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K16 C

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"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

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# THE CHIEF GOES HOME!

## NEW FACES LOOM AS BIG SHAKE-UP STARTS

NEW faces in old places will be the rule rather than the exception when the new administration heads finish the clean sweep which has already been started around the city hall.

Chief of Detectives L. O. Scarboro who failed to receive the nod of approval from Czar Andy is scheduled to return to his post Monday morning. Detectives Williams and Hancock who went overboard with their chief are likewise having their "plain clothes" pressed to return to duty. Patrolmen J. J. Clinton and Joe Schauers who received the gate because they entered the commission race will probably be back in harness as soon as Chief Quigg gets around to them, and it wouldn't be surprising to see Charlie Dillon "busting" out in a police uniform soon.

Over in the courthouse, City Paymaster Lou MacReynolds is reported as "getting his house in order" preparatory to permanent departure, and George J. Christie, former radio announcer is slated to replace Ernie Seiler as recreational director.

'Tis only the beginning, folks. To the victor belongs the spoils—and jobs and some of the lads who have been feeding at the public trough for years are wondering where to find new troughs. The shake-up at police headquarters will probably not be completed for several weeks while Chief Quigg studies the "situation" and starts reorganizing. One thing, however, is certain—there will be more policemen on the streets and fewer around police headquarters filing records and making five or six duplications of trivial reports. The civil service board, too, is in the line of fire and some startling changes may be made by City Manager Bloodworth and the city commission.

Former City Manager L. L. Lee, Chief of Police John Rowland, Safety Director Kavanaugh, Municipal Judge James A. Dunn and Attorney Mitchell D. Price have already fallen under the axe and have been replaced.

## Lets Clean Up The Kavanaugh "Mess"

Folks—let's go to jail!  
Honestly, we MEAN it!

"The Song Is Over, But The Melody Lingers On . . ."

Andrew J. Kavanaugh's tenure of office is over—but the smell with which he saturated the splendid Miami Police Department will be hard to eradicate.

But you may bank on this: The new administration will eradicate it! If you can read this, you can reason, You KNOW that so long as grapes fructicate, so long as rye, corn, barley and other grains blossom upon the bosom of Mother Earth, there will be drunkenness. Right? Right!

Let's follow the man who falls within the law for imbibing too much in licensed bars. What happens to him? (Don't ask Dad—HE doesn't know—at least he won't TELL).

The arrested man is taken (under Kavanaugh) to the police station where he is "booked" and searched. Although he might have money and valuables taken from him, he receives no receipt whatsoever! ("And they said Kavanaugh wasn't an issue!")

Taken to the 18th floor of the City Hall, he has two alternatives. He either lies on filthy, bed-bug infested mattresses and blankets, often saturated with offal of prisoners who have gone before him, or he lies on a concrete floor—and it's cold up there along about 2 or 3 o'clock. (The writer knows).

Now assume the prisoner is not TOO drunk. Say, for instance, he was simply careening from side to side but not bothering anybody. When he arrives at the "Can" he realizes his plight—and sobers quickly. He wants to obtain "bail." He wants to notify his worrying wife where he is. Or, perhaps, he wants to 'phone a business friend in order to obtain funds with which to put up his bail and "get out."

Under Kavanaugh, he was not permitted to use the phone until four hours had elapsed—regardless of his condition! And when the four hours actually were up, he had one helluva time getting attention of the jailer who had charge of seven "tanks" in all—and three of them located on another floor! (Yes, folks, this is America and 1937!)

Just a few minutes before he was called before the Bar of Justice in order to answer to the disgraceful charge of drinking "a wee drop" too much, he had a chance to use a phone—in the detention room just behind the courtroom. Niggers and whites were in a line and he was just about to reach the 'phone, when they called his name!

Get this straight! Miami Life favors NO white man's class over another. But we ALL ADMIT there are such unfortunates as "stumble-bums", rum-hounds" and "jail-birds." There are respectable citizens, too.

Under Chief of Police Leslie Quigg these things will be changed! If a man is "pinched" for a misdemeanor, he will have a chance to get bail. No longer will Miami be a village under the inquisition!

Reputations will not necessarily be sacrificed before the altar of Greed. Law and order will be preserved—but Casuar will not dictate! The Kavanaugh "mess" is about to be mopped up.

Folks—thank God and You!

FOR nine strife-torn years, Miami has waited for "Der Tag"—and it's here! H. Leslie Quigg went home Friday morning. He is back among his boys—the blue-coated pals he so carefully selected during the big boom and trained to be the finest and most loyal police department in America.

