

ROAD APPLES DISPLACE LOVE-APPLES AS CROP

Item 1.

Tomato: Well-known fleshy fruit, formerly known as Love-apple.—any standard dictionary.

Item 2.

Election Result: Broward County voters approved granting of racing permit to Hollywood Jockey Club, 3,419 to 340.

Item 3.

Location: Racing plant will be erected on property owned by the Broward Tomato Farmers, Inc.

Item 4.

Big Fruiter: Moe Annenberg, publisher of Miami Tribune (a morning gazette) is revealed as Exalted Grand Love-Apple Plucker of the Tomato Farmers, Inc.

Item 5.

Gratitude: Promoters of Hollywood Jockey Club extend thanks to the Tribune for its loyal support in the election.

Item 6.

Conclusion: As he has often said before, Moe Annenberg "is not interested in racing."

Miami Tragedy

A clerk in a downtown store irked his boss by "drawing" in advance on his salary and kicking it away to bookies. The boss sic'ed cops on the clerk. They followed him to a hotel room—and knocked over the bookie.

Safari Starts

The bookie boys are threatening dire reprisals upon the head of a Miami business man who, they claim, has been putting the heat on independent operators who have been knocked over all too regularly of late.



Vol. 11—No. 46

Miami, Florida, Saturday, August 7, 1937.

MIAMI SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

10

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

BUS VOTE-STEAL CHARGED!

Whew! - Ground of America

WHAT shall it be—gas-masks or a curfew law in Miami?

Slop, swill and slimy-sidewalks, or a sanitary, scentless city?

Shall tourists and unacclimated Miami-ans be compelled to run the gauntlet of garbage forever when indulging in night-life pursuits in our downtown district?

Just as theaters are disgorging their patrons, and late diners are issuing from smart taverns, a horde of pot-washers and mop-manipulators materialize out of cavernous crevices and cubby holes adjacent to cafes and restaurants and, as though responding to some unseen signal, start rolling barrels of odoriferous offal, decayed, decomposed and discarded vegetable-matter; rank, blood-crusted and gangrenous animal-entrails; mortified meat and other rancid, reeking remnants of rejected repasts. The stench is terrible. Bottle flies

stage a Roman holiday. Cats and rats glut themselves and then scatter germs in their nocturnal wake, the better to give you and your children the latest thing in communicable diseases.

If you've ever done any open-field running through a slop-littered Chinese street, you can readily capture a feeling of nostalgia for the Orient and its dank smell, simply by taking a saunter through the downtown streets of Miami—under the mellow Miami moon, which, lucky devil, is high enough in the sky to be blissfully unconscious of how wonderful it is NOT to be in Miami after 8 p. m.

Board 'In Dutch'

ALL is not beer and skittles with the Greater Miami Insurance Board today.

The suds are flat and the skittles are battered. The Board is learning that you can't fool ALL Miami-ans ALL the time.

In the wake of the exclusive expose by MIAMI LIFE of the high-handed insurance-rate inflation perpetrated by members of the Miami Insurance Board, property owners have deluged this publication with letters of commendation and policies are being cancelled daily—to be replaced with reasonable policies issued by INDEPENDENT AGENCIES handling the business of FINANCIALLY-SOUND COMPANIES.

Seeing is believing, you say? Read this letter, sent to a local company the week, and weep:

FAULKNER AND BELL
ATTORNEYS AT LAW

5 St. James Street Keene, N. H.

July 26th, 1937.

Gentlemen:

I return herewith the policy on my dwelling house. I have decided to cancel the windstorm insurance. This windstorm in-

surance, so far as my house is concerned, is a snare and a delusion, as I have not been able to collect anything from it for water damage since I have had the property. I feel that the insurance companies doing business in Florida are charging an outrageous rate, both on fire insurance and windstorm damage. Some time the people in Florida will wake up and make insurance companies charge reasonable rates and decent adjustments.

I know the policy as written does not cover the kind of damage I am talking about because my damage comes largely from "high water, tidal wave and over flow" and this is definitely excluded in the policy. I hope you will pass this letter on to proper authorities so that sometime they may know that people

(Continued on page 4)

FINAL STRAW VOTE RESULT!

LAST-minute spurts by "Straw-voters" who favor municipal ownership of bus lines, and pay increase for the five members of the Miami City Commission, brought those ballot issues to victory in the three-week election test conducted by MIAMI LIFE.

Only a margin of 33 votes resulted in approval of the salary "hike" for the commissioners while municipal ownership bested private control by 113 tallies.

One block of 22 votes, sent by employees of a large downtown business house, proved to be the determining factor in the pay-boost vote:

FINAL RESULTS

FOR MUNICIPAL OWNERSHIP OF BUSES.....	724 votes
AGAINST.....	611 votes
FOR PAY INCREASE OF COMMISSIONERS.....	684 votes
AGAINST.....	651 votes

(EDITOR'S NOTE—So many letters accompanied ballots, giving the voters' points of view, that it is impossible to publish all of them. To avoid discrimination, none will be published.)

"The Battle of The Scent-ury"

LAD-IES and gennul-mun! In that corner, Frank Shutts, L.L.F., champion paperweight of Miami, and in THAT corner, Moe Annenberg, T.F., undefeated topweight of the Horse and Dog Stables."

Shutts, L.L.F., drove off with a beautiful slice into A. D. F. Bloodworth, R. S., while Montague Moe hooked into the rough in Broward County, just east of Hallandale. They were slugging at the bell.

Shutts threw an underhand adjective which caromed off the ample jaw of a bystander, Bob Williams, T.T.T., who countered with a right-cross shaking up Ev Sewell, W.D.T.A.B.S.F.N., who happened to be sitting astride Shutts's shoulder. Ev's hair came down, revealing a brand new gas-bug-gy parked in a loading zone.

After a sky-rocket was sent up by the Harried Herald, B.S., Bonnie Alexander, S. S.B., dropped a mouthful of R's in the enemy's path and threw in a couple of "nay's" from force of habit.

Thereupon, the shock troops, John DuBose, A.A.L.J., Doc Ferguson, W.D.I.H. and R. B. Gardner, S.I.W.I.U., policed up the arena at the regular rate of pay.

(Time was taken out while Shutts was docked \$25,000 for fraternizing with a steamship company.)

The referee, John Q. Public, S.O.L., penalized Shutts half the distance to his goal

when George Dunn, D.L.T.H., was discovered hiding in a Herald wastebasket. He was ejected from the grounds.

