



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Vol. 11 — No. 20

Miami, Florida, Saturday, February 6, 1937

10

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

# MIAMI LABOR WAR OPENS!

## Beach Visitor Held By Feds In Bank Steal

**G**US Poullis, New York Greek and familiar play-boy in Miami Hot Spots the past several winter seasons, has surrendered to federal agents in the national metropolis to face charges of having participated in disposal of a portion of \$2,000,000 worth of U. S. Treasury notes and securities stolen from New York banks.

This word has been received here by friends of Poullis, who is reputed to be a big-wig in the so-called "Greek Combination" which is directly accused by the government of engineering disposal of the securities through various Eastern brokerage houses.

The bulk of the securities were glaumed onto three years ago when the United States Trust Company and the Bank of Manhattan were "cracked."

Poullis, friends here say, was known to be a lavish spender who laid it on the line with the best of 'em.

## Cold? Naw!

You folks who were up and about early Friday and did a bit of shivering, only thought it was chilly.

As the curbstome Native Sons of coy Los Angeles would say: "T'was but a bit of UNUSUAL weather."

But if you don't believe it and even if you consider comparison odious, rub your optics on these temperatures prevalent elsewhere at the very moment you THOUGHT it was kinda pert here:

CITY	TEMPERATURE
Atlanta	.36
Buffalo	.10
Chicago	.22
Des Moines	.02
Huron S. D.	-.8
Los Angeles	.44
Phoenix	.36
Minneapolis	.00
New York	.14

**J**UDAS was a piker and sold out for 30 pieces of silver. But in Miami, betrayals are even cheaper and they deliver the body F. O. B. Pilate's court-of-justice in exchange for a kiss only. They'll even go so far as to accept the Mark of Cain just to save their faces.

That's why a veritable labor war has been launched on the Miami front, with a genuine Benedict Arnold in the person of Orville Rigby, city commissioner who WAS PLACED IN OFFICE BY THE VOTE OF LABOR, ACTING AS "DOG ROBBER" TO "CALAMITY ANDY" KAVANAUGH AND BOTH ARRAYED AGAINST THE MAN WITH THE DINNER PAIL!

Aided by the bovine placidity of Bossy Kavanaugh, who can't see any farther than his nose, Chief of Police H. V. Yocum of the Beach, whose name, incidentally, rimes with Hokum, pulled the neatest trick of the week when he pulled some plain, unadulterated legerdemain which would make the late Houdini stack up as a clumsy lout from the sticks.

Kavanaugh, who is backed by the so-called "working man's friend," Commissioner Rigby, swallowed hook, line and sinker when Chief Yocum requested that MIAMI POLICE ARREST AND DELIVER A MIAMI MAN TO HIM—SO YOCUM COULD ACCUSE THE PRISONER OF BEING A VAGRANT IN MIAMI BEACH!

Rigby's fair-haired boy, Kavvy the Kute, didn't investigate the case and LEARN that this was simply a ruse by which Yocum sought to cover up the ALMOST UNBELIEVABLE INEFFICIENCY of the Beach police in getting nowhere fast in the investigation of the recent bombing of houses in the Miami area.

## Cagey Henry Doherty Offers To Kick Back With Part of Stockholders Dough He Glaumed On To

**NEW YORK, Feb. 6 (ICN)—**Wall Street buzzed with excitement today as details of the unprecedented rout of Henry L. Doherty, utility tycoon, in his unsuccessful legal battle against six minority stockholders of Doherty's Cities Service Company, revealed these developments—

1. From his sick-bed in a Philadelphia hospital, Doherty offered a "compromise" payment of \$1,250,000 cash to call off the suit;

2. Minority stockholders assailed the Roosevelt Administration for its "hands off" policy toward Doherty and the latter's "white-washing" after using the Warm Springs Foundation and President's Birthday chairmanship as a subtle and inexpensive "blind" for philanthropies at no expense to the utility magnate;

3. Further criticism of Doherty by other stockholders who claim the \$1,250,000 offer is "only a drop of the bucket" and that the suit should be continued, especially in view of the now notorious "coming out party" which Doherty gave for his step-daughter, WHILE DEPRESSION BREAD LINES COVERED THE COUNTRY, and at which it was reported that guests received Packard cars as party favors.

