

'LET THERE BE LIGHT' BUT CHANGE 'EM NOW AND THEN!

NOW that Chief of Police H. Leslie Quigg has permitted his bluecoats to act courteously to tourists—to treat them as their social equals instead of running 'em in for gawking at the scenery, as the Cops were compelled to do under Khan Kavanaugh—we might get around to pepping up the traffic signals with a view toward giving Miami a metropolitan air.

Inspector William J. McCarthy already has taken steps to correct the Old-Folks-At-Home method of moving traffic, as introduced by the Old City Commission, under which system a motorist might enter the downtown area clean-shaven and emerge with a growth of fungi on his jowls.

But the lights need MORE acceleration! The lights on STREETS are switched on an average of 30 seconds; on AV-

ENUES, 25 seconds, under the present routine, Inspector McCarthy claims. We don't know, but perhaps we just HAPPENED to time the lights at intersections which are changed MUCH LESS frequently than the average.

At 20th Street and North Miami Avenue, for instance, the other morning, there were TWO long lines of cars SOUNDING HORNS futilely but furiously, on the street, while there wasn't ONE BLESSED VEHICLE going EITHER WAY on the avenue! It was fully 55 seconds between changes.

Instead of ARGUING how much better Miami is than other places, LET'S GET HEP TO OURSELVES AND MAKE IT BETTER. That's an argument they'll never beat!



Vol 12—No. 2

Miami, Florida, Saturday, October 2, 1937

"YOUR 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

Public Yokel No. 1 Makes Entire U.S. Laugh At Miami!

CAN'T MIAMI ever manage to keep a buffalo off its city commission? Must this city ALWAYS have a court jester on the payroll?

Ev Sewell was a sour note in municipal affairs simply because he, like the late Congressman Zioncheck, always managed to rush in, hell bent for election, where angels feared to tread.

And now Miami is held up as a laughing stock to the rest of the country because a prune-peddler, whose sole qualifications for holding civic office lies in the fact that he made plenty of dough hopping counters and measuring out dill pickles and grits, naively snaps his gulluses and asks: "Who sent them yere ducks to us commissioners from the city farm?"

Of course, Commissioner R. C. Gardner was making one of his customary plays to the gallery when he asked the question and the humor of it lies in the fact that Clyde Pennington, GARDNER'S OWN CAMPAIGN MANAGER AND POLITICAL-PLUM APPOINTEE, actually sent the ducks in question to city officials, although Gardner did not know it when he sounded off like a village cut-up at a church "so-ciable."

Yet, from all the juvenile horse-play that has resulted from Clown Gardner's boomerang wise-crack, a sober and constructive thought may be salvaged. Just why CAN'T the city of Miami operate a jail farm at a profit to tax-payers?

Consider this situation: Eggs produced in the South-Eastern part of the United States are shipped north, where they are held in cold storage until the price soars and then ARE RE-SHIPED HERE FOR SALE AT OUTRAGEOUS PRICES! Any informed merchant will tell you this is true.

Why can't the Miami Police Department work the Opa-Loeka jail farm under the "good time" system, by which minor offenders who voluntarily do the chores are given time off of their sentences? This system is in operation throughout the country and has proved successful both from the tax-payers' and prisoners' standpoints. Resident-prisoners serving short terms for misdemeanors, and vagrants, whose escapes would actually be a blessing, would require only a small guard personnel.

Class A eggs at this writing are retailing from 48 to 60 cents a dozen. You might say that under present prices, every time a hen deposits an egg, she rings a cash register. Produce of the farm should cut expenses of supplying the Jackson Memorial Hospital, the jails and other civic institutions—IF PROPERLY DISTRIBUTED!

Why, it might even be possible for the city of (Continued on page 4)

GIRL SENT TO 'BROTHEL' BY EMPLOYMENT AGENCY!

"SOULS For Sale In Miami—Dirt Cheap!"

"Shuey Long, the late Louisiana senator, once boasted that he could 'buy and sell his state legislators like sacks of potatoes.' In Miami, employment agencies, LICENSED BY THE CITY, can, if they so desire, hire and rent out young girls to brothels like so much cattle!

Don't pinch yourself—you're really awake. It's only the city government that's sleeping. And, perhaps, the federal.

Within the past ten days a Miami employment bureau, doing business here—and a right smart business at that—DIRECTED A YOUNG GIRL APPLICANT-FOR-WORK to a notorious bawdy house, "where", she was told, "she could make some REAL money quick."

