers without jobs, and it isn't hard to determine what caused the war.

Just to make the picture complete, a curfew law is being considered to keep negroes off streets after nine p. m., which will cause considerable embarrassment for the colored hostlers and stable boys employed at the track, who like to sneak into Miami after the races are over to do a little "courtin'!"

How about digging a couple of ditches and installing a pair of toll bridges? Maybe the boys are even considering that.

JOHN WINTERSEASON SLAIN

JOHN J. Winterseason, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Miami Winterseason, is dead! He died as a result of being stabbed in the back by greedy landlords; kicked in the face by reformers and throttled by politicians.

Little John was born early last December during one of the most glorious periods in Miami's history. He first saw the light of day at a moment when thousands of visitors were pouring into the city and hundreds of thousands of others were looking toward Florida and Miami. His birth was an event of rejoicing by thousands of native sons who looked to him for deliverance from a summer of hardship. Great things were expected of him and the halcyon aura which surrounded his birth cast reflections upon the sky of the nation.

Landlords in some sections doubled their rents and reduced the services. Reformers seeking personal publicity set out to place obstacles in the path of the new born child by starting a crusade against liberality and succeeded to the extent of having the word passed through the North that there would be no gambling in Miami this winter. Even that propaganda might have failed had not Mother Nature stepped into

the picture by mantling the North with mild temperatures. Potential visitors reading of the exorbitant rents being demanded by landlords and accepting the reformer's decree that there would be no liberality, simply yawned; ordered another ton of coal and half a dozen new books and decided to camp by the fire-side and leave Miami to the natives.

Now the same roads which were black with incoming visitors early in December are black with the same visitors homeward bound. Night clubs are starving to death. Hotel reservations made last fall are being cancelled in wholesale lots. Transportation Companies are being swamped with north bound reservations and big downtown stores are laying off workers. Landlords realizing the folly of their ways are slashing rents and even the reformers are aghast—but not sufficiently smart yet to left the ban, which if continued for one more week, spells certain doom to what might have been the greatest and most glorious season in history.

There may be time yet to save something from the wreckage. Landlords can do their part by immediately advertising FAIR PRICES. Reformers can undo some of the damage they have caused by withdrawing objections to a few weeks of liberality, and letting the world know

about it. Politicians can assist by performing the reasonable duties of their offices and giving Miami a chance to keep faith with the wealthy guests who will leave much money behind, but there is no time for quibbling.

Only six weeks remain of the season. Who would be injured by a few high class casinos at Miami Beach? How much would landlords lose should they throw their apartments and hotels open at reasonable prices? How much prestige would Governor Cone or any other politician lose by letting Miami run the city of Miami in their own way for the next ninety days? On the other hand what would Miami gain? YOU make the answer. YOU know the answer and maybe you know the remedy. Go to your commissioner or councilman and plead with him to restore breath to the precious infant who has been so cruelly slaughtered. Refuse to ally yourself with reformers whose personal interests exceed their civic pride. Laugh at the landlord who tries to "stick" you and keep on looking; you'll find something reasonable sooner or later. Do it right now, let's let them know how we feel.

Station RBC.

GLEANED FROM THE PRESS WIRES: San Francisco waitress is hospitalized because she couldn't stop sneezing and in Tennessee a boy is treated because he couldn't stop talking. In Miami it takes still another form—some of the boys and girls just can't stop drinking. "F.D. R. HOLDS EYE ON AUTO STRIKE," reads headline. What that strike needs is a fist held on it. Joe Stein, new chairman of the Florida Racing Commission, resigned as manager of the Southern Liquors, Inc. From cot-tails to bangtails, so to speak. JACK DEMPSEY OKEHS GOLDEN GLOVES TOURNAMENT. WELL, JACK GOT PLENTY OF GOLD OUT OF HIS GLOVES. Senator Bennett Clark's bill to prohibit state-to-state transportation of goods produced by child labor is expected by experts to crush this practice almost entirely.

WANT AD IN TRIBUNE READS: FOR RENT IDEAL PLACE FOR CONVALESCENTS, CHRONICS, INVALIDS, REGISTERED NURSES. How about student nurses? Then the Trib police reporter tells of a "mysterious automobile found on the Tamiami Trail almost completely demolished." Come, come—was it DEMOLISHED or only partly demolished? Stop quibbling! Report from SING SING PRISON says a number of prisoners broke out—with influenza. Sheriff Coleman's bookie raids netted 69 phones. ALL WRONG numbers, he claims. The Herald says Former Judge John W. McClain once was a major in the Illinois COAST artillery. Musta been using some Big Berthas. A BOUQUET OF SKUNK CABBAGE TO THE NEWS AND TRIBUNE FOR PRINTING THOSE GRUESOME.

