

\$250,000 MIAMI FRAUD!

STORY ON PAGE FOUR



"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Vol. 11—No. 26

Miami, Florida, Saturday, March 20, 1937

Criminals Run Amuck In City!

TAKE A LOOK AT THE TWO WEEKS' RECORD OF SAFETY (GOD SAVE THE MARK!) DIRECTOR ANDREW J. KAVANAUGH, LISTED BELOW. CITY COMMISSIONERS EV SEWELL, RIGBY THE RENEGADE, AND "ACCIDENT" ORR APPROVE OF THIS ORGY OF CRIME! THEY VOTED TWO WEEKS AGO TO RETAIN KAVANAUGH—ON HIS GREAT RECORD. WOMEN AND YOUNG GIRLS ASSAULTED; HOMES RAIDED BY ROVING BANDS OF THUGS—ONE THE RESIDENCE OF AN UNITED STATES GOVERNMENT OFFICIAL! — A BURGLAR ESCAPING FROM JAIL IN BROAD DAYLIGHT; SCORES INJURED AND KILLED IN AUTO CRASHES; SAFES BLOWN BY ROVING PETE-MEN. AND EV SEWELL SAYS: "IT'S O.K. WITH ME!" (See P. 4)

Inquest Slated In Crash Death
CITE KAVANAUGH, FOUR IN CONTEMPT
Bandit, 20, Races to Freedom
8 INJURED IN 32 WEEKEND AUTO ACCIDENTS
PAIR HELD UP IN OWN HOME
Burglar of 32 Homes Makes Daring Escape From Police
5 GIRLS ACCOSTED; POLICE HUNT FIEND
SALESMAN, WIFE TIED UP, ROBBED
Bandits Enter Home and Rob Miami Couple
Woman's Screams Thwart Holdup By Theater Manager
Declares Public Requires Pistols
Bandit, 20, Races to Freedom
Branch P. O. Safe Robbed
Gas Attendant Bandit Victim On Boulevard
Branch P. O. Safe Robbed
Burglar of Homes in Miami Escapes from Police Guard
Wife Robbed
Thief Grabs \$252 as Victim Sleeps
Miami Springs Homes Looted
Pair Held Up in Own Home
Jewel Thieves Get \$500 at Davis Home
Bandits Enter Home and Rob Miami Couple
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Miami Life

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

Executive Offices: 167 N. E. 2nd Street, Miami, Florida
Telephone 2-3233

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

Advertising rates supplied on application.

Vol. 11 Miami, Fla., Saturday, March 20, 1937 No. 26

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

MEDITATIONAL MUSINGS

SOMETIMES when you feel inquisitive ask a cop why he wears a badge and also why he wears it on the left side and then listen to him stammer when he tries to tell you. As a matter of fact no one knows why cops wear badges. The practice was started 244 years ago by New York Policemen. The badge idea is supposed to be a miniature descendant of the "shield" age during which it was a case of the survival of the fittest. In those days everyone carried a shield to protect himself against attacks, and invariably carried it in his left hand to leave the right hand free to counter attack. Of course the police badge of today is a far cry from the big shield of King Arthur's time, but even so it has been known to prove a protection by deflecting bullets aimed at some copper's heart. The first gallows to drop the victim through a trap was invented by Deacon Brodie in Edinburgh. Brodie, the Town Councillor, was hanged on his own gallows October 1, 1788 for stealing. Before the trap gallows the doomed prisoners were strung up over tree limbs. At one time 185 crimes were punishable by death in England. Breaking limbs from public shade trees was a capital offense punishable by death. Until 1932 only three crimes in the United States were punishable by death, murder, rape and treason. The Lindbergh kidnaping act adds another and a few states have recently made highway robbery a capital offense. No person can be convicted of treason in the United States unless the accusation is made within three years from the time of the alleged offense.

—Stay Thru May—

FOLKS who voted for Ev Sewell last time he ran on the promise he'd see that residents received their rebate from the Florida Power and Light Company, are beginning to suspect Effusive Ev has been doing a "strip tease" act all along.

SAFETY Director Kavanaugh orders police to question motorists entering the city from the Beach. Kavanaugh must still have hopes of locating the Lost Charley Ross who disappeared before the turn of the Century. Or maybe he's simply gathering a symposium.

THE man who has to argue about how good he used to be is in the same boat with the fellow who has to produce a sheep's-skin to prove he is a college product.

WELL, they can't very well accuse Ex-King Ed and Wally of a shotgun wedding, but if Wally's temper is what some people say, Ed may be crowned yet.

AN egotist is one who says that "dogs are almost human."

THE tourist who returns North "in order to see Spring come in" is like the hill-billy who shot his great-grandfather dead in order to prevent his dying of old age.

—Stay Thru May—

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

DOG RACING
11
Great Events Nightly—
POST TIME 8:15
ADMISSION
INCLUDES ALL 25¢



2 MORE NIGHTS!
MIAMI'S FAVORITE MAESTRO
JAN GARBER
and his
ORCHESTRA
With a great array of world-famous radio personalities

STARTING MONDAY!
GEORGE OLSEN
AND HIS
ORCHESTRA

FRANK J. BRUEN
General Manager

BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB
N.E. 2nd Ave. or N.W. 7th Ave. at 115th St.

GREEBY STRUGGLES WITH INCOME TAX

FINDS THAT JOINT INCOME OF FAMILY FOR YEAR WAS \$13.40; PLANS TO CLAIM EXEMPTION

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, South Florida's largest rubber-check manufacturer, was found this week by the Miami Life reporter under a coconut tree near Ojus.

"I do not desire no publicity," grumbled the celebrated "paperhanger" as the reporter scrambled through a palmetto thicket.

"Shut up," ordered the reporter. "Why don't you stay in town instead of taking chances of being crippled by squirrels out here in the woods?"

"I resent that" bawled Greeby, squinting down the barrel of a fountain pen. "I've gotta have quiet and gratitude so I can get this here income tax report finished before the breadline."

