

Mad Man Runs Amuck In Miami!



Vol. 11 — No. 37

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Miami, Florida, Saturday, June 5, 1937

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

WANTED: ROOM TO DIE IN!

DR. JEKYLL - MR. HYDE MAD MAN HAS POLICE OF MIAMI PERPLEXED

Miami police today had in custody a living replica of Edgar Allan Poe's famous fictional character "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde"—a mysterious two-faced Janus whose strange case has baffled alienists and experienced police officers.

The prisoner, or patient, was arrested late Tuesday night when police received reports that a man was acting suspiciously on North Miami avenue. When officers accosted him, the man became a raving maniac, necessitating use of four policemen to drag him into a patrol car, despite the fact that the prisoner is a man of small stature and slight build.

Raving incoherently, the prisoner, upon whose person no means of identification were found, was placed in a padded cell, after all bedding and his own clothing were removed lest he commit suicide.

As officers attempted to question him, the man mentioned "George Jones" and Tulane University in New Orleans. Then, to the utter amazement of the officials, he suddenly calmed down and discoursed calmly upon scientific subjects, his knowledge of which convinced the police that the man was exceptionally well-educated, perhaps even a professor.

Utterly ignoring attempts of police to learn his name and whence he came to Miami, the "mad professor," as jail trustees nicknamed him, launched into theoretical expositions on theology, erudite discussions of chemistry, political economy and, successively, such unrelated subjects as botany, astrology, medicine, ballistics and folksongs of various nations.

But, just as police questioners were believing that their mysterious captive was regaining normalcy, he dropped to the floor of his cell and before their eyes again became a veritable mad beast, growling, snarling, and crawling about on hands and knees, pausing occasionally to utter profane and obscure exhortations of the vilest type—the perfect an-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

LIFE'S CANDIDATES VICTORS AT BEACH, TRIBUNE IS ROUTED

MIAMI BEACH'S MUNICIPAL ELECTION AND THAT OF MIAMI A FEW WEEKS PRIOR, REMINDS SOME OF MIAMI LIFE'S READERS OF THE STORY OF THE SCHOOL BOY WHOSE TEACHER REMARKED, AFTER THE BOY HAD GIVEN THE CORRECT ANSWER TO A QUESTION, "THAT'S GOOD, JIMMY."

"GOOD, HELL," JIMMY RETORTED, "THAT'S PERFECT!"

MIAMI LIFE PREDICTED THE BEACH COUNCIL INCUMBENTS RUNNING FOR RE-ELECTION WOULD BE WINNERS. THEY WERE — IN ORDER NAMED BY THIS PUBLICATION. INCIDENTALLY, THEY WERE SUPPORTED BY LIFE.

MIAMI LIFE SUPPORTED AND PROPHESED THE ELECTION OF DR. FERGUSON, JUDGE DuBOSE AND R. C. GARDNER IN THE MIAMI RACE. THEY WON IN THAT ORDER.

WHICH ONLY GOES TO SUBSTANTIATE WHAT MOST POLITICAL OBSERVERS HAVE KNOWN ALL ALONG AND WHAT MANY OTHERS SUSPECTED—THAT THE CHEST-POUNGING MIAMI TRIBUNE HAD LITTLE OR NOTHING TO DO WITH EITHER ELECTION. Y'SEE, THE TRIB WAS UNFRIENDLY TO THE BEACH COUNCIL—AND IT WAS ELECTED OVERWHELMINGLY IN SPITE OF THIS OPPOSITION BY THE MORNING BUGLE!

THE TRIBUNE CLIMBED ABOARD THE FERGUSON-DuBOSE BANDWAGON WHEN THE EDITORS OF THAT SHEET REALIZED, AS MIAMI LIFE HAD PREDICTED WEEKS EARLIER, THAT FERGUSON, DuBOSE and GARDNER WERE CERTAIN TO WALK IN.

Hospital Inmates Forced To Watch As Death Takes "White Plague" Victims!

MIAMI has it's own version of "The Last Mile."

All the abject horror suffered by Death House prisoners, who are compelled to watch fellow-inmates march off, one by one, into that Long And Awful Silence—Death—knowing that their own time to walk that "last mile" is not far distant, is experienced by patient's in Miami's Jackson Memorial Hospital.

Only yesterday, Harry Smith, victim of tuberculosis, lay dying in the hopeless agony typical of this dreaded disease; his terror-stricken eyes protruding from their cadaverous sockets; his sunken cheeks laboriously attempting to wrest life-giving oxygen from the cramped ward in which he lay, and with each inhalation an ominous, rasping rattl-of-death echoing from one end of the dormitory to the other.

AND THIS GRUESOME SPECTACLE WAS ENACTED IN FULL VIEW OF SOME 34 FELLOW TUBERCULERS, WHO, SECOND BY SECOND, MINUTE

BY MINUTE AND HOUR BY HOUR, AS THE MORBID STRUGGLE WITH THE GRIM REAPER PROGRESSED, HAD DRUMMED HOME TO THEM THE AGONIZING REALIZATION THAT THEY MIGHT BE THE NEXT TO GO THROUGH THIS TORTURE! !

This in Miami, the national playground—a city which plans a Pan-American exhibit costing thousands of dollars but which cannot find money enough to provide a room in which dying patients might answer the Summons in decent privacy!

Don't get the idea that Miami Life is resorting to sob-stuff or to dramatics. This disgraceful condition EXISTS and if you entertain the slightest doubt—GO OUT TO THE HOSPITAL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF! BUT IF YOU ARE THE LEAST BIT CHICKEN-HEARTED, YOU'D BETTER NOT GO.

The sum and substance of the whole business boils down to this: Miami, with its ridiculously inadequate hospital, resembles a 1000-room modern hotel with only one Kansas "back-house" for accommodation of its guests.