CONTINUED ON PAGE FOUR

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FOLKS YOU OTTO KNOW

HARRY "NEWARK" DEHNERT

TOSSING balls into a basket and tossing high-balls into a tall-glass are two different tasks. But Harry Dehnert has done both.

What! You don't know Harry? Then, mister, you just haven't been around.

Harry was known only a few years ago as one of the greatest basketball players who ever accidentally elbowed an opponent on purpose. Harry performed at the right guard position but was known to the sports scribes as the "man who didn't know his place." What they meant by that, perhaps you know, was that Harry was pitching the sphere into the wicker almost as often as the forwards and centers. Sometimes he was pitching himself into the opposing forwards and centers—but why digress?

Harry is now engaged as night manager at Marshall's Bar and Cafe, 172 N. E. 1st Street, where he can do wonders with anything from a meat ball to a ball-and-chain highball. Moreover, Harry never gets balled up.

From his middle handle, you realize he started his ball-playing career in Newark. When only a youngster of two, he was known to bowl. Later on, however, he threw one strike and that was with a snowball at the community minister's top-hat. After that, for quite a time, Harry was reduced to the ranks. Was Harry bawled out!

His professional basketball career was a brilliant one. He performed on the gleaming floor with distinction throughout the country's centers of the pastime and was rated by many critics as what would be the equivalent in football to an All American selection.

Charlie Williams, at that time sports writer for the New York World, said of Dehnert: "This Gargantuan of the caged arena is half the victory himself, once he gets away. But one never knows for sure whether he is playing guard or merely pitching horseshoes. He's the only man I ever knew could toss a basket back-handed over a shoulder."

Well, we only know what we smell in the daily papers, as the late Will Rogers might have said, but the boys hereabouts do say that when it comes to a pinch, Harry can sling a menacing Horse Neck. That is, if you happen to be carrying the price. He pours beer, too.

But, balls, whether they may be tossed 'round on the basketball floor or as high balls are balls to Harry.

What'll you have?

WALTER Winchell, in Los Angeles, writes that a lad named Matt Weinstein, of Los Angeles, pulled a good one in his column. We understand they're not that way at all, you nasty things!

THE "capital" of Florida used to be in Tallahassee. Now it's in the slot machines.

SOME guys are so reckless with an automobile that when the road turns the same way they do it is just a coincidence.

IT'S no use for a doctor to look at the tongue of a fellow with a hang-over. No tongue could tell how he feels.

THE barber who told a customer that his hair would turn gray if it kept on, only smiled. He said he didn't care what color it was, just so long as it kept on.

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GREEBY PREDICTS NEW WAR IN EUROPE

Sees Mussolini Sticking Chin Into Hitler's Nose Ticker To Start Fire Which Will Involve Wally

CLAD IN A NAUSEATING VEST, a bilious neck-tie and putrid top-coat, to say nothing of corrugated socks, R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, no slouch with King George's English, even if the new king does rub his Windsor lips over his R's, spoke before the One Thousand and One Club in Gangrene Gardens last night on international peace.

"Accustomed as I am to public speaking," the Miami oracle started beginning, "there comes a time when one must shed his celluloid collar and start shoveling the old wahoo."

"So what? Here we find England Wallying in the muck. As a matter of fact, dear old Hengland has failed to keep her 'Ed in the crises!'"

The crowd cheered. One Limey sneered. The ushers leered.

Greeby ordered a beer all round. Vermont and Maine held out.

The round was passed without comment, even by Festbrook Wregler, and that was something. Dorothy Dey crawled into her own dog-house and pulled her canine.

It looked pretty dark, folks, but at this juncture, Haywood Bruin changed shirts. The sun was shining again in Midville. Cockeye was at the bat.

"After Hitler — what?" Greeby snickered, signaling for silence. "Shall the world be in the Red? Or the White and the Blue?"

Alabama's delegation started a demonstration with "20 votes for Underwood." Al Smith was thrown out. Mellon tossed in a couple pictures and squared his income tax.

After the count, the U. S. owed Mellon a couple million for the pictures. Was Roosevelt baffled!

Then Greeby stepped into the picture. Rather, into a couple of them. They were ruined. It saved Roosevelt, routed Mellon and Pittsburgh saw the sun again, but stopped eating. Childs folded up.

"Must Mussolini meddle?" queried R. HAMMERHEAD, snorting sonorously into his soup, scolding syntax. "Must we have noodles or Yankee Doodle?"

Some 'top threw Greeby through a window. He landed on his noodle.

When the reporter last saw him, he was saying: "Went to town."

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THEY TELL ME

The gay divorcee who sprung a gutta-percha check on a bigwig nite spot on N. Miami Ave., won enough at Hialeah on proceeds of the bum piece of paper to permit her to go 'round and square the check the next day before it was banked.