Sensational? Sure, it's sensational—and it's TRUE! That's where the shoe pinches. The girl, an ordinary, decent, ambitious specimen of young American womanhood, simply sought a licensed employment agency in order that she might procure some urgently needed work, even as you and I under similar circumstance—precisely as scores of OTHER YOUNG WOMEN ARE DOING EVERY DAY.

According to this girl's version—told without a vestige of self-aggrandizement, ostentation nor with an eye to publicity which she is determined to shun—she looked up an agency in a telephone book and went to the first one she came to. There an agency woman accepted an application fee and instructed the girl to fill a blank.

Learning from the application and from a long, personal chat that the girl had no special capabilities, the woman clerk is alleged to have said: "Listen, girlie, why don't you get into some REAL money fast? You're young and easy to look at and you don't know a blessed thing about work. Why slave when you can earn BIG money without working like a nigger? You're only young once—and you'd better get the dough while the getting's good. Take a run out to this address and ask for———. You'll never regret it."

The girl relates how she became skeptical but, knowing the urgency of procuring gainful employment without delay, how she decided to investigate this easy-money sinecure. "I figured I knew how to take care of myself and suspected that the work was that of a hostess or, perhaps, a taxi-dancer," she declares. "But I wasn't in the place two minutes until I realized that I was standing in the last place on earth I thought I'd ever see—a real House of Shame. Apparently the woman in charge, who interviewed me, became alarmed when she saw how astounded I was. I almost ran out of the place but not before I saw a number of inmates parading around in flimsy negligee. I never was so frightened in my life!"

Naturally, the girl did not report to police. Not versed in such things, her first thought was to keep her experience to herself. Like any self-respecting young woman, she revolted at the very thought of publicity. Hence her silence.

Yet, there really is nothing singular in this young woman's experience when you consider the haphazard manner in which li-

censes are meted out to so-called "employment agencies" in Miami. William Lester, president of the Greater Miami Better Business Association when questioned by MIAMI LIFE was compelled to admit:

"We cannot honestly endorse a single employment agency in Miami."

Take a slant at last week's issue of MIAMI LIFE. You will read on page 1, under the heading "Local Chamber Locks Up After Nag Departs", an unqualified accusation made in cold print by this publication that one Roy Meisinger, operator of the AA Employment Agency, at 152 N. E. Second Street (across the street from MIAMI LIFE), ran paid advertisements in Northern newspapers for ALL KINDS OF NORTHERN HELP to fill supposed waiting jobs here DESPITE THE FACT THAT, AT THE TIME OF GOING TO PRESS, THE SAID ROY MEISINGER HAD NO LICENSE TO OPERATE SUCH AN AGENCY.

And what happened? That very day—last Saturday—shortly after MIAMI LIFE went on sale a LICENSE WAS GRANTED TO MEISINGER! And this despite the fact that Meisinger on last September 11th (as related in last week's story) was arrested for operating without a license and fined in municipal court!

What in the world qualifies a person to operate an employment agency in Miami? Is ANYBODY ever turned down for any reason other than failure to have the necessary cash? How can any body of men or women DARE go through motions of investigating such inconsequential things as free distribution of ducks, loss of chickens from city farms, unkempt lawns and unlicensed motorists when lecherous bagnios are permitted to maintain their own private employment agencies?

Miami is penny wise and pound foolish. Like the milk-maid of De Maupassant's story—we're more concerned over the loss of milk from our pails than of our virtue.

Souls For Sale in Miami—for the price of a license!"

The News Suddenly Hits Sawdust Trail In Quest Of Glory

UP IN GEORGIA, they tell a story of a farm-hand who proposed to a girl he'd been courtin' for 27 solid years. "This is so sudden!" the aging spinster exclaimed. "Well," replied the casual swain, "I just lost my job this morning."

The Miami News has broken out in sweat about the urgency of a 5-cent fare—after all these years. The case is similar, only that the News, instead of losing its job suddenly, has been kicked out of the City Hall bodily and the only way it knows of getting back is by casting discredit at every blessed thing the majority of the New City Commission does.

Naturally, every one not actually losing hard cash on the deal, wants a reduced fare. But that isn't behind the News' sudden activity. It's only part of the attempt by the unseated News and Herald to heap abuse on commissioners who replaced their own political puppets.

