



Vol. 11—No. 29

Miami, Florida, Saturday, April 10, 1937

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

10

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

Race Riot In Tallahassee!

Let's Quit Playing Dog In The Manger!

"Can-al acquaintance Be Forgot— Blow the Smoke (Screen) Away—"

LEDED by Impressario Frank Shutts, the only conductor who wields TWO batons simultaneously, the Anvil Chorus today is bleating a dirge against the proposed Florida Cross-State Canal — bleating like so many Voices Calling in the Wilderness.

"Miami will be ruin-ed! The Citrus crop will be nailed to the cross! Ain't it aw-ful, Mabel? Think of the weeds that will grow in our streets! (Where've we heard that before, Mister Hoover?)

Well, one swallow doesn't make Spring any more than one swallow makes Jack an intoxicated youngster. And one mournful bleat, emitted from the depths of the soul, doesn't make a roar. So, through the blatant bellowing of the Anvil Chorus, one may hear an insistent and growing swell of voices DEMANDING that Southern Florida "lay off" opposition to the All Flor-

(Continued on page 4)

Pay Poll Tax

A BILL to abolish poll-tax will be introduced, and passed by an overwhelming majority, during the present session of the legislature but that does not mean that you will not have to pay your poll-tax to vote in the coming municipal election. Today is the last day. Pay, or you can't vote.

Miami Life's interpretation of the poll-tax law as it, now stands, is that it is not illegal for one person to pay another's poll-tax and that should the question be carried to the supreme court it is highly probable that the supreme court would agree with our interpretation.

Tribune Tries To Get On Ferguson's Band Wagon.

WITH all of the seats on Ralph Ferguson's band-wagon filled, the poor old Tribune is hanging onto the tail-gate begging the other passengers to reach down and give it a hand.

Yes Sir! the Tribune endorses Ferguson and urges its seven million readers to support him in the coming city commission race. An uninformed person reading the Tribune might be led to believe that the Tribune had dug Ferguson out of the pile of humanity and presented him to the voters of Miami as the logical, and outstanding candidate in the race.

Well, the Tribune has never been decorated for modesty so why bother? As a matter of fact Ralph Ferguson is not the Tribune candidate. The Tribune is the RALPH FERGUSON CAMP FOLLOWER ready and eager to swing onto the coat-tail of the fast traveling candi-

IT'S a brannigan—it's a brawl—it's a full-fledged race "riot" that's being waged in the Capitol at Tallahassee and yet there isn't a single Nigger-in-the-wood-pile!

The race "riot" isn't a clash between Whites and Jigaros, but a veritable Battle of the Century between the Racing Interests of the North and the outraged merchants of Greater Miami!

The Racing Clique, squatting snugly on millions mulcted from victimized business-men of this section, are fighting tooth-and-nail to hold the Gold Mine which it BOUGHT AND PAID FOR in the legislature.

The Greater Miami merchants, tired of being the Patsy for the ruthless Rapists from beyond the Potomac, have given the good old Rebel Yell and in solid formation are moving to oust the enemy from its gold-shored ramparts.

Following announcement last week in Miami Life that such a war impends, store-keepers and other property owners here showered this publication with

votes of thanks for bringing the war out into the open.

The rumble of heavy artillery was heard in Tallahassee as the Vanguard of the Miami legion rolled into the capital with the advent of the establishment there of A HIGH-PRICED LOBBY, maintained with funds raised by local merchant groups.

A bird's-eye view of the battle-front would reveal the positions of the opposing armies about like this:

One group of Miami merchants were taking up position as the S.O.S. (Service of Supply) for the Lobbyists, dishing out funds in sufficient amount as to offset the wealth behind the Race Lobby which faces them across the legislative breastworks.

This group was dedicated to the avowed objective of repealing unconditionally the odious amendment to the original local option parimutuel bill. Moreover, this body of Shock Troops was moving forward behind a proposal to draft a law providing for limiting both dog and horse racing here to five days and nights per week.

(Continued on page 4)

STATION R. B. C.