In the vestibule of a fashionable church here, an elderly dowager dropped her purse, which burst open and spilled its contents over the floor. Among the latter were a pair of cute, little dice.

"Tuck" Tucker of Kochier's Bar, S. Miami Ave., is thinking of opening a clearing house for visiting and resident newspapermen. That's where you'll find most of them nightly. Eugene Warren, man-about-town of Birmingham, is being considered as greeter for the boys.

Wearing jowls as clean as a whistle, genial "Tommy" Thompson, who once grew a beard in order to catch the slants and hooks of Grover Cleveland Alexander, famous old pitcher, with the House of David team, has taken up residence for the season at 28 S. W. 10th street. Tommy also was a catcher with the Philadelphia Athletics. His charming English wife accompanied him here.

Newark Harry, night manager of the Marshall Cafe on N. E. 1st St., is expecting his old side-kick, George Chapman, noted bicycle racer, to coast into town any moment. Incidentally, Harry has made his night stand headquarters for Newark visitors.

The N. Miami avenue sorrel-top fem, who is sporting the latest front in evening gowns while her mate is usually picking the wrong ones at the track, made the dough for the clothes by hitting two coin jack-pots on one night.

One of the hottest tap-artists in these parts was sent by a wag to call on the tightest money-bags in seven counties. When he came back, the friend asked him how he came out. "Man—he was brutal!" answered the jabber.

Virginia O'Connor's greatest ambition in life is to own a \$35,000.00 mink coat and she isn't going to care how fat it makes her look.

Frank Slatko, the owlish aid to distressed damsels of the streets, has become so fat that it now takes five minutes to walk around him and it has become necessary for him to be introduced to all the tourists who knew him when he wasn't doing so well.

H. H. Jones, the big real estate man on 36th street, was brought down town one day this week by Glasgie Jock Mitchell and introduced to a new food specialty in the form of a "fish sandwich all the way".

Jack Lavalie, the Irish spectator of rinsing waters in the bars, has been bearing down a bit on the careless boys which makes it safer for all of us.

Harry Boutersee, the handsome, husky motorcycle cop, got a nice bit of applause from the papers last week and the public ought to know him better 'cause he is doing a swell job in a swell way.

THINGS I'd Like to Know

Wasn't it about time, at long last, as the ex-King Edward said, that Police Sergeant Crews was recognized on his merits and landed the Harbor assignment?

Is the brilliant Mr. Kennedy, who heads the Kennedy & Ely Insurance company, and several other successful enterprises, one of our best authorities on advertising and wouldn't it be the smart thing for our City Dads to put him on Miami's publicity board as chairman, yeah, and treasurer as well?

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'The Sportlife'

BY TOM STOWE

NOTHING in this modern sports era has captured public fancy quite like this dizzy roller skating pastime introduced by Col. Lee "Bromo" Seltzer, ingenious promoter from the west coast. Unlike jai-alai, horse and dog racing, no mutual betting windows are needed to lure capacity crowds into Coral Gables coliseum nightly.

Though of a marathon nature and somewhat similar to a six-day bicycle race, Impresario Seltzer's Transcontinental Derbies are vastly different from anything else in the sports world today. Indescribably fascinating as well as unique, thrilling and dangerous, these 'round-'n-'round robins cause many ringside seats to be occupied night after night by the same pair of pants—or panties.

Yes Siree, Brother Seltzer has finally copyrighted himself a plaything with a definite future—something so refreshingly different from the riff-raff and tramps of bygone dance marathon days. Built, as it is, on a solid foundation with a cast of highly reputable characters, Mr. Seltzer needs only to keep it free from the hands of gamblers to assure roller skating a permanent niche in the sport world, and himself a profitable future.

Sportlife's weekly Best Laugh nomination is presented in two episodes today. SCENE ONE: Tribune sports department. Duke Jordan opens another application letter for his Golden Gloves tournament and reads:

"I am a former A. A. U. member and a good boxer, but at present am serving a 60 days sentence in the Dade County Prison Stockade. Could you please get me out in time to fight?"

SCENE TWO: Coral Gables coliseum. Villainous Fitzzy Pierz suffers a brief dizzy spell and his sweetheart partner, Gene Vizona, with the equally fiery temper, is

called to stand by. Gene rushes out from the dining room and bellows:

"Get the Hell out there and skate. You know damn well it's supper time!"

AMONG the battalion of Golden Gloves applications keeping Sports Editor Duke Jordan awake night and day are fourteen fine specimens of manhood representing the Y.M.H.A. under the management of Harry "Boris" Schwartz. The team is being drilled by R. J. Clein former Miami boxer.