Dr. R. C. Woodard, superintendent, has frequently called attention to the deplorable condition existing at the hospital due TO LACK OF SPACE. Time and again he urged the late and lamented city commission to build a small addition at each end of the tuberculosis ward so that WHEN A PATIENT'S DEATH APPEARED IMMINENT, HE OR SHE MIGHT BE REMOVED FROM SIGHT OF THE OTHER AFFLICTED PATIENTS.

But the old commission had no money for such a purpose after "kicking in" with dough for numerous junkets to the north by its own members!

Although reluctant to discuss the state of affairs until he had opportunity to place the subject before the new commission, Dr. Woodard admitted to Miami Life that this publication's indictment of the city hospital was true. He admitted that he has virtually BEGGED for a new wing to the building so as to eliminate the stark tragedy which is involuntarily witnessed by patients whenever one of their "buddies" die before their eyes.

Imagine this: in the white ward there are 35 BEDS and in the colored ward 18 beds! You'd almost believe this was Rising Sun, Ohio, instead of Miami!

Crap Games May Stay Despite Court Ruling

"Ivory Cubes With Ebony Dots
Often Lead to Cemetery Lots . . ."

BERT Williams used to sing a song entitled "Somebody Else, Not Me", and one of the verses opened with the foregoing observation.

In Miami, the Canterng Cubes have long ricocheted over the green beige to earnest exhortations of the "talent" such as "C'mon, Little Joe!" or "An eighter from Decatur!" and other such terms.

Under extremely adverse conditions, the dodging dice have continued to woo Lady Luck in certain establishments which utilized the elastic slot-machine law by inserting coins in slots before each play, thus temporarily legalizing the crap game in operation.

At the present time, the state supreme court is pondering the legality of such subterfuge. The decision has been held up in the high tribunal for some reason or other. Meanwhile, the operators who have licensed slot machines, continue to do their stuff and are

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Englishman Tells What He Thinks Of Miami Journalism!

REUBIN CLEIN, Publisher,
Miami Life,
City.

Sir:
Before leaving for my home in England, I desire to take this occasion to express both my deep appreciation and thanks for the pleasure and education derived from your admirable periodical during the seven months in which I have been a Miami visitor.

Prior to the Miami commission election, I followed the daily newspapers and your weekly, studying the American methods of newspaper campaigning, politics and journalism being my vocation in England. I do not hesitate to declare that Miami Life's articles on the whole were most enlightening and best written of all. This is attested to by the fact that upon numerous occasions I detected instances in which the dailies copied almost verbatim phrases and arguments first published in your journal — 'the sincerest form of flattery.'

I was particularly struck with the manner in which your paper named Candidates Ferguson, DuBose and Gardner to finish in that order, a remarkable bit of political foresight. Then when you selected the five incumbents standing for the Miami Beach Council to win easily and when this daring forecast was borne out by the voters, I was amazed. I am carrying a complete folio of "before and after" articles which I intend using in lectures at home.

Of course, I fully understand that as compared with the dailies, Miami Life covers only local ground but from the way I observed how your journal was read by discerning Miamians, I am convinced that it was a powerful force in the city election. At times I believed that you attacked Mr. Kavanaugh too vehemently, but I recalled the quaint American saying: "If you are going to strike a man, you might as well strike him with all your might." Thus, I realized the method behind your attacks.

One of my prize souvenirs is your front page devoted to clippings of headlines from Miami papers, depicting the reign of crime

here under Mr. Kavanaugh. That was an excellent display and evoked favorable comment everywhere.

Your exclusive expose of insurance frauds, with the ultimate expulsion of the involved concern, was another neat example of alert journalism. I have never understood why the daily papers failed to publish this expose.

There are too many cases of brilliance for me to enumerate but the picture of the girl who looked like the Dionne quintuplets; the boy who was injured on the Miami chain-gang and your introduction of the young lady who stood for city commission, are stories which are outstanding in my memory.

Again permit me to thank you for the entertainment which your journal has afforded me and to assure you that I shall await each issue eagerly at home.

I beg to remain,

Sincerely,
THOMAS MUIRHEAD,
London, England.

Miami Life

"Florida's Most Influential Weekly"
Published on Saturday by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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Executive Offices: 167 N. E. 2nd Street, Miami, Florida
Telephone 2-3239

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

Advertising rates supplied on application.

Vol. 11 Miami, Florida, Saturday, June 5, 1937 No. 37

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

Meditational Musings ---

THE Indianapolis Speedway, during 26 years of automobile racing, has claimed 33 lives. The first race, in 1909, was the most disastrous, three drivers and two spectators being killed. Ray Haroun, driving the Marmon "Wasp" won the inaugural at an average speed of 76 miles per hour. Wilbur Shaw's time this year was approximately 38 miles an hour faster than Haroun's. Several hundred Hoosiers drove to the Speedway in horse-drawn buggies and wagons for the first race 26 years ago.

The next eclipse of the sun is a problem in "Believe It or Not". The eclipse starts June 9th and ends June 8th. Correct, your guess is right — it's the International Date Line that does the trick. More than half of thirty students engaged in a New York spelling-bee fell by the wayside on the word "chassis". Others went down on "diphtheria" and all who survived were eliminated on "philosophically" . . . A barrel of Christmas Night perfume (52 gallons) is worth \$75,000 . . . A beer keg filled with radium would be worth more than all of the world's gold, diamonds, silver and emeralds. Incidentally an emerald is more precious than a diamond.