Despite the fact that the suing stockholders own only 740 shares of the 38,000,000 now outstanding in the company, this little clique wrested this offer from Doherty: an outright payment of \$1,250,000 cash or not less than 250,000 shares of common stock in exchange for calling off the \$20,000,000 stock deal recession suit and the other suit for accounting of \$80,000,000 which the plaintiffs claim Doherty and his officials illegally "juggled."

Doherty's letter from his elaborate hospital suite read in part:

"I have had the reputation for years of fighting everything to a finish and I felt and still feel sure that if I were able to appear in court, I could dispel any lingering doubts as to the propriety and fairness of my own conduct toward the company and the stockholders and fidelity of its officers and directors."

Chief Yocum wanted to jail Quentine B. McCain, who has been serving as president of the Miami Painters' Union, in an effort to wrest from this labor leader some information which Yocum THOUGHT might help the Beach Flatfeet solve the bombing mystery.

So, when Rigby's Head Man Kavanaugh once again jumped at the chance to hang a Sunday Punch on Labor and obediently delivered the Corpus Delecti, President McCain, the latter was heaved into a bull-pen at the Beach where the palpitating publicity pooch, Dr. Yocum, proceeded to VIRTUALLY TORTURE the labor chief in approved third degree manner.

The learned Beach criminologist, Prof. Yocum, pulled out his bag of tricks and, first off, held McCain incommunicado, even going so far as to resort to the Presto-Chango tactics of DEPRIVING THE PRISONER OF HIS CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF CONSULTING WITH HIS ATTORNEY!

McCain was shoved in a tank with 25 other inmates although the quarters provided bunks only for 16 persons. He was prohibited from enjoying the dubious solace of buying cigarettes—and, although the chill of the beach is decidedly uncomfortable, the "political prisoner" was denied blankets.

That, ladies and gentlemen, is Moscow in America!

The charge against McCain was set down as "vagrancy and investigation." Later, another trumped up accusation was dealt from the bottom of the deck — this time accusing McCain of assault on a 19-year-old girl!

Now, we all know that boys will be boys—and McCain is human. But when this assault case was heard, it was almost laughed out of court.

Then when arraigned for "vagrancy and investigation," the presiding judge chided the policemen for their colossal ignorance of the law which SHOWS PLAINLY TO ANYONE WHOSE MENTALITY IS HIGHER THAN THAT OF A MORON THAT THERE IS NO SUCH VIOLATION OF LAW AS "INVESTIGATION".

Two other laborites were pitched into the Clink with McCain. They were Sam Hilde- (Continued on page 4)

## FREE CLINIC OPENS TO PUBLIC

**R**EFUTING the adage that "there isn't anything new under the sun," Miami today is the scene of a novel and daring project which never has been known anywhere at any time—a free clinic in which chronic sufferers are afforded treatment with the newest and most revolutionary discoveries in short-wave and electronics.

This unique free offer is made under the authorization of and supervision of the Physic Research Society of Miami. Treatment will be administered at the society's quarters, rooms 610 to 614 in the American Bank Building, 139 N. E. First street. Appointments are being made through Robert Steele, secretary, and the clinic will be open nightly from 6 to 9 o'clock.

As a direct challenge to skeptics, officials of the psychic society especially invites chronic sufferers who have tried unsuccessfully other treatments to affect cures.

## LATE NEWS FLASHES

MIAMI, Feb. 5—Newspapermen are still trying to find out which one of the Roosevelt balls Col. Henry L. Doherty attended. It is known that he was interested in one of them but just which one is still a mystery.

## University of Florida

Students here make their way through on as little as \$200 a school year; they live in trailers; some do not eat but one good meal a day; they do every kind of job, from dish-washing to tending the kids when parents want an evening away from home.

Probably the most unusual case happened just a few days ago when a student, without funds to pay his second term registration expenses, found a purchaser for his blood in a hospital blood transfusion case.

And he obtained his registration money.

It has been no easy job keeping this education ship afloat. In the past seven years, the plant has increased 25 per cent; enrollment has jumped up 44 percent, and appropriations have decreased 25 percent. It has been a struggle, and many pres-

CONTINUE ON PAGE FOUR

## Station RBC.

Of all the \$80,000 raised in Miami to aid flood victims the most notable contribution was the \$63.50 made by Miami newsboys. The newsies, anxious to do their part, passed the hat and proudly carried the contribution to Red Cross headquarters in nickles, dimes and pennies. Isn't there a song somewhere, "Pennies from Heaven"?