When play was resumed, the commission sent in its second team. Charlie Dillon, M. W.F.C., went in at right end; Geo. Christie, T.A.B., became full; George Manson, A.T. R.O.M.F., took left guard; M. F. Hannahs, H.I.A.A., block-and-tackle, and quarter was turned over to Mary Dillard Perrine, H.Y.H.

A brisk 14-knot breeze from the publicity department whipped up a lovely swell and filled the canvas of both yachts. R. Leslie Quigg, D.D.M.G., threw the tiller athwart and came up with a tack to port, while the Tribune, P.P., cheered lustily from its seat in the stables.

Score at the end of the first chukker: 30-love, three on base and Ross Allen, D.D., battling for Casanova, at the plate.

GLOSSARY:—LLF. (Little Lord Fauntleroy); T.F. (Tomato Farmer); R.S. (Riles Shutts); T.T.T. (Tammany Tiger Tamer); W.D.T.A.B.S.F.N. (We Don't Take A Back Seat For Nobody); B.S. (Blatant Sheet); S.S.B. (Shutts's Sounding Board); A.A.L.J. (Ask Anybody In Jacksonville); W.D.I.H. (Where Does It Hurt?); S.I.W.I.U. (Shall I Wrap It Up?); S.O.L. (Simply Outta Luck); D.L.T.H. (Don't Let This Happen); M.W.F.C. (My Whole Family's Crackers); T.A. B. (They're All Bums); A.T.R.O.M.F. (At The Request Of My Friends); H.I.A.A. (Here I am Again); H.Y. H. (How's Your Hose?); D.D.M.G. (Drunken Driving Must Go); D.D. ("Dear Dot"); P.P. (Pooh! Pooh!)

SOMEBODY

asked Little Geraldine what a sinecure was and she laughed and laughed because she knew it was a pitcher for the New York Yankees.

ELEPHANT COMING!

"HOLD yer horses, the elephant is coming!"

That old circus warning will ring out next week at the F.E.C. station when a real one-ring circus arrives in town.

It's a singular circus in more sense than one. There is only one clown but he's a-plenty. And the "tent" has a collar attached.

Man Mountain Dean, alias Soldier Leavitt, alias Traffic Officer Frank Leavitt is coming to town!

Man Mountain used to regulate transportation on Miami streets before he brought in a crop of hair on his chin. Recently he broke one of the logs, which he passes off as legs, after executing one of his patented parabola plunges onto the form of a Los Angeles wrestler. The wrestler chucked Dean out of the ring.

So he came home to his farm in Georgia. To reporters at Atlanta Dean said he would rest a while and then proceed to Miami for "some real bathing and sunning."

CAN YOU TELL 'EM?

There SLOTS of folks wondering what on earth they'll do with their nickels in Miami after October 1st rolls around.

'QUAKES AND HURRICANES SHAKE AND CALM DOWN

Californian: "Avocado match?"

Floridian: "No, but I'll get you one."

And so they smoked the pipe of peace.

Hence, it came to pass that the Unusual Earthquake laid down by the side of the Tropical Disturbance and necked.

And if you don't believe that the Golden State and the Flowery State stand just-like-that, take a slant at recent Los Angeles newspapers, most of which are pitching peacans of praise at Avocado growers of the two states and urging them to join hands in a common assault upon producers of the fruit in Cuba.

Says the Los Angeles Times: "Taking advantage of the demand created by advertising of California and Florida avocado growers, Cubans shipped into American markets between June 15 and July 4 a record total of 1,800,000 pounds or double that of a year ago for the same period."

The Times then voices a strenuous beef against the Reciprocal Trade Agreement which allows Cubans duty-free entry during 95 per cent of the Cuban avocado shipping season.

SPOOKS IN COCONUT GROVE

Things look black in Coconut Grove.

Phantom forces, moving under cover of night to accompaniment of eerie noises, which sound strangely like the clinking of silver dollars, are spreading deep concern over the countryside among white folks.

Here's the way the Black Magic is working: A proposed ordinance has been quietly slipped into the hands of city commissioners which would establish a LEGAL dividing line between Jig-Town and White City in Coconut Grove.

Heretofore, an unwritten law has placed the "no-man's land" boundary two blocks NORTH of the Negro cemetery at Franklin avenue and Douglas road. The acreage between the cemetery and the Southern limit of Dingeville has been undeveloped, thus proving acceptable neutral ground to both Whites and Blackamoors.

White property owners were almost caught unawares when the proposed ordinance was surreptitiously sneaked to the city dads, but someone smelled a rat just in time to obtain a continuance for two weeks.

Miami Life will reveal the source of the proposal next week. Such an ordinance would virtually ruin property values adjacent to Franklin avenue.

Miami Life

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

Executive Offices: 167 N. E. 2nd Street, Miami, Florida
Telephone 2-3239

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, Fla., Saturday, Aug. 7, 1937 No. 46

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

"Cabbages and Kings"

THE Duke of Windsor forbids Italian photographers to snap the duchess while she is bathing. Can it be the Duke is afraid of revealing what she has — or what she hasn't? . . . Lord Beaverbrook, owner of the London Daily Express, permits his cartoonist, David Low, to lampoon him in his sketches . . . Picture Moe Annenberg giving Bob Epstein free rein to poke fun at him! . . . A debate which has been going on 30 years ended recently when the French chamber decided to take profits out of the sale of munitions . . . Don't laugh next time you see a drunken painter. He may sit in the White House some day. Adolph Hitler was a house painter, and Dictator Edward Rydz-Smigly, Polish successor to Pilsudski, was a landscape artist.

THE Obi, that pillow-like appendage worn over the rumps of Japanese women is not intended to soften the fall when their hubbys clout them on the chops. They are to keep the minds of the boys on their work . . . Average school teacher is 29 years old, without a college education . . . Song officially adopted by the American Dental Association actually goes: "Oh, when we all pull together, together, together, how happy we will be!"

ED Durling, columnist of the Los Angeles Times, says fat women should be compelled by law to reduce. Ed forgets that Prohibition drove millions to drink . . . Bodies willed to medical schools are hung up on hooks piercing the nape of the neck, like any other carcass. Line forms on the right . . . Champion race track loser among owners is "Bathhouse John" Coughlin, alderman of Chicago. He fainted last year when one of his fillies, Roguish Girl, led the field home . . . Boliver Hite, a jigaboo, slept all through the San Francisco earthquake and passed out quickly when firemen awakened him and told him of the tremor.

ADOLF Hitler forbids newspaper race reporters to bet on the nags. That's his way of keepin' them honest . . . But who ever heard of a newspaperman having dough enough to bet, anyway? . . . China last year shipped \$1,477,707 worth of eggs to this country. And they weren't china eggs either . . . Suckers poured \$80,000,000 into gambling organizations in 1936 . . . Get yours?