Heading the list from a weight standpoint is Colman Pont, 18-year-old corn-beef slinger from the Sunshine Koshers Market, who breaks the scales at 220. The others, according to those demon publicity twins, Lew Safan and Art Blatt, are Bob Lymon, Peritz Scheinberg, Sam Badanes, Earl Rubenstein, Irving Biegel, Bernard Serkin, George Fox, Al Pickard, Max Schemer, Abe Berkowitz, Izzy Mererowitz, Roy Melchowitz and Harold Levinson.

POOR little Betsy Grant, the Giant Killer from Atlanta! He beats 'em all at tennis and gets nothing but free publicity. Some day perhaps these U. S. Lawn Tennis officials will get hep to themselves and give Grant more than a substitute berth on a Davis Cup team. At one time or another, Betsy has beaten about every important amateur in the world—but always in vain. Don Budge, our No. 1 man, is his latest victim. But they'll probably ignore the Atlantian again when it comes time to pick the next U. S. team. We'll probably never get that coveted trophy back until President Roosevelt puts through a constitutional act sending the U. S. L. T. officials to an institute for the blind—and Mr. Bryan M. Grant, jr., to Wimbledon.

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

Big City Slicker Falls For Ancient Drinking Bill Gag

BROWNIE of the Metropolitan Bar is telling the boys at the mahogany these days about how the city slicker was slicked out of a nice piece of change the other night—and with a dodge as old as last year's socks.

Seems as though the wise boy sauntered in for a brace of stimulating potatoes and while absorbing them in best 2nd Avenue manner, was invited to join a party at a near-by table.

In the course of the imbibing bout which ensued, the host of the party was summoned aside by a chic young lady.

"Pardon me, gentlemen," said the host, rising with effusive bows and scrapes to all and sundry about the festive board, "Excuse me while I see what my little woman desires."

The couple engaged in quiet conversation and then the little lady pointed out the door, and the stranger slowly, deliberately strolled out as though to see better at what his female companion was pointing.

Meanwhile, the other members of the party continued to partake of their choice beverages.

After some little time, a waitress laid down the bill for the evening—but a search revealed no sign of the stranger, who, it developed had been eating and drinking for some time previous to the entry of the smart young fellow, who was the only one left who had any folding money.

"And, after all these years—" mumbled the S. Y. F., "I fall for one as old as this one." Yeah, he kicked in.

WHITE BELT LAUNDRY
Best Quality Work
N. W. 32nd Avenue at 60th Street
M. B. 5-4010 Miami, Edg. 1685

STARS OVER MIAMI

YES Sir! It's Ted Lewis, the lad with a tear in his voice and a battered old silk hat, who does his stuff nightly for Mert Wertheimer and Art Childers at the Royal Palm Club. Art and Mert spent \$30,000 remodeling the Royal Palm to give Ted a proper setting and when the curtain went up Tuesday night a thousand celebrities were in attendance to give the royal trio a great send-off. The Royal Palm, by virtue of its policy change, becomes the swanky spot of all Miami and from here on in you can gamble that you'll not be going wrong if you decide to spend the evening there.

It must be distressing for George R. K. Carter to pass along a juicy tenderloin steak to a customer instead of a roulette wheel, but George is a guy who can take it and when the Sheriff clamped on the lid George retaliated by opening his restaurant and calling it six-two and even. Although you can't woo lady luck at Carters, you can get some of the finest food in Florida and we advise you to drop in some evening and see for yourself.

WE don't know whether there is a feud between Earl Carroll and Lew Brown or not but if there is it seems that Lew is holding his own in the matter of picking feminine pulchritude. Last year Earl produced the show at swanky Palm Island Club. This year Lew is in the driver's seat and the forty lassies he has assembled are equally as voluptuous and beautiful as the 36 gals introduced last year by Earl, which from our way of thinking makes Lew four up on the old "bathtub" producer. In any event your visit to Miami cannot be called complete unless it includes a visit to Palm Island.

LUBA Malina, billed as the international songstress, headlines the bill at Ira's Supper Club and half of the swains on the Beach are in love with her. Luba, who comes direct from Broadway, is also one of the most accommodating entertainers we have seen in many moons. Instead of running away for the encores she accommodates upon all occasions and is setting herself in for a lengthy season in Miami. Two shows are offered nightly.

WALTZING all the way from Key West to Tallahassee and then fox-trotting down to Tampa and over to Pensacola in fifteen minutes appears to be a most extraordinary feat, but to the socialites who attend the Wednesday and Sunday night dances at the Hotel Evans, 953 Collins avenue, Miami Beach, it's really nothing at all. The

patio dance floor has a huge map of the state of Florida inlaid in tile. The dancers can hop from Jacksonville to Ybor City in three jumps and negotiate the trip from Ojus to the Georgia line in another pair of hops. Incidentally, Mort Richard's orchestra furnishes the rhythm.

THE entertainment sky will be filled with "stars" January 24th

I WONDER IF THIS IS TRUE?