"Huh," muttered the reporter. "I suppose you mean solitude and deadline, but who in the hell told you that you had to fill in an income tax report?"

"Don't show your ignorance," blatted Greeby squeezing the barrel of the pen and receiving a neat eyeful of ink.

"Now see what you've done," he screamed. "I was doin' all right until you butted in and now I don't know where I am."

"You are sitting on a stump making a chump of yourself," sneered the reporter. "Does that help you get your bearings?"

"Git away and let me alone," yammered Greeby. "I want to get this income tax thing done."

"Maybe I could help you," suggested the reporter.

"Huh," snorted Greeby. "What do you know about fillin' out income tax reports?"

"What does anyone know?" sighed the reporter taking the tax report from Greeby's hand. "Give me that fountain pen before you stab yourself with it and let me ask you some questions."

"Go ahead," mumbled Greeby, "anything to get this done. Income tax returns is a curse to all us famous people."

"Nuts," snorted the reporter. "Here, let's start on this part of it. Have you got any sawmills, leather boots, printing presses, grindstones, Mexican hairless dogs, rayon panties, fertilizer, locomotives, suspension bridges, breweries or molasses?"

"No," replied Greeby, "but there is an old bucket of paint down there in my woodshed."

"Hum," pondered the reporter, "in that case you come under the head of a deductible predecessor which makes you subject to the rules under Section 29, Clause C, of the surtax division."

"Glub," grunted Greeby. "Does that mean that I don't have to pay no income tax?"

"Certainly not," replied the reporter. "It makes it look very bad for you. As a matter of fact it throws you into the improperly accumulated division of the supplementary China trade system and means that you are subject to penalties prescribed in Section 27, Article 14 (d) 2, regulation 94, item 39 of schedule M. Is that clear?"

"Of course," responded Greeby, "but what does it mean?"

"Well, started the reporter, "it is rather hard to define. Suppose you start off and tell me how much your income was for the first two months of 1897."

"1897," stormed Greeby. "Quit kiddin'." "I'm not kidding," flared the reporter. "If you don't know how much you earned in 1897 how do you know how much to charge off for depreciation in 1898?"

"Oh yes, I see now," replied Greeby. "Well, let's see. I think that was the year I wasn't working."

"Why pick out that year in particular?" returned the reporter dryly. "But skip it and tell me how much you earned in 1936."

"Does that mean what I got for actual labor or does it include what Ev gave Mrs. Greeby for doing his washin'?" queried Greeby.

"Both," replied the reporter. "Well," started Greeby, "as near as I can figure it we took in about \$13.40."

"Good," answered the reporter writing down the answer, "and how much of that was earned by Mrs. Greeby?"

"Let me think," stammered Greeby. "I guess it was about \$13.30."

"\$13.30," answered the reporter, "Then that makes your income for the year exactly ten cents. Is that right?"

"Something like that," replied Greeby. "It might be a few cents one way or the other."

"Oh!" moaned the reporter. "I'm really sorry to hear that."

"Why?" queried Greeby anxiously. "It's terrible," said the reporter.

"Do you realize what a fix you are in. Boy, Oh Boy, if the government ever finds out about this you'll probably go to Alcatraz."

"Why?" roared Greeby, turning white.

"Why!" replied the reporter. "Why man you've put yourself under the head of corporation income and excess profit tax and made yourself subject to domestic, joint-corporation stock association, entirely divorced from capital-insurance tax, and a combination of signatures and verification. It's all right here in Item 39, section 43, computation (d), part 7 of schedule 18 under the heading of bad debts, charities and homestead exemption, to say nothing of mopery, highway staggery and malicious intent to gawk. Gosh, I'd sure hate to be in your shoes because—"

Whatever the reporter intended saying was lost because Greeby had swooned.

—Stay Thru May—

They Tell Me

Cannonball Bill Simpson and his girl friend have finally split up—after all these years. Wotta bliming shame!

!!!

That ultra-popular medico, Dr. DeWayne Townsend of Minneapolis, is renewing acquaintances with old friends at the Beach these days. They do say the feds are primping up, as a result.

!!!

Bob MacMillen, the 30-year-old Adonis whose B. R. is said to hold some two million Iron Men and who hails from Lost Land Lake, Wis., is still playing 'em close to his belt when it comes to shoving skins across the barrel-head.

!!!

Amorous squirts flock into Clayton's Restaurant on West First St., just to feast their love-sick eyes on cute little Mary Adeline Pankrantz, of Green Bay, Wis., and then the punks can't eat what they order, what with love-illness and gazing upon the beautiful damsel

!!!

Alert officials of the Biscayne Kennel Club seized the opportunity to ameliorate the miserable rainy weather when Jan Garber opened there by lighting a huge fire of hickory fuel, fumes of which permeated the spacious stands to the delight of the faithful

White Pharmacy

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

OHNNIES CURB MARKET

8228 BISCAYNE BLVD.
Phone Edg. 9186
"Service You'll Like"

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.

WHITE BELT LAUNDRY

Best Quality Work
N. W. 32nd Avenue at 60th Street
M.B. 5-4010 Miami, Edg. 1568

We Make the ONLY CHILI CON CARNE In Town

Enchiladas . . . Tamales
CHILI JACKS
ESTABLISHED 1921
1032 Biscayne Boulevard
PHONE 2-9835

WOMAN CLAIMS PANTIES; SAVES LUCKLESS MAN

SCOTTY O'Neal and his wife, Theodosia, are speaking again. A Miami lady, whose name is omitted for obvious reasons, has her dainty "panties" back again, and— Everything is hotsy-totsy as a result of the story which was published in last week's Miami Life.

Scotty inadvertently picked up the wrong bundle from a bench when he boarded a street car in the downtown district last week and when his wife unfolded what was supposed to be Scotty's laundry, she discovered a whole raft of feminine undergarments.

