

ONCE more Joe E. (Sportsman) Widener, the Hialeah race track tycoon responds to the S.O.S. of sweet charity.

Yesterday was charity day at Hialeah and big-hearted Joe saw to it personally that not a loose dollar escaped and

when it was all over he was lauded to High Heaven for his noble deed—WHICH DIDN'T COST HIM A DAMN CENT.

With Gov. Cone in the club house and thousands of wealthy patrons on the lawn, Big Hearted Joe proudly announced that all profits had

## Big Hearted Joe (Sportsman) Widener

been dumped into the "kitty" and that EVERY EMPLOYEE OF THE TRACK HAD VOLUNTARILY DONATED HIS

DAY'S PAY TO THE GOOD CAUSE. The applause was deafening and Big Hearted Joe basked as only a Widen-

er can bask.

Now here's the truth about Charity Day. The employees, who incidently receive

less pay than employees of Tropical Park, did work for nothing BUT NOT VOLUNTARILY. It was Big Hearted Joe who VOLUNTEERED TO TOSS THEIR WAGES INTO THE POT, but as far as anyone knows he didn't toss his own salary or the salary of

Abe Hallow in on top of the much needed dollars of his employees.

Plenty of the employees at Hialeah were taken off of relief rolls when they went to work. The six or seven dollars they earn daily is being (Continued on page 4)



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

# COPS PERSECUTE TOURISTS

**Yesterday**  
(or maybe it was the day before)  
—By—  
**DEMON RUMHEAD**  
A true record of things that have probably never happened nor never will happen.

**HOWJEDPLEASE**

Glad to meet you—hope you feel the same. We hope you will like this column and accept it in the manner in which it is presented which is strictly in fun. If you like baloney you will be a regular reader. If you find anything at any time in this column worth reading then we know we are wasting our time in writing it. If you want to keep something quiet tell us then nobody will know about it. We know you will be just crazy to read this column as the writer has been that way for years. But look at the fun we have. Some columns are funny and some—are ridiculous—now this is no joke. But then the truth is we do not care to be taken seriously as there is too much of that already and if we can make you smile through our humble efforts we will feel that this column is worth while. Now, let's get down to business:

Well, here we are in Miami where the beautiful sun shines all day and most of the night, where the ocean is full of fish and so are most of the hotels. Only a few hours from New York where the rich bask in the sunshine and the yeggs do their best work when the moonshines.

At night here the beautiful hotels along the beach are all lit up and so are most of the guests. At the race track here the bangtails run every day except Sunday but when I bet on them they seem to know it and they assume the attitude of a former President and "do not choose to run". The other day a friend of mine told me to bet on a sure thing as the plug was supposed to be a "mud horse." This "friend" of mine said this particular member of the equine family liked the mud. Well, I can't say he lied because it rained and the horse stayed away back and let the other horses throw mud in his face. He must have liked it.

So after learning about horse racing I went up to the rubber ranch of Mr. Firerock to see some of the fine auto tires he grows on his ranch. There was a fellow there who drove a large truck who was waiting for a tire large enough to fit his truck wheel. He said it would take two or three months to grow one that large. But he was patient and I suppose he would be there yet if the attendant hadn't come along and taken him back to the nut factory.

We read in the Miami daily papers where this country intends to (Continued on page 4)

IN New England he was a hero who saved thousands of lives endangered by swirling waters from a broken dam. In Washington he was personally decorated by President Coolidge for heroism. From coast to coast he is recognized as one of the nation's outstanding song writers' radio entertainers and night club stars. In his pocket he carries a telegram from Admiral Cary T. Grayson thanking him for his unselfish efforts in donating his services and talent to the American Red Cross in raising funds for flood sufferers, BUT AT MIAMI BEACH HE IS A VAGRANT—AN UNDESIRABLE—A HUMAN PAWN TO BE KICKED AROUND AND PUT IN CHAINS.

We speak of Andy Devere, an entertainer whose name is known from coast to coast and we pass on to you a story which makes the Spanish inquisition sound like a bed time story.

Devere, fresh from Radio Station WLW in Cincinnati where he went on the air as "The Radio Piano Poet", came to Miami Beach December 16. His first act upon arrival was to procure an automobile driver's license and his second act was to find a comfortable apartment for his wife and daughter.

## AN OPEN LETTER TO GOVERNOR CONE

GOV. FRED P. CONE,  
Miami, Fla.

Dear Governor Cone:  
In this, your first visit to Miami as the Chief Executive of the State of Florida, we, the people of Greater Miami, extend to you a rousing welcome, as is your due.

But we must, at this time, beg you to personally take an interest in the deplorable condition in which our merchants and property owners find themselves. Hotels in Miami Beach, the advertised "Playground of The World", are empty! or only partly filled, simply

### Judge Galen To Succeed Small?

The unexpected death of Judge W. F. Brown this week creates a problem in the Civil Court of Record, and likewise causes considerable speculation as to who will be appointed to the bench. Judge Brown was elected last November and would have taken office in August of this year. From a source, generally reliable, MIAMI LIFE learns that Municipal Judge Dan P. Galen of Miami Beach will be appointed to succeed Judge A. B. Small whose term expires in August, if a change is made.

### There'll Be Some Changes Made!

THE publishers of MIAMI LIFE, your finest weekly newspaper, intend within a short period to change the entire make-up, layout and general policy of this paper and in many ways to improve it editorially and otherwise.

Although the general tenor of our news columns will be tempered we do NOT intend to let down in our vigilance in attacking all those things which might exist or come to exist here which are not for the welfare of most of the people. Nor do we intend to attack any good measure or other issue which might be for the betterment of the Greater Miami community.

Our policy will not be that of a "muckraker" nor will it be that of a timid or faction-owned or controlled colorless publication. We can proudly boast of several thousand subscribers and other readers whom we feel buy our paper for the simple reason that they are convinced that we are fearless and independent. We are NOT controlled by anyone and we do not intend to be, but we DO intend to have our say in what is going on here AND at any time we feel there is some existing issue which should be thoroughly aired we will be right on the job to tell the public a straight, true and honest story of just what it may be. If it is a meritorious issue we will be right behind it boosting as loudly as we can and if it be something that possesses a bad color or odor we will be just as vociferous in denouncing it and anyone connected with it.

We ask you to read every issue of MIAMI LIFE and we also invite you to drop into our office any time you feel you have a grievance or just complaint and we will be willing to advise and assist you all we can. Our aim is to be constructive and NOT destructive and with your co-operation we feel we can go a long way. We intend at all times to be alert and ready to provide for the welfare and protection of the rights of the people of this community.

—THE PUBLISHERS.

because of the might of a small, selfish minority, who at the present time, rules the masses of this community.

Under the guise of the "Miami Beach Association", of whom William Hardy is the PAID secretary, the liberal policy, upon which the Beach was built and prospered, has been revoked.

Night clubs are facing bankruptcy. Some of them are already in the hands of receivers. Merchants who have supplied them with foodstuffs and other necessities to the extent of hundreds of thousands of dollars have no possible chance of receiving their money unless YOU assure the local officials that it is YOUR WISH THAT THEY GIVE THE PEOPLE (THE MAJORITY OF COURSE) THE KIND OF GOVERNMENT WHICH THEY THINK IS BEST FOR ALL CONCERNED.