ONE thing certain about that Jap-Chinese war—they're both yellow.

THE fellow who insists it's a "rich man's country" is the same individual who will vote against the pay increase for the commission.

COAL operators are accused of using strip-tease dancers to keep miners from union meetings. They say it's a bare lie.

IF they remove the F.E.C. tracks, how'll a fellow square it for being late to dinner?

WE know the scoundrel who swiped that produce from the Prison Farm wasn't a Cracker. He passed up collards for chickens and tomatoes.

TIMES are so bad in Miami that the cleaners and pressers are having their work done by their competitors.

LESTER FESTER says it's getting so you can't tell professional-amateurs from amateur-professionals on the radio these days.

FROM THIS distance, it looks as though the only thing fair about the fight will be Farr. The winner is dubious.

IT wouldn't be a bad idea to move one of those "Closed For The Summer" signs over to the tax collector's office.

IRVING BERLIN is a hot composer but he's a bushier compared to that morning paper composer who sets up that hokum: "Miami's Highest Temperature Yesterday Was 90".

THERE is no truth whatever in the report that the city commissioners are raising \$250,000 to bring the national convention of the Veterans of the War of 1812 here next summer. Merchants will just have to struggle on without that extra revenue.

TOO bad about that Miami wrestler who had to give up the sport because his grunt couldn't be heard beyond the third row.

"How is it, young man, that I find you kissing my daughter? How is it, I ask you?"
"It's swell, old man, swell!"

Gene's Barbecue
2157 N.W. 7th Ave., Ph. 2-9868
Try our Famous FRIED CHICKEN PLATE
Curb Service and Free Entertainment

Cline Drug Co.

1305 Washington Ave. MIAMI BEACH
Ice Cream Sodas and Sandwiches
Free Delivery
Curb Service
Phone 5-9186
DON REED, Prop.

HOME & AUTO RADIOS

73 S. E. 1st Street Phone 2-8798
REPAIRED WHILE-U-WAIT
50c PLUS PARTS
Guaranteed 1 year WE CALL ANYWHERE Estimates Free
New and Repossessed Radios. Lowest Prices in Miami.
Established 1924.

GREEBY BEATS BUS COMPANY

Noted Barrister Pulls Fowl Trick On Utility Head And Wins "Hands Down" In Courtroom Fight.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY sprawled over the table in a booth at the Hippodrome and prodded his buck teeth with a borrowed pencil.

"All I know is what I smell in the daily papers," he said, without a single yammer for a change. "But it seems to me a good lawyer like myself could make a fortune defending them traitors in Russia."

"You mean a good counsel with accents on the 'con, don't you?" cracked City Purchaser Charlie Dillon, who was absorbing a grit sandwich at the same table. "What school ever gave you a sheepskin?"

Greeby winced, wheezed and whimpered. "You got me wrong, Charlie," he whined. "You're thinking of the time I landed a school of porpoise and a lotta fishskins. I wasn't admitted to the bar that you mean, but it's about the only one I ever missed."

"Y'see Charlie," he explained, "I used to write wrestling publicity and know my malarky as good as any lawyer as ever got his client hung. And that's how I won my case before Judge Gomez that time."

"What case and what time?" asked Dillon.

"When George Dunn sued me just because I hit one of his buses with my 1908 Haynes. Tried to stick me \$204 for damages—more galling than a Hebe bill-collector in Berlin."

"But I fooled him. I took Bart Riley up a seegar and asked him just for Old Lang Zion's sake, nothin' mercenary, y'understand, to let me explain my courtroom strategy and see what he thought of it. 'Course, I wouldn't even THINK of offering Bart any money for just having a nice friendly chat."

"So, I told Bart I was all set and just COULDN'T lose the case. Right away, I seen I had him puzzled. He rubbed his chin, solemn-like, and said: 'Hammerhead, to save my immortal soul, I can't see how you POSSIBLY can get out of it. Seventy-two witnesses saw your car come careening down Flagler street, crash through a red light and run smack into the bus, which was standing still.'"

"Well, Charlie, you shoulda seen old Bart's face when I sprung my strategy on him. He liked to had a fit right then and there. I said: 'Now lookie here, Bart,' I says, 'You're a purty pert lawyer and I mind plenty of worse representatives of the people than what you are. But Bart, you pay entirely too much attention to Blackstone when it comes to defending a case in court.'"

"I says, 'Bart, I've got me a great big, fat duck to home and on the morning of the trial, I'm going to send it up to Judge Gomez with my compliments.'"

"Well sir, you shoulda seen Bart! He jumped clean outta his chair and hollered: 'Holy smoke, man! You can't do such a thing! Why, the judge would throw the book at you if you so much as dared, even if you were innocent which you aren't by a long shot!'"

"Charlie, I couldn't stop him, he was so riled up. So I just left him flat. Next morning, as you may recall, the judge appeared to be all het up about something and snarled and snapped at Dunn's lawyers. Then he found me not guilty, just as I figured he would all along."

Greeby chuckled and borrowed a cigar. "As I was leaving the courtroom," he continued, "I ran smack into Bart Riley. He says to me: 'Well, Greeby, how much did the judge stick you?' I just grinned and said: 'Stick ME? He didn't stick me a red cent but he sure hung it on Dunn for bustin' up my fenders.'"

"Bart's eyes popped. He just mumbled like: 'And you mean to tell me that you actually sent that duck up to the judge before the trial?' he



They Tell Me

BILL Crawford, the Scotch ship architect, lost his shirt when the Yanks won the Davis Cup from the Limeys and then dropped his teeth-filling when the Endeavor II took it on the chin in the four yacht races with Vanderbilt's Ranger.

A woman picket boycotting a downtown store is making eyes at the object of her vindictive vigil

Unless a certain young doctor does the 'right' thing, there will be a torrid breach-of-promise suit smeared across the front pages before long.

