



Vol. 11—No. 31

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Miami, Florida, Saturday, April 24, 1937

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

10

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BRIBERY PLOT IS EXPOSED!

Race Bills Hold Spot Light At Tallahassee

OF all the jumbled claptrap coming over the wires from the state legislature in Tallahassee regarding the three racing bills proposed, one fact that's as certain as that you were born, have been taxed and are going to hear the Angel of Death, and that is this:

IF THE PROPOSED BILL WHICH WOULD FIX THE OPENING AND CLOSING DATES AT DECEMBER 25th AND MAY 10th GOES THROUGH OVER THE PREDICTED OPPOSITION OF THE ALL-POWERFUL HIALEAH TRACK, IT MEANS THE VIRTUAL RETIREMENT OF THAT GRAND, DESERVINGLY POPULAR AND GENEROUS SPORTSMAN—WILLIAM VINCENT DWYER!

But, it's our guess that particular bill won't go over because the joker lies in the closing date of May 10th which later meet would be in direct conflict with the opening April 1st at the Bowie Track. Races follow crowds; crowds don't follow races.

Such a bill would knock Dwyer's Tropical Park for a loop entirely, unless some readjustment of the Hialeah and Tropical dates here would be rearranged. Because he would open only just before the present Closing of the season—and the track could not stand that heat.

But it hardly seems possible that the powerful Hialeah combine will stand idly by and permit it's season to be shot to pieces. Don't underestimate the strength of Hialeah at Tallahassee!

One of the bills proposes only that the present meets be held five days a week instead of six, with Monday suggested as the one dropped. This seems to loom as a possible compromise with perhaps some added provisos.

The third bill is to rescind the provision of the racing law which makes it mandatory upon the voter, who would sign a petition to revoke permit of tracks, to appear IN PERSON in the office of the clerk of the board of county commissioners.

Since Miami Life first broke the story of the pending Race Track Fight at Tallahassee, business men have flocked to the standards of their various choices and cliques and at this printing it looks like a Hot Time In The Old Town before the wire is reached.

Season Is Over Or — Is — It?

MIAMI's season is over yet the season is just starting for Miamians. Such a weird mixture of metaphors may appear confusing to an outsider but every "conch", "cracker" and natives knows what it means.

It means that Mr. Miamian, the guy who lives here twelve months out of the year, can thumb his nose at the mug who charged him \$75 per month for a bedroom and kitchenette half way to the Broward county line, and move his family into a luxurious apartment somewhere near the center of things. The mere fact that some wealthy visitor paid \$200 per month for the aforesaid luxurious apartment during February doesn't interest the Miamian in the least especially when he is getting the place for \$35 or \$40.

He can take the difference in saving and go to a picture show or even make a pilgrimage to Miami Beach on Sunday. Of course the picture show prices haven't been

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THAT grating noise you're hearing nowadays is only "Delilah Dirty Dollar" sharpening her shears as she prepares to clip the Tawny Thatch from the Pate of "Samson Society," and thus complete the collapse of the Temple of Truth.

If you're not much at deciphering Biblical allusions, we'll put it this way: the Blood-Sweating Behometh of Big Business is just about to take the State of Florida for a sleigh, or you might spell it "slay", ride, unless—

THE POPULACE RISES UP AND STAGES A MODERN, BLOODLESS ASSAULT OF THE BASTILE and EVEN A NEW VERSION OF THE REIGN OF TERROR AND TRY TO OFF-SET THE FLOOD OF DOLLARS WHICH THE CHAINS ARE LITERALLY POURING INTO THE STATE TO DEFEAT THE RECOVERY BILL, NOW BEFORE THE LEGISLATURE.

This deluge of persuasive cartwheels (and they ARE persuasive and not bologna dollars as Al Smith once termed them) was loosened when the Chains discovered that their Strangling Octopus was about to be crunched in the mire by virtue of this same Recovery Act.

You see, the Chains realize at last that it is no longer possible to hoodwink the public, which has grown sagacious after being soundly thwacked across the buttocks by Soulless Corporations time after time, especially with such impotent and importunate insanities as: "The Bill Ain't Constitutional—it tries to tell a man he can't go into business."

Well, that bit of Simian sophism is a red herring that wouldn't fool even a Yaller Dorg. If that reasoning had a vestige of truth, how in the world COULD COMMUNITIES DESIGNATE HOW MANY BAR-ROOMS MIGHT BE OPERATED WITHIN ITS BOUNDARIES, OR HOW MANY "SLOT-SACKERS" MIGHT BE LICENSED RIGHT HERE IN MIAMI? Mebbe, those two restrictions "ain't Constitutional" because they CERTAINLY TELL A MAN HE CAN'T DO BUSINESS UNDER CERTAIN PROVISOS!

Why the Chains themselves are operating RIGHT THIS MOMENT in flagrant violation of the spirit of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law with which Theodore Roosevelt attempted to make CHAINS IMPOSSIBLE even before RESTRICTIONS OF TRADE were even heard tell of!

No, it isn't a pretty sight nor one to rhapsodize as one calmly watches the Chain Combine distribute Greasy Gold here and there all over the state, with the big "take" going to the "Kept Press" who never were known to turn down "Shouting Sheckles."

These "Patsy Publications", rubbing their knuckles in anticipatory greed and visualizing the Cash Register-Ringers yet to be gleaned from the Midas of Merchandise, springs loyally to "front" for the same Industrial Empire even if they have to string up their gullible readers in order to do it!

These same mercenary Sheets, which invariably flout such slogans as "Florida's Most Necessary Paper" or, say, "Florida's Soph— Continued On Page Four

Sewell Values Women's Charity At \$11.75 Per

IN the parlance of the race track, "they don't pay off at the three-quarter post but the way they're 'called' there, gives you a blamed good idea of how they're going to finish."

Thursday night, when the twelve candidates of city commission braved the applause—and hoots—of approximately 1300 auditors packed into the Allapattah Park, it was amazing how the candidates were received as they stepped to the "Mike", in view of earlier receptions by the Women's League of Miami.

At the Park Thursday night, this is the way an unprejudiced observer from Toledo, Ohio, rated the applause (and he had not the slightest inkling of the candidates nor what the issues were about):

Ralph Ferguson, 86; Judge DuBose, 84; R. C. Gardner, 78; William Lester, 72; Mayor Fossey, 71; W. R. Becker, 66; E. G. Sewell, 57; Charlie Dillon, 54; James R. Cooper, 53; H. E. Cunio, 47; J. J. Bridges, 44; Harry Pickering, 30.

At the meeting held earlier by the Miami League of Women this is the way those candidates who attended the meeting were voted upon (note the similarity):

	Actual Votes Cast
Judge John W. DuBose	62
Dr. Ralph Ferguson	61
R. C. Gardner	50
W. R. Becker	47
A. D. H. Fossey	41
E. G. Sewell	38
Charlie Dillon	35
James R. Cooper	23
H. E. Cunio	21
J. J. Bridges	14
William Lester	12
Harry Pickering	8

At the offset, the crowd seemed to this observer as being in expectancy of "something." Every candidate running spoke his ten minutes in turn, alphabetically. Each was received cordially. Each told WHY he thought he rated consideration. And each, without exception, received applause as rated in the foregoing.