Goldie F., last year's most sensational two-year-old race horse, didn't stay in Miami through May, and the result proved disastrous. Goldie F. who won 11 out of 14 starts as a two-year-old, died Tuesday at Belmont Park where she was shipped after spending the winter at Hialeah. The horse contracted pneumonia on the trip north. Goldie F. was owned by Mrs. W. A. Bridges who refused \$20,000 for her a few days before the

close of the Hialeah track.

We hate to tell a "sexy" story about a City Commissioner, especially a fellow like Alex Orr but this one is too good to skip. The other day while Alex was addressing the commission on the bus subject he waxed eloquent and went into Miami's history. As a climax he said, "Miami, when she finally began to grow to her full 'Manhood,' became

(Continued on page 4)

WHY BEAT AROUND THE BUSH?

IT'S HIGH time Miami, which pretends to be a metropolis, takes off its celluloid collar, checked-vest, gal-luses and square-toed boots, and tries to LOOK THE PART of a Big City.

They tell us that Charity Begins At Home. Let Miami look after its own interests for a while instead of trying to carry the entire sixty-seven counties of the state on its shoulders.

What we're driving at is this: Do NOT legalize gambling and thereby drive away the decent element of Winter visitors as well as year 'rounders and also be placed in a position where the city will have to divvy up with proceeds derived from gambling licenses and concessions.

Rather, let Miami adopt practices in use in other large urban centers of the country by levying REGULAR BI-WEEKLY FINES against all gambling establishments and bookies, thus keeping these places UNDER CONTROL of the authorities and at the same time KEEPING THE RECEIPTS OF FINES for use exclusively of the city.

There WILL ALWAYS BE GAMBLING, whether or not it is legalized. But if gambling IS legalized, the dough gleaned from the gam-bol-ers will NOT REMAIN in the city but will go to every two-by-four hamlet and jerk-water cross-roads county within the state.

City Fathers, give this a thought! Voters, give it two thoughts! We don't want a second Reno here, with gambling joints run openly like cafes, booteries, markets and the like. But we CAN REGULATE the various gambling enterprises, segregate them if necessary—and at one fell swoop take the load off the tax-payers' backs.

Let's quit being a Hick town—let's grow up!

WILL OUR NEXT CITY COMMISSION COME FROM THIS GROUP?



COL. Joseph Stehlin, famous war hero and ace flyer, makes his bow into politics with this race and avows his intention of giving his opponents the same kind of a fight he gave his enemies during the war. Instead of using bombs and machine guns he will use ballots. Col. Stehlin is head of several veteran's organizations and is connected with the Sunny Isles Casino.



MAYOR A. D. H. Fossey is seeking re-election and seems sure of getting into the run-off. Just to prove that he means business he has turned his campaign over to Abe Aronovitz and Warren Smith and those two gentlemen are banging away as they weld a splendid campaign organization into shape. Mayor Fossey was elected four years ago. He served two years as commissioner and was elected Mayor two years ago.



RALPH B. FERGUSON is considered to be the outstanding candidate in the race and has his band wagon rolling at a rapid pace. Ferguson, a former member of the city boxing commission, has a compact organization and will stage a whirl-wind campaign in an effort to secure a majority vote in the first primary. Whether he makes it or not he is an odds-on favorite to be high man when the final ballots are counted.



MARY Dillard Perrine, the only woman candidate in the race, is battling for ballots just as hard as any of the men, and may spring a big surprise before it is all over. Her platform is a sound one and she is depending upon the women for unlimited support. Miss Perrine's campaign forces will be equal if not superior, to those of her opponents and she looks like a sure bet for the run-off.



R. C. GARDNER, long identified with civic movements, and with an enviable business record, is another leader in the commission race and looks like a sure winner for the run-off. Mr. Gardner is manager of the Tip Top Grocery company and finished fourth in the commission scramble two years ago after one of the most heated political battles in the city's history.



W. R. (RANDAL) Becker, fresh from his campaign in which he was defeated for county tax collector, is trying again. Mr. Becker is head of the Packard-Miami Agency and made his debut into politics when he was appointed tax-collector by Gov. Sholtz after the removal of Bob Simpson. The Becker organization has been completed and the campaign is being handled by Bun Gautier.