President Roosevelt, as anyone able to read and write well knows, owed much to John L. Lewis, the C.I.O. labor organizer in the last national election. And no one, save, perhaps, Al Smith, the du Ponts, Raskob and other Liberty Leaguers, hollered when Roosevelt repaid his debt to Lewis by maintaining a "loud silence" when Lewis stirred up some industrial disturbance up north.

There's no denying the fact that Mayor Bob Williams, and Commissioners Ralph Ferguson and John W. DuBose were given valuable support by the Dunn Bus people. Is there anything particularly peculiar, then, that those three office-holders should emulate President Roosevelt—and all OTHER politicians—by practicing reciprocity and repaying Dunn's loyalty in the bus franchise question?

Dunn, as operator of the buses, of necessity was compelled to submit HIS proposal for a franchise FIRST—for other bidders "to shoot at." It is as though advertised bids were asked after ONE was made public, thus affording OTHER bidders an opportunity to cut under the known figure and thus cop the contract award. Williams, Ferguson and DuBose would be mighty poor specimen if they did NOT see to it that Dunn's company received at least an even break.

After that, it's strictly up to Dunn to present a proposal that will meet the demands of the public.

Of course, were the News and Herald Bigwigs recipients of favors from Williams, Ferguson and DuBose, those papers today would be lauding the commissioners to the sky. Perhaps you noticed how quickly these two die-hard sheets suddenly APPRECIATED some hitherto UNRECOGNIZED redeeming quality in Commissioner R. C. Gardner, who, like a be-

(Continued on page 4)

Why Go Out of City For A Girl To Act As "Miss Miami"?

ARE Miami girls so ungainly that Fems have to be imported to serve as typical "Miss Miamis?"

Other cities participating in the annual "Miss This and Miss That" nonsense at least have the saving grace to be represented by girls BORN AND RAISED in their communities.

Not so Miami. This city has just recently sent a girl born near Leipsic, Germany, to represent the

community as a "typical product" of the metropolis. Had she won the national contest, the United States would have had as "Miss America" a girl born in a foreign country whose parents, we understand, are not even citizens of this country!

Of course it's a tempest in a teapot, but so long as municipal officers dignify such contests by posing for nationally-distributed photographs and give oth-

er inferential sanction, we should at least give MIAMI GIRLS exclusive right to parade their chas- sis as a domestic product, the real McCoy.

We understand another such contest is starting. Rather than send to Bolivia, Turkey or New Zealand for a feminine representative, why not look 'round for a Miamian, even if she has to be a Sem- inole?

SHADES OF VOLSTEAD!

ONLY a few years ago, you wouldn't have believed this: The Jackson Brewing Company is closing its Miami office at 2160 Northwest 1st Avenue. The firm will struggle along with a distributor to handle its wares here.

The Gold Top Brewery in Haleah is planning to discontinue production of its standard brew and will introduce a new label. Only two trucks are being used by the company in covering the entire area north to Fort Myers.

ALL GREEK TO US!

FRIENDS today were congratulating Eddie Harper, one of Miami's biggest bonders, on his escape from a very tight situation while passing through the Tarpon Springs neighborhood.

Three Havana does toured Jackson Hospital. Probably had to go in one at a time.

13,000 Items On Walgreen's Shelves

"IT JUST happened. There are no fixed rules for business success. I was not possessed with a vision that permitted me to foresee the developments that followed."

That's how Charles Rudolph Walgreen, 63-year-old drug store wizard whose newest, largest and finest store opened to the public in Miami today, dismisses his distinguished career as a top-notch American business man.

But it doesn't require any keen observer to discover how "it just happened" that success came to Charles Rudolph Walgreen after a person takes one thorough look at the new Miami Walgreen masterpiece. It's a druggist's dream of Utopia.

From the basement, with its sports equipment such as would make any out-door man or woman popt-eyed with amazement, to the fifth floor personnel and stock-room, this Walgreen establishment stands unchallenged as the finest store of its kind in the South. But we aren't going to even TRY to portray this inevitable Miami showplace—you've GOT to see it for yourself.

The Walgreen career makes for more interesting reading, anyway. To gain some idea of how well Charles Walgreen filled a void in the American scheme of things, one need only consider that this chain actually EXPANDED during the Depression! And the Miami edifice is only one of some 40 new CORNER stores being opened in some 34 states, to make some 550 in all.