We do not ask you to ignore law enforcement in Dade County; we merely ask you to take into consideration the peculiar situation which exists in Dade county and does not exist elsewhere in Florida.

During the last twelve months more than \$12,000,000 has been poured into building in MIAMI BEACH ALONE. More than \$30,000,000 has been spent in the Greater Miami area and PRACTICALLY EVERY DOLLAR OF THIS GIANTIC SUM WAS SPENT with the expectation that South Florida would continue its progress and not be retarded by a minority group of would-be reformers WHO CONSIDER THEIR PERSONAL INTERESTS AHEAD OF THEIR COMMUNITY.

If you will take time to investigate while you are here you cannot possibly fail to see the life blood of this community flowing from the veins which have been punctured by these selfish interests.

THEY will tell you that the Miami Beach Association (which incidently has no charter) has a membership of 1,500. WE WILL TELL YOU, GOV. CONE, that TEN TIMES THAT NUMBER OF RESPONSIBLE MIAMI BEACH TAXPAYERS ARE DIRECTLY SUFFERING as a result of the activities of that Association. WE WILL TELL YOU FURTHER that for every member of the Miami Beach Association there are ten business men who have signed opposing petitions.

Wishing you success in your economy program and with kindest personal regards, I am,  
Sincerely yours,  
REUBIN J. CLEIN, Publisher

WHEN Little Geraldine's mother bought some bust developer she just laughed and laughed because she knew that after two applications her mother could take a shower without getting her feet wet.

WHEN her father, R. Hammerhead Grechy, announced plans for celebrating his golden wedding, Little Geraldine just laughed and laughed because she knew he had been married fifty times.

THE supreme court retirement act seems a certainty in congress. After it is passed wouldn't it be amusing if the supreme court ruled it unconstitutional?

On December 26th, while driving across the county causeway Devere was forced into an accident by a reckless motorist who swerved from one lane to another. His car was partially wrecked and he signed a warrant for the arrest of the reckless motorist. The accident occurred on Friday. The case was scheduled for a hearing on Monday but when Devere went to court he was informed that the motorist had not been apprehended and that the case would be called on Wednesday. On Wednesday morning Mrs. Devere became suddenly ill and Devere telephoned the Miami Beach police station and requested that the hearing be postponed until Friday.

Was it postponed?  
Not on your life. As Devere left his apartment that afternoon he was grabbed by Detective Jim Conroy and thrown into a cell. THE CHARGE WAS VAGRANCY.

He was held incommunicado from Wednesday until the following Monday at which time he was taken before Judge Dan Galen and given a thirty-day SUSPENDED SENTENCE.

Before he could leave the courtroom he was re-arrested by Detective Conroy and thrown right back into the same cell after being photographed and finger-printed. He (Continued on page 4)

## NOTED WRITERS JOIN STAFF OF MIAMI LIFE

Three Famous Writers To Contribute Columns Weekly; Demon Rumhead Heads List With Voltaire Winshield and O. O. Makemtired.

Do we do things, or do we do things? I'll say we do! Just imagine the great expense we have assumed to procure the services of the above writers who will contribute their observations in their own inimitable styles to this paper every week.

Mr. Rumhead will tell you the news of the world in his own original manner while you will read the gossip of the community from the pen of that great columnist Voltaire Winshield and you will learn first hand what is doing on the Rialto from that able writer O. O. Makemtired.

The expense and also the suspense is awful and possibly the columns will be worse than that but wait and see. Be sure to read each word written by these master writers as it will appear in every issue of Miami Life starting in this issue. Now lets get going while the going is good but don't tell anybody about this. Denk you.

# The Sparkling New PALM ISLAND REVUE

Starring CROSS & DUNN with NICK LONG, JR., and EUNICE HEALY. Dancing Stars of "Follow Your Heart" DINNER DE LUXE \$5.00 PER PERSON  
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## MEDITATIONAL MUSINGS

CRITICS are in a huddle trying to select the best motion picture and the best individual performances of 1936. If I were a judge I would hand the award, or whatever they do hand out, to "Banjo On My Knee" and I'd name Walter Brennan, the picture's star, as the winner of the award for the best male performance of the year. Next to "Banjo On My Knee," I would select, "Theodora Goes Wild," then for third and fourth places I would pick "The Great Ziegfeld" and "Three Smart Girls". For individual performances among the female stars I would award the palm to Luise Rainer for her portrayal of the role of Anna Held in "The Great Ziegfeld". For second honors I would call it a dead heat between Irene Dunne and little Deanna Durbin. Irene for her performance in "Theodora Goes Wild" and Deanna for the part she played in "Three Smart Girls". For the worst picture of the year "Gold Diggers of 1937" would have no competition in my mind. Joan Blondell, who started out as a bathing beauty, should have stuck to the bathing beauty business and Dick Powell is sliding toward the greased skids if he persist in having her co-starred with him. Whew! I'm glad that's off my mind.

A woman subscriber writes that she is disgusted with local swains who turn to imported "floozy" during the season. She says a majority of home town girls are twiddling their thumbs while the boys gallivant high wide and handsome. She wants to know "how come?" I don't know—maybe those imported lassies have something the local gal's haven't.

WE know a Miamian who recently took one of those mail order physical culture courses. He is now so strong he can read Esquire with one hand.

ABOUT the height of something or other would be Sally Rand wearing a bustle during her bubble dance.

AFTER all the success of a fan dancer "rests" upon the same thing she does.

MARRIED life is just like a bath—not so hot after you get use to it.

A REAL optimist is an old maid who pulls down a folding bed and then looks under it just the same.

SOME of these Miami houses being thrown together in a hurry will "Be Gone With The Wind" next September.

PLENTY of real he men hide behind women's skirts—but they are all hanging in the closet.

## MIAMI LIFE

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to  
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Across from Biltmore Theatre  
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Stop on your way to and from  
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1265 W. Flagler; 120 Venetian Arc.  
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## R. H. GREEBY INVENTS NEW PHONE SYSTEM

TRIES TO SELL IDEA TO TELEPHONE COMPANY AND  
IS TOSSED OUT BY MONKAGLUE

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who took three baths and had himself sprayed with Flit to get in condition to spend a week-end in Dorothy Dey's dog house, was found this week bouncing down the steps of the Southern Bell Telephone company.

"I do not desire no publicity," he shrieked wildly as the reporter parked his bicycle and prepared for his week's most important interview. "Sez you!" snarled the newshound. "Yeah, sez me!" bawled Greeby. "Anyhow that one suspender paper of yours can't give nobody much publicity."

"Is that so?" flared the reporter. "I'll have you understand that the combined circulation of Miami Life and the New York Daily News was more than 2,500,000 last week."

"Bushwah!" belched Greeby, wiping his hands after trying to pick up what he thought was a dime in the gutter. "Help me up from here."



## ON THE RIALTO WITH O. O. MAKEMTIRED

Diary of a modern Pepsy:

Lay long in a short bed and got up on my hands and opened the window with my feet with much *Fo! De Ro!* and wishing for a dish of old fashioned stewed fish such as we used to get in Gallipolis.