Last Monday, the doorbell of the O'Neal apartment rang. Mrs. O'Neal discovered a chic little marshmallow blond. The lady explained how she had rushed home to effect a quick change of flimsies in order to catch a date that night—only to discover, with amazement and chagrin, that she had a full supply of "what the well-dressed man" is wearing.

But what stumped Mrs. O'Neal was how the lady found where they lived—for the story did not mention their address.

"Oh, that's easy," the lady said. "I happen to live in an apartment in the building next door and I heard you bawling your husband out. I would have come over before but I was afraid."

The circulation manager is expecting Scotty to kick in with a year's subscription any moment now.

—Stay Thru May—

Short Shorts

DRIVER of garbage wagon arrested for drunken driving after scattering Southwest section garbage all over Allapattah . . . Boy steals public address system out of church . . . Thirty-two members anticipate lengthy snooze next Sunday . . . Hialeah woman's cat gives birth to three kittens and two puppies . . . Well, anything can happen in Hialeah . . . City Manager L. L. Lee denies writing a croon song for Rudy Vallee . . . Monkeys escape from Red Road zoo . . . Roll call at police headquarters failed to uncover them . . . Candidates for city commission being scrutinized . . . Boy thief outruns four radio cars . . . Henry Ford hears about it and tries to hire boy to act as model for next year's car.

FREDERICH'S MARKET

680 N. W. 62nd St.
"Good Food Costs Less at Frederick's"

BASILA GROCERY STORE

26 S. E. FIRST AVENUE
Phone 2-9857

RIPTIDE CLUB

Florida's Smartest Cocktail Bar and Grill
223 - 23rd St. Miami Beach
Telephone 5-8637
HARRIS LEVISON, STEVE FOLSOM, BILLY COOK
Food by Curly

LEON'S, INC.

TEL. 5-1336
Purveyors of Fine Foods Meats, Fruits, Groceries, Vegetables
425 W. 41st ST. M. BEACH

Audio 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.

AND Meet Me at THE SPUR

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

Victor J. Tatham

REAL ESTATE
Congress Building
Phone 2-3123

Social Whirl

MR. AL BERLIN sent \$2.00 to Tropical Park Wednesday. The friend who carried the gelt to the track took one look at the horse and wired Mr. Berlin to send \$3.00 more and take the horse.

MR. JAMES A. DUNN, accompanied by Mr. Casey Jones, visited a West Flagler street barbecue stand Tuesday night. While he was there a couple of drunken drivers sped past and he rubbed his hands gleefully because he knew he would see them again about 9:30 Wednesday morning in municipal court.

—Stay Thru May—
MR. A. B. WILLIS, publisher of Welfare News, went to Jacksonville Monday. In answer to a query as to whether he would be back later in the week his office girl sadly said, "I am afraid he will."

—Stay Thru May—
MR. LOGAN BILLINGSLEY is introducing the "Kurman Model" home. Mr. Kurman, just to show his appreciation, has constructed a "Billingsley Model" garage.

—Stay Thru May—
JACK THE COP, who guards the "chandler" at N. E. First street and First Avenue, got himself "bawled" out by an old lady last Tuesday for pouring water on two dogs and the old lady was right. A cop should have more important things to do than playing with dogs.

—Stay Thru May—
MR. J. K. FINK is offering a reward for the rat catcher who recently took a contract to get rid of rodents around the Rex Cigar store. The rat rounder-up poisoned the pests and they all went under the floor to kick the bucket and J. K. has spent \$9 for gas masks.

—Stay Thru May—
MR. FRANK KELLY was seen in the corridor of the third floor at the courthouse one day this week watching voters registering in the city clerk's office. At the time there were 18 voters and 21 candidates waiting for their signatures on petitions. Mr. Kelly sent out a call for three more voters to even it up.

Lets Meet and Eat

at the
CAROBIL CLUB
FEATURING
Jack Middleton's
"Swinging Strings"
with
Roy Parks
1600 N. W. 62nd STREET

Restaurant Trocadero

Breakfast-Luncheon-Dinners
168 N. E. 40th Street
Across from Biltmore Theatre
Full Course Dinners 50c to \$1
Stop on your way to and from Hialeah Races. Plenty Parking Space.

WEBB

SERVICE STATION
1101 Washington Avenue
MIAMI BEACH
Phone 5-9270

Netherland Hotel TAP ROOM

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

MIAMI FOOD STORE

"Quality - Always"
65 N. E. 14th STREET
Phone 2-9223

"Always In The Heart of Coconut Grove" La Fayette Bar and Liquor Store

Douglas Road and Oak Street
A. G. "Bud" Shivers Geo. P. Corell
All Brands of Imported and Domestic Package Goods at Lowest Advertised Prices

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 2-9565

ENJOY PLEASANT AFTERNOONS AT TROPICAL PARK

Watching America's Finest Thoroughbreds
SENSATIONAL SPRING MEETING
RUNS THROUGH APRIL 3
8 RACES DAILY - 1:45 P. M. POST
Grand Stand \$1.00 - Clubhouse \$3.00 (Tax Included)
Miami's Friendly Race Course

ROUND THE TOWN

OF course there are several good reasons for visiting the Italian Kitchen at 26 N. E. Third avenue but as an added attraction there is Miss Tina Carnevale, comely daughter of the proprietor who is one of the leading contestants for the title of "Queen of the Ball," an affair to be given by the Italian-American club March 21, at Miami Civic Center, for the benefit of the building fund. Miss Carnevale is a graduate of Miami High school.

Men! Get Your New EASTER SUIT

Now . . . And Pay For It Later

The latest styles are in "fillers", and we have just the pattern and color that you want. Single and double breasted, sport and conservative models. Get your suit now, before the rush starts.

\$14.50 and \$22.50

Your Credit Is Good Here!

Open An Account Today!