Clothing purchased abroad for personal use is not subject to duty. Many American women buy evening gowns in Paris and sleep in them on the boat on the way home in order to tell customs inspectors that they have been "worn." Thirty-seven doughboys were killed trying to get through the German lines during the world war to advise the American command of the whereabouts of the Lost Battalion in the Argonne. The thirty-ninth man got through by crawling nearly 10 miles on his stomach. Less than 200 of the original 750 members of the Battalion survived the four-day ordeal when they were flanked and cut off from contact with their own outfit. The man who finally got through with the message that brought about the rescue is a minor postoffice employee in New York. He received the Congressional Medal for his bravery but was unable to find a job until eight years after the end of the war.

ACCORDING to Ollie Gore the government boys knew all of the answers before they started asking the questions.

MOTION pictures of the quintuplets in the bath tub were taken on their third birthday. Will those girls blush about 15 years from now when those old pictures are revived?

IT would cost \$60,000 to inflate the Graf Zeppelin with helium. An hour's time over the "Red net-work" costs \$55,000. Now if some genius can only figure out a system to inflate the blimp with that sort of gas just look how much can be saved!

WAR looms as inevitable in Europe and some of the countries which repudiated world war debts are wishing now they had paid up.

Late News Bulletin!

(FLASH) London, June 3 (PU)—Wally and Eddie were married here today. "It won't be wrong now," tittered Wally as she left the church.

Miami, Fla., June 4—Cleve Baker, proprietor of the "Rat Hole", left today for Washington to extend a personal invitation to President Roosevelt to spend his next vacation fishing from the county causeway.

Philadelphia, June 5—Ollie Gore of Miami and Tallahassee, was the dinner guest of Joseph E. Widener. After partaking of a seven-course dinner of cyanide, arsenic and powdered glass, Mr. Gore left for Cemetery Hill.

Miami, June 5—The Miami Rotary Club voted today to disband on account of losing its principal speaker, Andrew J. Kavanaugh who left last week for Rochester. The Rochester Rotary Club, upon hearing of Mr. Kavanaugh's intended visit, closed its doors for the summer.

Mother: "What are that young man's intentions?"
Daughter: "Well, he's been keeping me pretty much in the dark."

After a girl gets her boyfriend going she is generally ready to stop.

Isn't it funny that the streamline girls seem to have the most resistance.

Hale and hearty
Was Peter Prout.
But poor old Peter,
Petered out.

AT EAST END OF COUNTY CAUSEWAY
TROPICAL GRILL
STEAKS AND CHOPS
BEER

The "Pay Off" Man Squawks!

TELLS HOW HE DELIVERED HUGE SUM TO GOVERNOR SMELTZ IN JEFF'S BAR FOR CERTAIN "DATES"

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, the big "pay-off" man, has finally been induced, (to say nothing of being bribed) to spill the works, and tell how he bribed certain persons to procure the "dates" he wanted during the 1934 season. He will tell you in very plain, (and very poor English) how the big "pay-off" was made.

The story opens with the big "pay-off" man seated astraddle a rail on the outskirts of the city. He is being questioned by a board of health inspector and is surrounded by a bevy of newspaper reporters.

"I do not desire no publicity," beamed the big "pay-off" man as he watched with interest while some of the reporters fumbled with a pillow full of feathers and stirred the fire beneath a pot of boiling tar.

"Very well," agreed the sanitary inspector, "we will protect you by keeping your words a complete secret. The only ones we will tell will be the reporters. Now I am going to ask you some questions."

Q. "Where were you on the night of June 13th?"
A. "Not directly, but he later sent his chief stooge to me and accused me of holding out a nickel."

Q. "In other words he insinuated that the original pay-off package contained twenty-cents and that you took a nickel out before delivering it?"
A. "Insinuated, hell, he accused me outright."

Q. "Well, did you remove the nickel?"
A. "Certainly not. Do you think I want to get in wrong with the income tax boys?"

Q. "Is there any record of the transaction?"
A. "Yes sir, I have a photostatic copy of the whole thing right here."

The condemning record, a reproduction of which is hereby offered, was handed to the sanitary inspector.

Q. "Who gave you the package to deliver?"
A. "Mr. Bunch."

Q. "Who is Mr. Bunch?"
A. "He is one of the banana boys. He has a lot of brothers."

Q. "Was there any money in the package?"
A. "Yes, there was a huge sum."

Q. "Do you know exactly how much?"
A. "Yes, it was fifteen cents."

Q. "How did you deliver the package?"
A. "Well, it's rather complicated. When I arrived at the bar the doorman wasn't going to let me in. I finally out-talked him and got in. Gov. Smeltz and the two lawyers was standing at the bar and when they saw me they run over and asked me if I had the money. I told them that I did."

Q. "What happened?"
A. "Well, everything is a little hazy. Gov. Smeltz nearly broke my arm grabbin' for the money and the two lawyers tripped me and pounced on me. I lost two or three teeth and someone kicked me in the . . ."

Q. "Never mind where you were kicked; but tell me if it was your understanding that the money was being paid to Gov. Smeltz for arranging certain dates?"
A. "Yes, that was my understanding."

Q. "Just what were the dates?"
A. "Well, I wanted him to fix it up for me with a blonde who worked out on North Miami avenue and Mr. Bunch wanted a telephone operator who lives out near the city dump."

Q. "And were the dates finally arranged?"
A. "Yes, but that blonde wasn't so hot."

Q. "How about the telephone operator?"
A. "She was too hot. She cut Mr. Bunch's throat the first date he had with her."

Q. "Now, Mr. Greeby, what were your relations with Gov. Smeltz after that?"
A. "I resent that. I ain't no sailor."

Q. "No, I mean did you ever have any other dealings with him after paying him that money in Jeff's bar?"



THE RECORD

IT SPEAKS FOR ITSELF!

Q. "Have you any other records?"
A. "Well, the Ft. Lauderdale police have one and I think maybe they have one here at the Miami police station. They accused me of mopey with intent to gawk."