Then to my stint did I go with great ambish when came Ed Wind the visiting fireman with Stird Firling who had me in stitches with their puns and drooleries. Ed told the one about the travelling man and the farmer's daughter and Stird asked me that new riddle "why does a chicken cross the road." I have never laughed so much since a friend of mine poked me in the eye with a sharp stick when I was a boy back in Gallipolis.

Later to a tea at Jay Goulds where I met Gar Clable, Baby Face Dugan, Seaface Maginty O'Brien, and the Clown Quince of Siam who sang "How Dry I Am." Then to a bistro for a soup sandwich and later with my frow to see the rising river and just as we arrived a young lady fell into the river head first and I was just in time to see her predicament.

To the cinema to see Tom Mix in cement and later to the Rockefellers to a fish fry where came Mrs. Stuyvesant Fish, Mr. and Mrs. Red Herring, Tom Mackerel and Old Man Sturgeon who came in a town car owned and operated by the local traction company. Also met there Harry Poorman the singer, Eddie Cantlook and the president of the local garbage company. After much kidding, rag tag and bob tail to my tailor's where he sewed a patch on the seat of my Sunday-go-to-meeting pants with much gusto.

Then to bed after reading the latest book by Stew Bum entitled "The sights I see when I can hardly see." Later to sleep, in the park on a bench.

"What happened inside?" queried the reporter tugging on Greeby.

"Git often my fingers", roared Greeby.

"O. K.", grunted the reporter. "Now tell me what happened inside to make them throw you out."

"It was a guy named Monkaglué," grunted Greeby. "I'm gonna get him fired. He ain't got the interests of the telephone company at heart."

"What were you trying to do, put the bite on him?" queried the reporter.

"Certainly not," flared Greeby. "I

## FOX DELUXE BEER IT'S MELLOW

went in there to tell him how to save his company many millions of dollars."

"What did he do?" asked the newshound.

"He didn't even listen," yapped Greeby. "One minute he was standin' there scratchin' his pratt and the next minute he started kickin at me."

"Just what was this marvelous money saving idea you were trying to sell him?" asked the reporter.

"A brand new telephone system," belched Greeby. "One which would cost practically nothin' and one which would help the customers on

## AND Meet Me at THE SPUR

301 N. E. First Ave.  
Corner of Third Street  
across from Postoffice

account of not gettin' wrong numbers."

"What kind of a system?" persisted the reporter, becoming exceedingly weary.

"The Greeby Whoop and Holler system," explained Greeby, "and I've got a patent on it so don't go around tryin' to swipe it."

"I assure you I won't. We've been using that system in Miami Life office for years. How does your system work?"

"It works without no instruments," explained Greeby. "It's the cost of all them funny instruments what makes telephones so expensive."

## Netherland Hotel TAP ROOM

1330 Ocean Dr., Miami Beach  
"When You Tire of Other Spots, Try Us"

## EDITOR'S MAIL

Editor Miami Life,  
Miami, Florida.

Dear Sir:

Has it ever occurred to you that the local girls get a terrible jerking around every year just as soon as the "floozy" start coming in from the north? All summer we girls who live here content ourselves with being taken to cheap picture shows, dancing in barrooms, and parking in dark cars and then when the season starts and there is really some place to go the same mugs we spent the summer with grab off the imported "floozy" and squire them around in Lordly fashion.

I don't know what the rest of the girls are going to do but personally I'm going to be "hard to get" when the season is over. If I'm not good enough in January and February to go to night clubs and see a little life I certainly do not intend to be a chump next summer. I'm thinking seriously of forming a "Hard to Get" Club. Would some of you girls like to become charter members?

A DISGUSTED READER.

P. S. I am only 23, weigh 105 pounds and have been told that I am not hard to look at.

(Editor's Note: Say, lady, I think you've got something there. Suppose you drop in and talk things over with me. We may be able to get the club going but in case we don't I'm the kind of a guy who likes to park in cars in January and February as well as during the summer).

### Your Credit is good at Helmly's

## Stunningly Garbed Girls Have Mishap

(Our Society Editress covers an Auto Accident)

ONE of the gayest and most picturesque motor mishaps of the season was held Sunday afternoon near the beautiful Palm Gardens of the Roney Plaza hotel. Miss Sadie Lipshitz, a Junior League transfer from Milledale, Illinois, and Miss Lena Wayback, of the Chevy Chase and Piping Rock Waybacks, were joint hostesses.

Miss Lipshitz, in a dreamy cream colored Buick trimmed with yellow stripes and pale green wheels, wore a smart morning frock which was a vision of dainty flattery with a crisp full encircling shoulder yoke and short flared sleeves. The unbroken lines of an eye-catching panel of the skirt gave the whole ensemble that smart distinctive effect. Miss Wayback wore a dainty afternoon gown of chiffon trimmed with white lace and a neat bodice in the form of a mess jacket. A large picture hat completed her ensemble and gave her that ultra smart appearance so noticeable among visitors this winter.

Policeman Jake McGuire, who attended the affair was dressed in a conventional blue uniform with a brown Sam Browne belt. His hat was of blue serge trimmed with a gay gold band. He carried a subpoena book trimmed in Morocco leather and wore tan colored riding boots smacking of Fifth avenue. He added much color to the occasion when he telephoned for the ambulance.

The ambulance, a long sleek looking creation of imported manufacture, was done entirely in black with just enough color in the headlights to give it the proper setting. It was driven by Rufus McGook, former Harvard football player and possessor of a Tampa Tappa Keg key. Mr. McGook is reported as engaged to Miss Ophelia Mussentouchitt of Bar Harbor. The wedding is to occur in June as soon as Miss Mussentouchitt, who is now on the Riviera with her parents, returns to Bar Harbor. Mr. Malone, incidentally was dressed entirely in white and his wind blown locks, not adorned with a chapeau, made a stunning picture as he arrived for the affair.

Handsome engraved invitations for the funeral of Miss Lipshitz have been mailed by her mother. Miss Mussentouchitt's funeral date has not been set pending the arrival of her father who is attending a convention of the Beer Keg Manufacturer's Association in Milwaukee, but it may be assured that no efforts will be spared to make the affair one of the most elaborate of the season.

When a girl is as pretty as a picture someone always wants to retouch her.

## Ramblin Round the Town

with

Voltaire Winshield

WE HAVE been reading in the papers where sitting down is becoming very popular in the north and we must say this is one fad which hits us right on the bottom. For many years we have been in favor of sitting down when we couldn't get a chance to lay down, and now at last we are right in the popular swing or fashion.

FLASH—We have finally become a confirmed "sit downer" and we usually ply our new vocation on one of those leather topped stools found in most beer emporiums. By the way, that is not a bad manner to spend an hour and it IS rather educating in a sort of way. We meet many interesting people at these spots, most of them out of towners and we hear quite a few different opinions and expressions from the visitors to our fair village.

DASH—One place where I do some "down sitting" is the Waffle Shop (why he ever named it that I can't tell you) which is owned by J. B. Marshall and located at 172 N. E. 1st St. You will find either "Smiling" Perry Owens or Harry Denhardt behind the wood dishing out some of Colonel Jake Rupperts suds and usually many eager gullets waiting to guzzle it. There on a sunny afternoon you may find Fred "Cafeman Good" of Pittsburgh, former Captain of Police Harry Mellon of the same steel making town or Jim Weir of Weirton, W. Va.