The incumbents, however, who are running for re-election were allotted 15 minutes to speak instead of 10, as the aspirants had received. We were of the opinion that this was the FAIREST DEAL we had ever witnessed in 21 years of newspaper reporting—and that virtually extends from the rock-bound coasts of Maine to the Golden Gates of California.

When the "incumbents" were announced, the admirable little chairman, Jimmy Donn, florist of the Exotic Gardens, in his truly unimitable way, cautioned the audience that there was to be no demonstration against either Mayor Fossey or E. G. Sewell. Partly, his cautions were followed.

The Mayor made a neat little speech in which he essayed a defense of his administration. The "indicator" placed him fifth in reception.

AND THEN CAME SEWELL. Well, to tell the truth, this observer was more interested in seeing — and HEARING this man Sewell than al the rest because everybody else seemed to be waiting for him. Your correspondent, if I may borrow that appellation, knows little if anything of the local situation — being from

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STATION R. B. C.

DESPITE opinion to the contrary the bicycle has come to stay and the serious business of inspecting and licensing the iron steeds is being carried on merrily by the police. Just how a cop goes about inspecting a bicycle is a moot matter but the instructions being passed out for plain and fancy bicycle riding are certainly educational.

For instance cyclists are warned against crashing head-on with trucks; crossing railroad tracks while said tracks are occupied by trains; diving off of drawbridges or attempting to pump the vehicles around horse or greyhound tracks in competition with the quadrupeds and canines.

When all of the bicycles are inspected and licensed, kiddie kars and roller skates will doubtless receive attention. Just imagine a girl skating back from an automobile ride and being pinched for operating with a pair of unlicensed skates, or Junior landing in the brig for having a last year's tag on his kiddie car.

WHEN a small tornado ripped through the Southwest section the other morning a number of buildings were wrecked, one being the home of a House of David member. A cop trying to make a report of the affair was stumped when he got to the (Continued on page 4)

THE HOUSE THAT (YOUR) JACK BUILT

ANOTHER Wizard of a national salary-buying and 3 1-2 per cent industrial-bank outfit, one of those clever lads who "take" YOUR dough but "take" no chance on losing THEIRS, has come down to the Miami section to take up official residence.

He is R. DeWitt King, one of the founders and recently retired president of the outfit that operates under the charming title of The Security Bankers Operating Bureau.

Next time one of you less provident chumps ride past the great, impressive residence of J. C. (Ten Cent Store) Penney on Belle Isle, take a good slant at its brave lines and scenic train. For your dough-ra-me BOUGHT THAT RESIDENCE FOR MISTER KING only the past week!

Only last season, one of King's Right-Hand Bowers, John M. Ogden, laid some of HIS "cut-up" of YOUR departed Jack purchased the no-less impressive home which he now occupies with his family on Palm Island. You might ride around there and look it over too. It's worth seeing with its luxuriant tropical garden and rare plants.

R. DeWitt King, last week's buyer, is a brother of the late Spurgeon King. They both sprung up in Atlanta where they started the business of buying salaries "at ten per cent interest until NEXT payday" in musty, second-floor two-by-four office in the slum district of McDaniel street, just across from the shops of the Southern Railroad. Railroad employees were their meat and before long the King boys branched out, pyramided to be precise until now, by devious obscure ways, they have a substantial "piece in the racket right here in Miami.

We'll say this much for King—he's a lavish spender and spends plenty of money yearly in philanthropies. One year his earnings were reputed to be in excess of \$100,000 and the next year he kicked in with plenty of that money in donations to charity. Once he took three families besides his own on a three-months trip around the world.

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Meditational Musings . . .

I wonder if "E. H." who writes that Herald Phantasma could possibly be Ellis Hollums . . . Westbrook Pegler is still panning Florida . . . A dirigible is not an airplane but all airplanes are dirigibles . . . Screws in a fine watch are so small that 50,000 of them can be placed in one thimble . . . The shadow of a balloon on the earth is the same size whether the balloon is 50 feet or 2 miles high.

A steer is called a maverick on account of Samuel Maverick, a western rancher who refused to brand his cattle and claimed all unbranded cows on the range . . . A Drake University baseball pitcher struck out 29 men yet he lost the game . . . The union label on printing is called a "bug" . . . The largest printing plant in the world is the government plant in Washington.

Guiseppe Zangara fired five shots at President Roosevelt but was never arrested for his attempt on the Chief Executive's life . . . A restaurant serving fair-sized hamburgers averages seven sandwiches to the pound . . . One chicken grosses more than \$3.00 when served in sandwich form . . . Creosote is the quickest exterminator of tuberculosis germs but is too potent to be taken without being diluted . . . Athlete's foot may be contracted without being contacted.

Halsted street in Chicago is the longest city street in the United States. The Erie canal was dug entirely without steam shovels . . . Boston and Providence are the two capitol in the United States nearest together. Maine is the only state touched by but one other state. The Canadian border, more than 2,500 miles long is the longest unfortified border between two countries in the world . . . The pending coronation of England's new king means expenditure of nearly a billion dollars.

MONEY doesn't make a fool out of a girl nearly as often as a girl makes money out of a fool.

A PROUD Miami father says his son started walking when he was only eight months old—the kid, who is now 21, must be plenty tired.

IF A politician gives you a cigar that smells like a rope just skip it

CANNIBALS raided a Trans-Africa circus train and captured a dozen midgets—just small fry.

LOVE is supposed to be tender—Huh! so is a thirty-cent steak.

OUR new office girl named her kitten Ben but six months later changed it to Ben Hur.

LITTLE Willie's definition of a virgin forest: A lot of trees that have never been axed.

A kitchenette is a narrow isle that runs between a gas stove and a can of black eyed peas.

A lot of young engineers are tinkering with misses in their motors.

About the only time the average husband shows any crust is when he is pie-eyed.

They are proposing a new closing system for barrooms. It's some sort of a stagger system.

"I'll bet you had to think fast when that guy caught you in his wife's boudoir."

"I sure did. He dang near talked me into taking her off his hands."

A man can be very adept at figures without being good when it comes to handling hot numbers.

GOOFY SNAPSHOTS

Awkward man putting his foot in his mouth.

Rejected lover eating his heart out.

Congressman about to launch an investigation.

Playful autoist burning up the highway.

Pair of step-ins tearing around the corner.

Lawyer wringing the hearts of the jurors.

President of the Rotary club laying a corner stone.

College boy sowing wild oats and raising Cain.

Bartender's guide escorting party in Swiss Alps.

THE HARD LUCK GUY

"When I grow into that old age pension, All I'll get will be honorable mention."

He: "There is something about you that I like."