Q. "Why didn't you make them prove it?"
A. "They did. I got thirty days on the rock-pile."

Q. "Did you ever have dinner with Gov. Smeltz?"
A. "Yes, we et at the fish stand across from the courthouse."

Q. "Do you remember when?"
A. "Not exactly, but I do remember that Gov. Smeltz outfumbled me for the check and I had to wash dishes two days."

Q. "Is that all you can think of?"
A. "I can't even think of that right now. What I want to know is why them fellers over there is fiddlin' around with them feathers and that tar. Are they gonna repair a roof?"

Q. "Not exactly. I think they are cooking up a little reward for you for your frank confession."

A. "That's swell, I know I'm gonna enjoy this party. Could you give me a seegar?"
Does Greeby get the seegar? Does he enjoy the party? Does he give more details of the "pay-off"? Watch Miami Life for the next installment of this startling expose. The "pay-off" man squawks, listen to his squeals exclusively in Miami Life.

Short Shorts

THREE cops, an ambulance, a pair of camera men and a complete identification outfit rushed to the Bayfront at 10th street . . . The commotion caused by a floating pair of rubber pants . . . Thieves steal three evening slippers from home of Oscar Dooley . . . None of the stolen shoes are mates . . . Co-partner owners of row boat have row . . . One of the partners saws the boat into half and carts his half away . . . Other partner wants to know what to do with half a boat . . . Darned if we know . . . Man deposits \$15 in bank and writes checks for \$400 . . . Nice work if you can get it . . . John Levi tells voters he searched records to find some appeal to make for women's votes . . . Discovers that license tags for female dogs is \$2.00 and only \$1.00 for gentlemen canines . . . Says he thinks it is unfair and promises to reverse things . . . Girl dogs yip approval . . . Prominent clubman arrested on charges of bigamy, adultery, non-support and failure to support children . . . The defense should be interesting . . . Forty-six street property owners claim they are losing sleep on account of "rooster crowing" . . . Police refer complainants to health department . . . Health department trying to figure out what to do about it . . . Roast capon will probably appear soon in a certain Forty-sixth street home.

Things I'd Like To Know

If Joe Wells, the genial dispenser in the Empire bar has become reconciled to the loss of his star boarder and the pork chops
???

If the health inspector, who broke into a Miami avenue chicken house without a search warrant and removed a garbage can, intends to make good the loss the owners took when some one came along and stole most everything else after he had left the place open
???

Why something isn't done about the way a Miami fish grill exposes crackers under the edge of a busy sidewalk shelf and also why they are permitted to put a five or ten gallon can of hamburger meat in the lavatory when business is rushing
???

When the downtown hotel management will wake up and put a white man on as clerk after 12 o'clock midnight thereby averting scandal, lawsuits or something worse
???

Why all owners and managers of food and drink dispensing places are not compelled to carry health cards the same as the employees
???

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(At Junction of Venetian Causeway).

Campus Chatter

AT MIAMI U.

Ye campus activity today seems rather nil. All this week there has been a noted homeward migration starting with SAL and WHITEY WOLCUFF. By mid-week seniors on campus were scarcer than A's in trig., but they all promise to see us next year at the stadium dedication.

Congratulations to BEV and WARREN on your marriage even if you did keep it a secret for two months. We hate to see you kids leaving us to live in Indiana, but we hope to see you some year soon at Home-coming.

Graduation proved to be one of the year's exciting events — what with the largest grad class to date, all the honor awards and the wedding climax. After receiving their degrees DICKER and BOBBIE HECK took the final step and became Mr. and Mrs. Congrats, you-all.

Now that we've said a nice thing or three, we'll record a pet peeve of some studies in the science department. Is it possible for a science major to make NU KAPPA TAU, or is it limited to English majors?

Finally the SPORTS CLUB has taken a Greek letter name. Guess next year the University and the Sorority athletic trophies will have ALPHA THETA on them. And to top the Greek situation we have added one more national, the ALPHA DELTA PHIS.

NIGGER IN THE WOODPILE: O'DOMSKI leaving for home with a single good-bye to the gals at school . . . Certain freshmen trying to wear a nonchalant expression upon hearing of the recent marriages . . . Once more our own JUGHAID walks away with a tennis tournament in fine style. One more reason why our racquetters should be given the finances to take in the northern tournaments this summer . . . with all the recent marriage announcements you'd think someone else at LE JEUNE would admit it . . . You'd think some one would sign a truce when the FRENCH VILLAGE BAND DORM situation gets so bad that the villagers had to sleep in the back yard the other night. It seems some morons get a joke out of making swimming pools or furniture warehouses out of the beds. Good thing school's out, because this epidemic recently spread to LE JEUNE! Tsk! . . . Three cheers for the freedom of the press on the HURRICANE editorials last edition . . . What a funny creature is a freshman! Last year's class president allows an unconstitutional election for the officers of the coming year and fails to be re-elected, so he gets out petitions for a re-election and is finally elected president. Too bad the other nominee lost out solely because of his fraternity affiliation . . . See you next September 23rd.

who in most cases are a hitting three licks on that five thousand times cleaner and more sanitary than the boss-

Isn't it likely that Tom Williams of the Club Bagdad would lose the services of that wonderfully talented triple act, The Lewis Sisters, if he were to compel them to sing "Lovely Lady" which some scouts for national broadcasting companies are waiting to hear and then we'd want to know if Freeze Face knows "How I'm doin'" or something
???

If the FEC is really contemplating putting up cattle guards to keep Dinty, the Key West Sheik, from crossing the tracks every night
???

What prominent hotel man (formerly of Indiana) dropped \$500 in a crap game Saturday night
???

Who threw the hot cigarette butt on the awning on N. E. Second street
???