CRASH—At the Metropolitan bar and cafe at 2nd street and Second avenue you will also usually find a gang of Pittsburghers and others from that section of the country as genial Bill Elliott, an old timer from Pittsburgh, can be found every night at his duties behind the mahogany there. Last night we met E. H. Lampus and his wife from Newark, Ohio, H. E. Wardell from Atlantic City, John F. Bambrick from St. Louis and Jim Brennan whose native habitat is Albany, N. Y., and this is no travelogue.

SMASH—You have heard there used to be a Republican political party in Pennsylvania. Well, Frank Foust, one of that grand old party's leading lights, is a visitor here and is registered at the Neal Hotel. Mr. Foust has held most every kind of a political job in the old Keystone state. He will be with us until spring. Alex Weir and wife of Altoona, Pa., are spending the winter in Miami this year instead of at St. Pete where they have visited for many past years. Mr. Weir is director of many financial institutions in his home town—Everett Ferguson, financier, and wife, of Steubenville, Ohio, are at the Everglades and are getting quite a kick out of watching the bangtalls do their stuff at Hialeah.

## Seaboard Smoke Shop and Liquor Store

A. G. "BUD" SHIVERS, Mgr.  
724 N. W. 22nd STREET — OPPOSITE SEABOARD STATION  
Miami's Largest Bar and Most Complete Line of Imported and Domestic Wines and Liquors  
All Advertised Prices Met Give Us A Trial And Be Convinced  
PHONE 2-9955

## Would You Recognize Miami If...

THE F. E. C. railway didn't keep crossings in the heart of the city blocked half of the day and didn't keep half of the population awake half of the night with noisy trains operated through the residential district or—

If you ever tried to cross the Miami River or the Causeway without having to wait half an hour for raising and lowering of bridges or—

If you discovered that all of the rotting houseboats had been cleared out of the river and that the smelly fish houses had been moved to the outskirts or—

That about 100 of the 200 policemen collecting nickels from park-o-meters and gumming up traffic had been relegated to the residential districts where they are needed or—

You awakened some fine morning to discover that all city and county officials were working in harmony for the good of the community instead of squabbling among themselves or—

You couldn't find any negroes strolling along Flagler street after dark or—

You could find some place downtown to wager a couple of dollars on a horse race without standing a chance of being sent to the hoosegow or—

You could get into and out of a restaurant, drug store or cigar shop without having to fight your way through a crowd of spectators huddled around a slot machine or—

You could find a parking place within half a mile of the business district not occupied by a taxi-cab or zoned off with yellow paint?

You might recognize the old place but it is very, very doubtful.

## They Tell Me

The Parrott Jungle just beyond Coral Gables is attracting a lot of deserved attention from our thousands of tourists and F. S. Scheer, the owner and developer as well as the official lecturer is doing a highly creditable business which is and will be a great asset to Greater Miami

Joyce Belk, the delightfully charming and very efficient assistant secretary to his Honor Thomas Ferguson, insists her name Joyce is being used more and more each year by discriminating parents of new born babies, which, of course, gives them a big start in life

The only writers making real tip

money in the new as well as the older bars and grills are the quiet, cultured ones, highly trained under famous stewards who taught them to do their utmost to please, instead of gypping the customer at every turn

Sexy Lee White, formerly known as Tiger White, acquired his new monicker since going soft over burlesque gals whom he has been looking at for years and who have now actually gotten into his ears

Dolores Whitaker is having a lot of fun with a number of old codgers who having been giving her a big play 'cause her "line" fits each of them to a T and it is also producing enough of the long green to enable her to get the car out of hock and take Maury to a cooler spot soon

## ALCAZAR HOTEL

250 ROOMS . . . 250 BATHS  
500 Biscayne Boulevard Frank Gough, Mgr.  
THE HUB OF ALL ACTIVITIES

# 'The Sportlife'

BY TOM STOWE

MANAGING EDITOR  
MIAMI LIFE  
MIAMI, FLA.

ABOARD SS PRINCE HENRY ENROUTE TO VERA CRUZ, FEB. 13—(BY NIGHT WIRELESS (try and COLLECT). DEAR BOSS: PERMIT ME TO INTRODUCE TO YOU AND MIAMI LIFE'S OTHER TWO READERS, JOE COPPS, DEMON MIAMI BEACH PUBLICITY DIRECTOR, WHO HAS KINDLY CONSENTED TO DO A GUEST SPORTLIFE COLUMN FOR ME THIS WEEK STOP IT'S SO REFRESHINGLY NEWSY AND DIFFERENT YOU'RE BOUND TO LIKE IT STOP PERSONALLY, IF I WERE YOU, I'D FIRE ME AND HIRE HIM STOP HASTA OTRA VEZ.  
TOM STOWE.

By JOE COPPS  
Miami Beach Publicity Director

TRAMP, tramp, tramp the boys are marching. There's the sports parade passing below my window in the City Hall Hall on Washington Avenue, in what I and some millions of others, fondly refer to as this Land of Paradise, Miami Beach . . . There's the ever-young old Manassa Mauler, Jack Dempsey . . . on his way to his magnificent new Dempsey-Vanderbilt Hotel . . . What a transformation is Jack from the ancient idea of prize-fighter . . . Good-natured, steady and level-headed, with never a harsh word for a soul, and always a smile, a handshake and a boost . . . I'm proud that Jack and the man who finally beat him, Gene Tunney, are my friends . . . Gene ought to be dropping down one of these days, the places seems a bit lonesome without him . . . These two fellows did more to restore boxing to a pinnacle of clean sportsmanship than any one else . . . They fought savagely for the world heavyweight championship and when the Battles of the Century were over, they had a handshake for each other . . . And now both Gene and Jack are sitting on top of the world, and I'm mighty glad of it.

There's Ellsworth Vines and Fred Perry, foes of the tennis courts, strolling along headed for the Flamingo . . . They got the shock of their blithe young lives on that recent Sunday at Flamingo Park when lovely red-headed Terry Lawlor of Dempsey's came out and presented them with a big silver mug . . . Most of the trophies they won as amateurs have long since been forgotten now that they've turned pro . . . Their match was spectacular in every sense of the word, but they shouldn't have been reticent about receiving that cup . . . Particularly from such a charming donor.

That loud noise coming down the street is emanating from Dizzy Dean, right-handed kingpin of the St. Louis Cardinals . . . Diz said he was deserving of Fifty Grand and I hope Branch Rickey thinks likewise . . . United Press almost had a scoop on Diz's race horse, but somehow Dean forgot he had ever owned one . . . Did say, though, that he dropped enough at Hialeah the other day to buy a couple . . . Lyn Lary has been trimming Diz at golf . . . Hank Greenberg's over at the Fleetwood with his injured left arm in swell shape, and I'm looking forward to a great playing year by this popular Jewish star . . . Wonder why the New York Yanks never got hold of him as a Gotham drawing card? . . . Hank's a Brooklyn sandlot product, you know.

