



Miami, Florida, Saturday, August 14, 1937.

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

Jail-Farm Mystery Solved!

Carolyn S. Brown
460 N W 23rd Place
Miami, Fla
H3B C

IN TODAY'S NOOSE

No Soap
Ham and Eggs
Strafe Williams
Ain't It Awful
By H. BOMB BLESS
Stiff Writer of Life

RIGHT is right. Honesty pays. Murder will out. You can't win. Haste makes waste. Live and learn. Life is real. Life is earnest. And there you are.

MUNICIPAL buses lose. People in good again. With Frank. He didn't want. City to run. Buses. Unless Ev could collect. The fares. But Ev. Unfortunately. Was retired. To the stud.

SALARY raise loses. Or is it 'rise'? Damned if any of us. Know. Anyway, the city. Can now afford. To lose. That extra \$25,000 dock fees. Which Frank saved his clients. At expense. Of the taxpayers.

DRAT that. Bob Williams. Anyway. He won't listen. To reason. Or to Frank. Who does he. Think he is. Anyway? Hitler? When he knows. Damned well. That Frank is. Or was. Until the voters. Balked.

AND that. Doc Ferguson. Gives everybody jobs. Except Ev. Why, he hasn't even. Sent North. For someone. To run the police. Department. Think of it!

THE gall. Of Judge Du. Bose. Actually Requested. That the Herald. Reporters. Quote him correctly. When he knows. That wouldn't. Ever swing. Any votes.

GARDNER. Shows promise. It won't be long. Until we have. Him rigged out. In Ev's old. Monkey suit. And Frank. Will play. The tune. While the. Prune peddler. Dances.

FOUR thousand escape. From jail-farm. Capons and pullets. In big jail delivery. Cocks running wild. Hens everywhere. Andy Kavanaugh. Wouldn't have. Allowed That. He'd have sent. Them to. Dingetown.

BUT I must close. To attend A staff meeting. Frank will lead. The hymn of hate. Then we'll all. Practice making faces. And gnashing teeth. At Williams, Ferguson and DuBose. And have a big sing. Of our theme song. Entitled. "We'll Be Glad. When you're dead. You Rascals. You!"

Zoning Proposal By Employee of Herald Gets The Gate

AN abortive attempt to slip over a "white-negro" boundary line in Coconut Grove, thus creating dissention between both factions in the suburban community, suffered an ignominious demise in City Commission Wednesday, following disclosure in MIAMI LIFE last week that such an attempt was being made.

According to Frank Starnes, city zoning officer, the proposal to burst wide open the long-interred and controversial subject was made by an employee of Frank Shutts' morning newspaper, Howard Reno of the Miami Herald. But there were those who believed Shutts was not actually behind the move.

Both white people and colored were represented at the meeting to present a solid front against the move instigated by the Herald staff member. Former State Senator F. M. Hudson appeared in behalf of Mrs. Hugh Matheson, whose property would have been half-white and half-Negro had the Herald employee's action been approved.

Earl Baum, attorney, spoke against the newspaper man's bill in behalf of Abe Stirrup, wealthy Negro landowner, who for 55 years has been a resident of the Grove and in full accord with the white people in the status quo.

After the solid front of opposition was presented, it was announced to the commission that the proponents of the measure headed by the — that's right, Herald, employee were in favor of a withdrawal.

Messages of thanks from Coconut Grove property owners were received by MIAMI LIFE following the rout of the proposed zoning ordinance.

Just why the proposal should have been made with such secrecy could not be explained by opponents of the bill which was first taken to City Manager Bloodworth and then to Zoning Officer Sterns.

Through an "unwritten law" in effect in Coconut Grove for many years, a "no man's land" acreage has existed between the Negro cemetery at Franklin avenue and Douglas Road and the actual extremity of the colored community.

Had the proposed ordinance been passed by the commission, much of the property owned and developed by white people would have depreciated in value to such an extent that they would have suffered large losses.

Chinese Reject Three Miamians

WHIZ-Z-Z Bang! The ominous tramp, tramp, tramp of marching feet. Portentous rumble of artillery pieces echoing between walls of deserted villages. The crescendo of shrieking shells streaking through the air. High-trajectory "hardware" with delayed-fuses blasting away at bridges. The chilling rat-tat-tat of "typewriters" spraying hot lead into yielding flesh. The—

All these beckon to the damned fools of any community. Miami included.

But those unconvinced war veterans, unemployed wanderers and blissfully ignorant punks who are entertaining an idea they'd like to "join up" with the Chinese defenders against the Japanese invaders of the Land of the Lotus won't find it so easy to accomplish, it was revealed in Miami the past week.

This fact three adventurous Miamians discovered when they proffered their services to the Chinese consul in San Francisco. They were politely informed that no American enlistments are yet authorized, much to the chagrin of the Miami trio, whose names are withheld by request.

Those Miamians who feel an uncontrollable urge to do battle, to give vent to their pugnacious persuasion, are respectfully referred by MIAMI LIFE to Matchmaker Phil Weinberg of the Armory Arena who is sadly in need of bruisers who won't take to the tank when a duke is flung their way. And the only shells that may bother them are those peeled off peanuts, Phil assures volunteers.

ANOTHER NEW RACE TRACK FOR MIAMI!

(By Special Barbed Wire)

WITH some of the finest beetle-flesh in America on hand and carrying the colors of leading stables and breeders, another brand new race track will open in Miami before the frost is on the pumpkin and the fodder's in the shock.

The track, which will be the first Cockroach plant in Southern Florida, will be known as Sarastokus. "Flit" Awtrey, of the Pioneer Hotel is said to be the promoter of the project. Awtrey recently returned from Tallahassee, where he left a mysterious big, black bag. He is local representative of a bug-and-beetle exterminating company. But, really, he holds nothing personal against bugs, he declares.

HARDY BREED

Awtrey and other cockroach enthusiasts have devoted years to inter-breeding the hardy Southern Europe roach with the fleet insect which roams, unmoles- ted, the kitchen sinks and bathrooms of Miami, known to the business as the "black-beetle pestiferous" or more commonly pointed out by the uninitiated as "There's Another'n."