If Ellis wasn't pretty smart when he "cashed in" after
???

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'The Sportlife'

BY TOM STOWE

INSTEAD of sitting around in arm-chairs waiting until Fall before making definite plans for the annual Orange Bowl football classic, it would be to the welfare of Greater Miami if the committee would do the bulk of its preparedness work in the summer rather than wait until late November. What this southern metropolis needs more than anything else to lengthen the present "six-week" season, is an extensive December sports carnival centering around the Orange Bowl grid battle.

There are many suggestions that can be made as to the nature of the side-line attractions to accompany the football classic. For example, we could have a big track meet in which some of the leading colleges throughout the country could enter relay teams as well as individual stars. We might also have an outdoor college basketball tournament, all played in our new stadium by the comparatively simple measure of laying temporary wooden floor.

Unless my memory has strayed a bit, Miami has never seen any first class basketball or track competition. Elsewhere in the country these are rated as two of the greatest of all sporting events. An outdoor basketball tournament would be a novelty that would attract great interest and at the same time command an almost unlimited amount of publicity throughout the country. The appearance of such track stars as Glen Cunningham, Gene Venske, and the like would also attract many early birds south.

Then in conjunction with the aforementioned, we might be able to induce the leading amateur tennis players to compete in the first annual Orange Bowl tennis tournament. These are only a few of the side-line attractions which could be used to splendid advantage in making the Orange Bowl sports carnival one of the outstanding events in the country annually. No doubt there are other features which would prove equally helpful along with the December opening of Tropical Park and the annual Christmas Day high school football classic.

The point is that we Miami-ans cannot afford to sit back and take matters as they come. For if we do, somebody else is bound to get the cream leaving us the skim. Our Orange Bowl committee might be wise to contact the Southeastern Intercollegiate Association inviting the champion to represent the south each year in the Orange Bowl game, giving them the right to select their northern opponent. Such would be far more beneficial to Miami than the usual eleventh-hour choices with which we have to contend each year.

While all of these suggestions may not be financially possible, they are, nevertheless, food for thought.

CONGRATULATIONS to the two former Miami University football players, Warren Rose and Jack Dicker, who recently became attached to the respective apron strings of Beverly Wheatley and Barbara Heck, students at the same institution. The Roses were united several weeks back while the Dickers became Mr. and Mrs. Memorial Day.

Harold's Horse Hot Shots

TAKING Jamaica and Belmont as criterions, and these two tracks are prognostics of attendance figures for the rest of the New York race tracks, track owners are destined to experience one of the most successful seasons they have ever had. The attendance at these two tracks for their entire meetings has been very gratifying and on Memorial Day at Belmont Park, it was my pleasure to witness a capacity attendance. Today is get away day at this magnificent racing oval and the day's racing will be climaxed by the 69th running of the Belmont, which even will undoubtedly attract another capacity crowd.

War Admiral, that pint-sized stand-out colt, sired by Man-O-War, is going to try to join Sir Barton, Gallant Fox and Omaha, that short and select group of winners of America's Triple Crown, The Derby, Preakness and Belmont. The Admiral is favored by the gentlemen of the Fourth Estate who earn their living by handicapping races for the edification of the public, and those ladies and gentlemen who by their various and sundry methods make their own selections and support their choices with various amounts of medium of exchange, commonly called money, coin, dough lucre, or what have you.

Monday, June 7, marks the opening of Aqueduct's 24-day Spring meeting and Empire follows with a 24-day meet lasting from July 1st to the 24th. Then, we, faithful followers of the Equine sport, start our trek by various modes of travel depending in some instances on the degree of success of our selections, to Saratoga where racing holds forth from July 26th to August 28th.

ROUND THE TOWN

THAT third anniversary party thrown by Mose Pallot at the Bridge Bar Wednesday night was a wow! Corn beef and cabbage, cooked in typical Dinty Moore style, was the main dish on the bill of fare and the guests did full justice with gusto, or whatever one uses in tearing into a bowl of corn beef and cabbage. Mose started out to keep a list of "celebs" but gave up when the place became so jammed it was impossible to move.

SEVERAL months ago when Attorney Frank P. Ingraham of Tampa was appointed Administrator for the Works Progress Administration in Florida with headquarters in Jacksonville, important changes were predicted in this organization. Folks who knew him well are reported to have stated that among the many changes he could be relied upon to make would be that of eliminating employees who did not need relief in any way. Apparently few if any of these kind of changes have taken place. The Miami office is honey-combed with married women whose husbands are holding down good positions with business organizations in Miami; even long-time highly-paid government employees have wives working here at high wages. . . . These employees can be replaced easily with just as competent help. Women who are absolutely penniless, attempting to care for children, now on charity, are available for any and all of these jobs and fully as well qualified as any on the WPA payrolls. Some of these employees have their own cars calling for them at the end of their few hours work each day. Surely these do not need WPA help when others much more deserving are suffering. Probably Mr. Ingraham's friends were over-enthusiastic about his intentions or ability. Simply because he is a likeable fellow and considered a very able attorney in Tampa does not necessarily mean that he is capable of directing the program of the WPA in Florida.

ELECTED city commissioner for a four-year term by the largest vote ever accorded a candidate in Coral Gables, Hollis Rinehart, Jr., is now a candidate for mayor. He has served two years of his four-year term and has established an enviable record which will serve him well in the election next Tuesday. Mr. Rinehart is no respecter of groups, cliques or machines—he legislates for the majority to the best of his ability and is one of the most popular men to ever hold office in Coral Gables.

ALTHOUGH dancing is a popular diversion in Nassau, Miss Carolyn Patricia Sands, a fair visitor from the resort island, says she likes American dancing best. Miss Sands, accompanied by her mother, Mrs. J. P. Sands, is at the Robert Clay for two weeks. Mother and daughter flew over and will fly back Monday.