LADIES' EASTER DRESSES

Beautiful pastels and dark shades for Spring wear. All sizes and styles. Beautiful materials. Buy your dress on credit.

\$3.95 - \$6.95 up

Ladies' New Easter COATS

Come in and see our assortment of Coats. You'll find just what you want and you can buy a coat on credit here.

\$10.95 up

W. T. FARLEY

UNION CLOTHING CO.
330 N. MIAMI AVE.

Around the Collegiate Circuit with Miami Guys and Gals

THE success of Miami Beach boys on the collegiate BIG TIME continues as of old . . . out of a clear sky comes an Associated Press dispatch telling the folks hereabouts of the new VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE basketball captain . . . he is none other than our own JACK READ, one of the greatest athletes ever developed at the old FISHER HIGH SCHOOL. JACK is studying engineering at V.M.I. and upon graduation will enter the LAW SCHOOL at the University of Florida . . . truly a gentleman and a scholar.

ED GIBSON who graduated at FISHER HIGH in 1934, is now finishing second year at the UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY at Annapolis, Md. . . . ED is about the fourth BEACH boy to make good in the Naval school.

It seems to be a habit of Beach boys to go to service schools . . . JOE McCHRISTIAN, another MIAMI BEACH boy, has been a WEST POINTER for about three years . . . when Joe finished Fisher in '32 he didn't have the necessary requirements because he had been laid up with a brain concussion (football) for about six months . . . so off he went to Fort McPherson in Atlanta, Ga., and prepped in that "Leatherneck Plant" for two solid years . . . That alone proves the sorrel topped kid can take it.

B. B. GOLDSTEIN and BENNY CLEIN, two Georgia born, Florida bred GEORGIA BULLDOGS will vacation here during Spring holidays . . . BENNY ate his Xmas dinner a week early last year and had to have his appendix removed, yes . . . an appendectomy, thus depriving him of a two weeks vacation.

After looking at the HURRICANE GRIDDERS, I have come to the conclusion that next year's football schedule is a hellbender . . . that late game with GEORGIA shouldn't be where it is . . . the BULLDOGS are always fast finishers and they go haywire at dedications . . . if you don't believe me, ask old ELI YALE.

—Stay Thru May—

MIAMI LIFE'S BEST JOKE OF THE WEEK

THREE lads whose evening had evidently been spent sipping from the flowing bowl staggered into the foyer of the railway station and headed for the train gate. The journey proved too tough, especially when they encountered a pile of baggage stacked in the middle of the floor, and down they went.

Two of them finally managed to unscramble themselves and paying no attention to their prone companion, headed for the gate. They managed to catch the train by an eyelash. A porter hurried to the rescue of the stranded one and managed to revive him after a vigorous shaking.

"Whers my pals?" he muttered, shaking his head.

"Dey just barely managed to make de train sub!" explained the porter. "But ah's afraid you-all done missed it."

"Thash funny," mumbled the drunk. "They just come to see me off."

—Stay Thru May—

EDITOR'S MAIL

HE'S AGIN' MARY . . .
March 18, 1937.

Editor, Miami Life,
167 N. E. Second St.,
Dear Sir:

You're sure going to town for Mary Perrine as candidate for city commissioner. What's the idea? With a girl like that on the commission, those other pid geezers couldn't keep their mind on their work long enough to jump when Shutts and Kavanaugh cracked their whips. Woman's place is in the home anyway. No dame has sense enough to be in politics anyway—look at that Perkins woman. It's bad enough to let them vote.

BEN BAKER.

SHE'S FOR HER!

March 18, 1937.

Editor, Miami Life:

Why is there such ado simply because a woman has spunk enough to run for public office? I refer to Miss Mary Perrine, candidate for city commissioner.

I have never met Miss Perrine but I certainly shall vote for her. We women are nauseated with the mismanagement of public affairs by men. It is almost a certainty that an alert, honest woman can do no worse than several of the present commissioners who appear afraid to do anything whatsoever without first receiving instructions from Higher Ups.

Let the women of Miami support this trail-blazer of their own sex. Someone had to break the ice and I, for one, hand it to Miss Perrine in performing their mission.

(Mrs.) VIRGINIA D. MOORE

March 19, 1937.

Editor, Miami Life:

Please send me six months sub-

Election Data

Wednesday, March 24—Registration books close at city hall.

Tuesday, March 30—Registration books open in precincts.

Saturday, April 3—Last day to file petitions.

Wednesday, April 7—Commission adopts ordinance calling regular election for May 11.

Friday, April 9—Last day for filing nomination acceptances.

Wednesday, April 14—Registration books for primary close.

Saturday, April 17—Last day to pay poll tax.

Monday, April 19—Registration books open at city hall.

Monday, April 19—First day for casting absentee ballots.

Monday, April 26—Registration books close.

Tuesday, May 4—Primary election (First six to be nominated.)

Tuesday, May 11—Regular election.

—Stay Thru May—

STARS OVER MIAMI

WITH Clarence Chamberlain and Amelia Earhart ready to blaze new trails through the skyways, Harry Richman sits on the sidelines at the swanky Royal Palm Club and says nothing. Harry, you know, is somewhat of a sky blazer himself, but just now he has another chore to perform and he goes about it cheerfully. Harry will have an additional hired man this week when Joe Lewis shakes the frozen sunshine of California from his feet and starts his engagement at the Royal Palm. Addition of Lewis just about completes the royal flush of kings and queens at the Ritzy downtown nightclub and verily makes it the bright spot of the town.

WAYNE King, Paul Whiteman, Jan Garber and now — George Oleson. . . How's that for four headliners at a dog track? No matter how you look at it you've gotta hand it to Frank J. Bruen, manager at the Biscayne track, for giving his patrons a sweet run for their money. King was the first famous orchestra leader at the big north side oval and has been followed by Whiteman and Garber. With the closing of Garber's engagement, Oleson will move in for the remainder of the season. Eleven dog races and dancing to rythm which sells for \$3.00 "per listen" elsewhere all for twenty-five cents seems too great a bargain to be real.