Dorothy Dey's feat in legerdemain in pulling Jean Harlow out of a hat earns her a permanent berth in her own dog house. Dorothy cracked a front page story in the Tribune about Jean being at the Beach incognito

and the next morning the Daily News wire photo service belched out a picture of Jean and Robert Taylor having lunch with Mrs. Roosevelt in Washington. A Miami Beach inventor claims to have perfected a radio wave invention which will stop automobiles within a three-mile radius. He says he expects it to be used, among other things, by police in stopping "get away" cars after hold-ups and other crimes. If the gadget will stop the crooks why won't it also stop the cops? Maybe he is keeping that part of it a secret. (Continued on page 4)

What Visitors are Saying Today in Cairo Ill.: My, Your Skyline Reminds Me of the Atlantic Ocean



# Miami Life

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Entered as Second-Class Matter May 25, 1934, at the Post Offices at Miami, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Operators of charter boats are decidedly peeved over the city commission's order which prevents them from selling fish to patrons at the City Yacht basin. The order was issued nearly a year ago and, according to the charter boat owners, hundreds of pounds of good, edible fish have been thrown overboard because of the ban against selling.

Principal opposition to the sale of fish direct from the boats came from the City Health Department. Charter boat owners declare that the health department was sadly mis-informed by fish dealers and others interested in preventing sales. They assert that fish boxes have been provided on all boats and that the day's catch is properly iced and chilled and reaches the consumer strictly fresh and clean.

If such is the case, it is difficult to understand why the charter boat owners should not be permitted to dispose of their catches for a profit. It is a known fact that prices asked at the Yacht Basin are much lower than those which prevail in fish markets, but, after all, why throw good food away rather than pass it on to the public?

THERE are twenty-three different kinds of treason in Germany. Yelling yoo-hoo at Hitler is no longer considered funny.

WHEN a maid starts treating China like Japan it is time to get rid of her

DIPLOMATS spent six weeks getting executives of General Motors and labor union officials together for a confab and then all they did was say "Nuts to you" to each other.

WE DO not know whether the "sit-down strike" will be a success or not, but in looking around the office we discover that the strikers have a lot of sympathizers right here.

KNOCK, knock!—Whose there? Landon—Landon Who? Ah, so you've forgotten already?

HARRY Richman auctioned a case of brandy for \$14,000. In the old days a good bootlegger could have gotten \$20,000 for it by cutting and would still have had the original case.

### THE MEANEST MAN IN TOWN

The meanest man in town is the fellow who hands his girl friend a compact when she says she wants to go and powder her nose.

### VARIATIONS

I've got to powder my nose so bad I don't know what to do. In another minute I'm going to powder my nose all over myself.

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## GREEBY BORROWS REPORTER'S SHIRT

### Makes Social Call Only To Get Clouted On Head With Ironing Board

R. HAMMERHEAD Greeby, former dealer in second-hand canals, was found this week by the Miami Life reporter as he was starting a sit-down strike on the horse hair sofa of his living room in Ev Sewell's woodshed.

"I do not desire no publicity," whined the eminent canal merchant as the reporter dropped out of the garbage chute.

"Quiet!" ordered the news-hound. "I didn't come here to listen to your yammering. Where's Mrs. Greeby?"  
"She ain't here," replied Greeby.

"I know that," barked the reporter. "Otherwise you wouldn't be parking that carcass. Where is she?"

"She's out with Harry Richman," grunted Greeby. "He's been chasing her ever since he hit town."  
"Why?" snorted the reporter.

"That's what I would like to know," surmised Greeby, picking his teeth with an old rasp. "Maybe Richman's got something I ain't got."

"I wouldn't be surprised," answered the reporter. "But I still don't see why he is interested in her when there are so many human beings around."

"I resent that," bellowed Greeby.

"What did it say?" queried the reporter, breathlessly.

"It said for the guy who bought the shirt to come over to Miami Beach and see her," continued Greeby.

"Oh," blasted the reporter. "So that's it. I suppose you put on the

"I'll have you know that I ain't married to no ape."