They Tell Me That

Charlie Osborne, affable and able manager of the State Theatre, has been drawing very favorable comments from regular customers lately for the manner in which he handled some little matters that made them more comfortable and right here is as good a place as any to tell the world that Charlie is the daddy of a beautiful brunette little girl who will probably be in pictures soon.

Moe Pallot's Bridge Bar is becoming a great center of attraction for the Irish on Wednesday nights when he features "Corn beef and cabbage" and Friday nights when a "Fish fry" is the "piece de resistance."

Jockey Jimmie says Charlie O'Neill the big handsome owner of the South Florida Liquor distributors, inc., really bought himself a string of mighty good horses when he

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MIAMI LIFE'S BEST JOKE OF THE WEEK

AN American born Jew traveling through Germany was suddenly stricken with a toothache. He rushed into a dentist's parlor in Berlin to have the tooth extracted.

"Sure, I can remove it," said the dentist, "but it will cost you \$250."

"Vat," shrieked the Jewish lad. "Two hundred and fifty dollars for pulling a tooth? Dunt be foolish!"

"We get \$250 for all major operations in Germany," shouted the dentist.

"Pulling a tooth ain't a major operation," defended the Jew.

"That's what you think," grinned the dentist. "Getting that tooth out calls for a Caesarian operation. We don't let a Jew open his mouth in Germany."

acquired Sun Wine, Sun Camp, Jamesville, Fake, Lady 13, Stealth and Security last week and Jimmie says all of them have won their share of races and with the rest they have had should give a fine account of themselves when next they race again.

Eddie Harper the bondsman discarded his famous obesity belt because it was generally too late by the time he got it off and now since he is losing teeth, he is known as the "Big Bad Wolf" when he shows his "deadly fangs" every time he grins.

Emil and Red, "gimmick" men working with Bill Frey's coin machine gang, are reported to have been seen using smaller "gimmick wrenches" since the passage of recent laws in Tallahassee, which probably makes our chances less and less.

Why didn't Mr. Oscar Leach, that plump and rosy cruising manager of the Blue & Gray outfit, introduce the "Dairy Maid" to some of the boys he trusts when he went on his vacation?

Crystal Mowrey, Miami's famous blonde aviatrix and parachute jumper, who is built along the same lines as Amelia Earhardt but much better looking, deserves the full support of the city and Chamber of Commerce publicity organizations and given one hundredth as much financial support as Earhardt, Crystal would do much to advertise our air facilities.

Jack Watson, city attorney

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Social Whirl

MR. HERBERT FRINK, of the Miami Beach Frink's, had a very hard day last Tuesday. He might have been elected councilman if he had polled enough votes.

MR. RALPH FERGUSON, of the city commission Ferguson's, is vacationing to recuperate from his strenuous campaign. Seven of the boys who ran against Mr. Ferguson spent so much money they can't afford vacations.

MR. A. G. WITHERS, of the Withers Drug Store Withers, has a swell new Packard motor for sale. The rest of the automobile was demolished when Mrs. Withers drove in front of a train.

MR. ELLIS HOLUMS who works around the Miami Herald office, has two sons bigger than he is. Mr. Holums says he never socks one of the boys any more except in self-defense.

MR. TOMMY WOOD, who constables in the Second District, attended a political meeting at Miami Beach last Monday night. He said it was swell not to make a speech.

MRS. CORINE STORM who worked for a certain candidate in the Beach election was feeling rather sad Wednesday morning. Her candidate, she said, almost but didn't quite get enough votes.

MR. JOHN TILTON of the Coral Gables Tilton's is the storm center of the Gables election and he isn't even running for office. All of the candidates are seeking his

support and he is very much in the "middle."
MR. GEORGE CHRISTIE who used to be a radio announcer and is now a prospect for recreation director, has added two more inches to his waist line and weighs four pounds less than a small horse.
ney for Miami who lives in Coral Gables near Ed Brigham, special city attorney for Miami, took an attractive lady to the Beach Wednesday evening to see and hear the boys in the councilmanic race over there, where every city employee and candidate is a bonafide resident in the Beach

Henry Palazzola, formerly a big man about the town of Miami, but for the past few years a regular voter in Miami Beach has some very positive views on the outcome of the election over there next week

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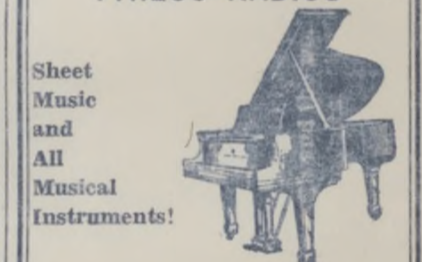
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STATION R. B. C.

ALTHOUGH there wasn't a chance in the world of Jimmy Braddock meeting Max Schmeling in the Madison Square Garden ring June 3rd, the Garden continued to advertise the fight and tickets were actually on sale.

The Dionne quintuplets are three years old, and undoubtedly the greatest attraction on the North American continent. Millions of visitors have trekked to Collender, Ontario, to see them while their parents are practically barred.

A community Chest plan has been suggested whereby every business man in the community will be given a certain rating and put down for a certain amount.

The plan sounds feasible, but it isn't because many of the prospective contributors will feel that they have been "underrated" and will resent it to such an extent that they will refuse to make any contribution at all.

The mater of contributing to a worthy cause is reminiscent of the story told about the late Harry Bonfils, part owner of the famous Denver Post.

When the Children's Society of Denver decided to build a new \$150,000 home it appointed a committee of women to call upon Bonfils and ask him to contribute \$1,000 to the fund.

"A thousand dollars!" shrieked Bonfils. "Who do you think I am? Get out, and come back tomorrow. I may donate something but you can't come in here and tell me how much."