CHESTER Brownagle and his orchestra now hold forth at the Town Casino Club and several new acts have been added to the floor show. Three shows, instead of the customary two, are offered nightly at the Town Casino which is at West avenue and Dade Boulevard, Miami Beach.

JAKE Sher won his second court case of the season this week and monkey races are now the rage at the West Flagler dog track. Popularity of the fad, which was introduced last year, is attested by the throngs who are turning out nightly just to see the monks ride the fleeting greyhounds around the track. The glass starting boxes, found only at West Flagler, are most popular with the fans and are largely accountable for the fact that all previous attendance records have been shattered at the west side plant this winter.

Mrs. Frances J. Berner

Lillian Gift Shoppe

A Complete Line of
Florida Souvenirs
Packages Wrapped for Mailing
Hotel Miller Building
239 N. E. 1st Avenue
MIAMI, FLORIDA

WINE & DINE
at the
FIG & WHISTLE
BAR-B-Q & GRILLS
N. W. 7th Ave. at
14th St. & at 34th St.

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

TEDDY'S GRILL
FAMOUS FOR
Tastiest Meals
In Miami
Try Our
25c
Plate
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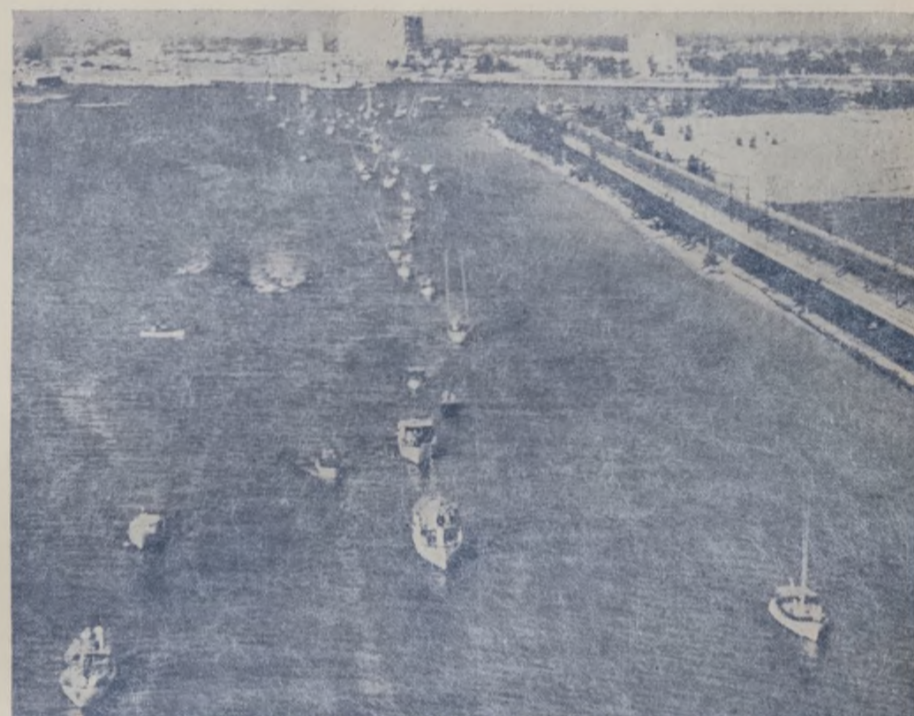
STAY • THROUGH • MAY • IN • GREATER • MIAMI !!



ROYAL PALM DOCKS—BISCAYNE BAY



Linger Longer
With Us In
Miami



THE FISHING FLEET COMES IN

Nowhere under the magnificent canopy of Heaven is there a more exotic garden of beauty and tranquility than Miami in springtime . . . Nature garbs herself in her gayest and most enchanting robes . . . The sun, tempered with refreshing sea breezes, looks down upon peaceful Miami during the day and sinks to rest in the golden west to make way for the magic touch of the moon as it rises over beautiful, blue Biscayne Bay to usher in another delightful evening. Stay thru May and share God's gifts with us.