Awtrey, let it be said to his credit, modestly disdains responsibility for developing the thoroughbred roach which, clockers swear, can shinny up a water-pipe or scurry down a drain faster'n you can say "Why yes, I'll have a drink"—and that's plenty fast if what people say about you is anywhere near correct.

FAST COMPANY

At the season opener at Sarastokus, Handicappers Harry Green, Abe Kurman and George Christie have lined up a classy field of entries, although three favorites will be missing.

Chief of Police H. Leslie Quigg was compelled to scratch "Ramblers," his Eighteenth Floor filly, when it was discovered that Frank Shutts disapproved of any civic enterprise the Herald wasn't cut in on and threatened to write a piece in the paper about it.

The Pokey entry, Yeah Brother, and the Flophouse stable's Soup Sal, were also scratched. So was Dirty Shirt.

SARASTOKUS ENTRIES

P.P.	Roach	Wt.	Odds	Owner	Comment
1	Mahogany Bar	1 1/4	8	J. Scott	Might Surprise
2	Cuspidor Queen	2	8-5	DuBose	Cud Win this
3	Ash Can	1 1/2	2	E. Harper	Morning Trial ok
4	Stew Settler	1 1/4	10	Williford	Always there
5	Pan American	2	20	Sewell	Tired last effort
6	X-Ripe Tomato	1 1/4	10	Annenberg	Count him in

(X- denotes five pound apprentice allowance claimed)

SHORT, SHORT STORY

ABILIOUS blond, who likes to lay a bet on a good thing at the tracks, has been hounding the footsteps of Jockey Jimmy, MIAMI LIFE'S crack dopester.

Jimmy steadfastly has refused to point her toward a hot nag and when she tagged after him the other day, he grew incensed, something Jockey can do with the greatest of ease when he's a mind to.

"Pul-ease, Jockey, pul-ease!" the dizzy dame droned. Jimmy reeled about. "Up the alley!" he shouted, trying to make himself clear above the back-firing of a nearby flivver.

The girl beamed, shouted "Thanks!" and darted away. That evening, she was all smiles as she approached Jimmy.

"I bet it—and did it win!" she gurgled, displaying a wad of bills.

"Bet what?" asked Jimmy. "Sir Ally at New York—you know, the one you tipped to me," the wench exulted. "Jimmy, you're a perfect dear!"

MIAMI DRIVES MAN NUTS

A STRANGER approached two Miami policemen and asked directions to a certain institution.

"That's out North East North River Drive," one cop said.

"Now," contradicted the other, "it's on South West North River Drive."

A newsboy horned in. "You're both cookoo, it's on South East North River—my twist lives on the West side of South North River Drive."

The stranger ran amuck, shouting: "West North South East!"

He was last seen passing through Little River.

Black Cat Pays Off

CHARLEY Licati, Packard salesman, dropped into Vick's Bar the other night for refreshments.

"A black cat just ran across my path," he announced to friends. "Yes, I know that's just a superstition and all that, but believe me, I'm watching my p's and q's—those ebony felines are r-e-a-l-l-y bad news, and no foolin'!"

Just then the number-drawing started. Charley won the \$80 prize.

And if you put the "bite" on him for part of it, just mark it down as another bit of valuable information gleaned from MIAMI LIFE.

Prof. 'Hocus Pocus' Gardner Ends Baffling Case of Kidnapped 'Clucks'

DISGUISED as a pint of pigeon milk, that great detective, Hemlock Homes, alias R. C. Gardner, city commissioner, has solved for all time that great chicken-coop mystery of the 4000 fryers and broilers that went A.W.O.L. from Opa-Locka prison farm!

At one fell swoop, Prof. Gardner exploded the theory that a modern Pied Piper inveigled the hens and their male escorts from

Du Ponts Stir Up Rival Buildings

WHEN a Diamond L'll from the Big City comes to a tanktown on the prairie, wearin' silks and satins fit for a queen and baring calves that knock the country jakes for a goal, the hick-ladies hiss "hussy"—and then start slickin' 'up, themselves.

The DuPont interests plan construction of an ultra-modern bank and office building on the site of the lamented Halcyon Hotel. And the adjacent structures, in frantic attempt to hold their tenants just as the Country Nell's employ every artifice to hold their he-yokels from the snare of the Jazz Jezebel, are sprucing up for all they're worth!

Heretofore in the Olympia building, there was approximately a one-stool toilet for each two floors. And there was running water in only those offices under long-term lease, or where special installation was made. Two stools now have been added to the "rest rooms" and water is being connected over the entire building.

The Ingraham Building's obedience to progress is manifest in its elevator service where express cars are now operated and the trips up and down are accelerated.

The Congress has suddenly blossomed forth with decorative refurbishing and the old Professional Building, down the street farther, has gone in for some tall face-lifting and general embellishing.

That new neighbor certainly is making a stir!

their cozy quarters; answered the time-honored question "Who Killed Cock Robin?"; turned up a hot clue as to the whereabouts of the lost Charlie Ross — and supplied the American Legion with the solution of that perplexing riddle: "Where's Elmer?"

Not only that. Prof. Gardner conjured up an analytical question which will put even his colleague, Prof. Quiz of radio fame, to some vigorous humming and hawing before he solves it. Here it is:

"A prison farm has 4,000 chickens. The management sells 400-pounds of them. How many chickens has the farm left?"

The answer, of course is "quite a few"—and that's exactly what the city's inquisitorial body, headed by City Attorney Jack Watson, will learn at the conclusion of the "sweeping investigation" which Prof. Gardner instigated just because one of his playmates appeared to have been on the receiving-end of a kicking around.

Prof. Gardner's attempt to delve into the poultry business was stymied when it was found that, carelessly, the operators of the farm had neglected to compel chickens to answer roll-call each evening. The quiz disclosed that the management, which, you might have guessed, was headed by Louis K. MacReynolds, one of the professor's best pains-in-the-neck, failed to take foot-prints of the cocks, hens, eunuchs and "juvenile problem-chickies" entrusted to its care by the municipality.

Then, to make matters worse, when MacReynolds was replaced by Prof. Gardner's campaign manager, Clyde Pennington, a blamed good accountant but an out-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 4

Coconuts aid Negroes

AND of these, the greatest is Charity. Under leadership of Dr. L. S. Rentz, president, the Civic Club of Coconut Grove is undertaking establishment of a free medical clinic for negroes of that district.