The women fled from the office feeling that they had asked for too much and were greatly intimidated when they returned the next day. Bonfils gruffly handed them his check and dismissed them without a word.

MORE ABOUT MAD MAN

tithesis of the man he appeared to be only a moment before.

"I wouldn't believe it if I hadn't seen it with my own eyes," Night Jailer Gene Sawyer declared. "One moment he stood up docilely, like a gentleman, and ate his meal in approved Emily Post style, displaying table-manners one seldom sees in a jail.

Prompted by the "mad professor's" mumblings and occasional brilliance of speech, Chief of Police Leslie Quigg ordered that telegrams be sent to New Orleans in an effort to ascertain whether the unfortunate mad-man is the remnant of what was once a college or university professor.

Meanwhile, every attention was being paid the mysterious Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde whose case promises to be the most singular in the history of this city. His description was to be broadcast in an effort to learn his identity.

MORE ABOUT ROOM TO DIE

IT IS STRICTLY UP TO MIAMI TO CORRECT THIS CIVIC DISGRACE. Charity begins at home, and before we go succoring unfortunate neighbors, we should attend to our own needy.

IN ONE NIGHT AT THE ROYAL PALM CLUB, \$60,000 WAS SUBSCRIBED FOR THE FLOOD VICTIMS THIS SPRING! Imagine it—\$60,000, no less. Not that we begrudge that money to the needy victims of the inundation but that money might well have supplied the MUCH NEEDED ADDITIONS TO MIAMI'S CITY HOSPITAL AND WOULD STAND AS A MONUMENT TO THE GENEROSITY OF THE RESIDENTS.

At the present time, an independent drive is being made by such spirited citizens as Miss Mary Perrine, who was a candidate for city commissioner in the recent primary; Dr. Jay M. Flipse, Huntington building and Dr. E. C. Brunner, Olympia building.

Something must be done to erase this blot on Miami and Miamians. Dr. Woodard soon will place the matter before the new City Commission, and we may expect some quick action. But while we delay, the "Death Watch" goes on at the hospital in what might well be called the "chamber of horrors!"

They Tell Me That

The glasses Al Hickland wears when playing cards seem to annoy him 'cause he is always either over or underlooking his hand or the cards on the table.

Red Morris, aide to the Cohen boys in many a venture, says "there ain't no angles" worth a dime right now unless the right guys get in and Mary just laughs and laughs all the time.

1234 northeast second avenue is the new location of Dobbins and Singermaster, world famous tailors, and if any of the big hunters or fishermen want Fred or any of the gals want Bob, that is where they can be seen from now on.

Luke Church, prominent commission man in the Miramar section apparently has acquired a number of new fillies which he exercises at night on account of being busy daytimes and then the weather is cooler after sundown which makes for better work-outs.

Emmett Choate's idea of a good Republican meeting, such as the one held recently in the Robert Clay hotel check room, is a large crowd of say, seven or eight former Republicans who have probably registered.

Things I'd Like To Know

Does Judge Henry L. Openborn's precocious and handsome young son cover all his studies by doing his homework in school or only the more important ones?

Why in the world does that comely, middle-aged secretary to a big business man have to ankle the streets in order to "get her man" from among the passers-by?

Why should such a charming little woman as Dot have her swell husband tossed into the hoosegow every time they have a spat?

What prominent woman church worker and former prohibition rable-rouser was a holy show at the Beach last Sunday night with a peach of a bun on?

What 200-pound, two-fisted and bull-necked bartender is called "Cuddles" by his adoring wife?

Why Opal left her job and didn't notify the world's greatest weekly, M I A M I LIFE, and advise them where she can be reached now?

Mulloy aren't two of the luckiest girls in the Miami area this summer in having those two wealthy, handsome young brothers so interested in them?

What Charlie McIntyre, famous for tourist information, with Colonel Jacobsen's Greyhound offices, was wearing dark blue glasses for, while walking around town pretending to sell sponges?

MORE ABOUT CRAP GAME

not molested by the officials who enforce the law.

But, whether or not the supreme court rules adversely, it might be well for Miami officials to retain the status quo and ignore the games, just as they have ignored such statutes as those which prohibit Sunday motion picture shows, Sunday baseball and other Blue Law Taboos.

Every little bit in the way of money-circulation in Miami during the Summer helps out like nobody's business. Each of these crap-game emporiums employs in the neighborhood of from 12 to 18 aides of various descriptions, including the invaluable "shill" who is to the crap-game what the display-window is to the retail store—a "come on".

There are not too many of these crap games in Miami. As a matter of cold fact, most of them are not making money under the present play. But they provide that zest for the Summer visitor—especially from the South—which is certain to establish this metropolis as a genuine Summer playground as well as a Winter haven from Northern wintry blasts.

Let's not become a 9 o'clock town and thus land a Mary Ann to our own chin. Let's paraphrase Bert William's song to read:

"Ivory Cubes With Ebony Dots Help Miami's Progress Lots . . ."

Rambles and Rumbles

CONSIDER yourself fortunate if you receive an invitation to the big First Anniversary Party Bill Pecks is planning at his dance studio in the postal building next month.

It was just a year ago that Bill, the male half of the Mae Rose Studio, departed from his first love and opened the new dance salon in the postal Building—and he is doing mighty handsome by himself. Bill is one of the oldest dancing instructors in Miami. He has originated many famous novelty routines and his students have gone forth to carve names for themselves all over the country.

Little Ruth King, "The Sweetheart of the Air" is Bill's secretary and assistant instructress and is largely responsible for many of the splendid artists being turned out by the studio. Right now Bill is working overtime creating new specialty numbers for the Knight Templar's convention and it may not be surprising to learn that he will be appointed Master of Ceremonies for the big event.