Truly, happy days are here again. Every face in Miami wore a smile yesterday. A thousand happy men and women hurried to police headquarters to shake his hand and congratulate the "Chief". Ten thousand telephones tinkled as the news was passed from friend to friend. Microphones vibrated as news was flashed that Quigg had been named chief of police. Florist delivery boys worked overtime carrying huge floral pieces into police headquarters.



### CHIEF QUIGG REINSTATED AT LAST!

R. J. Clein, publisher of Miami Life, was one of the first to congratulate H. Leslie Quigg when he was reinstated as Chief of Police Friday morning.

In this picture the boys are merely shaking hands as they remember the shoulder to shoulder fight they have made for many years for the victory earned last Tuesday. Just look at them — don't they both look happy?

## ENTIRE MIAMI BEACH COUNCIL MAY BE RETURNED TO OFFICE

IT'S been a long time since we have heard that age-old adage which goes:

"DON'T BITE THE HAND THAT'S FEEDING YOU."

As a matter of fact, we believe we heard it used publicly last time during the World War. But it might be a good idea for the electorate of MIAMI BEACH to remember the "saw".

Miami has only recently repudiated its city administration. But that was because the city administration DESERVED EXACTLY WHAT IT GOT!

The case on the beach is the antithesis of that on the mainland. Where the city commissioners in Miami dissipated the funds of the taxpayers, those councilmen on the Beach have CONSERVED THE TAXPAYERS' REVENUE and hung up a record that makes it almost a sacrilege for anyone to oppose them.

The books are open. Anybody may scan them—including the candidates who essay to election in the forthcoming election. Here's EXACTLY WHAT THE PRESENT COUNCIL DID:

Under the leadership of the valiant John Levi and hard-hitting Baron De Hirsch Meyer, building during the last two years has reached the awe-inspiring total of \$25,000,000—with every indication of reaching \$15,000,000 for the coming year alone. Leadership of Levi and De Hirsch Meyer virtually assures both of them the honor of leading the ticket when the returns are completed in the coming election and it is all together fitting and proper that they should be so rewarded for their unselfish efforts which have helped to make Miami Beach one of the brightest spots on the North American continent.

Voters—think that over. In the face of those figures "Do

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Even the long anxious years of waiting seemed to shrink into nothingness as Chief Quigg, his head flung high, his eyes sparkling and his step firm and steady, walked into the building he left nine years ago after one of the most damnable pieces of persecution ever perpetrated upon a human being.

No one knows what H. Leslie Quigg was thinking as he gently fondled the golden word, "Chief" on his uniform cap. No one, except those who have been closest to him, know of the hell he has gone through during the years he fought to vindicate the good name which was stolen from him when he was nailed to the cross of sacrifice to satisfy the whims and caprices of greedy politicians. But—

His real friends never lost faith in him. They KNEW he was innocent of the charges trumped up against him to bring about his removal to clear the path for payment of a political debt to another. They walked at his side as he stepped into a court room to face a jury of his peers who found him NOT GUILTY in less time than it takes to read this story. They bowed their heads with him when his enemies sent him to his OWN BROTHER'S FUNERAL IN IRONS.

They clenched their fists and fought against the tortures of hell when they saw the hurt looks in the eyes of his wife and his aged mother who KNEW THAT THEIR HUSBAND AND SON WAS A VICTIM OF POLITICAL PERSECUTION and absolutely innocent of any crime or wrong doing. Although the name of H. Leslie Quigg has been purged—although he has been completely vindicated, he can never remove the scars which have been burned into his heart and into the hearts of his loved ones.

H. Leslie Quigg never quit fighting. He once sought vindication by becoming a candidate for city commissioner. Without money, he staged a brilliant fight for the position but was defeated because his political enemies were still powerful.

Ten thousand Miamians, anxious to rid the city of criminals and to protect white women from negro rapists, signed petitions demanding that Quigg be returned to the police department. These petitions were ignored because the Big and Little Tammanys were still in power, but Leslie Quigg didn't quit.