- | | | | | |
|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| JARRETT COFFEE CO.
507 N. W. Miami Court—2-2174 | EVERGLADES DINING ROOM
244 Biscayne Boulevard | MR. TRICE
Coin Machine Operator's Association
of Dade County
Seybold Building | HAROLD JOHNSON, Prop.
Cortez Soda Shop
241 N. E. 1st Avenue | HARMONY GRILL
1516 N. Miami Avenue
Mr. E. Feldeman |
| WM. JOYCE
County Purchasing Agent | SEVEN SEAS RESTAURANT
(Across from old Post Office) | GOLDIE'S GRILLE
1300 N. E. 2nd Avenue | MRS. L. M. CULLEN
169 N. E. 69th Street | MRS. MARY HARRIS
514 N. W. 5th Avenue
HUNDLEY & BRETT, Inc.
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| HOTEL PHARMACY
1201 Lincoln Rd., Miami Beach—5-6425 | FIN-NOR MACHINE SHOP
21 N. W. 9th Street | MOE PALLOT, Prop.
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1601 N. W. 18th Street—Phone 2-5657 | "A FRIEND" | H. & D. GARAGE
1 N. W. 62nd St., at Miami Avenue | J. B. IRWIN
Termite & Fungus Exterminator
3925 Ponce de Leon Blvd.—4-4305 |
| "A FRIEND" | GREEK IMPORTING COMPANY
443 N. Miami Avenue | EXCHANGE HOTEL
141 N. E. 3rd Avenue | HARDY'S BAR
1690 N. W. 62nd Street | MR. FRANK HILSON |
| A. H. BRANNON | RICHARD KIEHNEL
Seybold Building | EAST COAST TILE CO.
100 N. E. 24th Street | MR. CHARLES HANNOCK
County Surveyor | DR. B. F. HODSON
418 Security Building |
| CONGRESS PHARMACY
Congress Bldg. 2-6968 | CLEMMERS PHARMACY
7100 Collins Avenue—M. B. | EVERGLADES LAUNDRY
2120 N. W. First Avenue | DURANT PHARMACY
1205 West Flagler Street | J. GESCHEIDT, INC.
1301 Washington Avenue, Miami Beach |
| FISHING HOLE BAIT & TACKLE
SHOP | KLEFEKER PRODUCE, Inc.
4 N. E. 7th Street | E. A. EHMANN, Architect
268 Halcyon Arcade No. 4—Ph. 2-3700 | H. HENTZ & CO.
226 E. Flagler Street | GALLAT'S ITALIAN RESTAURANT
713 West Flagler Street |
| FISH & LOBSTER MARKET
448 N. E. 13th Street 2-9444
W. P. Russell C. M. Pearson | MR. DANIELS
Claude-Neon Southern Corporation
2014 N. W. Miami Court | DUNN BUS SERVICE
602 Florida National Bank Building | MR. CLARK, Prop.
Economy Poultry Market
1335 N. W. 7th Avenue | JOE'S TIRE SHOP
1113 N. W. 7th Avenue |
| C. A. BAKER, Prop.
Coral Way Service Station
3202 S. W. 22nd St. | CORAL WAY SERVICE STATION
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332 S. E. 2nd Avenue—Phone 2-7611 | CITY LAUNDRY, Inc.
2160 N. W. 1st Court—Mrs. Rambaugh | RALPH'S BAR
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1106 S. W. 8th Street | WILLIAM W. GOODMAN
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| MR. SCHWARTZ
East Coast Fish Market
360 West Flagler Street | CAMPBELL'S SUNDRY SHOP
Mrs. Laing, Mgr.
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"SEMINOLE QUEEN"
At City Yacht Basin, Pier No. 6 | HON. JUDGE JAMES A. DUNN
Municipal Court—Court House | DR. VON M. W. GERHARD
Podiatrist
Olympia Building |
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1047 West Flagler | GREENLEAF & CROSBY
1000 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach |

\$250,000 Insurance Swindle!

KENNEDY & ELY COMPANY DENIED LICENSE AS CHECK-UP REVEALS NATION-WIDE FRAUD

(Copyright 1937, Life Publishing Co., Inc.)

IN one of the most audacious swindles ever perpetrated in the history of Florida, Miami holders of insurance policies have been fleeced out of \$250,000 during the past five years!

MIAMI LIFE, in this copyrighted expose, reveals for the first time how thousands of property owners and business people TODAY are still unaware that they have recourse to the courts to recover "return premiums" due to them, but which have been pocketed by scheming insurance brokers through fraudulent evasions of insurance laws,—and through downright theft!

The Miami office in the gigantic nation-wide fraud, which is still mulcting millions of dollars from unwary insurance buyers, was manipulated by the adroit and suave W. G. "Georgie" Kennedy, head of Kennedy and Ely, Inc., of 1501 Congress Building, Miami, and of Kennedy and Becker, Inc., 1000 Lincoln Road, Miami Beach. "Georgie" really "scored!"

In exposing the insidious labyrinth of chicanery presided over by Kennedy, former carnival showman, this publication herewith presents incontrovertible proof that NOT ONLY WERE TRUSTING BUYERS DUPED, BUT INSURANCE COMPANIES REPRESENTED BY THE KENNEDY AGENCIES AS WELL!

The following is a list of insurance companies represented by the two Kennedy "gyp" agencies—check up on YOUR policies and see if YOU have money coming from them:

- Miller's National Insurance Company;
- Pearl Assurance Company;
- Monarch Insurance Company;
- Eureka Security Company;
- General Insurance Company

Now that you have the "lay of the land", follow these details closely—details uncovered by P. J. Cesarano, deputy insurance commissioner of the State of Florida, and exposed exclusively by MIAMI LIFE:

Kennedy and Ely and Kennedy and Becker agencies are non-board companies. That is, they are called "cut rate" agencies by the average layman because they quote insurance rates lower than companies controlled by—in the case of Florida—the South Eastern Underwriters Association, which conducts a "clearing house" to check up on all rates and policy forms.

The Kennedy insurance companies do NOT go through rating bureaus, and therefore accept any rate their agents (Kennedy) quotes. With all the characteristic attributes of a Vulture, which scavenger of the sky they personify, the Kennedy agencies were greedy for business and used any rate from ten to fifty per cent below the standard. This permitted them to set their own prices on fire and wind-storm policies, in which they specialize.

According to the investigators who stripped Miami's Wolf of its Sheep's clothing, this is how most of the trickery was accomplished:

Let's say, for example, you purchased fire and windstorm insurance on your home, apartment house or hotel from one of Kennedy's agencies. Assume you paid a premium of \$1,000—this being cheaper than the rate quoted you by reputable BOARD agencies.

With your \$1,000 check deposited, Kennedy started his hokus-pokus legerdemain. He instructed his secretary, who writes fire policies, to add an endorsement to the policy reading somewhat as follows: "In consideration of a reduction of rate, the assured (the sucker) is hereby granted a return premium in the amount of \$300."

Now, here's where YOU BUYERS lost the dough which you STILL may get from the "hooked" companies which Kennedy represented! Instead of sending you, the policyholder, that \$300 rebate, Mister Kennedy, who had years of training while trawling with carnivals, demonstrated that "the hand is quicker than the eye", and those 300 frog-skins went into a pocket of his bulging pantaloons! (In more than 50 per cent of cases investigated, the foregoing was the procedure.)

Now, the Kennedy agencies in the past five years have written thousands of such policies. Take a sheet of paper and a pencil and TRY to figure how much the huge theft will amount to when authorities get around to it—if ever!