This enterprising organization has launched a subscription campaign for erection or leasing of a building to house the project and efforts are being made to enlist services of physicians and dentists for the work.

The need of such a clinic was stressed by Dr. Rentz and other community leaders at recent meetings. It was declared that many negroes find it extremely inconvenient to attend the free city clinic in the city hall.

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"Cabbages and Kings"

EVERY 24 seconds there's a felony committed in this country and every eight seconds some damphool asks: "What's new?" . . . The Irish spell it "whisky" . . . The English and Scotch use "whiskey." . . . Bedbugs can reason. Place pans of kerosene under bed-legs to keep 'em out and they will clamber up walls to the ceiling and parachute down onto the bed. And they can go a month without eating.

MICE, too, know their way 'round. A pest authority claims to have watched a granddaddy mouse showing a bunch of youngsters how to spring a trap by pushing it against a wall. After the trigger was sprung, the old fellow stole the bait . . . Mice also have an official "tester" who tries out suspicious food to determine whether it's poisoned. If he passes out, the others give the morsel a big letting alone.

IF you're interested, the word "labyrinth" denotes the classical maze constructed for King Minos of Crete by Daedalus to hold the Minotaur . . . The Minotaur was half-man, half-bull—you know the kind—mostly bull . . . Jackson Barnett, "world's richest Indian," purchased a mansion in Los Angeles. Then he slept in the garage and cooked most of his meals in the back yard.

ANDREW Jackson was the only president to score a more popular appeal and wholesale victory than Franklin Roosevelt . . . At his second inauguration, Roosevelt wore "Old Hickory's" heavy gold watch-chain for good luck . . . Congress is probing charges that American women living in the Panama Canal zone are marijuana addicts. Four recently were sent back to the United States for immorality.

HEADLINE in Variety, theatrical newspaper, reads: "Stix Nix Hick Pix." Get it? Means movie-goers in the country do not care for rural themes . . . Henry VIII could have made his living in any man's orchestra as a player of the flute, cornet or organ . . . The United States Army seeks piccolo players.

MIRACLES still occur. A Miami clergyman recently turned a Sailor into a Pitchfork.

FRANK Shutts, L. L. F., seems determined to fight the new city commission to the last drop of Bloodworth, R. S. (Riles Shutts).

ORR, maybe he's just EV-ing a little fun.

Headline in Herald, August 7: "\$700,000,000 Housing Bill Given Nicks." Those Griks get EVERYthing!

JUDGE Curry jails manicurist for five days in fracas over another woman's husband. Now she'll stick to nails, not males.

JIMMY, the newsboy, was so het up because M.G.M. wouldn't pay Freddie Bartholomew the \$2500 per week he demanded, that his hustling business fell off from 83c a day to 56 cents.

ASSOCIATED Press dispatch from Spain says "Insurgent attack declared halted." The helluvit was the rebels wouldn't listen.

NEW York's Old Trinity Church has given permission to a tenant in one of its buildings nearby to open a public bar. Just another spiritual endeavor to its credit.

GENERAL Motors is wondering whether the Public will take the \$30 price boost on Chevrolets SITTING DOWN.

IN the Herald's Food Section this head appears: "Best Way Given To Pull Up Chair."—Off hand, we'd say why not eat on the floor and save all that bother?

LESTER Fester says he heard Virginia Keys couldn't be reached with a ten-foot pole.

PUBLISHERS FETE GREEBY

Annenberg, Shutts and Mahoney Act As Hosts To Famous Obit Column Conductor

I JUST had luncheon with Moe Annenberg, Frank Shutts and Dan Mahoney," announced R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who talks one of the most brilliant newspaper careers in seven counties, as he moped into Mother Kelly's Bar. "Whatta repast—what edibles!" He placed his prehensile pinions around a pony of potent potion and paused, panting.



Mother Kelly peered at him and scratched an ear, reflectively. "Maybe you'd better not drink that," Mother said, mildly. "You're having hallucinations already."

"Five will get you—five will get you A DIME!" roared Greeby, convulsively working his Adam's-apple over his celluloid collar. "I reiterate that I just had lunch with Moe, Frank and Dan! Annenberg, Shutts and Mahoney! Tribune, Herald and News! Put up or dummy up!"

"Well, if you eat with them, those three birds are pulling another Walter Winchell-Ben Bernie hoopla on us Miami yahoos," commented Mother, toweling a tumbler. "But I still can't figure out why they dealt YOU in!"

"Guess you don't know I usta be a newspaperman myself," confessed the Greeb under the impression it was a boast. "Once a newspaperman, ALWAYS a bum," he declared. "Lamp them britches of mine—never neat but always kneed. Get what I mean? I haven't a pencil, a piece of paper nor a dime on me, so you know DAMNED well I'm a newspaperman—although at this moment I'm a journalist, which is a newspaperman out of a job."

"What did you have to eat?" asked Mother, testily. "Three kinds of soup—split pea with more split than pea; tomato puree and New Orleans Gumbo," enumerated Greeby. "Three salads—beet, lettuce and avocado. Pigs knuckles, chicken a la king and convalescent Virginia Ham. Fruit puddin', raspberry ice cream and orange sherbet. Coffee, buttermilk and iced tea. And I lifted a package of mints as I came out."

"Helzbelz!" yelled Mother. "What was it, a marathon or a suicide pact?"

Greeby smirked, a habit dating from his days as elevator starter. "It's easy to see you'd never make an epicure, gourmet or even a

good gourmand," he sneered. "Now take MY gastronomic feats—they're legion. 'Twas none other than me taught Diamond Jim Brady how to flagellate fodder without feeling flutulent, and I betray no confidence when I say that the late Paul Bunyan was a nibbler compared to Mrs. Greeby's youngest boy. When I'm in form, I annihilate a beef quarter as my hors d'oeuvre!"

"Didn't the Power of the Press do anything but eat at this luncheon?" Mother inquired.

"Oh yeah," confided the Greeb. "We discussed the rise, fall and bust of Eleanor Holm; what Mae West has before her and, of course, the future of the Fourth Mistake."