"No," agreed the reporter, "but your wife is!"

"Is that so?" snarled Greeby. "But skip that and tell me why you are so interested in Mrs. Greeby?"

"Sure," answered Greeby sadly. "That's exactly what I did and I damned near got arrested for blocking traffic when I stepped out in that green, pink and yellow striped shirt."

"Never mind that," barked the reporter. "What happened when you got to her apartment?"

"Plenty," mused Greeby. "I figured I was gonna have a swell time but all I got was insulted."

"Huh," answered the reporter. "What happened?"

"Nothin'," explained Greeby. "I

"You don't understand. I just want to know where she is."

"I resent that," screeched Greeby. "You can't say things like that about my wife and get away with it."

"Calm yourself, calm yourself; what did I say?" retorted the reporter.

"You asked me how she was," barked Greeby, and that is something—

"I didn't say how, I said where," explained the reporter. "I've got to see her about something important."

"I ain't gonna let you see her unless you tell me what it is," snapped Greeby.

"All right, I want," yelled the reporter. "I need to know if she's finished washing and ironing my shirt. Now are you satisfied?"

"Why didn't you say so in the first place," grumbled Greeby. "I coulda told you all about it."

"Ha, ha," giggled Little Geraldine, Greeby's adopted daughter, poking her head into the living room. "May-

knocked on her door and Oh boy, was she a knockout."

"Did you go in?" asked the reporter.

"Naw," grunted Greeby. "Just before she hit me with the ironing board she shouted, 'scram,' I didn't invite you here socially; I just wanted to see what kind of a damn fool would wear a shirt like that."

"I resent that," laughed the reporter. "And if anyone asks you just tell them I don't desire no publicity."

"Bushwah!" wailed Greeby as the reporter departed.

"Bologna" Harry  
Harry A. Greene, Prop.  
BEER AND WINES  
JEWISH DELICATESSEN  
131 N. E. 2nd Ave.

be you was gonna tell him about that note that you found pinned inside that shirt."

"Quiet," roared Greeby disposing of Little Geraldine by slapping her over the puss with a bed-slat.

"Note?" queried the reporter.

"It was a note from a girl in the factory where that shirt was made," grunted Greeby.

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## EDITOR'S MAIL

Editor Miami Life,  
Dear Sir:

Wholesale countenancing of repulsive, degrading torso-twisting flesh shows—I hope the man who wrote this last week in your paper is a Monk with the figure of an Apollo because if he is not I shall tell him just how he repulses me.

Torso twisting is the best exercise known to the human being. In fact it is the only exercise that will keep a man in health internally and restore, preserve or create the normal contour of the waist and "belly". Mere exercise of legs and arms does very little good in building health or promoting a pleasing contour.

I would like to see the author in action sexually. I am willing to bet he is far more repulsive than any torso twister of the amorous art or the art of being amorous. I can see his bulging abdomen and quivering flesh in all the disgusting positions of a man who is indifferent to working the natural and vital activities of life and art. But I shall close with my good wishes and self-satisfaction derived from the knowledge of clean experience gained in the art of torso twisting.

A DANCER.

(And twisting physical culturist)

(Editor's Note: The author frankly admits that he is neither an Apollo nor a Monk. A survey of his "con tour" reveals a slightly bent crank case, a cracked pinion gear and a faulty spark plug. His "belly" resembles a bale of hay with the middle wire broken and after a rigid third degree he breaks down and confesses that he is most indifferent to working. The writer says he would like to see the author in action sexually and the author just sighs. He says his wife has been saying the same thing for eleven years.)

## THEY TELL ME

Everyone in the greater Miami area will be surprised to know that Bill Cummer is walking around town looking as though he had just married again and she's the best looking gal we have ever seen him with which seems too bad, knowin' Bill as we boys do

It is too bad that the cordial invitation, extended by the intensely attractive raven haired Ann Solloway and her illustrious squire Jack, could not have been accepted at the time offered but we trust the bid will continue to stand 'till some other time

One of the most unusually novel and extremely interesting shops in Miami is that of the David-Dick folks in the cross hall of the Halcyon Arcade, where wonderfully beautiful as well as useful household decorations in natural wood can be seen