He rolled up his sleeves and went to work. Many a hot tropical sun looked down upon Leslie Quigg as he worked on a small garden patch from which he eked out a living for his family. When the depression struck, he, like many others, was hard hit. At the peak of the depression H. Leslie Quigg worked in a ditch on Flagler street, and although the humiliation must have been unbearable he stuck to his post, always with his eye upon the police station and the belief firm in his heart that some day he would go back there

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# CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES

WE, the undersigned business concerns and individuals, take this opportunity to join with Miami Life in extending a most hearty welcome to Miami's three new city commissioners, Dr. Ralph B. Ferguson, Judge John W. DuBose and R. C. Gardner. May the new deal so vitally necessary to Miami's welfare, bring harmony and prosperity to this world famous resort city. The voice of the people has spoken and it is the duty of every Miami resident, regardless of how he or she voted, to get behind the new city commission and give them their whole-hearted support.



JOHN W. DuBOSE



DR. RALPH FERGUSON



R. C. GARDNER

Cuban Bar  
1701 N. W. 4th Avenue

Best Wishes From  
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230 West Flagler Street

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A Friend

Washbush Liquors  
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775 S. W. 8th Street  
1245 S. W. 22nd Street

Jensen's Liquor Stores  
1723 S. W. 8th Street  
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The Gold Cup  
1158 N. E. 1st Avenue

Jack Quinn  
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The Spur Bar & Grille  
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Silvers, Inc.  
411 N. Miami Avenue

Tanner Stores  
1753 N. E. 2nd Avenue

Smitty's Barbecue  
A. E. PARTIN, Mgr.  
3601 North Miami Avenue

Mayor Louis F. Snedigar  
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Miami Transit Company  
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244 Biscayne Boulevard

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"The Venetian Way"

Kiser Drilling Company  
PAUL R. KISER, Mgr.  
288 N. W. 30th Street

J. M. Blow Title Co.  
318-22 Seybold Building

M. & M. Dredging & Construction Co.  
804 Postal Building

Tom Wood

Judge Cecil C. Curry  
MUNICIPAL COURT

Louis K. McReynolds

The Turf  
726 N. W. 79th Street

Eighth Street Sandwich and Beer Parlor  
260 S. W. 8th Street

## THE CHIEF GOES HOME

where he belongs

After the depression, he drove an armored truck. He hauled millions of dollars to and from race tracks and banks for a salary about equivalent to a first class stenographer yet he never lost a penny or was one minute late for work.

Then came the memorable sheriff's race last fall. Leslie Quigg lost because he ran a "poor mans race". Thousands upon thousands of dollars were poured into his lap and he RETURNED EVERY LAST PENNY OF IT, REFUSING TO ACCEPT AID FROM PERSONS OR INTERESTS WHO MIGHT SEEK FAVOR IN EVENT OF HIS ELECTION.

The sheriff's race told a significant story. Quigg polled NEARLY 11,000 VOTES IN THE CITY PRECINCTS ALONE! He was defeated in the county by influences beyond his control, but—

The returns in that election spelled doom to the administration and political enemies who had persecuted him for eight years. Even last November the Tammanys knew that H. Leslie Quigg held the next municipal election in the palm of his hand. Any three candidates named by Leslie Quigg could have been and would have been elected last Tuesday. The three candidates supported by Leslie Quigg did win in one of the most overwhelming landslides on record.

Does anyone want more proof of the popularity of Leslie Quigg in Miami? Is it any wonder that every man in Miami is happy and every woman now feels safe to travel the streets after dark or to stay in her own home alone? Every woman knows that there is a true Southern Gentleman at police headquarters ready and capable of protecting her.

All danger of racial strife is passed. Negro joy-riders will no longer use the midnight streets of Miami's white sections. The downtown sidewalks now belong to the white people. Unruly negroes are already shaking the dust of Miami from their feet. The law-abiding negroes are just as happy as the white people because they KNOW they have escaped the dominance of the black ruffians who flocked in when the rigid vigil of H. Leslie Quigg was no longer at police headquarters.

In assuming his duties Friday morning, Chief Quigg asked for harmony and cooperation. He promised his own cooperation to the fullest extent and pledged himself to enforce the law at all times. He assumed his post with no animosity in his heart for his persecutors, and with his hands unshackled.

Men and women of Miami, H. Leslie Quigg WAS the best chief of police we have ever had. He IS the best chief we will ever have! He has vindicated himself and you have restored to him his good name which he prizes so highly. Now that you have done your duty, keep on doing it to yourselves and to your community by supporting him and cooperating with him in every manner possible.

H. Leslie Quigg is your friend and neighbor. He grew up right here in Miami. There isn't a law abiding man or woman in Miami who can't walk into his office and slap him on the back and call him friend—and he is your friend now and always. Incidentally, do not offer him a drink or a cigar. He never took a drink or smoked a cigar in his life.