"Moe said he had never, in all his born days, come across a better newspaper than the Herald for a hand-towel. Frank remarked that every single member of the Herald staff 'took' the Tribune—with them when they repaired to the Rest Room for surcease from their toils. Dan merely asked if the Trib and Herald were still being published."

Mother set up a drink. "Anybody get socked?" he asked.

"Socked? Why should I get nasty, with them putting out for the eats?—think I'm from Maine or Vermont?" At that, Mother leaned over the bar and exercised his olfactory sense on Greeby's breath in an effort to determine whether the beverage was exercising a corrosive influence upon that bon vivant's imagination. "How come they didn't argue?" he ventured.

"Say, are you screwy, Mother?" demanded Greeby, stepping up to his pretzel munching to fortissimo. "You just ain't bright. Y'see, Moe's duties as Chief Tomato Farmer brings him to work early and he eats lunch around 11 o'clock. Well, I happened to stroll by his table and Moe came up with the finest snack I've had the honor to sit-in on in days. Then, as I was belching along Miami avenue, round about 12:15, Frank Shutts was entering his favorite viandry alone, so I kept him company. I'll say this for Frank, he buys an adequate meal when pressed. And so help me, at about 2 bells I happened to be standing in front of Dan Mahoney's regular beanery when he came loping along. So, not to discriminate, I volunteered to catch a sip-and-bite with him."

"And now that you aren't doing anything at the moment, Mother, replenish that vessel with the elixir of life and I'll be getting along—I told my woman I'd be home for lunch and I don't want to keep her waiting."

So YOU Say---

Editor, Miami Life:

Thanks a lot for calling attention to the disgraceful garbage display before our downtown restaurants each evening. A stiff fine would discourage such unsanitary practices and would at least compel cafe proprietors to place tight lids on the refuse containers. Please follow this up until we alleviate this condition. It hurts the city with visitors.

Merle Thomas.

Editor:

There are some angles to your insurance gouge series which are not quite clear. Does windstorm insurance cover damage done by water blown back into cellars by high winds, or must that be mentioned specifically in the policy? I have heard this argued pro and con and I find that even insurance agents are divided on the answer. What is the dope?

"Also Hooked."

In a recent court decision it was held that the water damage resulted directly from the windstorm and therefore was covered by the policy. Most assured persons, however, simplify matters by knocking out a window or two and thus substantiating their claim that the water blew in the windows. This eliminates the necessity of fighting crooked insurance firms in the courts, where by long practice, they can squirm around the intent of the law.—Editor.)

Editor:

Is it true that you are really the press agent for the Five O'clock Club and that the Ross Allen story was only a gag? I have heard that the club's business increased many times as a result of your articles. Why don't you admit it?

Judith Lyman.

(Ross Allen's conduct gagged many people but it was not a stunt. And the 5 O'clock Club wouldn't have helped if business had increased as your informant claims. However, MIAMI LIFE had no intention of harming the 5 O'clock Club.—Ed.)

Why do you want a divorce — aren't your relations pleasant?

Mine are — but her's are awful.

"Are you using your bathing suit tonight?"

"Yes, I am."

"Good, then let me borrow your tux."

"Can I kiss you?"

"No sir, I'm not that kind."

"That's funny — my roommate said you were even kinder than that to him."

"So you have a baby brother. What's his name?"

"Damned if I know. We can't understand a word he says."

"You never can tell" said the stick-up man as he shot the only witness to the crime.

"No, Sam—I can never be more than a sister to you."

"Okay, sis, loan me a fin."

"He kissed me when I wasn't looking."

"What did you do?"

"Didn't look at him the rest of the evening."

Lieut. "The enemy are as thick as peas—what shall we do?"

Major: "Shell 'em, you idiot, shell 'em."

"Mother Kelly's"

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SPORT-POUR-RI

EVERY NOW and then a ball player bobs up and is hailed as a second Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth or Honus Wagner. Out on the Pacific Coast, Joe Berry, pint-sized hurler for Los Angeles is being designated as a second Christy Mathewson. The little fellow has a change of pace in which he flings six varieties of benders, the scribes claim. He'll probably be with the Chicago Cubs next year.

SINCE this column last week listed famous fighters of by-gone days who live in Hollywood, a fan asks about Ad Wolgast, the Wolverine who took the lightweight crown away from Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane. Ad was so battered about the head that he became 100 per cent punch drunk. Old Jack Doyle, his former manager, kept Ad for years, Wolgast still thinking he was the champion. Each day the little fellow worked out religiously in Doyle's Vernon Club in preparation for a title-fight that existed only in his mind. Some time ago, Ad's condition grew so bad he was committed to a psychopathic hospital in Los Angeles.

YOU don't hear much about Joe Benjamin these days but he is one ex-fighter who holds unofficial knockouts over both Jack Dempsey and Mickey Walker. Joe is reputed to have clouted Dempsey on the chin during a Hollywood argument in the old Christie Hotel and there are those who say the Manassas Mauler folded up. In a New York hotel some years later, Benjamin belted the Elizabethtown Bulldog on the kisser and put him away for the evening. Benjamin was too pretty for the good of his ring career. He was always leery lest a stray punch mar his classic features.

RUNS, HITS AND ERRORS—Butch Miller, soft-ball pitcher of Toledo, Ohio, hurled four successive no-hit games in a championship series . . . There are more crack chess-players in Poland than any other country . . . Young Griffo fought four men one night in San Francisco; struck four blows and knocked out all four men. Jay Kirke, old Pittsburgh first baseman, won a pennant by knocking a wild pitch over the fence for a home run . . . Jackson Sholtz, famous sprinter, stumbled twice in a 100-yard sprint and won going away against a class field . . . Flash Hoag, outfielder with the Yankees, is rated the speediest fly-chaser in the majors but he's eclipsed with Gehrig and DiMaggio on the same team . . . Bob Swanson, champion midget auto racer, is the "best-hated" and best gate attraction in the sport. Fans flock in to see him beaten, which rarely happens . . . Dave Danforth, old White Sox pitcher who caused so much stir by using a shine ball after it was barred, is a dentist in Baltimore. William J. Macbeth, racing writer of the New York Herald Tribune who died at Saratoga recently was largely responsible for bringing Babe Ruth to Gotham from Boston. He was also an expert on hockey.