Francis "Midge" Cooper, one of the hardest working men about town had the misfortune to be in bad company this week and unless something unforeseen happens may be deprived of the opportunity to be appointed head of the big business enterprise Mrs. Martin's husband is now managing director of

## THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

The name of that small village which the city of St. Louis, Missouri is near to as Guy Stoms, it's most illustrious citizen, used to refer to it, before he became the big pacifier among the lumber dealers in south Florida

Wonder if Peggy Pfeiffer, the very good looking beautician, would consider some other than the elusive White boy who only lasted a few days, particularly if he was a big Irishman

Are Norman's picks doing all he or his system thinks they should and his Betty benefitting

What would Bob, the baldheaded fish dinner seller, with the ever-growing fringe of feathers on the lower side of his dome, do if he knew he and his red headed playmate were constantly checked by a large number of well wishers for the lady hoss player

Wonder how Dwight Paul is doing since Dot Hey has sort of neglected mentioning him and isn't he likely to grow old gracefully soon, unless or if, or perhaps

What would the handsome Ferd Hooks say if he knew a certain very "well to do" blonde widow had designs on him or his name if or when he loses that embonpoint

# Campus Chatter

AT MIAMI U.

The latest attraction on campus seems to be a revival of good dances. And here's congratulations to JOE THOMAS for carrying out plans for the SOPH SWING SO SUCCESSFULLY. Counting late arrivals we'd say doorman PAGE was kept busy totaling pennies, nickels and dimes. The DELT SHOWBOAT was a great success and much can be said about their good pre-dance publicity. In the offing we have the DELTA SIG Valentine's dance on February 13, and the SPORTS CLUB "annual" leap year dance.

Speaking of dances reminds us that we'll miss any dances the LAMBDA might have planned now their social privileges are temporarily lifted for some rule infraction.

NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE: It seems that wanderlust is contagious. First MOORE; now HARNEY has trekked home . . . WALLY had better stick to football, now that we've seen how he plays diamond ball . . . How did you react to "Hedda Gabler," last week's play . . . Mr. Active BEUTEL lording it over a lonely pledge or so . . . JAMES downstairs hollering for JUDY in the SIGMA headquarters . . . RICCI, CONDON, BRAD and HENRIX looking rather on the nautical side in blue and white as they leave for Hialeah track . . . Aren't early classes over the chem. labs. rather adorerous . . . For an example of contrast note SEMINOFF's shoes and pants and then note any other boys . . . Wonder what the band would do for a basketball team without QUSCH and SNAPPS . . . POORE, make up your mind. Is it the little Greek or her friend that's so interesting? . . . Where's STU'S secretary?

Here's hoping we see our coaches on campus next week and the weeks following.

Campus twosomes: CHIPS and DIXON . . . JULIE and RASKI . . . FLO and FELIX . . . DENISE and JOSEY . . . MAC and ARRIES . . . JANE and COOKIE . . . JOAN and KON-OCKE . . . NEDRA and JIMMY . . . BOBBIE and DICKER . . . CHENEY and JUG . . . HELEN and BOB . . . and on and on.

See you at the concert Monday.

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## Sees Chicago in Heehey Bar

WHEN her father, R. Hammerhead Greeby, looked up at the airplane and said, "There goes a mail plane," Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed because she knew that no one could tell at that distance.

"I didn't know so much of Illinois was grouped in one bar in America outside of Chicago," Mr. List said as he drew forth some Important Money and greased the mahogany. "Why, I'd almost swear I was in Moorey's Place after seeing these Lake Michigan boys."

Mr. List intends to remain here until the middle of March, after which he will trek North to rejoin the other blizzard-dodgers. He is accompanied by his wife and daughter.