City Commissioner "Doc" Ferguson is raising a bay window a la Judge Du Bose

Appointment of Mary Dillard Perrine to the hospital accounting department was not strictly political 'cause Miss Perrine really KNOWS something about hospital routine

The gentleman in the big black car who's been rushing the wide-eyed cigar counter gal oughta get hep to the gumshoe who's shadowing them at his wife's behest

It wouldn't be a half-bad idea for that Beach dowager to pay her gigolo's rent with cash instead of check if she wants to string her trusting hubby along much longer

The little blond matron who's cuddling up to the soda jerk in the Flagler street squirtorium may learn some day that her clever husband is trotting around with one of the cute waitresses in the same store

Dell Bryan, cupid's nemesis, is getting down to some serious law cramming and will make a stab at admittance to the Bar. He's whole-heart and fancy-free again, too

There'll be a real rumpus when the Old Folks learn about their debutante daughter's romance with the night club waiter, especially if the pair marry in Sarasota as intended

Somebody could write a real thrilling love story about that traffic cop and the sorrel-tressed "hooker"

Dan'l Cupid will get a real laugh if that St. Louis girl, who was sent here by her folks to make her forget a ne'er-do-well of the Missouri metropolis, hooks up with that fly-by-night Beach chiseler

The chic brunette who sits alone, night after night, in the Hippodrome, is merely taking a 100 to 1 chance of seeing the Detroit "sweetie" she followed south, come walking in

The N. E. Fifth Street blond is considering "taking steps"

Lillian Gift Shoppe
A Complete Line of Florida Souvenirs
Packages Wrapped for Mailing
Hotel Miller Building
239 N. E. 1st Avenue MIAMI, FLORIDA
Mrs. Frances J. Berner

"Mother Kelly's"
Among the Famous Bars of the World
In New York— it's Jack Dempsey's
San Francisco— Coffee Dan's
Paris—Harry's Bar
Nassau—Dirty Dick's
Havana—Sloppy Joe's
And in Miami Beach— it's Mother Kelly's
1406 DADE BOULEVARD
Phone 5-9964
(At Junction of Venetian Causeway).

Sky-Writing Lush Uses Short-Hand

Bob Satterfield, alert representative of the S. S. Pike Sky Writing Company, of New York, told the city commission and publicity committee at their recent meeting that aviators working for his firm are so adept at handling their machines and the new chemicals they use that they can "dot an i" on a windy day. Bob told the story of a sky-writer who got blot-to before going up and made one gosh-awful mess of the celestial message. When he came down, his boss lit into him. "Lis-sen, chief," the groggy pilot replied, "you're all wet. That was short-hand I was writing."

Rescued Man—You saved my life and I'd like to give you a fiver, but I only have a ten-dollar bill.

Rescuer—That's all right—jump in again.

Satan: "How did you get down here?"
Latest Arrival: The Old Man came home.

Scotty not only can keep his feet on the ground after ten drinks but his whole body as well.

"I was so confused I don't know how many times he kissed me."
"What! With the thing going on right under your nose?"

Tommy: "So you really think drinking lends color to your life?"

Dan: "Absolutely. The morning after, my nose is red, my tongue is white and I have the blues."

What am I to make of this, son? I find a pint of Scotch and a bottle of ginger ale in your overcoat."
"A couple of highballs, dad."

"I'll have you know that my fellow is a gentleman of the press."

"Yeah, he's been pressing me for a loan ever since I met him."

FINE WINES & LIQUORS
Pabst on Draught
Yates and Jordan
230 WEST FLAGLER
Pop Yates Lee Jordan

KREMP'S
4400 N. W. 7th Avenue—Corner 44th Street
"COMPLETE TRADING CENTER"
RESTAURANT—GROCERIES—MEATS—BAKERY—DRUGS
Originators of the World's Largest Hot Dogs Free Delivery
Courteous Curb Service Phone 3-1276

MIAMI FEDERAL THEATRE
Miami's Only Legitimate Playhouse
N. W. Third St., Ph. 3-1837
"ENGAGED"
A HILARIOUSLY FUNNY FARCE COMEDY IN THREE ACTS
of GILBERT AND SULLIVAN FAME
PRICES: 40c — 65c — 85c — \$1.00
Every Night 8:30 p.m.

ON THE CUFF

By LUKE THE LUG

THIS may be old but it's still good when put over properly. It happened the other night in a roadside sip-and-bite chuck joint out Miami Trail. Two Northern women were being served a side-dish of collards. One addressed the Cracker waiter: "What on earth are those things? We serve that sort of stuff to the hogs up North." The Cracker grinned. "Yes 'sum," he agreed, "and we serve 'em to the Yankees down here." The ladies smiled but didn't tackle the greens.

LOCAL writer "allows" the Seminoles are "renegades" because they "have never surrendered to the United States nor sworn allegiance to the flag." The writer is all saturated. A renegade is one who gives up his faith, turns coat or deserts his cause. The Seminoles are EXACTLY THE OPPOSITE.

JUST what is this meat upon which the mighty Caesars of our city and county administrations feed — that makes them so damned high-and-mighty just as soon as

they get into office? Before election most of them are regular Uriah Heeps, fawning and smirking at all potential voters. But once they slide into public office, they pull a chameleon and have a host of secretaries and other menials intercept visitors and phone calls. Their trained office-monkeys first ask who's calling, what is the nature of the business and then, like parrots, mumble some inane lie like: "He just stepped out of the office—will you leave your number, etc.?" They're "champions of the Pee-pul" on the campaign platform but they're Big Shots when they gleam onto a job. Most of 'em should be sent back to shoveling muck where they belong.

GRAPEVINE—Prize fighters often pull punches when training for important battles in order to spoof the opposition. Apparently some of the Tribune's "beauty" contest entrants are hiding their charms for the same reason—judging from the pictures . . . Copyreaders missed a chance to please the boss when they failed to use "Quigg Reaps Wild Oakes" . . . If they ever reverse the procedure and pull "Miami Week In Georgia" there won't be a quorum left here . . . Just how do income tax collectors check up on Cat Houses?

He Doubts End of World

EACH day, rain or shine, the curtain rises and falls upon a pathetic little drama at the Urney Hotel newsstand, S. E. 1st Street and Second avenue.

A neat, little old man in trim grey suit and spats, and carrying a cane, shuffles slowly up to Chester Ware, proprietor, and in a weak falsetto voice inquires: "Is the World in yet?"

Answered gently in the negative, the aged gentleman smiles sadly and slowly retraces his steps.

The old New York World, which he seeks, has not been published for years. Although he has been told this, he refuses to accept the information as fact. Ware humors him.

against HER musician-passion since the Ross Allen story broke and he is doing a lot of tall worrying. The blond, however, knows all the answers and will never starve

Marge, the manicurist, and her man-about-town boy friend should do their spitting in places less public than the Riptide Club

Dan G. may not know it, but he REALLY lost the affections of Elsie when he went bathing with her and displayed his bantley legs

That cute little stenog. in the city hall better ask her latest Romeo just how many times he was married before coming to Miami

Drunk, in telephone booth: "Number, hell! I want my peanuts!"

"Oh, dear, I've missed you SO much—so she raised the gun and tried it again."

Insurance Examiner—And what was the cause of your father's death?
Applicant—I don't know, but I know it was nothing serious.