Things I'd Like To Know

DO Grace, Betty, Dottie, N. E. Second street. Nelle and Pavlova miss the tank as he misses them ? ? ?

Can it be that Charles Keyes, perennial Socialist senatorial candidate, has forsaken politics and that his own vote wasn't even counted in the last election ? ? ?

When will Will Lynch, G. M., of Paramount Enterprises, land a movie house manager he is satisfied with ? ? ?

Who's the henna-tressed vision that selfishly takes on her chow all by her lonesome each evening in the Roadside Rest ? ? ?

How is Jack, the insurance hustler, going to explain to Edna when his better-half slides into town next week ? ? ?

Is Ben really jealous of Pauline even though they are only a hotel clerk and a movie big-wig ? ? ?

Did a Dinger house servant tell too many tales out of school and cause the big family rumpus between the big tire man and his charming wife ? ? ?

When is that blond-ined dame in the Hudson ever going to learn to stay on the right side of a road when she drives 10 miles an hour? ? ? ?

Will there be some wholesale hair-pulling when that smiling aviator makes a slip and all his "regular girls" get together ? ? ?

Is it true that Gilbert and O'Neil are really cutting a wide swathe on ? ? ?

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ON THE CUFF

By LUKE THE LUG

AN across a Miami man the other day who, years ago, pulled one of the slickest tricks ever put over on Uncle Sam. He was a daring young bootlegger at the time in Atlanta, Georgia. Most of his patrons were newspapermen. He used the mailing room of the Atlanta Constitution, morning sheet then published by the late Clark Howell, Sr., an out-and-out 'dry', as his distribution depot. One night as the paper was being printed, word came that The Law was about to descend upon the rum-cache. Like a flash, the booze-broker snatched his bottled goods, deftly packed them in a United States Mail sack, locked it and placed it on a pile of similar sacks containing out-going newspapers. John Law rushed in and searched the place from top to bottom, while swappers loaded mail sacks onto waiting trucks. The young 'legger nonchalantly sauntered out, casually transferred the liquor sack from a truck to his own car and drove off. One run, no hit, one error.

A CERTAIN girl, who was very, v-e-r-y friendly with a young lawyer we know, suddenly in a fit of pique threw him over and married a wealthy man-about-town. Some time later a baby boy was born. Then the girl divorced her hubby and married her real love, the lawyer. One day a visitor from the north was being entertained at a family dinner. The visitor, before the entire assemblage, placed a gentle hand on the little boy's curly head, smiled at the lawyer and blurted out: "Well, pal, you could never deny that this lad is yours—he's a dead image of his dad!"

THE storm drills being held by the Red Cross here brings to mind the story of Constable Jim Hickland tells of the motorist who was overtaken a few years ago by an irate motorcycle cop while speeding toward Hollywood. When the officer stopped alongside the motorist he demanded to know what the latter meant by tearing along the highway at such a rate of speed. "Lissen officer," said the driver, somewhat under the weather. "I'm just having a hurricane drill—I want to see how far away I can get after the storm warnings go up." When a severe storm did turn up a few days later, the man had to take it without budging—from a cell in the county jail.

GRAPEVINE: The hottest stud poker game of the summer is being held aboard a "vessel" moored within shouting distance of the madding throngs thereabouts. . . . Sop-with probably thinks young Vanderbilt wrote "Gone With The Wind" . . . To add insult to injury, officials of Alcatraz island took all privileges away from Kidnapper Rufe Persful because he deliberately chopped off four fingers of his left hand with an axe. . . . A plenty smart guy is behind the movement to organize Miami office and professional workers. . . . That Bible salesman who's been hitting front doors in the Northwest section is associated with an Atheistic society. . . . It's laughable the way that high-hat Miami merchant, who got his start in life by selling hosiery from door to door, snubs his less fortunate friends who didn't have the foresight to marry some ready cash.

Missing Lid Mystery

DRINKING will have to get along without the aid of Leonard Pawl from now on out. Pawl, one of the few genies who still wear hats, invariably dines in a popular Miami avenue chop house. Some two weeks ago, when he had erased a good evening repast, he discovered that his chapeau had departed from the wall-hook upon

which he had parked it. Last Monday night, he rose from the table and found—his NEW hat gone and his OLD one hanging in its place. He admits he has been imbibing too many gin top-twisters of late but he swears the switch of kellys occurred as stated. Now, he enters the victualary hat-less and hopes to break even yet.

The Chorus girl cut quite a figure as she sat on a broken beer bottle.

Courtship consists of a man's running after a girl until she catches him.

"Aren't you afraid of germs when Lou kisses you?" "No, he's usually boiled anyway."

"But officer, I didn't see that fire plug when I parked here; it was hidden behind an airedale."

They Tell Me

Mary F. kicked in with the price of ball money for the inebricated salesman who made the clink last week-end

And the soda-jerk at Walgreen's who throws checks at patrons will receive, gratis, one swell flock of knuckles next time he does it to the former lightweight champion of the U. of Texas

That Atlanta dame who's been mingling with the horse-player on Second Avenue should visit a clinic

A local cafe man visited a Fort Lauderdale frail one night last week and left so hurriedly he forgot his shoes

One of those business school girls in the Professional building is letting herself in for a lot of grief by tolerating that suave adult male

The reason the produce salesman left town so suddenly is because he "shot" birds-eyes with his sweet-heart's dough

Ruth is really cleaning up by peddling Muggles to the boys and girls who seek a thrill

"Pat", the blonde greeter, is much prettier by daylight than by lobby-lights

The financial man who leaves his conspicuous car parked before one of the better notch-houses had better not be so careless if he wants to continue to mix with that elite brunette

The handsome truck driver who is making flirts at the bar owner's spouse is just about to be clipped in the puss

The reason the travel bureau man doesn't call on Ann any more is because Ann is too ticklish

At long last, Hilda has a steady who called twice

Warren is truly mad because his fem insisted on letting the Mobile salesman help her in the kitchen

Fred and Louise went fishing last Sunday without a bit of bait — and didn't even know it when they came home

Teacher: "Now, if I lay five eggs here and three eggs there, how many will I find?"