Old Harry Hartz, who's finished second more times at the Indianapolis 500-mile race than any other man, dropped into the office all keyed up about plans for a midget auto racing track in Miami . . . Harry thinks it would be a natural here . . . Well, I can safely say that there is no sport that gives the thrills of high speed auto races . . . Hartz has a protege, Ted Horn, just a youngster who finished second to

the great Flying Dutchman. Louie Meyers in the last "500" . . . Ted will be one of the favorites to take down the marbles this year . . . I'd like to see Tazio Nuvolari, the Italian ace who won the initial Vanderbilt Cup race on the new Roosevelt Raceway match his skill and

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

daring against our American stars at Indianapolis . . . It would be a terrific battle . . .

Warren Murray, promoter of the Beach Arena, deserves a big hand for his initiative in keeping the fight game going on this side . . . and he's kept the sport clean and entertaining . . . The visiting sports scribes are amazed at the variety of outdoor features on Miami Beach . . . Golf, swimming, boating, tennis, fishing . . . all flourish in the best of company . . . Dizziest sports this year were tennis on roller skates and sailfish archery . . . and I guess I must take the blame for them . . . But they were introduced in a good cause, publicity for Miami Beach.

I'd like to see a revival of the famous LaGorce Golf tournament . . . It provided topnotch playing and toponotch names . . . Society here ranks high in the world of sports . . . There's John Hertz and Warren and Charlie McCulloch, all powers in big time horse racing and splendid sportsmen, living here . . . Damon Runyon, ace of the sports scribes, is having a grand time writing a news editorial column . . . George Ade is back to good health and don't

**FORREST'S**  
DRY CLEANING Agency  
518 N. Miami Avenue  
Phone 2-5989

be surprised to read some more of his Fables in Slang before long . . . Betty Cook, the famous photographic model, will try her luck in the big city this spring . . . She'll make good, too, because New York needs some of that Miami Beach sunshine that she'll bring with her . . . Well, I guess that's about all, Tom . . . Look out, Hannagan, there's one of those new-fangled motor-bikes coming down the avenue!

## HOLLYWOOD COUNTRY CLUB

All-Star Entertainment

WINI SHAW RODNEY McLENNAN  
The Original "Lady in Red" Star of '36 Ziegfeld Follies

**XAVIER CUGAT**  
And His Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra

DOROTHY MILLER  
Featured Soloist

MINOR AND ROOT  
America's Loveliest Dancers

THE FOUR ESQUIRES  
Guy Lombardo's Featured Serenaders

Cuisine By  
**GEORGE LAMAZE**

## MIAMI LIFES BEST JOKE OF THE WEEK

WHEN the middle-aged Hebrew purchased a new car and proudly drove it from the salesroom to his home to pick up his wife for a spin he anticipated no trouble which goes to show that he didn't know what he was in for. Spinning along the highway at a goodly rate of speed he failed to see the tail end of a truck and the next thing he remembered was coming back to consciousness in a hospital. His first thought was of the new car. "Oi, Oi, Mine Essex," he groaned. "Oi, Herman", came a weak voice from the other side of the bed, "Mine Essex, too."

### HEY, THERE, OLD TIMER!

Alex Schaper, 70 years old, landed in municipal court Monday on four traffic charges. He was charged with reckless driving, leaving the scene of an accident, failing to report an accident and driving while intoxicated. He drew a fine of \$150 and costs and a ten-day jail sentence.

According to the evidence Schaper collided with Miss Eleanor Kempe's automobile at West Flagler and Twenty-first avenue. Boy, Oh! boy! what a heler he must have been with a horse and buggy during the starched drawers and bustle days!

## "IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?" DRIVE OUT TO THE BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB AND HEAR

## HAPPENINGS ... of The Week

**H**OLD-UP men get \$20,000 in jewels from trio at Beach . . . Beach police baffled which can be expected as they have been in a fog for years . . . Red Cross campaign fund for flood sufferers hits \$90,000 mark . . . Our quota was \$30,000 . . . Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., boosts Miami in Liberty Magazine article . . . If he had thought of that 12 years ago he might still be running the Tab . . . "Squirt" Gun Willie pops off at Beach . . . If that guy could only suck like he can blow we could bring Lake Michigan to Miami via pipe line . . . Ten newspaper men make the hoosegow during the week . . . The Fourth Estate staggers on . . . Nude bathers drown in surf . . . Everyone tries to explain which isn't necessary . . . Cold spell hits dog track and Sally Rand gets "geese" pimples . . . Mayor Fossey and Commissioner Sewell hurl cheers at each other . . . Cheers of Bronx variety are loudest . . . Seventeen Beach hotels start looking up bankruptcy laws . . . One hundred and seventeen creditors beat them to it . . . California claims Miami Beach swiped a pair of mountains from the Golden Gate state to make a newsreel . . . Miami Beach denies accusations and snickers at California's climate . . . Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce thinking up retort . . . Hannah Dempsey goes to hospital for appendicitis operation . . . Jack not on hand for the opening . . . Governor Cone comes to town and meets chilly reception . . . The thermometer dropped . . . Beach cops chase ten undesirables out of town . . . Beach cops do not molest "Squirt" Gun Willie and his gang of undesirables . . . State license inspectors arrive to search for illegal slot machines . . . Ha! Ha!

### THINGS I'd Like to Know

If the charming lady dressed so attractively in a red gown Wednesday night at the Town Casino enjoyed the singing of the blushing happy young old man of fifty-five summers, particularly when he rendered "She's DeLovely" ? ? ?

If there is anyone in the entire Greater Miami area who does not know that the popular young dentist

## STARS OVER MIAMI

**H**ARRY Richman isn't using any ping pong balls at the Royal Palm Club but the way the Stuart Morgan adagio dance trio bounces about the floor ping pong balls wouldn't be noticed anyway. It's been a long time since Miami has been treated to a dance number of such calibre and little wonder that the Morgan dancers always stop the show. The Royal Palm is really Miami's smartest gathering place this season and the galaxy of stars being presented seems to be endless. First it was Ted Lewis and now its Harry Richman heading the bill. What more could be asked for a couple of dollars?

**W**INI Shaw moved into the Hollywood Country Club this week to share starring honors with the celebrated Yacht Club Boys and seating capacity is being strained nightly. In addition to the two big headline features the floor show introduces Gomez and Winona, a whirlwind dance team, Dorothy Miller, vocalist and Xavier Cugat and his orchestra. Cuisine is in charge of George Lamaze—and where Lamaze goes food lovers follow.

**T**ED Lewis is still at the Biscayne dog track pouring out his "blues" between sprints and it is difficult to tell whether the patrons are flocking there nightly to watch the pups or to listen to and dance to the strains of Ted's music. No advance in admission price has been made by Manager Frank J. Bruen despite the tremendous salary paid to Lewis and his band members and it isn't often that one has an opportunity of enjoying a celebrity like Ted Lewis for twenty-five cents.

**White Pharmacy**  
N. E. 2nd & 2nd — 2-9213  
"The Thrifty Drug Store"  
PRESCRIPTIONS  
CUT RATE DRUGS  
— OPEN ALL NIGHT —

**B**USINESS is exceptionally good at the Ritzy Palm Island Club where Cross & Dunn, internationally known comedy song and dance team are starred. Nick Long, Jr., and Eunice Healy, dancing stars of "Follow Your Heart" were added to the cast this week to join Joan Evans, Nitzl Vernille, Rosie Morgan, Bob Ripa, Marc Plant and Marian Callahan. The big Palm Island Revue consisting of 30 Broadway beauties gives the floor show a metropolitan touch. The dinner reservation list is growing nightly at Palm Island and no visit to Miami is complete without including this swanky spot for at least one visit.