"Bill Muir has quit trying to make love to his girl."
"Did she repulse his advances?"
"No, she advanced his pulses."

Trouble about getting full is that most of the time you have to get bailed out.

Dr. J. Fletcher White
CHIROPRACTOR
Electric Mineral Baths
1534 S. W. 8th St., Miami, Fla.
Phone 3-1857
Tower Theatre Block

AND Meet Me at THE SPUR
301 N. E. First Avenue
Corner of Third Street
across from Postoffice

Dr. R. S. AKERS
DENTIST
DR. R. WILLIAMSON, Asso.
1764 N. W. 36th Street
PHONE 2-2131
"Closed Saturdays"

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

BUY BILLINGSLEY BUILT UNGALOW \$375 DOWN
BALANCE LESS THAN PAYING HERE
LOGAN BILLINGSLEY

Everglades Hotel
OPEN ALL YEAR
244 Biscayne Blvd.

WHITE BELT LAUNDRY
Best Quality Work
N. W. 32nd Avenue at 66th Street
Phone Edg. 1568

MOSE BRIDGE BAR
456 WEST FLAGLER (Just West of the Bridge)
Something new and interesting all of the time. If you haven't visited us recently, come in—you will be pleasantly surprised.

P. & A.
GREATER MIAMI'S COMPLETE GARAGE
Eighteen Years of Satisfactory Service
52 N. E. 8th St. Phones 3-5568 - 3-5569

SPORT-POUR-RI

HORATIO ALGER'S heroes started as sand-lot urchins and ended as coupon-clipping bankers. Stanley Hack, crack third-baseman of the Chicago Cubs, has put that procedure in reverse-English. A few years ago, Stanley was a bank clerk in Sacramento, Calif., who played semi-pro ball on Sundays. His ball-belt was better than his book-balancing and today he's tops as major league guardian of the Hot Corner. He rarely chucks the ball into the stands.

FOLKS used to say that when American millionaires died, they went to Paris. Now it seems that when top-notch gladiators of the roped arena pass out of the American picture, they flock to Los Angeles and Hollywood. Jackie Fields, ex-lightweight champ, is refereeing amateur bouts out there. Bud Taylor, former Terre Haute assassin, is drawing large ones in his own cafe on Figueroa street in the City of Angels and Angles. Fidel LaBarba, the counter-punching savant, is physical instructor at the Lummock Prep School. Jess Willard is dabbling in real estate. Joe Rivers, the Mexican who scored a dead-heat knockout over Ad Wolgast way back yonder but lost when the referee helped Ad to his feet, is a thriving bail bond broker. Old Jack Root, former British heavyweight king, who fought Marvin Hart for Jim Jeffries' crown, is managing a smart apartment house in the exclusive Wilshire district. Jeffries himself is running an amateur boxing club, aided and abetted by W. G. Fields, the movie comedian. Gunboat Smith, the brittle-jawed plasterer, is handy man at a movie studio. There's a lot more out there but it's too damned hot to think of them. Some of them are so SHAKEY that the only time they stand still is when there is an earthquake!

RUNS, HITS AND ERRORS:—The right arm of Jimmy Archer, old-time Chicago Cub catcher and one of the greatest base-peddlers of all time, was crippled to such an extent he could not straighten it out . . . Ham Hyatt, while playing first base with Toledo, O., in the American Association, BUNTED a home run. The Columbus infield was playing in to shut out a run at the plate. Ham caressed a fast one just over the shortstop and lumbered around the bases when the infielders and outfielders waited for the others to retrieve the pellet . . . Jim Londo, perennial grime-and-groan cham-peen, is a millionaire. He's playing angel to plenty of "Grik" restaurants . . . Hod Eller, no-hit pitcher of the Cincinnati Reds in the 1919 Black Sox World Series Scandal" is a prowl-car copper in Indianapolis . . . Charlie Paddock, erstwhile "fastest human" is a Sacred Cow on a Long Beach, California, newspaper. Charlie's pop-in-law owns the rag . . . Bowling is good for indigestion; bad for gout.

PAT Robinson, I. N. S. sport writer, claims Joe DiMaggio is a greater drawing card than Babe Ruth ever was. Says all Babe did was draw regular fans through the turnstiles. Pat must have been libating something potent when he emitted that ridiculous hoey. Babe drew 'em in DURING THE DEPRESSION and was responsible for railroads running special trains to cities where he appeared. When the Bam performed in bush league towns for exhibitions, official holidays were declared and schools dismissed. We'll bet dollars to doughnuts that Christy Walsh, who exploited Babe and who could make the Sphinx answer him, has taken over DiMaggio's publicity and has been back-slapping Pat. Otherwise the Celt wouldn't have written such idiotic balderdash. He'll never live that crack down.

So YOU Say--

Editor, Miami Life: Isn't it about time the city commission did something about curtailing the noise made by bowling alleys in the residential section?

My young daughter has been ill for weeks and the slightest noise disturbs her, especially at night. We cannot afford to take her to a hospital, and it's too hot to keep her windows closed at night. A nearby bowling alley keeps up a continuous racket and often keeps going long after hours. You will do many of us a favor if you attack these nuisances.

Mrs. H. M. M.

Editor: What is the sense of paying out good city money for publicity when we haven't anything to show our tourists when they come down here? What Miami needs is a good showman. All we offer tourists is a little swimming and fishing, horse and dog racing, gambling and plenty of places to get drunk.

Maury Tepp.

Editor: "Geeve it to heem, Miami Life!"

The way you have been punching around those insurance pirates does an old time insurance racketeer's heart good. You said a mouthful when you said the Greater Miami Insurance Board is fleecing Miami people on fire and windstorm rates. And the fire losses are lowest in the entire country for a big city. What the H—'s the matter with the chamber of commerce?

Bernard F. Grant, jr.

Editor: A few more attacks on such people as Mr. Allen Ross and there won't be so much promiscuous seduction as there is today in Miami. I scarcely agree with your choice of words in your headline but I am certain the exposure of such treachery as this man practiced will prove a warning lesson to other silly girls who believe every word men tell them. Keep it up!

Miss J. O'B.

Woman (telephoning desk clerk): "There's a rat in my room!"

"Hotel Clerk: "Make him come down and register."

"All In A Life Time"

By FRANK N. ERNEST

TWO bums seated in Biscayne Park. Both unkempt, ragged and bloated from booze. They're splitting a "lump," as they term a handout of food, while they keep wary eyes out for their natural enemy, "the law." The older of the two settles back and munches what appears to be a bologna sandwich. "Yessir, I'm tellin' yuh, Cullie," he says, with the assurance of experience, "I never have no truck with women—they'll make yuh for all yuh got—every time! I leave 'em plumb alone."