Boy: "I don't think you can do it."

SOCIETY LIFE

By Ward MacPlaster

MISS Irma Umlaut, youngest and most frustrated daughter of Moe Umlaut and one of his former wives, will pitch a beer brawl at Ownie Futt's Club tonight. The shindig will be in the nature of a coming-out party for Miss Umlaut's kid brother, Irky, who recently did 10 straight for using the mails to defraud.

Leander Ickypoo, grudgingly-acknowledged son of Prof. and Mrs. G. Colonic Ickypoo, of Molassas Gap, Ala., will break out any moment now in a recital of "Hark, Hark, the Lark" before the Young Mother's Club at the Beach. Ross ("Cuddles") Allen will render his favorite heart-render, "Molly 'n Me and Baby Make One Helluva Mess."

The Chinch Coterie will hold its weekly Saturday Night Clutch at the Rowdy Palm Club on Saturday night this week. Guests are requested to be "on time" just as they are with the merchants they deal with on week days.

Miss Phoebe Felbottom,

house-guest of her sister, Mrs. Bridget Broadbeam, who once danced with the Prince of Wales' custodian of the Royal Bedchamber by error, will entertain at an exclusive dinner party at the Doughville Monday night. Guests will include: Miss Phoebe Felbottom, house-guest of her sister, Mrs. Bridget Broadbeam, who once danced with the Prince of Wales' custodian of the Royal Bedchamber, by error.

A treasure hunt was held last night by Madam Fanny Feltsite, the estranged and strange wife of Judge H. Adenoids Feltsite, while the judge was pounding the pillow. Exactly \$7.34 was missing from the jurist's britches this morning.

The Coconut Grove Rod and Gun Club held a Crab Bake in Gussie's Gulch Thursday evening. Refreshments were delayed somewhat when the servants insisted upon taking fingerprints of the guests, many of whom brought their own crabs to the festivities.

Ho Hum! They're in Again

"THEY'RE SWIMMERS"

THIS occurred in Hialeah. A tourist entered a grocery store and approached the proprietor, an elderly man.

"Can I egt some finnan haddie?" he asked.

The old man peered over his glasses. "What kind of business are they in?" he asked.

Sounds Like Podunk

'Uxtra! 'Uxtra! NEWS ITEM: The Miami Chamber of Commerce located a preacher last Saturday afternoon so that a young couple, who seemed to be in one helluva hurry to get tied up, could do so.

NEWS ITEM: The Miami Chamber of Commerce last Thursday helped sailors on the three Navy submarines in port here to get their laundry out in time to catch their vessels.

Now if we can only get the Chamber to hold our head, everything will be hotsy-totsy.

'Whiskers' In Miami

THE old guy with the whiskers, Uncle Sam, is peering over his specs at Miami.

He's frettin' somewhat at them yere junk-yards which have sprung up all around the high-toned livin' quarters which the old gent built for lace-curtain Cullud Pussons at Liberty City.

Word was being bruited about the city the past week to the general effect that government investigators, representing one of the various federal relief agencies, are trying to learn who is responsible for the wholesale epidemic of junk-yards in that district adjacent to 62nd street and 17th avenue.

Federal office holders here, however, disclaimed any knowledge of the investigation although it was admitted that some protest had been made to Washington as a result of the encroachment of ungainly junk-depots upon the Liberty Center community.

Two reasons why the lads stop at King's Bar and Grill, 54th Street and 7th avenue, N. W., are Dottie and Zearu, the chic curb girls who know how to smile.

Officer: "No parking—you can't loaf on this street." Voice within car: "Who's loafing?"

Three of a kind are hard to beat, especially such a trio as Pop Yates, Lee Gordon and Don, who used to be head bartender at the Tamiami Bar. They're to be seen at 230 West Flagler.

Evalyn of the Dinner Bell recently had her hair done over and you wouldn't know it was the same girl, Dan Donnell says.

1,545,835

"All In A Life Time"

By FRANK N. ERNEST

IT won't be aired in court, but a divorce which is soon to come up in Miami was brought about because a socialite matron pulled a rare bit of Sherlock Holmes deduction and caught her husband red-handed. Seems the hubby was making frequent out-of-town motor trips over week-ends and the little woman grew suspicious. Finally she hit on a plan. When her horse-half told her he was driving to Jacksonville, she marked down the mileage reading on his speedometer. When he returned late Monday morning, she compared figures. He had travelled exactly 11 miles!

TOM Shore swears this is true. A young brat living in a Beach apartment building found a giant firecracker left over from the Fourth of July celebration. Late one night, the kid set the cracker off in the hallway—and four gentlemen crawled out windows with their garments in their hands.

IF it weren't true, this would make a rousing good joke. A somewhat faded little thing worked hard and long as a waitress in a cheap hash-house hereabouts, primarily to get her boy friend a "good front" of clothes so he could land a job in keeping with his "education and refinement." Finally, by working her enticing smile overtime on patrons, she gleaned enough tips to outfit her steady like Mrs. Astor's off-horse. The lad, thereupon, sallied forth in his finery and won the heart and part of the purse of an indulgent divorcee who led him to the altar pronto. Of course, the bridegroom "paid the girl back"—with a check signed by his new bride!

MAYBE you know all about this, but it won't hurt to repeat it. About the former Minneapolis physician whose beautiful wife ran away with another man. The doctor came here to live. Last winter, while motoring, he rolled up to the scene of an auto accident and hastened forward to give any medical aid required. You're right—the "other man" lay unconscious by the roadside and the medico administered first aid, application of which undoubtedly saved the man's life. The ex-wife stood by—and remained mum. Didn't so much as thank her discarded good-provider. And the crowd didn't tumble to the drama enacted before its eyes.

A DOWNTOWN bookie made this proposition to a dentist: "I'll put you down for a \$2 bet each day for a week on any nag you pick if you'll do my dental work for me." The dental work consisted of several fillings. The toothician agreed. At the end of the week, the bookie had paid \$136 for \$60 worth of attention on his molars.