Yes, "Der Tag" is here. Leslie Quigg is back home—back among his boys—back among his neighbors. Let's keep him there as long as he lives!



Y'all remember that?

"Red" Grange was a broken-field man. Give him an opening, and whee-e-e - - - he was going places. Ask Pennsylvania.

In the present Miami Beach councilmanic race, there is a "Red" Grange lurking in the backfield — and if HE gets that ball — he's going places.

That man is none other than Herbert A. Frink, proprietor of the Pig Trail Inn, well known and loved by all Miami Beach. Mister, there is ONE guy you have to watch in THIS race.

Herb is a native Floridian. He is, moreover, a Shriner, Elk, Junior Chamber of Commerce member, and a Methodist. He has a wife and one son, Herbert J., living at 1700 Jefferson avenue.

You won't see any PHONEY names attached to Herb Frink's petition. The people KNOW him for what he is.

Mr. Frink believes only that a SUCCESSFUL businessman can give the city of Miami Beach a SUCCESSFUL administration. That's why HE is running.

## Beach Council

You Want to Change Horses In The Middle of the Stream?"

YOU'RE DOG-GONED RIGHT YOU DON'T!

This present council—ALL OF THE COUNCILMEN — handled YOUR affairs in such a manner that 99 percent (99% and no less) of taxes were paid on the barrel-head! Imagine that, when ALL OVER THE COUNTRY the OFFICIALS ARE CRYING BECAUSE THEIR TAXES ARE DELINQUENT!

Harmony! This present body of councilmen have set a record that the rest of the country may well take as a criterion! True, there have been PERSONAL squabbles between members of the council, BUT—

When the interests of the city have come up before the city council, those squabbles have been buried—and the council as a whole has acted! Don't forget that all-important item! It will mean money in your pockets!

Perhaps YOU have a favorite in the present race. Perhaps there's someone you admire PERSONALLY. Naturally, your first inclination is to cast a vote for that candidate. But don't sacrifice your own welfare in order to compliment a friend!

Don't overlook this possibility—we might say, "probability!" The candidate whom you might prefer—and who is UNTRIED might place HIS personal gain before YOUR GENERAL WELFARE!

Of, course, there is little cause for alarm. At this writing, the incumbents—the present administration, has little or no cause to be concerned because factional candidates have announced as their opponents. Miami Beach will not throw overboard the very men who have boosted Miami Beach's stock throughout the country—and given it the best administration in it's history. Miami itself booted out it's commission BECAUSE it betrayed the electorate. Miami Beach will reward it's Council because it kept the faith!

However, there is ONE singular aspect to the ensuing election. Heretofore, selection of the mayor of the Beach was elective. That is, the voters designated whom they preferred. Under the NEW charter, the members of Council appoint the mayor. That is why it is more important this year to discriminate and to re-name those who are sitting on the present council! Miami Beach: Don't make a mistake for which you will apologize next winter when the "frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock" — and when your northern friends and relatives come "way down south to take a close-up view of the sun!"

Vote the "STRAIGHT" ticket. Vote for MIAMI BEACH—first, last and all the time. Help the new city commission of Miami make the 1937-1938 season break all records for success! Vote for:

"Bob" Ralston, Harry Rice, John Levi, Baron De Hirsch Meyer, and Bill Burbridge.

MIAMI BEACH: "Let's borrow the slogan of those immortal warriors: "All for one! one for all!"

"Loan me a dollar."  
"Say, I had to earn my money by my wits."  
"All right then, lend me half a dollar."

The best way to tell whether a girl is ripe for love is to squeeze her.

Father: "When will you stop chasing blondes?"  
Son: "Just as soon as blondes quit running from me."

"I have a job posing for an artist in the nude."  
"Heavens, would you pose for a man absolutely naked?"  
"Certainly not, he'll be wearing all of his clothes."

Old Maid: "Why do you call me Boy Scout?"  
Cynic: "You've been scouting for a boy for 40 years."

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Lunch 40c, Dinner \$1.00 26 N. E. 3rd Avenue  
M. H. V. MUHLE FRANK CARNEVALE

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**TUB PALMER**  
Candidate for COUNCILMAN - MIAMI BEACH  
MEET YOUR FRIENDS at HARRY'S  
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THE BEER IS ON TUB! BRING YOUR FRIENDS