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## THE LOW DOWN ON THE WEEK'S HAPPENINGS

GENERAL Motors show opened with Morton Downey . . . Two people went to see motors and 20,000 to hear Morton . . . Harry Richman auctioned off case of brandy for \$14,000 . . . A case of beer would have netted only a paltry \$5,000 . . . Four bookie raids netted only three phones . . . One guy was operating by remote control . . . A street fixing plan was submitted by officials . . . Official fixing plans have not been divulged . . . A headline says the Jewish Women are Organizing . . . Organizing what?—the "J" women? . . . Bathing beauties from Chicago write home that girls "can't go wrong" at Miami Beach . . . Four thousand playboys at Miami Beach just laugh and laugh . . . Another headline says, "Trial For Hyde Scheduled" . . . They are after his hide . . . A new balm suit is filed . . . The wife says her rival furnished money for her husband's entertainment . . . What, just money? . . . The cops grab a pair of citizens with 500 forged automobile license certificates . . . They are trying to find out what the pair intended to do with them . . . Three guesses and if you don't get it, just give up . . . The Gesu Church has started its annual automobile give away . . . One person will shout hurra and a hundred thousand will yell "nertz" . . . Johnny Rosasco wins the Roller Derby and then gets stuck in a barrel during an obstacle race . . . Five persons attend the floor show at the Roney-Plaza . . . An increase of 40 percent over last week . . . "Gentiles Only" signs once displayed in the Roney lobby have been "token" down.

## AROUND THE TOWN

Where did the ultra nice Elizabeth Harper, wiff of Eddie "Puffer" Hoppah, die all her winnings at the Biscayne dog track last Wednesday nite and will the next round be Scotch

Wonder if many folks other than stamp collectors have seen the postage stamp in Jack King's Miami Stamp Bourse, 53 Halcyon Arcade No 1, valued at something more than \$3300, and would they believe that an offer for that amount had been refused



# 'The Sportlife'

BY TOM STOWE

PROFESSIONAL tennis of the brand being served to the gullible public in barnstorming dishes could be greatly improved by frequent injections of adrenalin hypodermics. Otherwise it is doomed to die!

Miami has just had two tastes of the "pro" game and they have been far from satisfactory. This is not because Messrs. Vines, Perry, Tilden et al, lack the necessary color or ability. In fact, they possess every quality needed to produce sparkling tennis.

Unfortunately, however, all lack the proper spark of enthusiasm. They perform with an air of indifference and utter disregard for their public. Instead of trying for shots that would be duck soup for a Grant or a Budge, they let them go for placements rather than exert themselves in the manner cash customers have a right to expect.

It is true, their barnstorming itineraries call for matches several times a week, and sometimes two or three days in succession, but, after all, they get well paid for their efforts. Consequently, I feel they should put more fire and life into their matches—that is, if they expect to make a continued success of their venture.

It's a shame to see such a great sport, with its prospective financial future, being smashed

against the rocks due to gross indifference on the part of the players. Professional tennis of this caliber cannot live long. By comparison, I'd rather see Bit-sy Grant play one match than the whole darn pro troupe for a year!

And, it should be the other way round—if the pro boys would only get hep to themselves.

WHEN Jack Bell columned in the Daily Snooze that he knew three families split wide open by the recent roller derby, he was at least one-third right—for mine was among those to whom he referred. Spare us the details, pul-leze.

That ATTRACTIVE brunette you've seen frequently of late in the company of the CHARMING Mar-

## WEEKLY DIARY OF A MAN ABOUT TOWN

Monday—Saw Sally Rand to get inspiration. Immediately cancelled all dates between now and July.

Tuesday—Staged a nine-round battle against side cars and dry Martinis at Jack Dempsey's. Side cars and Martinis got decision.

Wednesday—Almost got caught by cop in necking party on Bayfront. Pulled out just in time. It might have been tough. Other half of party was cop's wife.

Thursday—Have bad cold. Afraid to cough on account of taking Pluto by mistake instead of cough syrup. Went to sleep in barber chair and woke up looking like one of Uncle Sam's guests just after he registered at the big Atlanta hotel.

Friday—Inspiration lost Monday night slowly returning. Made nine dates for tomorrow night. Will get back to regular quota soon.

ta Barnett, is Miss Gladys Vallebuona of Atlanta, a true descendant of the Face That Launched A Thousand Ships. Between them, these two girls hold four state women's tennis championships. Florida and Illinois belong to Marta and Gladys has glauced onto the Georgia and Alabama crowns—not to mention a mixed-doubles title in Tennessee.

THE B & B Waffle Shop, opposite Jack Dempsey's, owned by Billy and Bert, is fast becoming a rendezvous for the "Who's Who" of Miami Beach. It is difficult to decide whether the popularity of the owners, the good looking 'gals behind the counters or the tasty, reasonably priced foods are responsible for the huge patronage. It is our guess, that it is a combination of all three.