THE girl herself told us this one. She was stepping out with a married man (she's that kind of a fem) and they, the two inamoratos, knew the wife was getting suspicious. So she planted the man in his office one night as midnight neared and had a girl-friend 'phone the anxious wife. "I was only wondering if you knew where your husband is," the stooge asked the wife when she answered the ring. "This is a friend of yours." Of course, the wife immediately called the office—and to her delight found her husband there. The hubby feigned indignation at his wife's suspicions. And so, the liaison has a new lease on life.

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DIRECT FROM THE TRACK WITH Jockey Jimmy

NARRAGANSETT OPENS MONDAY, AUG. 16th MIAMI, FLA., AUG. 14th, 1937—I AM SUPPOSED to be at Narragansett Park at Providence, Rhode Island, for the 30-day meeting that starts Monday and Mr. O'Hara may be plenty mad but I just can't help it—important personal business keeps me here. However, my connections are up there ready to send me a few good ones to help over the tight spots. I look to Narragansett for a most successful meeting because Mr. O'Hara is sincere in what he does—if there is a dollar to be made—you can't blame him. Even tho I can't be there maybe we can land a few winners away down here in the Sunny South and my "personal" advice is not to pass up any of the following horses when you see them entered at NARRAGANSETT PARK.

YOUR STABLE THIS WEEK WITH JOCKEY JIMMY

- BAHAMAS—has been given a short rest—is as fit as a fiddle.
- BOB C—nothing will stop this one next time out.
- BLACK TIMBER—has been a maiden a long time—now or never.
- CHURCH CALL—works point to an early win.
- CREDULOUS—if soft track, so much the better, ready now.
- DREEL—has been pointed for a race this week.
- FLAGSTONE—is fit but needs a snug ride.
- GOLDMAN—one for the boys on the Beach.
- HIT AND RUN—has been knocking at the door.
- KENTUCKY EAGLE—looks good for an early win.
- KING BONNY—throw out the last race—can do much better.
- LONEHAND—likes this Narragansett track—tab.
- LIGHT—will be right there next time postward.
- PORCELLUS—has been given a short rest—will improve.
- PLUCKY PAI—distance horse that will win easily.
- TUTTICURIO—any price is a good one here.
- SLAVONIA—Little "Pete" will hook the drug store.
- WULFSTAN—from wire to wire—is the answer.
- STARWICK—is again the horse of the week—in over its head last time out—the followers of Jockey Jimmy cleaned up last week when BLACK MISS \$21.00 (WON) at Cleveland. HIGH FINANCE \$17.40 (WON) at Boston; Millimeter \$5.40; Our Crest \$6.00, and many other good things came down—follow Jockey Jimmy every week in Miami Life—for longshot WINNERS—It's your best bet.

JOCKEY JIMMY'S SECRET REPORTS (At All Tracks)

BILL D	FICKLE FAIRY	PUMPKIN
BLESSED EVENT	HARPER	PRINCE PEST
BOOMS PAL	HARRY G	RUSH PLAY
BULWARK	HI-WELL	SLIM ROSIE
BUTTER	JOB PRINTER	TOMYE
COUNT ME	KARKIE	WHITE TIE
CHAMBERSBURGER	NATTY BOY	WISE DORA
CONGRESSMAN	NIGHT FLOWER	WISE PRINCE
DARK ZENI	OUR BUD	ZOR
FANFERN	PARTY SPIRIT	ZEMBLA

FOLLOW 3 TIMES, YOU'LL BE SURE TO CASH IN—ORTHO-PRISM at NARRAGANSETT PARK; PETTY TAW at CHICAGO; CAPT. CAL at SARATOGA; SO GOOD at CLEVELAND — LAST WEEK'S FOLLOW 3 TIMES HORSE "BLACK MISS" AT CLEVELAND (WON) \$21.00 for the usual \$2.00.

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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.

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

Cunningham Ill

W. Russell "Red" Cunningham, popular proprietor of the sporting goods store which bears his name and located in the Seybold Arcade, was stricken with acute appendicitis last Saturday night. Removed to Victoria Hospital, his condition Friday was reported favorable.

LITTLE GERALDINE

heard her father say Alex Orr had an open mind but she laughed and laughed because she knew it always Shuts.

MORE FUN THAN ANYBODY

"I follow a weekly budget—30 per cent for room, 30 per cent for clothing, 40 per cent for board and 20 per cent for amusement."

"But that adds up to 120 per cent."

"That's right."

Custom Officer, finding bottle of whiskey: "I thought you said there were only old clothes in this trunk."

Tourist: "Oh that's only my night cap."

Fan Dancer: "Doctor, I want you to vaccinate me where the scar won't show."

Doctor: "Okey—stick out your tongue."

"How did you cure your son of wanting to join the navy?"

"I whaled the Tar out of him."

"Jack is in the hold up business."

"Robber?"

"No, brassiere salesman."

"Won't you join me in a glass of beer?"

"Well, you climb in and if there's room left, I'll join you."

"I wake up with a hangover every morning."

"Why I never knew you drank."

"I don't—but my husband is drunk every night."

"How much do you think I paid for this new gown?"

"I don't know but you certainly got it for an absurd figure."

"Do you object to being kissed?"

"That's something I've never done."

"Kissed?"

"Objected."

Then there was the man who had a wife so ugly that he took her with him rather than kiss her good bye.

"How come you stopped singing in the choir?"

"I missed one Sunday and somebody asked if they had fixed the organ."

"She is a nicely reared girl, isn't she?"

"Yeah, and no slouch from the front either."

Doctor: "And that habit of talking to yourself—there's nothing to worry about in that."

Patient: "Perhaps not but I'm such a damned bore."

Conductor: "How many in that berth?"

Voice behind curtain: "Only one—here's our ticket."

That medicine has reduced Jones so much that the battleship he had tattooed on his chest is now only a rowboat."

"The Big Moose" Takes To Heels

THE Mayor of Second avenue has abdicated! Moose Magrill, the Chuck Conners of the avenue, has gone over the hill. Moose, friends say, found the Saratoga hoes too tough to fathom and lammed out to the Pacific Coast for a whirl at the Native Sons and Daughters of California. The boys around the Hippodrome are making book on his return, the late odds being 8-5 that he will succumb to Hollywood and join the chamber of commerce. Meanwhile, Freddie Kersey has taken over the office of mayor and will shoot the chin-gow in Magrill's place.