**I**F you are one of the many weary entertainment seekers who has been running around frantically trying to see all of the famous stars before the season ends you may be able to simplify things Monday night by attending the benefit performance at the Olympia theater. To date the list includes Ed Sullivan, chairman of the entertainment committee for the "Night of Stars", Cross and Dunn, Wini Shaw, Gomez

**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 76th ST.

and Winona, Ted Lewis, Georges Metaxa, Terry Lawlor, Benny Fields, Goff & Kerr, Ramon & Renita, Joe Lewis, B.B.B., Gall-Gall, Murray & Alan, Adrienne Andre, Milton Leslie, Don Lanning, Bunny Hallow, Jean Sergeant, Melton & Beck, Nick Long, Jr., Bob Ripa, Eunice Healy and Marc Plant. Several additional names will doubtless be added to the list before the curtain rises and all proceeds will be distributed between the Jewish Welfare Bureau and the Theatre Authority which controls 11 theatrical charities. Make your reservations now.

**P**AUL Sabin's orchestra is making a genuine hit at the Town Casino these balmy evenings and the three revues offered nightly are strictly high class. Alma & Rowland, Ben Perry, The Three Royal Jesters, the Six Dancing Debutantes and Roberta Sherwood are presented by Billy Young, master of ceremonies and Bruno Trebbi is the host. There is no cover, admission or minimum at the Town Casino and the popular prices charged for drinks and dinner are keeping the beautiful rendezvous filled. For reservations call 5-2447.

**Smoker's Garage**  
Authorized AAA Service  
Day and Night Service  
General Repairing  
127 N. E. 7th St. Ph. 2-6783

## Social Whirl—

**MR. FRANK H. WHARTON**, who boarded two weeks in the Coliseum while the Roller Derby was in progress, was seen at a wedding last week but he refused to kiss the bride on account she didn't look like Jean Vizona, his favorite in the roller derby.

**MR. JIMMY BOYKIN**, formerly of the J. P. Boykin's of Miami Beach, was seen in Jimmy's place on the trail a few nights ago. As a dancer Mr. Boykin is a swell fish peddler, but maybe it was his partner's fault.

**MISS G. D. ALEXANDER**, who spent all of last winter betting on Sassafras, has transferred her affections to Tellingyou this winter. She opines that both nags are candidates for the glue factory but she just can't resist playing them.

**MR. PETE CROSSLAND**, one of the publicity Crosslands of Miami Beach, denies that he swiped a couple of California mountains while making a movie. He says if any swiping was done it should be blamed on Mayor Snedigar, who gets blamed for everything else.

**FOR ETERNITY**  
Isn't it strange that princes and kings  
And clowns who caper in sawdust rings  
And common people like you and me  
Are workers for eternity?

Each is given a bag of tools  
A shapeless mass and a book of rules  
And each must make, ere life is flown  
A stumbling block, or a stepping stone.

## CARUSO'S RESTAURANT

STRICTLY ITALIAN STYLE

10 Years in Same Location

167 WEST FLAGLER

**MR. AARON KANTER** was seen walking down First street one afternoon this week with Judge Wayne Allen. Mr. Kanter's talk must have been going over pretty well because Judge Allen didn't seem to be overruling any objections.

**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 Liquor  
N. W. 62nd St. at 17th Ave.

**MR. GORDON ROGERS**, who operates a drug store at S. W. Sixth street and Fifteenth avenue, spends one afternoon each week getting downtown and back. He always allows two hours for F.E.C. crossings and bridge raisings.

**We Specialize In Repairing Expensive Shoes**  
**Mrs. TED'S SHOE SERVICE**  
1060 West Flagler St. — 3-7977

## THEY TELL ME

The great King Kelly who made the depression along with Bill Green and Major Close and a few others who never felt the worries most of us did is doing quite well again

Mary Hampton, one of the cleverest dress and costume designers in the south, entertained a few friends recently in her studio in the Professional Building after a most delightful dinner in Cecil's restaurant

When the various Civic associations including the several Chambers of Commerce in the Greater Miami Area want some real first hand information relative to catering to the convention people, they should get in touch with Burney Doyle in his Marine Grill and they will learn that Burney is well and popularly known to all the big convention people and promoters the country

Mr. Lazarus, sometimes called Mr. Lazar or Lazaroo, the busy partner of Mr. Michael Evans of Halcyon Delicatessen fame is busier than ever lately since he started spending his spare time squiring a very nice young lady around to shows, dances and other places of amusement

Miss Bee Silver and the wealthy young suitor seen at the Town Casino Wednesday night did not see much of the show but evidently had a big time nevertheless and put on a show of their own that everyone enjoyed including themselves

George Morris and Thelma Vines

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

**MR. WILLIAM E. LESTER**, who does a pretty good job of running the Better Business Bureau, is going to run for City Commissioner next spring. He says he expects two or three other fellows to get in the race.

ought to be given a prize for the way they dance the rumba on the little platform at the rear of the night club

Joseph Stillwagon and his fishing pal, Mike Worthen, have been vehemently denying buying a big catch of fish the last trip to Everglades City when reports began to come in that they did not do any fishing but tended to a bit of monkey business

## Carter's

Restaurant & Tap Room

Internationally Known

NOW  
OPEN

**More About Police Persecution**

(Continued from page 1)

stayed in that cell until Wednesday afternoon when he was taken to the county jail. For four days he was held in the county jail and on Monday was taken from his cell for arraignment before Judge Ben C. Willard. On the way from the 19th floor to the courtroom Devere was told that unless he plead guilty he would be taken back to the CELL WITHOUT A HEARING AND THAT HE WOULD NOT BE ARRAIGNED UNTIL AFTER THE SEASON WAS OVER.

He rebelled against pleading guilty to such a charge, but after listening to pleas of his wife decided that he would be better off pleading guilty than waiting FOUR MONTHS FOR ARRAIGNMENT. He wasn't taken into court but into Judge Willard's chambers where he entered a plea of guilty. He received no sentence but agreed to leave Dade county WITHIN TWO DAYS.

He did leave the county. He went to Hollywood where he sought to obtain employment and was partially successful. He slipped back into Dade County and to Miami Beach to get his Tuxedo and other "props" needed in his work AND RAN STRAIGHT INTO DETECTIVE JIM CONROY AGAIN. Three days later he again faced Judge Willard and was promptly sentenced to 60 days on THE CHAIN GANG.

Two days later he was wearing stripes and SWEATING OUT HIS LIFE BLOOD ON THE CHAIN GANG AT KENDALL.

MRS. DEVERE, TIRED OF SUCH PERSECUTION WENT INTO ACTION. SHE WIRED PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. SHE WIRED JIM FARLEY. SHE WIRED GOVERNOR CONE!