JAMES R. Cooper, attorney and fruit grower, is another candidate who demands respect. Cooper is not supported or endorsed by any newspaper or organization, and his campaign will be strictly a one-man affair. He is depending upon his friends for support and declares that he is defraying his own campaign expenses. In addition to his law practice, Cooper is owner of one of the largest orange groves in South Florida.

30 TODAY IS THE LAST DAY TO PAY YOUR POLL TAX - - DO IT NOW

'The Sportlife'

BY TOM STOWE

Dinty Dennis is no longer sports editor of the Miami Herald. He resigned last week partly as a result of "office politics" which had been brewing for a long time. No successor has been appointed, Everett Clay being in temporary command, but the recall of talented young Larry Rollins, former assistant sports editor who recently transferred to the Miami office of the Associated Press, would be no surprise.

As for Dennis, he has not definitely decided into what business field he will venture. It is understood his negotiations include correspondence with the Kellogg Co., of Battle Creek, Mich., which sponsored a nightly sports broadcast by Dinty over WQAM during the winter season. Dennis plans to leave shortly for Highlands, N. C., for a much-needed rest due to a run-down health condition.

Dennis' services with the Herald began about six years ago when he was Lake Worth correspondent. Later he ferreted his way into the sports editorship at the expense of Jack Bell whose services were quickly acquired by the Daily News. Dinty's decision to resign is said to have been partly influenced by his differences with Asst. Editor John D. Pennekamp.

While it is quite probable no successor will be appointed before next fall, the name of Rollins is most frequently mentioned in speculations. Such a selection would not only be a popular choice, but would place a most capable man at the head of the Herald sports department. His writings compare favorably with the best in the state. But whether the former Illinois University student would sacrifice his AP future for a post more remunerative for the time being, is a matter Rollins will have to decide—if he is offered the job.

CONGRATULATIONS to Mrs. "Red" Cunningham of the Sporting Goods Cunninghams, who has just opened a grill and tap room on Tamiami Trail at 19th Ave.

KING Lear's sports broadcast contract with Pabst Beer terminates next Thursday evening. The

talented announcer whose well-announced, rapid-fire broadcasts warrants comparison to Floyd Gibbons, has been on WIOD air for 19 consecutive months. Wonder when some enterprising local business concern will see the light!

GREATER Miami has some of the best swimmers in the entire world, but few, if any, of them are amateurs in the pure sense of the word. Therein lies a most interesting story which Sportlife may reveal some of these days.

THE condition of "Schoolboy" Creekmore, Miami roller skating derbyist, remains "very grave" at Barnes hospital in St. Louis, according to the boy's father. The young athlete has been given five blood transfusions and is not likely to recover, despite reports to the contrary.

THE recent Western division roller derby at St. Louis was won by Gene Vizona and Fuzzy Pierz, the "No. 2 rascals" in the Coral Gables race, who announced here they contemplated marriage when they won their first race. The skaters next travel to Indianapolis and then to the west coast.

THIS commentator's tennis ambitions suffered a rude jolt last Sunday when he took a neat 6-2, 6-1 lacing from Miss Marta Barnett, Florida and Illinois state titleholder. Incidentally, the Barnetts have just about the best tennis court in all Florida, if not the entire south.

Little Geraldine says she knows a Chinese flapper who had to go to the poorhouse because no one had a yen for her.

DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN

WILL Rogers appeared at the Coliseum and found the acoustics so bad he gave the customers their money back and—

Earl Hudson, the cop, started his pugilistic career against Russ Rowsey at the Legion arena and—

Frankie Madden and Chester Alexander were cavorting at the Jungle Inn and—

The Bank of Bay Biscayne advertised, "Capital, surplus and undivided profits more than \$2,250,000.00" and—

Hughes & Flannery operated the Graham-Paige agency at 1222 N. E. Second avenue and—

Dr. Louis Blumer advertised himself as a "Consulting Supervisor" and operated from the Dallas Park Hotel and—

The electric horse made its debut at Battle Creek South at 209 N. E. Third street and—

The Venetian causeway opened with a charge of 25 cents per car or \$60 for the season and—

All of the women in Miami paid a Swami \$30 each before the cops ran him out of town and—

Conrad Meyer sold oil stock in the Tamiami Trail well at 173 East Flagler??

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

Where Parks Glover got his bloodied Jersey bull ? ? ?