MORE ABOUT Jail Farm Mystery Solved

and-out tyro at wet-nursing potential fricassees, Pennington sold his surplus feathered wards at so much per pound—and kept no record of how many individual clucks constituted the poundage. Thus was revealed the real culprit in the dastardly kidnapping thriller, none other than that incorrigible old rogue, the nemesis of many an honest heart—Old Suspicious Nature, in the flesh!

BUT IT WASN'T

The probe of the Opa-Locka farm, like Henry Ford's Peace Ship pilgrimage to stop the World War and thus "get the boys out of the trenches by Christmas," might have been prompted by a zealous attempt to set things to rights. But it wasn't. Here's the dope:

Gardner wanted to reward Pennington for aiding him into a commission seat. He went into a huddle with his coterie of advisors, comprising Harry Cuneo, N. W. Broadway, former chairman of the Dade County Republican executive committee; Charley Selden, J. J. Bridgess, Mark Chartrand, Robert J. Boone and J. S. G. Gallagher. They hit upon the idea of putting Pennington in as paymaster and head of the civil service board. Williams and Ferguson wanted to retain MacReynolds, an experienced man, on the job. DuBose didn't give a whoop. So they compromised. MacReynolds was made Welfare Director and Pennington went in as head farmer. BUT — The supervision of the farm went along with MacReynolds

Theaters Gyp Miami Fans!

ANOTHER thing we must speak to the D. A. about is this business of movie-theatres obtaining money under false pretences. "Exclusive", the so-called "newspaper thriller" which local FILM-flammers palmed off on an unsuspecting public the past week, was the blow that killed father. Billed as the "last word" in genuine portrayal of the trials and tribulations of the Fourth Estate, "Exclusive" proved to be the sorriest sham, the foulest libel, the unkindest cut of all to a business which itself is so prostituted that the most damnable indictment against it is usually flattery. Scribes or copy-manglers, who have reached that stage of senility where fungi protrudes from the ears, and where they have to visit Funk and Wagnall's latest opus in order to spell consensus with 's's, either walked out on the travesty or were beyond ambulation. It's high time an HONEST pre-view of pictures was given Miami movie-addicts so they won't be gyped every time they buy a pastebord into the flickers. The ancient films being REVIVED here by a picture trust should be exposed BEFORE the unwary pleasure-seekers kick in with their shekels to see a picture that was the rage back in the days before the world was made safe for democracy. (Hi, Hitler; Howdy, Benito—Lo Josef!) But the public won't get a break from the press to which the theaters contribute so largely. So, MIAMI LIFE in the near future will present a weekly unbiased, unprejudiced PRE-VIEW of the week's billings at all theaters. Don't miss 'em!

Tourist Influx Stimulates City

There are more out-of-town cars on the streets than I've ever seen in Miami at this time of year," Ernest M. Reinhold, owner of the Dolly Madison ice cream stores, says. "And our business has shown a decided spurt. The ice cream business is an excellent barometer." Reinhold should know. He has been providing the delicacy for the public since he was 15 years old, and comes of a family whose members nearly all engaged in similar pursuit. Mrs. Reinhold, too, is rated an expert in the business. Bob King, jocose bartender at Dick Powell's Club Deuce, is a typical product of the Gay '90's—he even sticks to the garb of that colorful day! ...

GETS RECEIPT

MacReynolds aided Pennington in getting off on the right foot and received from Pennington a receipt-in-full for all equipment, stock, etc. Then, some weeks later, the "pip" apparently struck Prof. Gardner, instead of the chickens as is usually the case, and the ensuing "sweeping investigation" resulted. The Opa-Locka prison farm, like Topsy, "just grew." It was started by MacReynolds back in 1931 when thousands of helpless unemployed Miamians, not having one of Hoover's "chickens in every pot" nor "two cars in every garage" sought sustenance for themselves and families. The federal agencies later sent applicants to help till the soil and a local physician donated a hog, which proved to be so prolific that Miami city prisoners have been eating hog-jaw and grits for breakfast ever since. (They tell us). And there you are. Although at this writing the city quiz body has made no report, it is almost a cinch that the only culprit that will be flaunted before the gaze of a wondering constituency will be that old scoundrel, Suspicious Nature.

47 MORE DAYS —To Feed The Slots and then you'll have to chuck your nickels in the Bay instead!

FISHERMEN, NOTICE! Miami's Popular Fishing Boat EDITH Leaves Pier 10, City Yacht Basin, Daily 9:30 a. m. All Day in the Gulf Stream THE LARGEST AVERAGE DAILY CATCH IN MIAMI FARE \$2 BAIT AND TACKLE FREE

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THE CUB REPORTER INTERVIEWS A BUM

Cub: "How long have you been in Miami?"

The Bum: "Thirty-one days too long."

"What d'you mean 'too long?'"

"Yuh ain't got no justice down here."

"Are you sure there isn't too much?"

"Well, this Judge Curry ain't passin' out none."

"Did he stick you?"

"Nothing else other than. I just mosey'd in hitch-hikin' and was ketchin' a little shut-eye when this yere Law nabs me."

"What did you get?"

"Thirty, flat. Jail ain't bad, though."

"Get plenty to eat?"

"Naw, that's the worse of it. The guy that invented grits oughta be given forty reefs."

"Ever been in jail before?"

"Who—me? I've stopped with every screw from here to 'Frisco and I've laid over with a few abroad."

"How does this one stack up?"

"So-so. It rates about Class-C, along with clinks in Seattle, Los Angeles, Phoenix, El Paso, San Antone, and a few others. It's a helluva lot better than Atlanta, New Orleans and most other jugs in the South, though."

"Are you gonna stay here long?"

"Naw. I'm going to St. Pete tomorrow and then I'm goin' to head north."

"You'll be heading right for cold weather."

"Tha'ss all jake with me. The pogeys are a cinch for flop and chow in winter and even the coolers aren't half bad when the snow is on the ground."

"What kind of work do you do?"

"I'm a diver."

"Diver? What kind of diver?"

"When any work shows up, I dive outta sight. Well, so long. If you see what I see, you can savvy a John Law comin' down the stem. See you later!"

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