### THINGS I'd Like to Know

Just how well is the big headed man in charge of one of the motor clubs in Dade county and wouldn't he be surprised to know that he is probably rated lower than a snake's stomach by everyone except the women he spends his money on and none of them are excited over him ? ? ?

How is Jimmie, the opkay with the golden grin, doing in his spare time and isn't one of three or four hettesses hereabouts likely to make him say yes, yes, yes most any day now ? ? ?

When will Gene Ellenson buy himself the chairmanship or presidency of the big going business suggested to him recently

## STARS OVER MIAMI

IT IS doubtful that a greater aggregation of stars has ever been assembled in Miami than the array presented Monday night at Station WIOD in the nation-wide hook-up for the Red Cross. The program was headed by Harry Richman, who is now headlining the bill at the Royal Palm Club, Morton Downey, here in behalf of General Motors, John McCormick, the celebrated Irish tenor, Shelia Barrett, the Four Yacht Club Boys, Ted Lewis, who incidently replaces Wayne King at the Biscayne Kennel Club this week, Russ Morgan and his orchestra and last but not least, Jack Dempsey. A program which would sell out at \$10 per copy anywhere eh, what?

Cross & Dunn still hold sway at swanky Palm Island and appear certain to continue their engagement as long as the club remains open. A brand new edition of the sparkling Palm Island Revue is scheduled to be presented tonight with featuring numbers by Nitza Vernille, Marc Plant, Rosie Moran, Marion Callahan and Joan Evans. Phil Romano's orchestra furnishes the music.

BISCAYNE Kennel Club patrons are eagerly awaiting the coming of Ted Lewis who leaves the Royal Palm Club to replace Wayne King who is just finishing a sensational three-week's engagement at the popular north side racing oval. Dancing has been added to other attractions at Biscayne which accounts for it's increased popularity under the management of Frank J. Bruen.

GEORGES Mataxa who was starred with Fred Astaire in "Swing Time" is literally knocking 'em off the seats at Ira's Supper Club this season. Georges was never in finer fettle and has behind him a whale of a cast for one of the best floor shows in the Greater Miami area this season. Goff & Kerr with their sophisticated songs are well worth hearing and the cuisine at Ira's is unsurpassed.

FOR an evening of genuine entertainment one need look no further than the Hollywood Country Club where the Yacht Club Boy keep things in an uproar from the time the doors are opened until the last patron departs. The Yacht Club Boys, who are known to picture and radio audiences throughout the world, are always willing to answer enchores and the audience is not reluctant to ask. George Lamaze is in charge of cuisine at the Hollywood

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Country Club and where Lamaze goes—the crowds follow.

HARRY Richman moved into the Royal Palm Club Wednesday night and was greeted by a capacity audience, as was expected. Harry, who really came to Miami to rest after his arduous flight over the At-

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 BALANCE LESS THAN PAYING RENT  
 BY I. LOGAN BILLINGSLEY

lantic has spent most of his time during the last few days raising funds for flood sufferers, but still has time to add new routines to his act. The way he sang, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes," Wednesday night was nothing short of phenomenal and he had to answer five enchores before the audience was willing to let him

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

go. Russ Morgan's orchestra moved in with Harry and the 30 gorgeous girls brought out a whole new floor show just to add to the frivolity. Reservations are most certainly suggested if you plan to include the Royal Palm in your list of places to go.

### They Tell Me

Mr. and Mrs. Zuehke, two of the most likeable and lovable folks from Wisconsin to have ever visited Miami are so thoroughly enraptured with our climate and entertainment that another hundred thousand-dollar home will be built here during the coming year and it will be headquarters for a lot of swell folks.

Elizabeth Morrison in plaids is

## Social Whirl

MR. CHARLES LAUGHINGHOUSE, who once thought of digging a canal from Thirty-sixth street to Key West, has abandoned the project and has almost decided to run for city commissioner again.

MR. CHESTER ALEXANDER, of the booking office Alexanders, was seen coming out of the Olympia theatre after John McCormack's recital. "That guy can sing TOO," he chirped.

MR. STANLEIGH MALOTTE, who sings the news at the Capitol, sings the blues every time his police dog gets hungry. The canine, Stanleigh confesses, uses up a whole cow every two meals.