She: "Just try and get it."

I sneezed a sneeze into the air,

It fell to earth I know not where;

But hard and cold were the looks of those,

In whose vicinity I snoze.

Gold diggers bill and coo. They always bill 'em after they coo 'em.

"Never tell a secret around chairs."

"Why?"

"Chairs are talebearers."

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Greeby to Build New City

Plans To Call It Miami As Says Population May Reach 4,000 By 1940.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who discovered that biting off more than you can chew is frequently caused by lack of teeth, was found this week by the Miami Life reporter conducting a one-man sit-down strike in front of his sumptuous home in Ev Sewell's woodshed.

"I do not desire no publicity," grunted the famous sit-downer as he took a liberal bite from a piece of Ev's campaign literature, "but if you insist I'll learn you my plans for a new city I'm thinkin' of buildin'."



"Who's insistin'?" roared the reporter.
"Good," beamed Greeby, "now that we understand each other slip me a seegar and let's get down to business."

"Get your hand out of my pocket and get back to your squating," ejaculated the reporter.

"I resent that," grumbled Greeby thumbing through a box of cigar butts and eventually selecting the longest one. "But you're a pretty good guy and I'll let you in on my plans."

"This is gonna be good," grunted the reporter, "but go ahead. I suppose you are going to build a town and call it Miami."

"Exactly," agreed Greeby. "And I'm gonna build it right here in South Florida. I myself and in person am going to call on Henry Flagler and seduce him to build his railroad down to this place from Palm Beach."

"And," snapped the reporter sarcastically, "I suppose you will let him build the depot right in the heart of town."

"Certainly," replied Greeby. "Its gotta be near the railroad, ain't it?"

"What else do you plan to do," queried the reporter.

"Well," started Greeby, "I am gonna lay out some streets. I'll name the principal one Flagler street as an inducement to Mr. Flagler to get him to bring his railroad here and I'm gonna write up to St. Augustine and get that young go-getter George Everest Sewell to come down here and open up a publicity bureau."

"Yeah," sighed the reporter. "And I hear there is a young lawyer up in Indiana named Frank Shutt. Why don't you get him to come down, too?"

"That's a swell idea," responded Greeby. If he can't get no law business from the Seminoles maybe he can start a newspaper."

"Fine," mumbled the reporter. "But do you think a city will ever grow here?"

"Positively," grunted Greeby. "I wouldn't be surprised to see 4,000 people here by 1940."

"How about that little strip of land over there across the bay?" queried the reporter.

"Oh that," snorted Greeby. "It ain't no good. Some goof named Collins is talkin' about buildin' a bridge over to it but he'll never do it."

"How do the rest of the folks around here feel about trying to build a city?" inquired the reporter.

"Oh, just so so," replied Greeby. "That young squirt Frank Wharton says he might open up a grocery store and Eddie Romph says he could run a bank if he didn't have to keep it open but two or three days a month."

"Are they the only ones inter-

ested?" asked the reporter, keeping an eye peeled for the padded wagon.

"No," barked Greeby. "I was talkin' to Julia Tuttle and them giddy Brickell girls this mornin' down in front of Doc Jackson's office and they said they would appear in a bathin' beauty contest for publicity purposes."

"Sounds all right," agreed the reporter, "but you'll need a couple of cops to keep law and order."

"I've thought of that," answered Greeby. "Young Dan Hardie wants the job. He's got him one of them new fangled bicycles and says he can make the trip from here to Crossland's fish house in ten minutes."

"Well," smiled the reporter, "Maybe you've got something there; I don't know. It won't hurt anything to try it."

"That's what I figure," beamed Greeby. "Maybe sometime this place will be as big as Miami."

"What?" exploded the reporter. "Why don't you keep in character?"

"Haw-haw," giggled Little Geraldine, Greeby's adopted daughter as she pranced around the corner of the woodshed with Ward Mincer's shirt and hat. "If he had any character do you think he would be takin' a back seat for anyone?"

The reporter fled as Greeby silenced Little Geraldine by stuffing her into a convenient garbage can.

They Tell Me That

The couple who were married and divorced once are going to try it again and that next Wednesday is the day

A certain former bondsman is now looking for a bond himself

George picked a heck of a night to visit the hotel and was routed out by fire

Virginia celebrated her twenty-first birthday Monday and that it was just about time

The new pajamas supplied to the curb girls in a certain barbecue stand fit a little too quick

A certain politician has cut out maritime engagements with the fair sex until after the election

Leila is running up an awful board bill for that cat

Daisy stuck two silver dollars in the slot machine and walked off with a \$150 jackpot

Al's barber shop managed to get through the winter and stands a good chance of staggering through the summer

A lot of old friendships are going to be renewed at the

MIAMI LIFE'S BEST JOKE OF THE WEEK

IT seems that a soldier and sailor died and went to Heaven. St. Peter looked upon the pair of them with extreme doubt but finally consented to let them in on probation.

"The first time either one of you has an unworthy thought," he admonished, "you will lose your wings."

After being supplied with wings the soldier and sailor started flitting about to look the place over and almost immediately encountered a beautiful girl soaring around in a flimsy robe. The soldier took one look and his wings dropped off. He stooped and made a frantic attempt to retrieve them and as he did so the sailor's wings also dropped off.

SEZ HE!

WHAT does the referee say to the fighters when he calls them to the middle of the ring just before the manslaughter starts? Here it is verbatim—"You mugs know the rules. When I say break, I mean break. No rabbits and keep them punches up. Shake hands now and go to your corners. Come out fightin'."

Democratic ball

Tommy talked the "jedger" into a suspended sentence and scrambled before his honor changed his mind

George took the sheets down after the second race and mumbled something about being double crossed.

Everyone in the party wore shorts except Dorothy, and she was kept busy explaining

The two good looking nurses have teamed up. I'll take the red-head

Emma Lee Snead, the most attractive girl in any cleaning, pressing and laundry agency office in Miami has just informed us that she is not from Ojus, but from Dania which make all the difference in the world

Mary is about ready to visit Maude again and doesn't anticipate the visit

Someone in Miami is upsetting the Tour business by trying to sell a lot of "Used Tours" left over at the beach offices to Miami visitors but without much success to date and Harry Kearns, Miss Houle's hired man, says he is going to look into it

Frank Werner and Rose Bussey seem to be marking time and delaying doing what they intended doing some time ago and no one knows why

Charlie McIntyre and Whitley Martin were at it again last week and so far neither has won an argument and neither will accept any advice from the kibitzers, so Midge, Denny, Freddie, Tommie, Baque and Marty are going to take a hand the next time and settle everything.

Social Whirl

MR. HAIMAN LONG, of the Evergreen Alabama Longs, came to town one day this week to look at his new grandson. Mr. Long says he likes the child very much and also thinks Poopdeck Pappy looks like Popeye.

MR. E. G. SEWELL, owner of the R. Hammerhead Greeby woodshed, was noted coming out of the post office one day this week. He must have been mailing campaign literature because about 10,000 voters got a letter from him.