If Aunt Bessie thought she was getting away with anything when she took on too much rum while saying adios to the folks returning north ? ? ?

Has Bip Cope conceded defeat to Mooseface McGill the new Mayor of 2nd avenue ? ? ?

Will Dell Bryan, the utterly handsome shoeman in Beck's whose brother is a prominent probate judge up the coast away, make a better lawyer than some of those other University of Chicago men here ? ? ?

Did all the men, who assisted in recovering the chic hat belonging to "Chap" the nifty looking owner of Chap's Smoke Shop opposite the Columbus, share in the generous reward she offered ? ? ?

How long before Mr. Miami Beach Cortland will have some interest-

ing competition from experienced tour people or will that particular field of endeavor be eliminated ere long ? ? ?

If the slender gray haired bartender at the Sunny Isles Casino isn't in danger of losing his index finger some of these days while pointing out where "It is" to bashful ladies ? ? ?

How many fat men have got stuck in the comfort station in Smitty's stand at 36th and Miami avenue or was it built for Mayor Fossey exclusively ? ? ?

What Somerville and Hyman, those two crack representatives of a couple good railroads are going to do about their jealousy of Shook's publicity, since Shook chased Windy Van up and down the street around the Urmev neighborhood ? ? ?

AN OLD MAID'S PRAYER

I've always been righteous and pious,
Yea, virtuous throughout life's span;
I'll always be righteous and pious,
But Good God, send me a man!

EDITOR'S MAIL

Mr. R. J. Clein
Editor Miami Life
Dear Sir:

I want to explain your notice in last Saturday's Miami Life.

We rented a two-room apartment last December 23rd from Samuel Miller, manager of the Walker Apartments at 282 S. W. First street in Miami. We agreed to pay \$180 for 4 months. One hundred dollars in advance and \$80 during the first week of January. The first week we found out the house was very noisy and not kept up clean. We told him we could not sleep but that we would pay him the balance if he kept up to the terms of the lease. His reply was, "I want my money, nothing else matters."

On January 25th he had us locked out in the evening. My husband is past 70 years of age and we were deprived of our comfort. We had to go to a hotel for the night as the banks were closed we had to wait until the next morning to get him the \$80 balance. We paid him in full and from that day on he made it real miserable for us. The bathroom, which he shared with us, was filthy and above us he put a noisy crowd. We had no rest day or night and we often heard his voice there at night. When we complained he would tell us that if we didn't like it we could move. Many other people moved before their time was up.

We went to the board of health and to the police station and they ordered him to keep the house clean and quiet but after a few days it was the same all over again. Our health was running down and we could not stand the noise any longer. On March 16th we left for a vacation and told Mr. Miller we would come back and not to rent our apartment as we still had five and one-half weeks to run on our lease until April 23rd. We returned within a week to find our apartment occupied and he told us to get out "or he would throw us out." We were insulted and we had paid our good money in full and we have never been treated like this in any place. We thank you for bringing the matter before the public.

Yours very truly,
MRS. ISAAC FEIGEL.

Around the Collegiate Circuit with Miami Guys and Gals

THE latest thing in "S. O. S. letters from broke college students to exasperated fathers has been devised at Emory University in Atlanta, Ga. . . instead of insolvent students sitting down and scratching out long winded, hollow sounding lies they can now plank themselves in front of a voice recording machine and have their vocal impressions placed on cardboard, mail it home to the folks and have them play it on the Victrola. If the sender knows how to sing the blues (and what college student doesn't?) he should receive remuneration for his pleadings almost immediately.

Later on the folks can take the same records down to the postoffice and play them for that mean old income tax man if he seems the least bit suspicious about the exemptions due them.

During the recent spring vacation a group of students from various southern schools were gathered on a downtown corner engaged in what is commonly called a "bull session." Their conversation among other things dealt mainly with "meanest professors."

About a dozen stories were told but the best one was about the meanest man of them all. When he was in college he was catcher on the varsity baseball team and his twin brother was pitcher. During the course of an important game he signaled to his brother for a low one and instead he pegged in a wide breaking curve and the catching brother broke three fingers of his right hand reaching for it. From that day on the catcher never spoke to the pitcher and the years rolled by without any sign of an armistice. The mid-twenties found them both holding teaching positions at their old alma mater but still no talkie.