Perhaps Mrs. Devere was still thinking of those exciting days when Andy Devere was STUMPING NEW ENGLAND IN BEHALF OF PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT. It is barely possible that she still remembered the letters and telegrams of thanks received by her husband from Vice-President Garner, Postmaster James Farley and from PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT HIMSELF. In any event Devere was hastily released from the chain gang after two days and after Attorney R. B. Gautier received instructions to appear in his behalf. HE THOUGHT HIS TROUBLES WERE OVER BUT—

Nine days later, after he had found employment as an entertainer at the Netherlands Hotel at Miami Beach, DETECTIVE JIM CONROY GRABBED HIM AGAIN. He

The inquisition of Andy Devere will doubtless be revolting to our visitors but we, who live here and are familiar with Cossackism as it is practiced by the Miami Beach police, are not even mildly shocked.

Only a few months ago a retired New York policeman, Daniel McGowan, was illegally arrested, thrown into a cell and hammered into a pulp by "kill crazy" police officers working directly under Chief Youcum and Chief of Detectives Earl Carpenter. In a frantic effort to "cover" their despicable acts the police then tried to "frame" McGowan into the insane asylum and were only thwarted when McGowan's relatives rushed to the rescue.

Just last week the same police force "kidnapped" the President of the local Painter's Union and held him incommunicado until rescued by his attorney.

The record is entirely too long to be detailed here. Its pages are covered with blood-curdling stories of torture, illegal tactics, brutality and BREACHES OF THE SAME LAW THESE VALIANT MINIONS OF THE LAW ARE SWORN TO UPHOLD AND ENFORCE.

What is the reason for all of this? We'll tell you, THE MIAMI BEACH POLICE are seeking to drag a herring across the trail to cover up their own inefficiency and to keep the public from learning of the deplorable condition which actually exists. The daily papers are filled with stories of hold-ups, robberies and other major crimes including murder, OF WHICH NONE ARE EVEN NEAR A SOLUTION. Only this week a trio of wealthy winter visitors were HELD UP AT THE POINT OF A GUN LESS THAN A MILE FROM POLICE HEADQUARTERS AND ROBBED OF \$20,000 WORTH OF JEWELS.

The Miami Beach cops can find an INNOCENT PERSON LIKE ANDY DEVERE, but they can't FIND A REAL CRIMINAL!

was thrown into a cell with 25 others. The cell was built to accommodate 16. DEVERE SLEPT ON THE COLD CONCRETE FLOOR.

THE CHARGE, BELIEVE IT OR NOT, WAS STILL VAGRANCY.

Two days later he was released without going to trial and SOMEHOW MANAGED TO GET OFF OF MIAMI BEACH BEFORE HE ENCOUNTERED DETECTIVE JIM CONROY AGAIN!

Today Devere is walking the streets of Miami, a wreck from his harrowing experiences. His attorneys are drawing up damage suits against the Miami Beach Police department for false arrest and are also preparing a personal suit against DETECTIVE JIM CONROY. Devere's wife and daughter are still at the Beach BUT HE IS AFRAID TO VISIT THEM. He has been robbed of his reputation, his health and his means of making a livelihood.

Up until the time he was first arrested by Detective Conroy ANDY DEVERE HAD NEVER SEEN THE INSIDE OF A JAIL. He has no criminal record anywhere in the United States. He carries newspaper clippings showing how he risked his life to spread the alarm when a dam at Belows Falls, Vermont, broke during the early hours of the morning on November 4, 1927, and how thousands of sleeping persons were saved by his sensational "Modern Paul Revere ride", through the same territory where the immortal Revere spread the alarm in '76. Devere instead of riding a horse, rode a sound truck which he wrecked in his wild dash across the countryside. HE STILL WEARS IN HIS BUTT HOLE A RUBY AND DIAMOND DECORATION CONFERRED UPON HIM BY PRESIDENT COOLIDGE.

If this man is a VAGRANT, then EVERY MAN AT MIAMI BEACH IS A VAGRANT. Is this OLD RUSSIA? HOW MUCH LONGER WILL THE COSSACK TACTICS OF THE MIAMI BEACH POLICE BE TOLERATED?

Devere has already told his story to THE PRESIDENT AND TO THE GOVERNOR. WHAT WILL FOLLOW?

"Always In The Heart of Coconut Grove"  
**La Fayette Bar and Liquor Store**  
Douglas Road and Oak Street Phone Bay 9178  
A. G. "Bud" Shivers Geo. P. Corell  
All Brands of Imported and Domestic Package Goods at  
Lowest Advertised Prices.

Some girls are easy to look at but others pull down the shades when they start to undress.

Some girls close their eyes when you kiss them but they open yours at the same time.

Some garters are knockouts—the foul kind—below the belt.

The best way to belittle a girl is to sell her a reducing machine.

Some girls go to college and take the downward course.

Some keyhole columnists are so narrow minded they can look through a keyhole with both eyes at the same time.

**MIAMI LIFE OWES**

**28,473**

**Creditors At The Present Time.**

Last Month, 28,261  
A year ago, 27,182

or  
A neat gain of 10%  
For The Year to Bring our List of Creditors to Approximately 34% of all Firms and Persons in Dade County.

YESTERDAY 23

**MORE ABOUT YESTERDAY**

(Continued from page 1)

build 1124 airplanes and 92 submarines, all to be built in Japan at a cost of \$150 each in job lots. It would be fine if they would equip these planes with air hooks so when they start to drop the pilot could grab hold of a cloud or two to help break his fall.

These new airplanes will travel 6000 miles without stopping but they will probably never be used as most people would want to stop before they go 6000 miles.

So in the evening for a stroll downtown and for a few moments I thought I was on the main street of Tia Juana about ten years ago. Hearing peculiar whizzings I investigated and to my surprise noted hundreds of one armed bandits openly at work in the doorways of many bistros and beer emporiums. Just who, why or for these mechanical gyps are allowed is one of the many things I don't know but they sure were doing the yokelery good to say nothing of the men behind the scenes. But as I am only a visitor I took it all in without being taken in, and continued on my way to poke my sniffer into a fine dish of lager beer, and later to get myself a two-day-old Pittsburgh newspaper and then to the hay, with my favorite authors—and that famous book entitled "Miss Innocence—a broad."

That will be all—and I guess you think it is BULENTY.

**NOTICE A FREE PSYCHIC CLINIC**

**FREE PSYCHIC READINGS**

The Psychic Research Society is investigating the possibilities of the latent forces known as clairvoyance—clairaudience, telepathy and psychometry. And will give free readings to anyone interested. The questions will be submitted to various mediums being tested. A short time is required between question and answer.

The Society will answer all mailed questions provided a stenographic and mailing cost of 25c is enclosed.

VISITING HOURS:  
2-5 and 7-10 P. M.  
MON.-WED.-FRI.

PSYCHIC RESEARCH SOCIETY  
of Miami, Fla.  
610-611 American Bank Bldg.  
139 N. E. 1st STREET

Anyone possessing psychic powers or interested in psychic faculties are invited to visit the Society's headquarters.

**MORE ABOUT BIG-HEARTED JOE**

(Continued from page 1)

used to pay old bills and provide them with food and shelter. Many of them need charity as much as anyone, yet BIG HEARTED JOE GRABS THEIR PALTRY DOLLARS AND MAKES A BIG SHOT OUT OF HIMSELF IN THE EYES OF HIS SOCIETY FRIENDS.