MR. JACK BELL played eighteen holes of golf one afternoon last week. He had an even seventy (for the first three holes) and very seldom took more than three shots to get off of the tee.

MR. VINCENT JUDGE GIBLIN spent an afternoon playing a marble board in the Security building. The board was busted and he only had to put in one nickel for his afternoon's diversion, and naturally he didn't feel bad when he didn't win.

MR. FRANK GOUGH, of the Alcazar Hotel Goughs, saw more water Tuesday morning than he has seen in years. "And I can't even have a fire sale," he wailed.

MR. HENRY CHASE, of the fire chief Chases, had a bad coughing spell Tuesday morning but they couldn't keep him in the hospital with a big downtown hotel on fire.

MR. E. C. ROMFH, who

A NEW VERSION

In this day of child marriages here is an old story revamped:

"Hello; wanna ride?"
"Yeth."
"Dit in."
"Gonna marry me?"
"No."
"Dit out."
"I can't walk yet, you will have to carry me."

When Opal's boy friend reads this, he is going to pretend to be upset but it can't be helped 'cause a lot of folks have insisted that we say something nice about her so we still think her utterly attractive

Uncle Ed that grand old starter and finisher for the Blue & Gray crowd recently learned some more red hot truths about "Cracker" that would make great reading in a paper like Whizz Bang, but is too rough for a high class publication like MIAMI LIFE according to Snapper and Jimmie

Helen, Clarice, Martha, Irene, Olga and Thelma, all young matrons known to our society editor, are anticipating "blessed events" as Winchell calls 'em, within the next six weeks and three have said, if they are boys their names will be Harry or William

Charlie Veach, one of the greatest rummy players in the world, and aide to Fred Howland, the big contractor, continues to walk on the outside of the sidewalks since being lucky enough to dodge several falling cornices, roofs and odds and ends thrown from office windows during the past several months

Joe Courtney and a Mr. Dunlap, former bailbondsmen and erstwhile political business men, are still listed among the missing by a lot of folks who would like to see either of them for a minute

Sam Wallace, able barrister, counselor and attorney at law, should be a Judge, if the several marital difficulties and two civil suits settled by him in his offices to the complete satisfaction of all parties during the past two weeks can be considered as evidence of ability, especially since he was well paid for all of these efforts

The grand looking gray-haired lady now seen in the corner window on the second floor of the Republic building is none other than that famous poker playing beauty parlor manager Viola B. Johnson.

Frank Mitchell, nemesis of auto thieves, and Eddie Harper official custodian of men and women outside the hoosegow, until the courts say the word, are growing to look like each other daily to the amusement of all who know them because neither flatters the other

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The Sportlife
BY TOM STOWE

Now that horse and dog owners have added to the wholesome-ness of the community by taking their "nags and poodles" north, Miami is about to enjoy participation in athletic contests that are as refreshingly realistic as the sunshine which floods this tropical paradise.

Throughout the summer months until well past the seasonal hurricane period of September, Greater Miami will indulge in diamond-ball, tennis, golf, fishing, swimming and boating to their heart's delight. For many natives it will mark the first real relaxation and enjoyable exercise since the hectic winter season began.

Of the aforementioned sports, none is better organized than the diamond-ball activities which are so capably handled in the Miami area by Recreational Director Ernie Seiler. A total of five leagues have been formed with 36 teams entered. This means a grand total of more than 400 young (and not so young) Miami-ites will participate in this sport.

Games will be played six nights a week under the flood-lights of well-groomed diamonds. In the Greater Miami Class A league will be four teams, while there will be eight teams in each of the two Commercial loops. Eight more will seek the Civic League title with a like number seeking the Church title.

Although diamond-ball doesn't begin to compare with baseball in this commentator's mind, it must be admitted that a sport which attracts such widespread interest is deserving of support rather than continued criticism. And so it is that Sportlife becomes an artificial softball booster.

It is gratifying to Miami University well-wishers to follow the repeated victories scored by the Hurricane tennis team in its northern jaunt. Led by its brilliant captain,

Gardner Mulloy, who may eventually secure a Davis Cup berth, the Coral Gables lads have made their opponents look about as much like net artists as long-shoremen. They deserve a royal welcome upon their return.

In a round-a-bout manner from the "Home of Phantasma", comes the rumor that Larry Rollins has already been signed to take over the sport editorship of that periodical... also that Dinty Dennis, former king of Herald sportsdom, will write publicity for the Taunton, Mass., dog track this summer.

More than 100 exponents of the art of self defense will participate in the State A.A. U. amateur boxing championship tournament to be held in the Miami Beach Arena Tuesday and Wednesday nights. Recreation Director, J. B. Lemon, whose untiring efforts have made the affair's success a foregone conclusion, has already received entries from Orlando, Tampa, Ft. Myers, Sebring, Jacksonville, St. Augustine, DeLand, Gainesville as well as Miami. Among the many local boxers will be representatives from Miami University. It will be a show no real boxing lover can afford to miss.

They Tell Me That

The reason Whitey, the pest did not get a chance to put the bite on Dinty when Dinty hit the slot machine heavily was because Dinty intends to send Bernice an attractive gal in Key West, enough money to come up and demonstrate her affection for Dinty in front of Dinty's friends and Whitey isn't one of them, either

Probably one of the reasons for most places of amusement closing when they did was because Virginia O'Conner decided to return North taking her cute little mother, Minna, and her aunt Busy B. Bessie, with her thereby reducing the revenues of all those places they patronized so heavily this season

Mr. Bill Willis, general manager and chairman of the boards of vast publishing enterprises, never fails to hail and bid adieu folks headed north in heavily loaded cars and always requests them to return next year with lots more money

Piccolo Pete Johnson, (christened Clarence Cuthbert) is beginning to believe what the man says and it's no fun either, even for Bill, Lee, Sis, Mabel, Dan, Wiley, and several cops

There is a very beautiful brunette elevator starter in the Mark's Store whose charms are upsetting a lot of the nicer boys in Miami and Coral Gables all of whom are dying to meet her

The reported proposed opening of a drug sundry store in the Professional building is probably the beginning of that fine structure's invitation to doctors and dentists to move in

Those 3 girls Jessie Weston, Ruth Grizmacher and Lila Nichols who hail from Neenah and Menasha, Wisconsin, certainly have established themselves in the Gables as live wires and red hot entertainers to a host of newly acquired friends all judges of good foods and liquors

Rambles and Rumbles

HOLLIS Rinehart, Jr., President of the Coral Gables Chamber of Commerce, is staging a whirlwind campaign in the mayoralty race and his constituents declare he will go to the post the odds-on favorite when Gabelites trot to the polls on May 8.

Rinehart delayed starting his campaign until the season was definitely over on account of his many civic duties which kept him occupied. Now that he has a little more time on his hands he is really "going to town" and is showing Gables politicians what a real campaign is.