You may ask: "What do the insurance companies think about it?" Well, Inspector Cesarano laid the cards before company officials on last Monday and Tuesday, March 15th and 16th. They were thunder-struck. But they realized that thousands—many thousands of dollars were involved; not THEIR money, mind you, but YOUR money. On the other hand, they realized that THEY, THE COMPANIES, WILL HAVE TO "MAKE GOOD" ALL THE RETURN PREMIUMS DUE THE POLICY HOLDERS AND WHICH WERE POCKETED BY KENNEDY! That, they mused, wasn't so hot!

So the insurance companies acted collectively. They were given permission by the state insurance department to CANCEL the Kennedy agency licenses and to liquidate their outstanding accounts. Thereupon Messrs. W. G. Kennedy, R. H. Ely and Sam R. Becker ceased to function as insurance agents.

Simultaneously, a "dummy sale" was being engineered, by virtue of which I. B. Green, former general agent for the Pearl Assurance Co. and its affiliates, would take over the Kennedy agencies. A provision was made that Ely would continue as a clerk and that Joseph F. Cummings, manager of the Beach branch of Kennedy and Becker, Inc., would be retained as a salesman.

The whole foul mess was served up for action by County Solicitor "Bob" Taylor, who instantly agreed that an astounding swindle had been put over on the public. But, he explained, it was squarely up to the companies to institute criminal prosecution.

But, Mr. Public, it is a cinch bet that no court action will be taken. Why not? Because, it is dubious whether recovery could be had from Kennedy—and, more important, such publicizing would only tend to TIP OFF OTHER UNINFORMED INSURANCE BUYERS THAT THEY HAD MONEY DUE THEM FROM THE COMPANIES! Roughly, the companies would stand to drop another quarter-million dollars in return premiums.

Another ramification of the Kennedy hoodwinking was brought about in a quiz of the Chicago Lloyd's Company office here, represented by W. Merrill Hollett, NEPHEW OF KENNEDY. Evidence of similar "shakedowns" were bared despite the fact that when Commissioner Cesarano stepped into the Kennedy and Ely office last Tuesday, "All Bahl" Kennedy instructed Nephew Hollett to "scram" with all Chicago Lloyd policies and documents. This was neatly accomplished by Nephew W. Merrill who now operates from his bedroom at 3442 N. W. 2nd Avenue. If you care for some insurance, ring Nephew W. Merrill at Number 3-2440. Reverse charges if you prefer. Or just leave your scratch under the door.

And all this is only a drop in the bucket! When the hurricane struck Miami on November 4th, 1935, some of you people considered it a catastrophe but to "Georgie" Kennedy it was more in the way of a windfall, as it were.

Kennedy sent an S.O.S. for William Cole, insurance adjuster of Jacksonville, and before you could say "Jesse James", an agreement was negotiated whereby Cole was to adjust storm losses on policies written by Kennedy's agencies. This little piece of scheming permitted Cole and Kennedy to split the

adjusting fees right "down the aisle"—a maneuver not strictly in accordance with Hoyle, the Talmud, and Koran, the Bible or Emily Post.

With a deskful of blank drafts, bearing signature of P. J. Murphy, state agent for Miller's National Insurance Co., Daytona Beach, Brothers Cole and Kennedy paid claims with a lavish hand. Many were legitimate but in many cases claims were deliberately over-paid.

Fraudulent claims were handled by Tom Hollett, Kennedy's brother-in-law, and by Joseph F. Cummings, investigators charge. Cummings adjusted one loss on a dwelling at 1835 S. W. 11th street and advised the owner the claim was worth only two or three hundred dollars. The owner was so disgusted and in such a precarious financial strait that he sold the house and claim outright to Cummings for \$300! Cummings then proceeded to shove through a damage claim of \$1200. The Monarch Insurance Company thereupon "kicked in" with the latter amount, thus purchasing a nice home for Cummings at the expense of the unfortunate soul who formerly owned the property.

Readers of MIAMI LIFE who care to determine whether they were among those gyped by the Kennedy Mob may obtain that information by communicating with the Insurance Editor, MIAMI LIFE, 167 N. E. Second street, Phone 2-5081.

FURTHER DETAILS OF THIS WHOLESALE INSURANCE FRAUD—with ramifications which will astound you—will be revealed in MIAMI LIFE in the next issue, at all newsstands on March 27th!

On The Cuff

By LUKE THE LUG

IF Heywood Brown picks hosses like he selects dates, they'll be holding benefits for the New York scribe some of these days. Heywood last Wednesday elected to "pan" Rear Admiral Richmond P. Hobson, hero of the sinking of the Merrimac in the harbor of Santiago de Cuba during the Spick War. Brown used some caustic language about the faded old hero. And just prior to publication of the article, Admiral Hobson dropped dead. Brown's story, as a result, looked like an attack upon a dead man. Just another 365-to-1 that went wrong.

DURING the recent typographical strike, the Herald referred to the Tribune as "the other morning paper." The Trib proved big leaguer enough to recognize such a rag as the Herald and named it. It is just a matter of mental-breadth. As Derby Day Bill Clymer used to say: "Class will tell."

GRAPVINE—Neatest trick of Spring: Senator Sumner advises the U. S. "to keep our feet on the ground and our shoulders on our heads." . . . You might try that on your piano . . . Imagine a Murphy trying to stop an automobile fight in Michigan . . . They can't arrest you in Alabama for selling liquor, now that the state voted 'wet'. Before, they

just DIDN'T . . . History repeats itself. Big Bill Thompson used to say he'd punch the late King George on the snoot if they ever met up. Now Fiorello and Adolf are making faces at each other . . . Flash! Thieves rob U. S. Commissioner of \$500 in jewels. J. Edgar Hoover's boy friend, Andy Kavanaugh, promises to 'comb city'. Hope he doesn't use the comb with all the teeth out . . . Tribune head reads: "Waitress' Art To Be Exhibited." Just a matter of form, no doubt. But IS it art? . . . Hearst's Atlanta Georgian recently published a "retouched" photograph in which one man was shown with five fingers and a thumb on one hand. Handy man to have round . . . Isn't Andy Kavanaugh somewhat of a 'sit-down striker' himself? He won't budge under pressure . . . SEEING A STRAYING HUSBAND REHEARSING HIS ALIBI IN A NIGHT CLUB BEFORE GOING HOME TO THE WIFE LED LESTER FESTER TO REMARK: "HIS STORY IS MADE UP AT NIGHT." . . . Sentencing of Dr. Townsend to jail brings up the question: "How will the old folks spend their 200 bucks while doing time in the Clink?" What a harvest for the kangaroo court! . . . See that guy with the derby and spats? He's the fellow who is NOT running for city commissioner.