When a hurried cashier makes the mistake of paying a "Pigeon", or in other words pays a ticket which should not be paid, the amount is taken from his pay. Many of the employees only work part time and incidentally FORK OVER \$10.00 AS OCCUPATIONAL TAX WHEN THEY GO TO WORK. It was these kind of dollars that Big Hearted Joe used yesterday to buy himself a little doubtful glory and to make himself a patron of charity. Perhaps Mr. Wiedener never heard about "Charity begins at home," because he looted his own home yesterday.

**Campus Chatter**  
AT MIAMI U.

The main issue and gossip on the campus this week all tends to the subject of coaches. From reports by the dailys and according to MASTERSON, we should rest assured that the new coaches will put out as fine a team as ever. At least the boys won't have to learn an entirely new style of football as the new coach teaches the Warner system. So adios to the former coaches and hello to the new.

Speaking of football reminds us that we'll miss WALLY KICHEFSKI when next year rolls around. After losing a track job, WALLY seemingly lost heart pushing a broom around the building and took the train home. Here's hoping those same track jobs hold out for the rest of the season or we'll be seeing more of the boys on their way home to play football somewhere else in a year or so.

**NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE:** We wish BORTON would settle down and decide which of the LAMBIDAS it will be. First LOUISE; now HORSLEY . . . We miss WHITEY on campus and we're glad to hear he's so quickly on the road to recovery . . . Which recalls the idea that aforementioned co-captain and DAGMAR seem to have smothered out their pet peeves . . . If you don't believe the modern girl still blushes, you should have seen MAC in the cafeteria a week or so ago . . . What's the significance of those girls singing "Happy Birthday" to PARROTT so often? . . . We can hardly wait to view the THETA ALPHA PHI FROLICS with skits to be contributed by all sororities and fraternities . . . The LAMBIDAS certainly greeted GAMBLE with open arms when she visited our campus last week.

Do our eyes deceive us or is that HARNEY back enjoying our sunshine? Remember we mentioned a Robert Taylorish looking chap at school? He's the PI CHI manager of the boxing team . . . Very nice dance the DELTS had last week except, for the presence of an obnoxious outsider who undecorated not a few of the Show Boat Atmospheres . . . Don't forget the DELTA SIG dance at the Antilla tonite, or are you going to use those passes to the Palm Springs Golf and Polo Club . . . Every time you see BURR lately, you can be sure DUNN isn't far off . . . KASTNER arriving carefully through the Gables with a group of children as HECKY nods from under his blue cap.

Poor NAPOLEON or did you know him by some other title? Anyhow that friendly white pit-bull is no more. In spite of the fact he was an ardent student, faithfully attending classes, some one saw fit to hastily end his career. Stories vary as to the cause of his untimely end. Was it the Chem Lab, the Zoo Lab or did some sour notes from the band dorm do it? Well, maybe he's eating regularly and continuing his education in dog heaven.

**macfadden - deauville**

HOTEL and PLEASURE SPOT

A Gay and Sumptuous Vacation Paradise. Complete facilities for Bernarr Macfadden's far-famed health treatments.

**Smartest Cabanas in Florida**  
**Largest Outdoor Pool in America**  
COLLINS AVENUE AT 67th STREET - MIAMI BEACH

**THEY TELL ME**

Why Mack Dillworth and the three girls were so long getting back from the trip to Lake Worth and what all happened

If Bill Cummer and Bob Kane expect to continue their gallivanting much longer and will the beautiful gal say goodbye forever and leave with tall Tom

Why so many lawyers who have so much experience in separating other married folks do not profit by the errors of their clients and stick to their own wives

Why Hilda Royal, the recently promoted beauty with the big transportation company, thinks it better to put off the big event for another year

**Good Drinks Good Food**  
**PIG & WHISTLE**  
BAR-B-Q & GRILLS  
N. W. 7th Ave. at  
5th St. & at 34th St.

Who started that rumor that Jake Jacobs, Uncle Sam's crack mailman, had finally decided to offer himself in holy wedlock together with all his chattels, hereditaments, etc.

How long Lucille Winsome and "Jolly" Rogers are going to stick to gin and aren't they willing to switch anytime now to the Scotch line as soon as the big advance man gets back in town

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Handsome Harry Boutersee, that great utility man working for us taxpayers at present in the capacity of motorcycle officer, lent a lot of eclat to the Mahi Shrine parade the other evening while keeping the kids from crowding the ponies and elephants

**Station RBC.**

HERE'S a brand new suggestion for "charity" day at the race tracks. Instead of a small percent of the mutuel handle being contributed to the cause, why not pick out a certain race and install boxes around the club house and grand stand for depositing mutuel tickets? All persons desiring to contribute to the fund could purchase mutuel tickets to win, place or show and toss them in the box. After the race officials could pick out all of the winning tickets and cash them. Nearly everyone would be willing to contribute one ticket.

AND speaking of race tracks, I hear that a gigantic sweepstake lottery is being conducted on the outcome of the "big race" at Hialeah. Tickets on all horses nominated for the \$50,000 purse are said to be in circulation and a final drawing is to be held secretly a few days before the big event. The winner, according to information being passed out via the "grapevine," will receive no less than \$50,000 and maybe it will be a cool hundred grand. The brains behind the lottery are steering clear of the mall and are keeping an alert eye on state lines to avoid tangling with Uncle Sam.

TWO of the largest mercantile establishments on Flagler street have tabooed horse and dog tracks and any employee seen where pari-mutuel tickets are being sold is slated for the pink slip. The employers say that employees who hang around dog tracks until midnight aren't fit for work the next day and that they have more confidence in the workers in the knowledge that they have not lost their wages at race tracks and may be tempted to do some "fenagling" with cash registers to get even. If the Telephone Company would only follow the example of the Flagler street merchants, maybe it

would be a little easier to get "information" or "long distance" instead of a yawn from a sleep needing employee.

**CAVIAR**, just in case you are interested, is considered a very rare delicacy and anyone who eats it is looked upon as an aristocrat or a millionaire. Just to satisfy a gnawing curiosity I stopped ten persons at random on the streets this week and sought their knowledge and views on the subject. Imagine my surprise when six of the ten frankly admitted that they had never even heard of caviar. Two more admitted having heard of it but didn't know whether it was some sort of Swiss cheese or perhaps something like pickled pig's feet. The ninth person admitted that he knew what caviar was but had never tasted it and didn't know where it came from. The tenth person, a waitress, was the only one who had ever eaten any caviar and she was emphatic in her statement that she didn't like it. Well, I'm not exactly an old caviar eater myself but my curiosity caused me to look up its history. I find that practically all of caviar comes from Astrakhan Russia. Astrakhan is situated on the delta where the Voiga empties into the Caspian Sea and is a metropolitan city where Ukrainians, Tartars, Russians, Kirghiz, Cossacks, Kalmyks, Armenians and Persians mingle in the extensive fish markets.

**SPEAKING** of stopping people on the street, that fellow who broadcasts everyday at noon on Flagler street digs up some of the darndest questions. The other day one of his queries was, "What three state capitols are named after Presidents?" Not one person out of the twelve or fifteen he interviewed could answer—and neither could I, for that matter—but I looked it up. Here 'tis—Lincoln Nebraska; Madison, Wisconsin; and Jackson, Mississippi.

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