IT seems unusual that perfectly good floor shows always go flop in the Cinderella Ballroom. For instance, the show put on by the Cops Wednesday night as part of the annual police ball, was really a splendid production. The master of ceremonies and the artists worked hard but the acoustics beat them. Very few of the two or three thousand patrons heard anything which was said from either the stage or the floor. Expenditure of a couple of thousand dollars for sound boards and advice from accountants would remedy the matter and make the Cinderella one of the best auditoriums in the city.

Around the Collegiate Circuit with Miami Guys and Gals

From all appearances it seems as if the University of Miami netters will make a clean sweep of their northern invasion... CASPER CENTER, erstwhile Savannah "gee-chee", reluctantly donated the use of his car for the trip and for the first few days was superstitiously holding his left toe but now seeing as how the boys are doing all right against "them there Yankees", he is ready to forgive any extra mileage the boys might put on the speedometer.

All the studes at the "U" got a big kick out of the elopement of FRANK HARNEY and BETTY GUNDEL-FINGER... That is the first exciting thing that has happened around the school since the HURRICANES beat Georgetown last December.

Many a local heart became heavy when a special dispatch from Anderson, S. C., announced that Margaret Edith Hall, popular Miami co-ed attending the University of Georgia, had hauled off and married W. Y. "Tick" Atkinson, a junior in the law school at the University of Georgia.

MORTON FROMBERG, who holds degrees from just about any school you can name, has dropped his "post graduate" course at the University of Miami and has retired to his heavily cushioned apartment on the beach... On certain days he may be seen chasing a tennis ball around the Flamingo courts... if the day is cloudy he cancels all tennis engagements and spends his mornings with a Racing Form and his afternoons in a smoke-filled wire room.

Peter (SPECIAL DELIVERY) Bryan and Malcolm (PAN-AMERICAN AIRWAYS) Campbell have taken over the driving range at 54th Street and Biscayne Boulevard... It will be highly appreciated if you stop by some night and help the boys pay the light bill by smacking a couple of bucketsful of golf balls down the middle alley.

There has been no reply to this column's challenge to Walter Winchell in last week's issue... Maybe Walt has never heard of ATCCWVGAG.

Did you read about those two heel representatives that are going to introduce a bill making hitch-hiking subject to a jail sentence or a fine. Maybe these two nitwits never found themselves broke at the end of a school semester and had to get out and thumb it home. After a second thought, MAYBE THEY NEVER DID ATTEND ANY SCHOOL. Only two ignorant crackpots could think up a bill like that.

Editors Mail

Editor, Miami Life, 167 N. E. 2nd Street, City. Dear Sir:

After attending the opening city commission campaign debate at Biscayne Park Tuesday night, I rise to move that hereafter Major Bowes' Gong be used to smother those aspirants to office who "hog" the whole program.

On that particular night, H. E. "Windy" Cunio orated so long that half the audience in the park fell asleep and old Ev Sewell himself was nodding. About 'steen times, Cunio gave the crowd some hope by starting on a tack with the preamble "Now, I'll just say a few more words on another subject and then retire." And so help me, he'd go right on harralying until we thought he was trying to "freeze out" his opponents.

I'll admit Mr. Cunio is well versed on his subject and has qualities. But if he continues to create a sour taste in his hearers' mouths by talking 'em to death, he'll hurt rather than help his cause.

Myron F. Tellier.

Editor, Miami Life, 167 N. E. 2nd St. City. Dear Sir:

Why in the world did they wait almost two years before stirring that gambling hulla-bullo in Hialeah? Your publication usually speaks right out when the three dailies dummy up? Won't you let us in on this, too?

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

Short Shorts

Police find honeymooners sleeping in parked automobile and toss them in hoosegow... So near, yet so far... The grand jury hasn't reported yet... Neither have some of our best citizens who departed hastily a few weeks ago... Alcazar Hotel catches fire early in the morning... Shirt-tail parade reported very disappointing... Dog tracks closed... Grocery bills finally getting the break... Daylight saving time ready to make debut... Only noticeable effect in Miami on radio programs... When does Thursday afternoon closing start?

is the purest county in the state!

Tommy Castleman.

Editor, Miami Life, City. Dear Sir:

I want to commend you on being the only newspaper in Miami courageous enough to combat the Chainstore racket as you did the other week. I am one of the minority who am willing to spend a few nickels more if necessary in order to aid a struggling merchant who helps pay our taxes and has a tough time doing it than any of these national organizations who are opposing the Recovery Bill at the capital.

I honestly believe the little fellows should organize to such an extent that they would be in a position to boycott, if possible, any person caught trading with chain-stores. You are winning many friends out here by your brave stand. I know I shall be a booster.

G. G. Campton.

WHEEL AND AXLE SPECIALISTS
We Never Close
P & A GARAGE
Phone 3-5568
53 N. E. Eighth Street

Fifteen Candidates In Race For Council At Miami Beach

FIFTEEN aspirants have already announced their candidacy for city councilmen at Miami Beach subject to the municipal election June 1.

Councilmen Hirsh Meyer, Burnridge, Levi, Ralston and Hice, whose terms expire, will all seek re-election with ten new comers already circulating petitions and half a dozen others still trying to make up their minds whether to run or not.

Councilmen Childers and Cleary are the two hold-overs, both having two more years to go. The position of Mayor, formerly an elective one, has been changed and instead of the voters choosing a chief executive the mayor will be elected by the new council from one of their number and will also serve as a councilman.

Louis Karlebach, proprietor of the New York Market, Dr. L. M. Graves, druggist; T. W. Palmer, attorney; Benjamin Cohen, attorney; Ed Keuling, florist; Dr. Maurice Klein, druggist; Charles Tobin, insurance man; Melvin Richard, attorney; Herbert Frink, restaurant owner and William K. Watkins are candidates expected to line up against the incumbents seeking re-election, and a red hot battle is expected. Watkins is the only candidate who has actually qualified to date although a majority of the others are circulating petitions. Only names of 25 qualified voters are required and candidates have until May 8 to file petitions with City Clerk Tomlinson.

Dr. Maurice Klein, one of the new candidates, is connected with the Village Pharmacy and has been a resident of Miami Beach for eight years. He is a graduate of Fordham University and is a world war veteran. During his residence at Miami Beach he has taken an active interest in civic affairs and will doubtless receive some splendid support in the race.

Charles Tobin is another candidate with a host of followers, who will make a good showing in the big race. He is very successful as an insurance man and declares that if elected he will apply the same methods to the city's business.

Dr. Graves is one of Miami Beach's oldest druggists and has been a keen political student for many years. In previous campaigns he has been recognized as a "wheel-horse" for various successful candidates and knows his way around.

Louis Karlebach, owner of the New York Market is making his first bid for political recognition and declares that he will stage a thorough campaign in his attempt to gain a seat on the council. Mr. Karlebach has been a resident of the Beach for 13 years and is regarded as one of the civic leaders of the community.