MR. WILLIAM VINCENT DWYER, was seen on the clubhouse porch at Hialeah one afternoon this week watching his horse, Lucky Jean. When Lucky Jean came in fourth Mr. Joseph Widener just laughed and laughed.

MR. ROGER FIRESTONE, whose papa deals in rubber goods, was seen at the Royal Palm Club Monday night with his new bride. About thirty girls who used to visit Firestone's when Roger was putting out gas there, started talking. We couldn't hear what they were saying but it sounded like "meow, meow."

MR. JACK REIBER, who used to do some of his best managing at Auby's Lagoon, has been made manager of the Town Casino club and has been so busy shaking hands that he has a sore "paw."

MISS FRANCES ERNEST of Chicago had her picture in the Tribune Tuesday in a bathing suit (Miss Ernest in the suit not the Trib) and said she liked Miami Beach so much she didn't ever want to go home. After looking at the picture we unanimously declare that we don't want her to go home, either.

**Jack Beer**  
 6% and HOW

really something for good or bad eyes and when Minnah the delightfully charming mater designs Bessie's culottes, well, it's time to call Wayne King, Hank Greenberg or Dizzy Dean whose wives and sweethearts surely tremble with envy or something

The very very attractive young lady who is being seen in the brighter spots both day and night in company with a swell family, is Frieda Stutz of Appleton, Wisconsin and she sure is easy on the eyes

Fred Koenig, winner of cups, saucers, knives, forks or what have you in our various duck pin tournaments as well as being one of the leading boat supply dealers here, is gifted in another way in that he can and does bring "Winter" here every

BARN DANCING AT THE **New Hardy's**  
 Tuesdays, Thursdays, Fridays and Saturday Nights  
 Music by Hardy's Hill Billy Band  
 Floor Show Every Dance Night  
 No Minimum—No Cover  
 Standard Prices on All Sandwiches, Beer and Liqueur  
 N. W. 62nd St. at 17th Ave.

month or so which keeps things hot for all of us while Fred Winter keeps that old cornbob pipe going when he isn't laughing at Koenig's excuses

**Smoker's Garage**  
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 Day and Night Service  
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Probably no other filling station in Florida offers greater service and courtesy, patience and complete assistance than the kind you get from Mr. McCurdy's on the southeast corner of Miami Avenue and the Trail at any and all times.

**Everglades Hotel**  
 OPEN ALL YEAR  
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**Carter's**  
 Restaurant & Tap Room  
 Internationally Known  
**NOW OPEN**

Eddie Sisson, one time fish cleaner in New Bedford, Mass., and later a big talking bailbondsman in Miami, is in and out of town again boosting a mediocre line of whiskey which he apparently hasn't dared to offer to his former friends

James Woodhouse wants to know the present address of B. O. Strippling so if you know, call us so we can help Jim to help Strip who probably needs a life about now

The bridgetender on the Venetian draw certainly annoyed a couple of heavy advertising salesmen one day last week when he dropped the gates right in their faces

Paul Barns, one of our better-known judges is a great devotee of old book shops where he hopes to find a rare volume on an old but in-

teresting subject  
 Henry Barnett, another one of the smarter big time men about town is reported to have a franchise for a transportation line running out of Miami that should be productive of several millions in the years to come

One of the greatest Florida collections of yacht club flags, can be seen in Burney Doyle's Marine Bar at 215 N. E. 2nd avenue, which has become the headquarters for the crews of most of the yachts in the harbor and Burney has also recently gained national recognition through his unique and very appropriate as well as original idea of framing President Roosevelt's picture in a life preserver.

Quite a bit of that money the Miner boys are spending comes from an old Miner in Alaska

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STARTING **TOMORROW!**  
**TED LEWIS**  
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 8 P.M. TO 12 NIGHTLY  
 DOG RACING THRILLS!  
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 ONE ADMISSION INCLUDES 25¢ IT ALL SAT., FEB. 6  
 For a limited engagement

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 AMERICA'S GREATEST ENTERTAINER

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CLEMENTE and his PAN-AMERICAN TANGO ORCHESTRA  
 30 Loveliest of Lovelies  
 a colorful, enchanting spectacle devised by MARGERY FELDING  
 DINNER \$4  
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