J. A. Dingee, ex-U. S. Fed., one-time King of Cat Cay, later city electrician in Nassau and several times married, was seen about town this week in some very brilliant "threads" walking on air as he said the last venture in matrimony to a former Zeigfeld beauty was correctly mentioned by Winchell and it's going to last

Emmett Choate, brilliant barrister and exclusive owner of the Florida Landon for President, is anxious to sell the club and forget the whole thing as quickly as possible especially since reading in the papers that Landon has gone back to work himself

Snapper, well known character about town is still wearing painters clothes heavily daubed and actually doing a little work now and then to help Myrtle, and he isn't meeting so many lovelies lately

Eugene Hunter, counsellor and court advisor, is glad to know that he will not be called Jimmie any more by the absent minded whiskey taster which should be sufficient reason for another big party in the Tours office

A very attractive girl working in

when Nick Kenney, famous New York columnist, waves the magic wand for the "Midnite of Stars" at the Olympia theater. The performance is being given for the benefit of the Y. M. H. A. Building Fund and headliners from all leading night clubs are volunteering their services for the worthy cause. Jack Dempsey is honorary chairman of the building fund and is assisting Nick in rounding up the stars. Reservations may be made at either the Olympia theater box office or at Y.M.H.A. headquarters at S. W. Fifth Street and Sixteenth avenue. A full list of celebrities who will appear in the monster benefit will be published as soon as completed.

"Bum Raps"-Prison Satire

I've heard the politicians Rave and "orate" tommyrot And tell how this great country Was going straight to pot. They mention all the errors The Administration makes But I've never heard them mention Its greatest of mistakes.

That's putting all us innocent And blameless men in here, To suffer for another's sins. When these walls are so drear. A few of us are guilty, But there are very few Who ever did the lawless things We were supposed to do.

They found a still on this one's farm. But how was he to know, The Indians had left it there Three hundreds years ago? The money that the fellow passed Was just as good as gold, He knew it was because That is the thing that he was told.

This fellow took a motor car From Blodsoe, Tennessee, But he was going to send it back

one of the downtown Flagler electrical appliance stores has at last awakened to the fact that the erstwhile real estate salesman and subcontractor is married and has a child and that he does not intend to go through with any of his promises, so the fun is over and the grief begins

Pearl Hamblen, owner of Pearl's Beauty Salon at 77 E. Flagler, made one of the nicest and highly appreciated gestures at Xmas time when she presented all of her regular customers for the past ten years, with a free permanent wave and that is why several hundred girls are looking so well coiffed today.

It may seem strange to some to know that no police have been removed from the force since one of the Copeland boys got a bit irked recently

Extra responsibility sure did wonders for the charming little Jessie, dean of night restaurant managers and everybody is happy

Louis Helbern of Hiawatha, Kansas, one of the leading attorneys in that far famed state, has been having the time of his life going to every show and event in the Greater Miami area before continuing on to Washington to see President Roosevelt who has been one of his closest friends for many years and while there is going to take him to a roller derby contest somewhere near Washington

If Mr. Vance attempts to make those rooms any smaller it will be impossible for the elongated engineer Fred Turner to get in and out of them to say nothing about fixing them up a bit

THEY TELL ME

Former Florida boxer claims he was run into and banged up by a street car at 1 a. m. Saturday on N. W. 7th Ave., although the cars quit running at 12:30. An eye-witness says it was a policeman who performed and not a car.

Gus the Bus is all burned up because Beach police didn't think Gus was a big enough racketeer to run out of town, although they booted Spivalo. Gus claims to have broken more laws than all the big guns they've given floaters to—and the cops don't give him a rumble. "Think of me repl!" moans Gus.

The pretty blond waitress in the N. E. Street cafe says that Larry, the N. E. Second Avenue playboy, is the best dressed "vat" in town.

Call For **OLD UNION BEER** Everywhere

Don't COUGH YOUR HEAD OFF ask for **MENTHO-MULSION** IF IT FAILS TO STOP YOUR COUGH IMMEDIATELY ASK FOR YOUR MONEY BACK **now only 75¢**

For Sale at . . . **RED CROSS DRUG STORE**

Helen Nee Hubbard Will Be Feted On Arrival In Miami

UNLESS present plans fail to materialize, Helen N. Hubbard, known to the West Coast as the 1937 Miss California, will arrive soon in Miami for an indefinite stay.

This word was received a few days ago by a local newspaperman who is more than elated that the little lady has decided to forsake the frigid California weather in order to bask in the balmy Florida sunshine.

Miss Hubbard, selected by the foremost authorities of the West Coast as the most perfect all-around example of personal-physical-and-facial perfection, has succumbed to the lure of America's Playground and, according to Los Angeles advices, will be here sometime during the present 46-day meet at Hialeah Park.