Finally the pitching brother contracted a severe cold and lingered along for months in bed and wound up by dying of pneumonia. On the day of the funeral every member of the faculty dismissed his classes for the day in order to attend the funeral but the pitching brother remained a heel to the last and ordered all students under him to attend his classes or suffer a severe academic penalty.

He: "Will you love me when I am old?"
She: "I wouldn't know that; let's do our loving now and not take any chances."

When a man is filthy with money he is soon cleaned.

He: "Will you love as much in September as you did in May?"
She: "Hell, no, there are only 30 days in September."

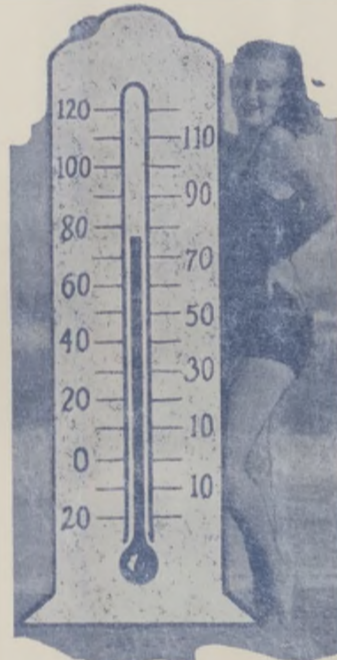
Our new office girl failed to mail the circular letters because she couldn't find any round envelopes.

The best thing about telling the truth is that you don't have to remember what you said.

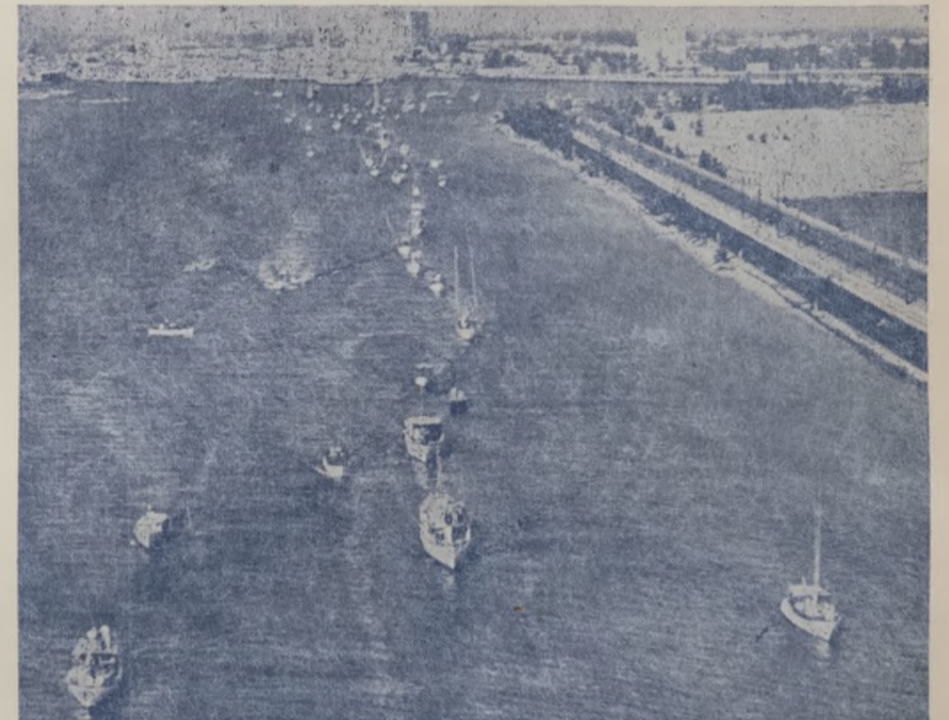
STAY • THROUGH • MAY • IN • GREATER • MIAMI !!



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.

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|---|---|--|--|---|
| <p>ATLANTIS HOTEL
2655 Collins Avenue, Miami Beach
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452 West Flagler Street Phone 3-1768
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585 N. E. 58th St. Edg. 1938</p> <p>FLORIDA BUSHKILL BEERS
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