Baron de Hirsch Meyer and John Levi, two present members seeking re-election are regarded as real threats and defeat of either is highly improbable. Both have served in highly efficient manner; both have hundreds of friends and supporters and both are sterling campaigners. Burnbridge, Ralston and Hice are the three who will probably have the hardest fight to keep their jobs against the new comers.

Mother: "What have you been doing, son?" Son: "Shooting craps." Mother: "Well, you'll have to stop that. Those little things have just as much right to live as you have."

Hotel Clerk: "Did you wipe the mud off your shoes before you came in?" Guest from Georgia: "What shoes?"

"Is this aspirin pure?" "As pure as the girl of your dreams." "Gimme a pack of cigarettes."

You have not seen Miami's Resort Life at it's best until you've dined at

JIMMIE'S BAR & GRILL

a quiet, refined night spot that is setting a new example for service and entertainment in the "winter-time world."

FOR RESERVATIONS

Phone 4-1313

For a Pleasant Evening

OPEN 24 HOURS

A DAY

Seven Days A Week

COCKTAIL HOUR

From 4 to 6

DRINKS ON THE HOUSE

AT 5

Music By

GLENN ROCKWELL'S RAMBLERS

In our package store adjoining our Grill Room, we have the finest assortment of imported and domestic wines, liquors and champagnes in the South at Prices as Low as any in Florida.

For your convenience we maintain a Package Store at 2121 Ponce de Leon Boulevard, in the Sevilla Hotel Building.

CALL 4-1705

On The Tamiami Trail Just East of Douglas Entrance

RE-ELECT
A. D. H. FOSSEY
(30 Years a Miami-ite)
HONEST - TRIED CONSCIENTIOUS
"ACTION... Not Words"
(Paid Political Adv.)

Things I'd Like To Know

- What Roby is going to use for a door if the going gets too rough
When Leo is going to lead his prize beauty to the altar and whether George will be invited
If the Old Gold contest has anything to do with the popularity the library dictionary is receiving
If the black and green speedboat is still making those week-end trips with the same trio
If Ed enjoyed the fight Monday night and if that was his wife on his starboard side
Who took a shower with his shoes on and if the Cleveland gang heard about it
Why Christine doesn't show up at the Royal Palm anymore
How many times the Judge played the marble board for one nickel
If Florence has ever had that opportunity to meet Walter and what she will do when she does
What big Miami Beach hotel got all of its linen in hock with the laundry and has to liquidate so the guests could have sheets
If the employment bureau ever found a white girl to work in that negro place in coloredville
Why the blue-eyed girl in the millinery department doesn't try getting a night's sleep once in a while
Why the First street manufacturer wears such a bored look when she listens to the conversation of her feminine customers
Why Lucille didn't pick red when she selected her new spring outfit
If Gilbert enjoyed the mistake that was made by the little lady on Saturday night.

TEDDY'S GRILL
FAMOUS FOR
Tastiest Meals
In Miami
Try Our
25c Plate
169 N. E. 2nd Street

\$100 IN CASH
Have you heard about the White Belt Dairy distribution of cash prizes? Easiest money ever offered. Nothing to buy. Nothing to sell. First prize \$25.00, second prize \$15.00, third prize \$10.00. Thirty other cash prizes. Send postal today for complete particulars and instructions. Address it as below.
WHITE BELT DAIRY, Riverside Station, Miami

ATTENTION!
Old Gold Contest Workers
If you are stuck on any one picture, mail me \$1.00 and I will send you my solution by return mail. If you are not satisfied with explanatory solution your money refunded at once.
P. O. Box 828
Miami, Florida

Bribery Exposed

Continued From Page One

isticated Paper", then proceed to make good and try to editorialize you into believing that EACH AND EVERY TANK-TOWN MERCHANT has, as Napoleon once said of the private soldier in his legions, "a Marshal's baton in his knapsack." They praise the Chains, who use full-page "ads" in the very same editions, and try to kid the Little Store-keeper, who is being forced out of business gradually, that by proper application and by perseverance, he can, also, become the Man on Horseback.

The Jest of a Generation! The reverse is true—and the hellvit is, they KNOW IT! As surely as a Skunk can stir up pretty much of an odor, THOSE CHILDREN OF TODAY, WHO WERE NOT BORN WITH GOLD SPOONS IN THEIR MOUTHS AND THEREFORE WILL HAVE TO HUSTLE OUT AND LAND THEIR OWN JOBS A FEW YEARS HENCE, WILL PAY THROUGH THE NOSE SIMPLY BECAUSE THESE MALIGNANT MAGGOTS, THE CHAIN-STORIES ARE BEING PERMITTED TO OPERATE, THUS ERASING MILLIONS OF POTENTIAL JOBS THROUGHOUT THE COUNTRY!

Consider impassionately what the Chains have done in a COMPARATIVELY FEW YEARS. Almost anyone who is old enough to vote recalls the day when the first Chain came to town and was the cynosure of all eyes for miles around... The Hicks from the sticks took the whole family, hounds n'all, into the family flivver and driv' clear into "town" just to stand 'round and stare at the new-fangled place that makes the old general store look like a barn!

But today! ONLY A GENERATION LATER, CHAINS HAVE FORMED A LABYRINTH OF LICIT LICENSE which operates with a minimum of under-paid employees, calmly under-sells the independents until the individual rival folds up, taking along all the clerks, delivery boys and other help with him! YET THESE SAME CHAINS LOOK YOU IN THE EYE AS UNBLINKINGLY AS A DOZING ALLIGATOR, AND CLAIM THEY SAVE THEIR COMMUNITIES MONEY!

Take a load off your feet—take that rocker yonder, and let's chaw the beef awhile about these here, now, Chains:

They move into a community and occupy a CHOICE store-room where they can lure every straggler with a loose jitney in his "kick". Naturally, the passer-by is attracted by the CUT-THROAT PRICES DISPLAYED — PRICES LOWER, EVEN, THAN RIVAL MERCHANTS BUY THEIR MERCHANDISE FOR! (O dear no! That's not restraint of trade, a'tall, a'tall!)

When the rivals finally fold up and tell it to the bankruptcy court, the Chains then methodically "lowern the boom" upon their own landlord. In effect, they tell him to either lower rental or they will move into one of the stores vacated by their late and lamented and insolvent rivals. IT WORKS LIKE A CHARM IN MOST CASES!

Nor are those the ONLY VICTIMS of this merciless monster. Those ill-fated merchants before they went to the wall employed LOCAL LAWYERS to handle their legal work. BUT THE CHAINS, WITH HEADQUARTERS IN SOME NORTHERN CITY, DON'T GIVE TWO WHOOPS ABOUT THE 'LOCAL LAWYERS'. THEY HAVE THEIR OWN HIGH CLASS COUNSEL, SEATED SMUGLY IN THEIR NORTHERN OFFICES, READY TO SPRING AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE TO DO THEIR BIDDING.