A reception is being planned by the Miami Beach Chamber of Commerce, as well as that of Miami, although, at present, it is not yet known where the California beauty will reside.

Miss Hubbard first won recognition in Greenwich, New York, as a star basketball player; later traveled in France and Belgium where she was acclaimed a beauty. Her first American prize as a pulchritude winner was awarded to her in 1935 in Yuma, Arizona; later in Los Angeles.

AZMARIN
FOR THE RELIEF OF **ASTHMA**
CALL FOR FREE SAMPLE AND FREE DIET CHART
AZMARIN SALES COMPANY CONGRESS BLDG., MIAMI

Meditational Musings

THE prosecutor who sent Hauptmann to the chair is basking in Miami's warm sunshine. I wonder how Bruno finds the climate where he is sojourning? Personal messages to past, present and future: Picking a piece of human jetsam out of the gutter is a tedious, thankless task; throwing it back in is a very simple matter if YOU get what I mean. Anniversaries are delightful affairs together. Alone they are damn lonesome and reminiscent of the mood indigo if YOU get what I mean. Seven years is a long time to dream. You said you would need a lot of drinks. Really, I'd rather you were sober if YOU get what I mean. I told you not to do it in the first place, now you are faced with complications. I won't say "I told you so," but after all those complications are serious if YOU get what I mean. Could you ever be interested in a "roustabout" again, if YOU get what I mean? Five YOU'S—five dreams—five visions—so why should I swear off?

I wonder why the silk hose manufacturers pay models to pose for hosiery advertisements instead of just taking a picture at any football game. You can see all of the hose and a couple of yards where there ain't none. A Herald writer says calendars were invented by men. He adds that women hate them. Wonder why? The controversy which arose over the Olympic Games committee demanding that all women athletes be examined to definitely determine their sex wouldn't be necessary at Minsky's. They might, however, apply the test to the chorus boys. I rather suspect that one, third from the left end. In the matter of Christmas presents I am still a maiden. At the race track a stake race is the feature event. In a boarding house it is practically a call to arms. Buddy Rogers and Mary Pickford are to be sealed shortly. A Shirley Temple-Lionel Barrymore match may be expected any day. What this country needs is more relief from relief. It must be a pleasant surprise for a new groom to discover that his bride can cook, too. Heigh Ho, 1937—your predecessor was a tough citizen. Try and make up for some of his shortcomings! Life is a laugh. It's all a skin game. Fore!

Harold's Garage

DAY PHONE 2-5628 57 N. E. 20th ST. NIGHT 2-1504

Were YOU Satisfied?

It's all very fine for an automobile mechanic to say of a repaired car ready for delivery, "I'm satisfied with it." But when you drove it, were YOU satisfied with it? And after a thousand miles or so, were you STILL satisfied with it? That's the real test. Perhaps we are "Fussy," but here is OUR practice: First, the mechanic must be satisfied that the job is RIGHT. Then we have to be satisfied he is right before you get it. Then YOU must be satisfied not only when you accept the car but for weeks of driving after that. Sometimes little kinks may develop slowly. WE MAKE THEM RIGHT AT NO COST TO YOU. OUR CUSTOMERS LIKE THAT.

Termites?

If you've got 'em, we'll get 'em!

J. B. IRWIN

My work accepted by the Government for F. E. A. Termite Extermination Specialist . . . Fungus Treatment Inspections made without charge . . . Work Guaranteed 5 years. 3925 PONCE DELEON BLVD., CORAL GABLES—4-4305

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M. T. GORDON JR.

President

Florida National Bank Bldg.

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Campus Chatter

AT MIAMI U.

Greetings to so many old faces on campus this past week. It seemed like home-coming instead of last Thanksgiving. Tuesday presented quite an array of graduated Greeks in the cafeteria waiting to once more attend the meetings held on the third floor. Could there be some unusual doings in the offing that no one suspects? On the style of the Chi Omegas?

Among some of the old grads seen lately on campus are KOZ and his MRS. and O'DAY of former football fame. During the holidays we even saw ARCHIE GRAVES at one of the formals. Speaking of the former varsity men, we can't overlook COOKIE who played in the pro game on New Year's Day past. Still looking like an ad for Arrow Collars, former Capt. BILL L'ITALIEN strolled onto campus in time for the opening of the various tracks.

In spite of all the recent writings against the old arts of hazing and 'hell weeks', we find the campus once more decked out with unusual specimens in beards, artist ties, paddles, and garbage collectors' gloves. Some get-ups! The Phi Alphas had the monopoly on these oddities for the past week, with the Pi Chis coming up this week. In case you can't recognize the he-men behind all their chin foliage they are reading from the post office to the water fountain: BEUTEL, TODD, CLARK, FOGLE, CONNELLY, MADIGAN, MAYER, and GUMBINER.