The prim, slim blonde "front girl" in City Manager Bloodworth's office was told to call a certain newspaperman from the crowd seated in the reception room. She didn't know him by sight but didn't care to bother the C. M. to identify him. She took one scrutiny of the assemblage and then, unhesitatingly, walked over to a young man who had a slouch hat over one eye, a pipe in his mouth, unpressed suit and scuffed shoes. She didn't miss—"it" was he.

"Children should be seen and not heard," a Miami father told his three-year-old daughter before a roomful of company. The child left the room. In a few minutes she reappeared—clad only in Nature's garb. She took him at his word and he didn't have the heart to scold.

A certain Miami judge some months ago hung a stiff sentence on a local man. The other day as the judge was munching some victuals in a downtown cafe, he chanced to glance through the order window into the kitchen. There, leaning at him with a grim smirk of satisfaction was the white-capped chef—the man he had sent off to the jail farm. His satiric features appeared lighted with a villainous leer of triumph. His avid eyes followed each spoonful from plate to mouth. Finally, the judge could stand it no longer. He paid the bill and left his meal unfinished.

A professional man of this section met a married colleague and invited him to his hotel rooms for a drink. While they were sipping the beverage, the host said: "Let me show you the hottest little twist in this man's town—a girl I picked up in a Beach club." He showed the married man a picture of the latter's daughter. She had used a phoney name.

Short Shorts

SEVEN separate stories appeared in one issue of the Tribune about Chief Quigg. The police reporter must be the chief's Boswell. . . . What ever became of that fellow with the long hair and long wind, Ev something? . . . Must make politicians feel cheap to learn that they aren't capable of running the buses. . . . A rum-dumb creature a stir during the Broward race-track election when he insisted he wanted to vote for Roosevelt "and nobody else" . . . It wouldn't be a bad idea for the city of Miami to employ Bob Swanson, A No. 1 theatrical man, to jazz up civic entertainment for the tourists next season, as a letter-writer in this issue suggests . . . Like Sarah Bernhardt' LAST FAREWELL APPEARANCE, the completion of Wal-

Notice To Visitors

You are invited to visit the Miami Public Library, first turn to the left, second floor of the Shoreland Arcade. Please bring your own books.

green's new store at Flagler and S. E. Second avenue has again been deferred, this time until Sept. 15 . . . "Runner" Riggs is dead set to establish a new record for permanency at the Hotel de Quigg . . . Where'd they hide the public library now?

KING'S
54th St. and 7th Ave.
Featuring
The Most Luscious Sandwiches Your Palate Ever Met
and
THE HAWAIIANS
Swingers From Way Back

WHAT'S A MERE \$775,000?

It would cost about \$775,000 for the city to enter the transportation business through municipal operation of buses. This would be true whether the city took over the present buses or purchased a new fleet. But that would only be the INITIAL investment. Equipment MUST be kept in good repair; efficient help SHOULD be employed and should the city run true to form and follow the experiences of other municipalities, the bus transportation system would NOT be self-supporting. More money then is needed to cover the loss.

Where is it to come from? It doesn't take a master mathematician to realize this additional money must come from one of two sources — either from taxes or from increased fares. In either case it's YOUR money. But then of course we could eventually throw up our hands and turn the buses, a mere investment of \$775,000, over to the Florida Power and Light Co., as we did the last time we toyed with municipal bus operation, to the tune of more than \$369,000. This other \$369,000 incident, together with the \$775,000 gesture now, would mean a grand investment of more than \$1,000,000 and YOU PAY THE BILLS. Weigh these facts carefully, study the question from every angle and you'll find you'll be with the majority on next Tuesday, when you vote NO on the municipal bus ownership question.

COMMITTEE ORGANIZED FOR OPPOSITION TO ACQUISITION AND OPERATION OF TRANSPORTATION BY THE CITY OF MIAMI.

Snooze--No Shoes

There's one thing about Rollie Timmons—when he sleeps, he sleeps. The other day he fell asleep on a bench in Biscayne Park. When he awoke, his brogans were gone. He had to call a cab. "Now, I lamp the shoes of every guy that passes mon on the street," says Rollie.

3,878,292

'Dan'l Cupid, Bartender.'

HERE comes the bride—with a stein of beer!" That's the theme-song imbibers chant at the Rex Cigar Store, at 115 N. E. First street, where a pair of honeymooning newlyweds have taken over the beer-and-wine concession.

They are Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Richters who were braided by a local minister several days ago. The bridegroom is, of all things, a sculptor of North Bend, Washington, and the bride a former trade-newspaper woman of New York and Miami. "Lucky" Nofal, who sold his interests in the bar, has announced he will blossom forth as a produce huckster. Lucky revealed that during his regime, the record of the bar remained intact—not once did he put out a drink until the mahogany was decorated with spending metal.

Just Call This 'Direct Mail'

BILL Wakefield of the Senate Hotel holds the record for sending the fastest-delivered letter on record. He was addressing a missive to a friend in Chicago on one of the postoffice lobby-desks when he chanced to look up and discovered the very man to whom he was writing standing a few feet away—also addressing an envelope. Bill simplified things by merely handing the letter to his friend.

Does your husband talk in his sleep? Not exactly. He's a deaf mute and uses his fingers.

How is it you have a picture of only one of your twins? They look exactly alike, so what's the difference?

Chief: "Why did you wait until Saturday night to arrest this robber?" Officer: "I wanted him to come clean."

DICK POWELL

WANTS TO SEE YOU!

CLUB DEUCE BAR

and Package Store
YOU KNOW WHERE WE ARE!
222 - 14th Street

Miami Beach
Phone 5-9924

Announcing ALIGNOSCOPE

THE only device in Miami that determines visually, with absolute scientific accuracy, the deviation, if any, from true alignment of automobile wheels. Drive in for free test and estimate of cost to restore your car to TRUE ALIGNMENT
DIXIE GARAGE
401 S. W. 8th St. 2-9568

Good Drinks Good Food

FIG & WHISTLE
BAR-B-Q & GRILLS
N. W. 7th Ave. at 5th St. & 34th St.

White Pharmacy

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

Don't COUGH YOUR HEAD OFF

ASK FOR MENTHOMULSION
If it Fails to Stop Your Cough immediately
Ask for your MONEY BACK

Sold by
RED CROSS DRUG STORE

RIPTIDE CLUB

Florida's Smartest Cocktail Bar and Grill
223 - 23rd St. Miami Beach
Telephone 5-9837
HARRIS LEVESON, STEVE FOLSOM, BILLY COOK
Food by Curly

FREE! 1 Pint Maple Syrup FREE!