Sex, Socks Enter Commission Race

IN Washington, the boys in the Back Room are trying to shelve nine old men so that progress shall not be impeded by the Supreme Court.

In Miami, the outraged electorate is whetting it's prying knife to amputate "dead issue" from the palsied city commission — preparing a "ballot purge" which will send several more-or-less granite heads rolling in the sands of Time.

Krimes Kontinue As King Kavy's Koppers Kavort

WITH Professor Ev Swinette Sewell wielding the baton to the strains of the Old Gray Mare, with variations, Safety Ejector Andrew J. (for Jeep) Kavanaugh whose prestige as a criminologist is secure because he can slap J. Edgar (Camera-Shy) Hoover on the back without getting a clout on the chops, staged another act in his unprecedented Comedy of Errors during the Two Weeks since Prof. Sewell's vote kept his ample proboscis in the Public Trough.

"Slow Motion" Kavy really did himself proud this time. With lightning swiftness, somewhat after the fashion of a Brood Mare slithering after a peck of oats, Sewell's Boy Friend captured a 20-year-old confessed burglar on Sunday, showed the sprout the Gold-fish on Monday and let him escape in a saunter from the City Jail on Tuesday!

On Wednesday his Guardian Angel, Colonel Shuts, pacified the perturbed public by front-paging a bel-low in the Herald to the general effect that Kavanaugh was just about to inaugurate a "sweeping investigation" of the whole distressing mess. (No wonder the composing room walked away from that smell!)

On Page One of this issue, you will see a paltry few headlines and heads heralding the Crime Circus which continue unabated after "Me, Too" Sewell voted to retain Kount Kavanaugh in his saddle astride the public's shoulder. However, in all fairness to the Rochester Ruminant let it be said that he LED his shock troops, armed with tear-gas, to suppress the striking typographical union workmen when they DARED gum up Kavy's Father Confessor Shuts by squatting in the Herald abattoir. It is rumored he advanced under a smoke screen, as usual. He also knocked over a five-woman torso-joint during the 14-day reign of terror just completed.

And Taffy-Thatched Sewell rendered The Old Gray Mare in Asia Minor.

Just as surely as one of those craniums will be covered with the Taffy-Tinted Tresses of Ev "Goldie-Locks" Sewell, unprejudiced and unbiased observers are unanimously agreed that the real Fair-Haired Boy in the forthcoming "housecleaning election" will be Dr. Ralph Ferguson, the most popular candidate since Commissioner Bob Williams was swept into office.

So persistent is Ferguson's growing sentiment that one veteran politico, who is himself a candidate, sagely observed yesterday that "There are only TWO seats open on the commission because 'Doc' Ferguson is a dead cinch!"

Another powerful aspirant to succeed the doomed Sewell, Mayor Fossey and discarded Rigby, is R. C. Gardner, president of the Tip Top Groceries. Gardner almost got in the last time out. The helluvitt is, say his competitors, "you can't say anything much a'gin Gardner!"

Sewell was having the Devil's own time enticing "scorched" voters to sign his futile petitions. But the other candidates were staging a heated scramble for John Hancock. At least one rousing, good fist fight resulted when two petition-annoyers pounced on a voter who had already signed two documents.

Many of those approached demanded of the petitioner: "How does your candidate stand on Kavanaugh?" Due to the fact that few were timid about voicing opposition to the discredited safety director, petition-shovers had ready answers.

Several aspirants to office entrusted petitions to one R. V. Cobb, a professional petition-pusher who virtually agreed to hog-tie, stuff and deliver voters' signatures in carload lots—at so much per signature. . . At City Hall, Sex-pulsating, throbbing Dix—high-heeled into the campaign. Games and dandies, wenchies and flappers, ranging from calsonimed blondes to buxom brunettes and rusty-heads, pouted and pursed pashy lips, like so many punks eating parsonsmons, rolled Great Beeg Baby Blue Eyes at male voters—and visiting firemen—and gushed baby prattle such as: "Please, won't you sign MY itty-bitty petition?" Strangely, the only woman candidate, Miss Mary Perrine, religiously refrained from such horse-play and seemed to be gathering plenty of support none-the-less.

Nor was there a dearth of intimidation. City employees were said to have been given what is known as a Hobson's Choice. They were warned that they either signed Ev Sewell's petitions, or the red flag would be hung on them and they would be shunted off to join Scarborough, Williams, Hancock and Crawford in Czar Kavanaugh's Siberia.

That the campaign may be clarified and issues sharply drawn, MIAMI LIFE herewith INVITES all candidates to submit their individual opinions and contentions in support thereof as to one of the most vital problems before the voter: "HOW I STAND UPON ANDREW J. KAVANAUGH'S FUTURE WITH THE CITY."

Replies from candidates availing themselves of this opportunity to tell voters where they stand NOW will be published in this NEWS Magazine in next week's issue.

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

Just why is it that corpulent Irish scribe always plugging for the fascinating Celtic colleen who resides on S. Bayshore and why is he leary of introducing his much more prepossessing roommate.

How do Desmond Kelly's red shoes retain that tomato color, by the envy of midettes in the downtown district.

Why doesn't "Whitey" Krapp ever take a vacation like many of his acquaintances wish or is it a case of . . .

Yes, it's true!

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