Just when we thought the BATCHELLORS CLUB was losing its grip in the news world, we hear WHITEY is now a new candidate since he and DAGMAR have come to the parting of the ways.

This week's column would go to SCHOESSELS and QUINAN if the young lady in question would put in appearance at the U. more often.

Nigger in the Woodpile: The ROLLER DERBY is becoming quite the popular spot at nights with many of the University students, it seems. TABBS, SAPP, plus one half of the Le Jeune boys used some passes to advantage there the other after dusk . . . Nice picture of the Delts' president, SCOTT, in the paper . . . Not to mention the numerous ones of GLORIA . . . Will it make any diff to the football boys who borrow tangerines now that our former co-captain and varsity girl have parted? . . . FOWLER and DENISE wandering about covered from head to toe with paint kind of reminiscent of last year's 'Paint the University' spree . . . OESPOVICH looking rather lost now that KAY transferred to some northern University . . . Orchids to the anonymous writer of the 'Can You TAKE It' column in the Hurricane. It had the public fairly rolling under the tables in the cafeteria Thursday afternoon . . . In accord with the rest of the boys, we vote MARGIE of the Athletic department, the very Pike's Peak of likeable people . . . Some humor seems to lie in the fact that so many people signed up for meteorology for a snap course! . . . The band has gone in for its share of Lohengrin numbers of late. To-wit: LARRY and CATHERINE, and now HERRIN . . . Speaking of the band reminds us that we hardly recognized MARKS the other day sans his cookie duster. 'Tis rumored thereby hangs a gruesome tale . . . Why is it that no one takes the energy to watch the boys play basketball, but note the difference when the sororities take the court!

OFFICIALDOM paused this week to pay final tribute to Charles A. Williams, brother of City Commissioner Robert Williams, who died of pneumonia, after a ten-day illness. He was an employee of the Miami Beach Railway Company and was also a law student at the University of Miami. His untimely and unexpected death was a distinct shock to his many friends and all city officials paid tribute by joining Commissioner Williams at the funeral which was held from the Gautier Funeral Home.

THE unexpected and premature death of Henry Rees, chief deputy sheriff, robbed Dade County of a courteous, efficient and capable law enforcement officer. It likewise caused Sheriff D. C. Coleman to lose a lieutenant whose place will be difficult to fill. Deputy Rees, admired for his fairness, left behind a legion of friends to mourn his passing. MIAMI LIFE extends its heartfelt sympathy to the widow and children.

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ORIGINAL
Mac & Eddy
Formerly of the ROSEDALE
Invite You to the
JEWISH HUNGARIAN RESTAURANT
44 N. W. 2nd Avenue.
MIAMI, FLORIDA
Cheese Blintzes our Specialty

Jack Beer
6% and HOW

STATION RBC.
REVOLTING PICTURES OF THE SLAIN CHARLES MATTSON, KIDNAPED TACOMA BOY!
THAT "villain" stuff at the Roller Derby isn't an act after all. Gene Vizona, the "tough" gal of the No. 2 team can't be pushed around and anyone who tries it is almost certain to wind up behind the eight ball. Tuesday night some wise-cracking woman in the audience sent up a dollar for Gene for having the "sourdest puss" on the track. Instead of tucking the buck in her sock and smiling a "thank-you" to the donor, Gene sent the buck back with terse instructions for the wise cracker to "take it home and wipe your dishes with it."
HAS everyone heard about the drunk who landed in the calaboose last week after losing his bearings and walking in front of a truck? His contact with the truck wasn't at all beneficial to his anatomy and he was hauled to the hospital before being taken to the clinic. At the hospital it was discovered that his right leg was slightly fractured and he was taken to a private room where it was bandaged and where a splint

CONTINUED
was applied. After the treatment he was hauled off to durance vile and arraigned in municipal court the next morning. When he came out of the prisoner's room to face the judge he had a whole roll of toilet paper wrapped around his right leg and, as he started limping across the room, the bathroom stationery started unrolling. An embarrassed bailiff trotted along behind him gathering it up and finally wound up puffing before the judge.
"What is this?" roared the court, eyeing both the drunk and the armful of tissue.
"This man has a fractured leg," explained the bailiff, "but I don't know why he has all of this stuff wrapped around it. They had him out at the hospital last night and put a splint on it."
"What about it?" thundered the judge looking at the prisoner.
"Why ask me?" promptly returned the questioned one, still struggling with a hang-over, "I got my right leg broke last night and some dumb croaker put a splint on my left one. With my right leg broken and my left one in this splint I can't walk very good. I thought maybe that paper would help me."

You Are Cordially
Invited to . . .
THE DECK BAR
A Smart Drinking Place
1717 5th Street, Miami Beach
Hotel Lindbergh Building

will go to Madison Square Garden in New York for the national finals. All events are to be held in the Beach Arena with the final event staged January 22. Profits derived from the tournament go to the Dade County Milk Fund.