NO COUPON NEEDED — JUST PHONE US.

To introduce our "Tropical Maple Syrup, we will gladly deliver free to any restaurant, barbecue stand or food store a one-pint jar for trial without obligation.

TROPICAL EXTRACT CO.

326 N. W. 54th STREET EDGE. 2670

HOTEL METROPOLITAN

213 NORTHEAST SECOND AVENUE
REASONABLE RATES BY WEEK OR MONTH

WRECKER SERVICE

Phone 2-2222 or 2-2223

DIRECT FROM THE TRACK WITH Jockey Jimmy

LONGSHOT WINNERS, COMING UP
MIAMI, FLA., AUG. 7, 1937—THIS IS LONGSHOT SEASON, horses that failed to do good during the summer will show startling form reversal from now on. There are a great number of horses that improve with the fall season, the cool crisp air acting as a tonic. Listed below are several good ones that come to me well recommended for an early win.

YOUR STABLE THIS WEEK with JOCKEY JIMMY

STARWICK is the horse of the week—was a good thing last Wednesday—heavy commission in Chicago—nipped at the wire—connections will go right back and get even—if D. Morgan the new Jockey sensation, rides—hop aboard.

- BEVEAU—hard luck horse, fit and ready for an early win.
- COUNT ME—has been knocking at the door—tab from now on.
- CHAMBERSBURGER—should do it this week at fair odds.
- CANDIMATE—giving this one another chance—works OK.
- FLAGSTONE—will run a much improved race.
- HIGH FINANCE—needs only a hustling ride, sprinter.
- KING BONNY—stable has picked the spot.
- LONEHAND—this one is due and overdue.
- MILLIMETER—will be part of the daily double.
- MIXWELL—now in its best form.
- NATTY BOY—connections want a price here—tab close.
- OUR BUD—distance horse that is crying to run.
- ORTHOPRISM—throw out that last race—much better.
- SLAVONIA—will be dropped in a soft spot this week.
- U DEMON—fit and ready—works says it's now or never.

JOCKEY JIMMY'S SECRET REPORTS (ALL TRACKS) HERE ARE A FEW THAT COME WELL RECOMMENDED FOR ANY EARLY WIN:

- | | | |
|---------------|--------------|--------------|
| ASHEN | DARK ZENI | LIGHT |
| BILL D | FANFERN | NIGHT FLOWER |
| BOB C | FICKLE FAIRY | NOW THEN |
| BOOMS PAL | GOLDMAN | OUR CREST |
| BULWARK | HARRY G | PRINCE PEST |
| BUTTER | HI-WELL | PARTY SPIRIT |
| BLESSED EVENT | HIT AND RUN | PORCELLUS |
| CHURCH CALL | HARPER | RUSH PLAY |
| CONGRESSMAN | JOB PRINTER | SWAP |
| CREDULOUS | KARKIE | WHITE TIE |

FOLLOW 3 TIMES, you'll be sure to CASH in . . . "GAYSET" at NEW YORK; "SLIM ROSIE" at CHICAGO . . . "BLACK MISS" at CLEVELAND . . . "BAHAMAS" at SUFFOLK DOWNS.
Clip and Mail Today

RACE TRACK NEWS,
BOX 269, MIAMI, FLA.

Please send me a sample copy of "Race Track News" America's Greatest Sporting Weekly. I understand this does not place me under obligation in any respect.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

And Do You Believe In Sign [Painters]?

HERE'S another local yarn from File No. 7, under the heading "Pathetic endings." Bob Steele, sign-rejuvenator for the city, is guilty of this one. He says it occurred in Chicago. Says Bob:

"I was dunking a mug of java one cold morning in a loop restaurant. Nearby sat a man and a girl and directly across from them, at the far curve of the horseshoe counter, a middle-aged man sat, staring intently at the girl.

This went on for fully ten minutes. I was amazed at the lone man's nerve. His gaze never wavered, even when the girl's companion scowled at him. Finally the latter rose, strode over to the stranger and without giving warning, hauled

"The gazer went down in a heap, ed off and clouted him on the jaw. Then he meekly asked: 'Why was I struck?' turning up his eyes—which were only sockets with glass imitations. He was blind as a bat.

Bob says he could prove the story true if it weren't for the fact that he's not in Chicago, the restaurant has been torn down, the blind man is dead and the couple married and settled down just south of the Arctic Circle.

Boxer—Did you hear the latest? I'm going to be married August 9?
Manager—Are you? Who's your opponent?

"to love, cherish and inspire."
Wimpus—Yes, and to have it right for the groom, it should be "to love, nourish and perspire."

Mrs. Wimpus—I understand that instead of the word "obey," the new wedding pledge for the bride is

A dash of salt improves the flavor of chocolate, caramel and white icings and candies.

MORE ABOUT INSURANCE

cannot be bled to death, even in Florida.

Very truly,
F/S
Philip H. Faulkner.

In Miami Beach, repercussion of the MIAMI LIFE expose was felt when the owner of an apartment-hotel, valued in the neighborhood of \$400,000 announced he was cancelling his fire and windstorm insurance in its entirety and would "struggle along" without this protection until such a time as he could receive reasonable rates.

Much criticism of the County Commissioners in accepting "sky high" rates made by agencies belonging to the Greater Miami Insurance Board was voiced in view of the unchallenged accusation made against that more-or-less august body to the effect that it was an organization dedicated to the proposition that anyone not paying tribute to its treasurer, might not engage in the insurance business here. The conditions upon which the County Commission asked for bids were virtually dictated by the "Miami Restraint of Trade Board," it was generally agreed.

Just before MIAMI LIFE went to press, this enlightening letter was received from a West Palm Beach concern, the letter speaking for itself and indicating how widespread is the astonishment at Miami's stoniness in this important matter:

PACIFIC MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

A. N. Kempf, President
W. R. Letcher, Morris Bierman, Gen'l Agent, Dist. Mgr.
Tampa, 518 Comcoe Bldg.
WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.
Aug. 4, 1937.

Editor, Miami Life:
As a reader of your publication, MIAMI LIFE, I wish to congratulate you on your good work along the construction lines for the improvement of the insurance business.

It seems to me the people who really should be charged with the duty of bringing about improvements are lax in their work and sit back and do nothing about the outrageous things that happen in this particular field. x x x x

Very truly yours,
(Signed)
Morris Bierman,
District Mgr.