First time you happen to be around the sixth floor of the Postal Building drop in and see the studio. It is a symphony in blue and chrome and positively vibrates the spirit of the dance—and keep that big anniversary party in mind because it will be an event of events.

If the added attraction in the person of the gallant Mr. Hardy, one time authority on anything in the way of a typewriter (machines we mean), to the staff of the big blue printing concern owned and operated by that Big Brother Elk Harmon, something for natives to be interested in.

Flapper: (at police station) "I've lost a dog." Cop: "What sex?" Flapper: "Why, you poor sap, I'm a woman."

Clerk: (in drug store) "What kind of a hot water bottle do you want?" Co-ed: "A big one. There are thirteen girls in our sorority."

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"HONEST" TRIB WHITE WASHED

"GIVE a dog a bad name, and . . ."

For once, the Tribune actually was in the clear last Wednesday when Westbrook Pegler's column failed to appear in that issue.

Most miamians, knowing full well of the Morning Bellows' high-handed method of printing only what it believes the people SHOULD KNOW and of suppressing what it believes the people SHOULD NOT KNOW, thought that the Pegler article was chucked into the waste-basket because that caustic writer had said something detrimental of Moe Annenberg, Trib Publisher, or of the Trib itself.

After listening to "tips" from a number of subscribers to the effect that there must have been some ulterior motive in the suppression of the article, Miami Life investigated.

Finding: None of the newspapers in the country carried a Pegler story that day. Apparently Peg was under the weather. At any rate, the Trib was not up to its tricks again and thereby rates another hunk of pie for supper.

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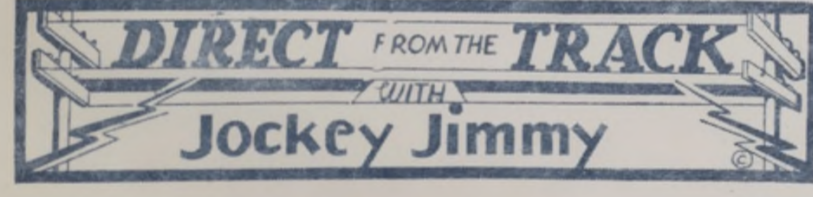
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ATTENTION RACE FANS PAY AFTER YOU WIN \$50 Regardless of whether you play the horses in the Winter or Summer, this should interest you. A new service coming direct from the scene of action. You must first WIN \$50 before you pay a cent of commission. Could anything be fairer? Come up and see me to-day and let's talk things over. Because of the nature of this information it will be released to only a limited number of clients. Don't delay—start to-day !! Jockey Jimmie (Hours 9 a. m. to 11 a. m.) 701 Professional Bldg. Miami, Fla.



HERE IS OPPORTUNITY—A chance to have a stable of your own without paying the feed bill. I am giving you 12 horses each week to do with as you see fit. Remember, my connections are at the scene of action—I assure you these horses are ready at Suffolk Downs.

- 1-CLARKIE—Throw out that last race—this baby can really run—has had a rest since its good California showing—tab close O'Malley may ride. 2-JOY FLAG—Here is one for our stable that will come right back and win at nice odds—don't pass it up—can beat the best in its class. 3-LOYAL SON—Was in front the other day for awhile—in need of that conditioner—next time postward is the word. 4-MILK—Shows a preference for this Suffolk Downs Track—can really do it when the right connections bet. 5-MORALIST—Muddy track moves this baby up ten points—can give a good account on a fast track, too—another win is in the book. 6-PAPA JACK—Shipped from New York to win races—looks like it may be someday this week. 7-PEGGY PORTER—Now connections have this one primed for a killing—take any kind of a price—this one is home. 8-REELON—Looks much better than rated—a good boy will ride and will prove a winning combination—if its G. Smith. 9-STEELHEAD—Another that moves up in the mud but can do things on a fast track, too—tab close any action next time out. 10-STARAGON—Can give a good account of itself at this Boston track—will take the lead and never be headed. 11-STARWICK—Is back to its old self again—Jaeckle can handle this one perfect—tab again for an early win—slow or fast track. 12-WITLESS—This one is due and overdue—next time out with a good boy.



BETTING OFFICES FOR MIAMI MIAMI, FLA., JUNE 5, 1937—THE HOUSE finance and taxation committee is fully behind a bill to legalize and license branch race track betting offices as a means of procuring from \$1,000,000 to \$1,500,000 annual revenue for general state expenses. It is understood that the State will put a tax of 3 per cent on every dollar bet through the track offices then, of course there is the regular "take" that the track itself gets which runs from 5 percent to 10 percent. The bill is not clear as to just how these betting offices are to operate, but I presume they will have a direct wire to the track and take bets up to the time the horses are off. This form of betting promises a lot of jobs for State inspectors, etc. The bill cannot be called a bookie measure, in fact, it is just the same as though we were playing at the track and there is no doubt but what the State will derive considerable revenue. But there is one thing—What makes the State think that a track like Narragansett Park would want to open an office in Miami? It would take a lot of revenue to pay for employees, a direct wire, offices, etc. It is a fact that the State must raise revenue somewhere—the question—Is this plan the answer?

JOCKEY JIMMY'S SECRET REPORTS (ALL TRACKS) Here are a few that are well recommended for the coming week: BUCKING; BUSSE TRUMPET; CORINTO; CONQUER; DONNA NUTTER; GIBBY'S CHOICE; JULES LAZARD; LINAS SON; LUCKY OMEN; PANICLE; RISOTTO; ROYAL RAIMENT; SAVAGE; SHEE RIGHT; SPARTA; VANITA; WHITE LEGS; FOLLOW 3 TIMES, you'll be sure to CASH in "SILVERETTE" at CHICAGO.