DOHERTY NEAR DEATH
PANIES to the present day octopus of 120 COMPANIES DURING WHICH PROGRESS DOHERTY HANDLED BILLIONS OF INVESTORS' DOLLARS WITHOUT GIVING AN ACCOUNTING EXCEPT TO A FLOCK OF "DUMMY" OFFICERS AND STOOGES AND BY SUCH A DODGE SOUGHT TO PERPETUATE CONTROL!
And there the situation stands. In his trundle bed, little Henry peers out from 'neath the covers and watches his marionettes dance.
"Henry L. Doherty Dying!"
Every time you see that headline, you'll know that Hen has been up to his old tricks and has been called on the carpet.
Death—where is thy sting?

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and
A la Carte DINNERS
GERMAN and AMERICAN KITCHEN
FELIX AND HIS FIDDLE PLAYING FOR DINNER
221 NORTHEAST SECOND STREET

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FEATURING
XAVIER CUGAT
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America's Most Versatile Entertainer
BENAY VENUTA
Dynamic Singing Star
GOMEZ and WINONA
Aristocrats of Dance
DAVE HARVEY
And His Hawaiian Serenaders
Just Off the Circle . . .
At Hollywood, Florida
Reservations Phone Hollywood 52
Cuisine Under Personal Direction of
GEORGE LAMAZE
DINNER
Three Dollars
Saturdays
Four Dollars

Miami Dictator
KETS OF MIAMI TAX-PAYERS FOR NICKELS AND DIMES—but isn't contributing a red cent to the transportation tax revenue! It's another case of 'everything coming in and nothing going out.'
If they were compelled to pay, Mr. Dunn would gladly comply. "They do not have to crack the whip to make me do the right thing," he said. "I do not shirk my duty."
AND IN THE LONG RUN, MISTER AND MRS. TAX-PAYER, YOU ARE PAYING THE FIDDLER AND DON'T FORGET IT!
The Red Top Cab and Baggage Company dug up \$600 and laid it on the line in accordance with the law—BECAUSE THE COMPANY WAS ORDERED TO PAY UP OR TAKE THEIR CABS OFF THE STREETS and it complied willingly.
But those same officials who rapped their knuckles on the mahogany and collected THAT LITTLE FEE made no effort to perform the same duty with the bus companies!
You can laugh that one off. Because SOMEBODY ORDERED THEM NOT TO PERFORM THE DUTY FOR WHICH THE PEOPLE ELECTED THEM.
Still another angle to the nebulous situation may be seen in the fact that, although ordered to do so by the city manager, SAFETY DIRECTOR ANDREW J. (KING KONG) KAVANAUGH HAS REFUSED POINT-BLANK TO ASSIGN REGULAR STANDS TO TAXI COMPANIES! And nothing said about insubordination!
Why has Kavanaugh defied the city manager, L. L. Lee, the city commissioners and The People and, instead of providing such taxi stands as provided by law — COMES OUT AND CURTLY SNARLS "IT'S TIME THE TAXIS WERE OFF THE STREETS!"
Has Kavanaugh something against the taxis? Not on your life! KAVANAUGH WAS TOLD TO DEFY THE PEOPLE!
By Whom?
The People should find out who this PHANTOM who runs their affairs, exactly is! What is this MAGIC POWER he wields?
Is it Frank B. Shutts?
Dan Mahoney?
Or—
LET MIAMI FIND THIS 'POWER BEHIND THE THRONE' AND CRUSH IT!

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ITALIAN KITCHEN
Known since 1921 to all Miami and Tourists for the UNSURPASSABLE, DELICIOUS AND EXQUISITE FOOD AND BEVERAGES.
MEALS UNEQUALLED and UNEXCELLED
Lunch 40c
Dinner \$1.00
26 N. E. 3rd Avenue
Frank Carnevale, Manager

Carter's
Restaurant & Tap Room
Internationally Known
NOW OPEN

NOW SEASONS GREATEST ATTRACTION
MUSIC CORPORATION OF AMERICA PRESENTS
in Person
Wayne KING
AND HIS ORCHESTRA
"THE ONLY KING AN ACE CAN'T BEAT"
COME OUT AND SEE
THE DOGS RUN
with Wayne King
FRANK J. BRUEN, GENERAL MANAGER
BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB
N. E. 2ND AVE. N. W. 7TH AVE. AND 115TH ST.

Yes Sir!
TED LEWIS
The one and only highhatted tragedian of melody with his RHYTHM RHAPSODY REVUE
PAUL REMOS AND HIS WONDER MIDGETS
STUART MORGAN DANCERS
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30 Beautiful Girls
CLEMENTINE AND HIS MARIMBA BAND
DINNER \$3
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