Gotham Wrestlers Make Debut Here

Some wrestling talent that has been paraded before the Madison Square Garden's blood-thirsty galleries will make its premier appearance at the Armory Arena next Wednesday night when Tony Cancelli, a former light-heavyweight boxing contender; George Harbin, who claims a win over Man Mountain Dean, and Joe Corbett, a hot favorite in New England, go to the mat in a 41st birthday show being put on for Miami fans by Phil Weinberg, promoter. They're off promptly at 8:45.

KING SERVES FOOD FIT FOR ROYALTY

Irene and Lottie, the irresponsible serviteurs of irresistible food, invite you to try King's barbecue. King's Barbecue is located at 54th Street and Seventh Ave.

A PINT FOR YOU

So brisk has been the response since the Tropical Extract Company announced its new Maple Syrup through the columns of MIAMI LIFE, the firm is offering a PINT FREE to restaurants, barbecue stands and food store. See the ad in this issue.

beauty shop
Chez Marie inc
Miami's busiest beauty salon
air conditioned

Croquignole or spiral \$ 3.50

our famous chez marie 1 minute wireless permanent wave regular price \$10 and \$12.50

\$ 6.50 now and \$ 9.50

shampoo, finger wave and vinegar rinse 40c

Soft water used exclusively 33-39 e. flagler st. phone 2-6992 second floor

permanent wave (entrance in seychold arcade) Mention MIAMI LIFE for these prices.

MORE ABOUT Brisk Bus Ballot-Battle

votes.
Here's the way a prominent Miami Avenue merchant stated his views to MIAMI LIFE:

"Ralph Ferguson, Judge DuBose and Gardner received a sweeping vote in the May election," he said. "Now it is reasonable to assume that the voters agreed with the liberal platforms embraced by the three candidates. Therefore, their votes were a vigorous negative vote against the Miami Herald, which is now leading the pack in support of defeating municipal ownership. Isn't the answer obvious? What has occurred since the voting last May that would create a wholesale change of sentiment? Nothing! And that's why I also am certain—so certain I am placing a pretty stiff bet—that the commissioners will receive the pay increase they richly deserve, and the city bus ownership will carry."

ATTACK SCORED

Much caustic criticism of the Herald's unfounded theorizing in its reckless "Lone Wolf" attack on the new city commission is being heard wherever residents discuss the election. "This new commission has held more meetings in eight weeks, than the old one held in six months," a Coconut Grove resident declared. "To think of the Herald, a newspaper which formerly enjoyed at least a vestige of prestige, would campaign to keep the city commissioners' pay at approximately \$5.75 a day! Why, their own composing room workmen wouldn't labor day in and day out, and overtime, too, for that money! This dog-in-the-manger attitude is doing the Herald a lot of damage."

The Herald, in futilely refusing to accept the voters' verdict of last May, has raised loud Hosanna's in favor of everything Commissioner Alexander Orr, S.S. B., champions and is attempting to cram down its readers' throats the inane supposition that all projects supported by the new commissioners have some ulterior motive behind them, most unpartisan ob-

servers agree. The Herald fails to remember that only a year ago, Mayor Bob Williams was in a spot identical with that occupied by Orr today.

One feature of the present campaign which makes the Herald's position particularly inconsistent is that the bulk of the new city commissioners OPPOSE municipal ownership of the buses. That's probably the reason the Herald hasn't resorted to cries of "graft" in the current campaign of villification, it is believed. If, however, the commissioners who do not sleep with Shutts actually had favored municipal ownership, mighty blasts would certainly have issued from the Sanctum Sanctorium on South Miami avenue.

There is little doubt but that both sides of the Bus Brawl have dug into their bags of tricks and produced arguments which would not hold water if put to a test. Figures gleaned from government records have been utilized to produce exactly opposite effects with the result that the rank and file of voters have only vague ideas of what municipal ownership of the rubber-tired cars would produce.

The matter of boosting the salaries of commissioners is one which requires little or no argument. Either the people of the city are quite willing to entrust the affairs of the city to men to whom \$150 a month represents "important money"; to men whose private fortune or income makes the matter of remuneration a secondary or immaterial consideration, or to deserving, capable men who, while willing to work for the interests of the community, must also receive sufficient pay to maintain their families.

That question is simple. The bus problem is an intricate one.

BUT, MIAMIANS, WHICHEVER YOU FAVOR, BE SURE TO VOTE TUESDAY, AND DON'T BE MISLED BY "PROFESSIONAL PATRIOTS" WHO DEPEND UPON YOUR SUPPORT FOR THEIR VERY EXISTENCE. THEY ARE PREJUDICED!

THE CUB REPORTER INTERVIEWS SMOOT

Cub: "Now that your race track has been approved by Broward voters, are you going to sell stock?"
Joe Smoot: "Wouldn't think of it."
C. R.: "Are you a native Southerner?"
Smoot: "I was begat in Washington, D. C."
Ever had any previous experience?"
"Well, I built the Hialeah and the Santa Anita tracks."
"Will Moe Annenberg have anything to do with Hollywood?"
"I think the Yankees will win the American League pennant."
"Is it true that West Coast scribes elected you as the best dressed sportsman out there?"
"Now, I'd rather not discuss that."

Spanish Fly At Armory

Johnny Cruz, the Cuban leveler whose knack of not being where his opponents swing has won him the nickname of "Spanish Fly," will tangle in ten cantos next Monday night at the Armory Arena with that up-and-coming Miami lightweight, Toby Tobias, former U. of M. star who polished off Richard Hernandez last week.

with either Bobby Britton, son of Jack, ex-welter king, or with Jose Estrada, the Mex bulldog.
The massacre gets under way at 8:45.

After being served by Smiling Margery at the Rainbow Grill, one can readily understand why the customer always returns. The new Rainbow Grill is located at 2134 N. Miami Avenue. Their French-fried onions will surely bring you back for more.

To add color and flavor to summer beverages, freeze fruit juices in the mechanical refrigerator, then add the frozen cubes to the beverage just before it is served.

Adolf Hitler Says:

"YOU WILL READ WHAT I WANT YOU TO READ!"

In Miami, people who want to judge for themselves what they shall or shall not read, subscribe to or buy . . .

MIAMI LIFE

"The Last Word For 14 Years"

4 BUCKS
(FOR A YEAR)

2 BUCKS
(FOR SIX MONTHS)

1 BUCK
(THREE MONTHS)

Make Check Payable to LIFE PUBLISHING CO., mail to:

167 N. E. FIRST STREET

PHONES 2-3239 and 2-7797

dolly madison
Ice Cream

FRIEDIN'S GARAGE

24 HOUR
WRECKER SERVICE

COMPLETE AUTO SERVICE

TEL. 2-2222

"IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER"
2290 N.W. 17th AVE.