How about insurance? Don't be childish, Ambrose! THOSE CHAINS HAVE THEIR OWN INSURANCE BROKERS—YOU'RE RIGHT; THEY'RE IN THE NORTH, TOO!

And so on down the line. In many instances, even their auditors are IMPORTED. But the Chain usually DOES BUY ONE THING IN THE LOCAL COMMUNITY AND THAT IS THE SERVICES OF A COUPLE OF YOUNG FELLOWS TRYING TO GET ALONG IN THE WORLD. THESE LADS ARE THE "LOCAL FRONT" OF THE CHAINS. They have orders to follow which are equally as explicit as those orders given a soldier on post. But they are under-paid and worked longer than others in similar lines. These impositions are squared by some Wowser talk which emphasizes the "fact" that if they WORK LOYALLY, HARD AND LONG FOR THE 'ONE LARGE FAMILY', EVENTUALLY THEY WILL BE REWARDED. The Yahoos fall for it, hook, line and sinker. Even if he does receive promotion, he is STILL UNDER-PAID IN COMPARISON WITH THE EXTENT OF HIS RISE.

Now, here's a real example: A nationally successful stove manufacturing company was told that a certain Chain WOULD BUY ITS ENTIRE OUTPUT OF STOVES AT THE REGULAR PRICE. It was pointed out that the stove firm's profits would become enormous BECAUSE DISTRIBUTION, always costly, would be taken off their hands.

The company fell for it. And what hapened? Salesmen were fired, and distributors all over the country either quit business or were forced into other lines. Then when this was accomplished, the Chain store went to the stove officials and told the to either slice their price 'way down to the bone, or else.

Well, the stove company's distributors had long since been gone. It was impossible to start all over. Yet they ACTUALLY COULD NOT MANUFACTURE THEIR PRODUCT AT THE PRICE DESIGNATED AND STILL EXIST. The Chain replied to that complaint: "That's YOUR hard luck. If you DON'T agree, we'll manufacture stoves ourselves."

The finish was that the stove people went bankrupt, the Chain bought the property in court—and the Chain has the business today.

That, Mister and Misses Floridian, is what the Recovery Act intends to destroy. NOW HERE'S HOW YOU CAN HELP: When Senator E. R. Graham, and Representatives H. E. Overstreet, George E. Holt and J. J. Lindsey ran for office, it was implied ALL WERE IN FAVOR OF THIS PENDING ACT. Overstreet actually ran on THAT LONE PLATFORM—stressing it all through his campaign.

Now, YOU HIE OVER TO THE TELEGRAPH OFFICE AND WIRE THEM TO PROTECT YOUR AMERICAN HERITAGE! Do it NOW—TODAY. FOR WHILE YOU HESITATE, THOSE CHAIN DOLLARS ARE POURING IN BY THE THOUSANDS!

SEWELL

Continued From Page One

that famous climate state—get it—state, California, and particularly, Los Angeles? Do we hear cheers from the Miami Chamber of Commerce? Or, is it a hurricane? Or, perhaps, an earthquake?

Well, anyway, let's get back to Sewell. The man, in stature, facial shoreline and Adam's-apple, was everything they claimed for him. But when this same Sewell started orating, your annoyer didn't know — or CARE — whether it WAS an earthquake, hurricane or Chamber of Commerce luncheon, all in one.

Folks, Sewell is the Great Claimer. He claimed he was responsible for EVERYTHING from the discovery of America to the discovery of Bob Feller, the Cleveland pitcher. He took in the building of the Panama Canal, the Colon Canal and the Canale, if you know what I mean. Sewell was just getting hot. I can't exactly remember whether he said he licked Joe Louis or whether Schmelling lent him a helping hand. Everybody was asleep and it MIGHT have interfered with my hearing. I was so dizzy myself at this juncture that I thought I was at Beaver Dam with a bunch of Squatters. All of a sudden, Sewell made what I thought was an off-hand remark. Mebbe it was. It went something like this:

"But one thing I, E. G. Sewell, did NOT endorse was bringing in an OUTSIDER, a NORTHERNER, to conduct OUR publicity office. I am strictly against employing OUTSIDERS when our own people are without employ."

That's just as far as Mister Sewell got.

One of the audience, a portly man who appeared to me to be one of those substantial people who usually attend such meetings—perhaps hoping to get a reduction in taxes, rose to his feet, and in a courteous tone inquired:

"May I, a tax-payer, ask the gentlemen addressing this audience a question?" He paused.

Little, corpulent Jimmy Don, the chairman—and an efficient one, if ever there WAS one, accepted the "Mike" from Mr. Sewell.

"You may ask a pertinent question, surely, but only through me, the chairman," he said.

The auditor thereupon preponderated his query. He said, in a voice that was heard three blocks away—without aid of "mike":

Mis-ter Sewell, if you are opposed to bringing in Northerners in to run Miami's publicity bureau, HOW IS IT THAT YOU VOTE AGAINST EXPELLING A NORTHERN SAFETY DIRECTOR?

Well, sir, you should have seen, as your chronicler did, the look on the recipient's visage, if we may be so brass as to describe it. He faltered—and he is no mean gulper. Then, after his crown had again descended upon his facial bones, he said:

"Why, when that Safety Director was selected, I was out of town—in Washington, in fact, on some business or other for the commonweal."

He talked fast and furious to avoid the heckling to which he was repeatedly subjected. But, finally, a woman's voice penetrated those of other dissenters—and they were not only legion but actually Veterans of Foreign Wars. The woman asked:

"Well, I'd like to ask you why in Hell you voted to keep him in office that last time? You weren't out of town then!"

Sewell went into some more gulping. But he did manage to emit this startling bit of sagacity:

"Well, lady, so long as we had to pay him under his contract we might as well go on keeping him working for his money!"

I didn't faint but I was shaky at that answer.

But I did take trouble a bit later to investigate whether or not a WHITE woman was violated by a NEGRO during the political meeting in order to ascertain just exactly how

Campus Chatter

AT MIAMI U.

Headlines this week go to the former A. K. A. sorority which is now the second national sorority on campus and the newest chapter of BETA PHI ALPHA. Congratulations, girls.

In spite of the extra complications on the orchestra situation for the LAMBDA dance, it turned out to be among the niceties of the social season. Tho we missed a lot of the usual gang, they seemed replaced by many new faces.

Led by MERCER of the CHI O's and MASTERSON of the DELTA SIGS and football fame, the junior prom last night proved to be the tops in the year's dances. Everything was perfect even to the favors, which surprisingly, boys and gals, were not compacts. HORSLEY and committee should be complimented on the decorations. In fact, orchids to all except those heels who tracked dirt onto the floor from the golf links.

NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE: It would appear OLIE the athlete had gone native wearing such ventilated shoes but we know better... Do we denote a possible change in the DAVITT company lately? ... 'Tis rumored that STOKKY has been hiding his acting talents in a dark corner until brought to life in a public speaking class... Add to the traffic conjection at 9:30 and 10:30 in the east second floor corridor, a jigger of noise made by our up-coming law students, a dash of the boys coming in from spring practice and you have the reason why unsuspecting knowledge seekers are placed in institutions in the state keeps... And still MICAH and DAGMAR smile that way and hold hands... DIXON had better look to his laurels as best dressed man on campus since ELLENBURG has flashed that green coat on campus... It seems like the FROSH FROLICS committee has followed the suit of OWEN WILLIAMS and called a sit-down strike... CONNIE looks much happier since Shoebush" BLACK has returned from way up there... Well, see you kids at the 44th on the Beach tomorrow.

ROUND THE TOWN

DELL BRYAN WALKS 'LAST MILE' AGAIN

Dell Bryan, one of Miami's most popular young men and a salesman for the A. S. Beck company, has gone and done it again!

Yessir, Dell has held a fair lady's hand, slid a ring over "that" finger and taken unto himself his FOURTH wife. And he's ALL of 26 (count 'em—26) years old! And the best years of his life ahead.

All spoofing to one side, as Ring Lardner would say, Mr. Bryan scooted over to Fort Lauderdale last Wednesday morning and married Miss Marguerite Connell, of Dayton, Ohio, a winter visitor to Miami, whom Bryan met at a Bach party.

Bryan is the son of the late Grover C. Bryan, prominent realtor of Miami, and of Mrs. Jessie E. Bryan, newspaperwoman with the Jacksonville Journal. The Bryan home here is at 71 N. W. 37th St. His late paternal grandfather was United States Representative Gadsden L. Bryan.

Bryan's three previous marriages were to Miami girls, all divorced.

much value Mister Sewell placed upon a white woman's protection. There were no rapes that particular evening but I did figure out in my own way that Mister Sewell places one Negro rape of a White woman, at least by his reasoning at the meeting, at exactly \$11.75

As for the applause given at the meeting, I didn't agree with either of the lists given in the foregoing. The way the writer, who also had never seen anyone of the committee aspirants before, with the exception of Charley Dillon, placed them about like this:

- Dr. Ralph Ferguson (tops by a large margin).
 - Judge DuBose (nice reception).
 - R. C. Gardner (faltering, then large).
 - William Lester (boisterous, persistent).
 - Mayor Fossey (complimentary).
 - W. R. Becker (provincial encouragement).
 - And for the writer, who doesn't know a damned thing of your Miami politics anyway, that's the way I think they'll finish, judging solely from the applause.
- H. M.

Judge John W. DeBose

Judge John W. DuBose, regarded as the "dark horse" in the city commission race is becoming more dangerous every hour. Whenever he appears at a political meeting he is greeted with a roaring ovation and seems to have friends and constituents on every hand.

Judge DuBose came to Miami from Jacksonville a few years ago and has always played a leading part in civic and economic work. He is a member of the Dade County Bar Association and is a member of many fraternal organizations. During his years in Miami he has been regarded as a keen student of politics, as well as one of Miami's leading barristers, and has been the "man behind the guns" in some of the most successful political campaigns of the last decade.

The smart money boys will let you write your own ticket that he will be in the run-off and if you want to gamble further they will give you pretty close to even money that he will be one of the big three who survive in the final go-round. Jacksonville's loss of a lawyer may be Miami's gain of a good city commissioner.

They Tell Me That

John Scott, formerly well-known as a plastering contractor and at all times one of our best citizens, should have been in the race for City Commissioner if all we have been hearing about him lately is only half true

One of the reasons Doc McDonnell's Health Department is functioning so smoothly is because the charming Letha Harris has a lot to do with it

One of Mr. Rompff's boys couldn't do better under any circumstances than to insist on the beautiful Eileen saying "yeth" the next time he calls, 'cause she's really a queen in every way

Chan is the most popular gurl on Miami Beach, she will not sell that odd bracelet or ever think of returning to Havana as the Major keeps on wondering, or is it dream-

R. B. C. STATION

(Continued from page 1)
wrecked house and was unable to find the owner. "Well," he surmised, "I guess I'll just say the tornado knocked hell out of his joint and the wind blew through his whiskers."

THE buck private who had this top sergeant working for him after the war now shares honors with the N. E. Second avenue bartender who recently drew a former prohibition agent for a customer.

The former prohi, it seems, "knocked" the bartender's place over several times during the arid days and now that prohibition is over, does considerable guzzling himself. In any event he made the mistake of wandering into the wrong place the other night and absorbed a high-powered "mickey finn" as a starter.

While the former prohi was doing his stuff as a result of the "mickey," the bartender hopped to the telephone and called up a couple of creditors who had been hunting the former liquor sleuth for two years. Between the "mickey" and the creditors the picture became a masterpiece.

Judge For Yourself
Return to 1933 budget and save \$1,000,000! Rigid adherence to the city charter. ONE city manager, NOT FIVE!
We have invested vast sums in a court suit for lower electric light rates. Let the fight be settled there!
Cities should get two cents of the state gasoline tax.
Eliminate poll tax for city elections.
Oppose sales tax in ANY form.
More adequate police protection.
Kavanaugh is NOT a campaign issue. He is through!
If you agree, vote for—

W. RANDLE BECKER FOR City Commissioner

Daily News Irked

ONS OF AMERICANS UNEMPLOYED!" old Senator Vandenberg maintained a loud silence. Not one finger did he raise in protest to that extravagant figure. He CONSENTED to it by his SILENCE.

Last Thursday, it was revealed that there are TODAY 2,975,000 idle in the United States—and despite the spurt in recovery, ANY BUFFOON KNOWS THAT EIGHT MILLIONS HAVE NOT BEEN RETURNED TO WORK IN SIX MONTHS.

It made Grandmere furious with Arthur. So just the other day, the Old Woman in Tweeds dipped her sharp pen in tart ink and PANNED the SENATOR FROM MICHIGAN TO A FARE-THEE-WELL.

Seems Vandy is an honest, up-right, efficient son-of-a-sea-cock as long as he is LEADING THE FIGHT ON THE CANAL—but the same old gent is a scheming, low-down, inefficient son-of-a-biscuit-shooter when he sacrifices fairness to politics.

FTE ON YOU, GRANDMA NEWS OF BISCAYNE BOUL!

Season Is Over

slashed yet but the will be very soon. Even the restaurants have come down to earth and food prices have dropped considerably.

For the next six months every Miamian has an opportunity to be a king. He can afford the things which he is denied during the winter on account of high prices, and he becomes the reed upon which Miami business leans. Dozens of smart merchants, realizing the golden opportunity of catering to the "native trade during the summer, have maintained their staffs and have replenished their stocks and may find time during the next few months to get acquainted with the home folks who, after all, makes it possible for year-round business establishments to exist. We all combine during the winter to induce our wealthy visitors to spend as much as possible in order that we may kick the dough around during the summer and now that summer is here let's sort of get chummy with each other and make it possible for everyone to have a good time.

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