Walgreen started as a humble drug clerk in Dixon, Illinois, later studying pharmacy in Chicago. He purchased his first store on the South Side of the Illinois metropolis and later broke out with eight oth-

(Continued on page 4)

JIGS RILE CAB PILOTS

TAXI drivers have declared war on dingy porters at the Union Bus Station!

The gascab-pushers claim the Jigaboo's are robbing them of fares by using Shank's-mare to carry tourists' bags to downtown hotels—even in cases where the hostelries are four and five blocks away. That'll never do, they avow.

"Guess we'll have to resort to them 'persuaders' on the end of our wrists," the cabbie's unofficial leader predicted.

THEN HE DUCKED!

WHILE descending in a City Hall elevator the other day, Commissioner "Doc" Ferguson asked his colleague, R. C. Gardner, how he felt.

"Tip Top!" replied the duck fancier. Gardner, you know, runs the Tip Top Grocery when not stalking fowl.

Miami Life

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"Cabbages and Kings"

IT IS estimated criminals pay \$8,000,000 yearly in the United States for paroles from prison . . . The Federal Bureau of Investigation obtained convictions in 96.6 per cent of its cases in 1936 . . . Every man and woman convicted of aiding and harboring Baby Face Nelson, criminal who was killed by G-Men two years ago, is at large again, chiefly through parole . . . Although every reporter in New York City knew where he could find the late Dutch Schultz, day or night, some 20,000 policemen claimed they couldn't find hide nor hair of the racketeer for three years!

SOME 3,000,000 Americans each year fall prey to "genealogical experts" who, for a nominal sum of cash, will trace anybody's family tree back to Caesar, Napoleon, the Mad Monk of Molasses Gap or what have you? . . . In the World War, sheer ignorance and lack of imagination was often mistaken for bravery . . . One of the first symptoms of syphilis is the giving away to sudden fits of temper . . . That shows the bugs have reached the brain . . . These are often followed by uncontrollable gales of laughter, for no reason at all.

ONE of the best similes we've ever heard was coined by Philip Wylie, who wrote: "He had a grin like an ear of corn" . . . A W.P.A. theatrical group in Los Angeles rehearses in an abandoned church and opens each session with a prayer . . . Most people don't know the difference between an agnostic and an atheist . . . And think punitive has something to do with puny . . . Dictator Stalin carries a group of flunkies around with him, each dressed exactly as he is and each bearing marked resemblance to him . . . The idea is that a plotter against his life might bump off a stooge.

COMMISSIONER Gardner might take some consolation in knowing that Shakespeare coined the phrase "A wild goose chase" way back in 1595 or thereabouts . . . In Morocco, natives still stare in awe at tourists wearing gloves, believing them to be removable skin . . . Polar bears, realizing how black their noses are, instinctively keep them covered when stalking prey on the snow . . . Some parents set the alarm clock for the hour their children are due home and leave it to the kids to get home early to turn it off before it "tells on them" for being late.

THE entire graduation class of '35 at Drake University was poisoned by carrying the traditional ivy chain of farewell . . . In Africa, there are belching baboons, thus accounting for the American breed . . . The Germans have equipped homing pigeons with panorama cameras which make exposures from time to time as the birds wing their way home.

WOULDN'T it be awful if Japan declared war on China?

THE Weather Man seems to be "all at sea" regarding Hurricanes.

GARDNER made first DOWN and plenty to go in his big DUCK offensive.

NOW, maybe the slot machine barons know what it means to draw lemons.

ALL that Hialeah "conspiracy to gamble" trial needed was a sawdust ring.

WHO knows but what those Opa-Locka chickens "broke out" with pip and never returned?

THAT son of Mussolini's who went to Hollywood will have to go some to beat his old man at making funny faces before the camera.

SINCE the new stadium was found to have no exits, S perhaps Commissioner Gardner will launch a probe to see where they went.

ONE way these football experts have it on the race track dopsters: The team they name as winner never finishes worse than second.

SPORT headline reads: "Track Officials Ask For Receiver." Yet, football coaches have been asking that right along and never make headlines.

Lester Fester says Utopia is where the police-patrol carries a sign reading: "No Riders."

SPORT-POUR-RI

EVERYBODY loves a winner. The unfortunate athlete who happens to be on the losing side invariably is slighted by the fans, regardless of how adept he may be at his particular position.

Walter Johnson, one of the greatest baseball pitchers in history, labored through his best years as the mainstay of the Washington club but never broke into the World Series until he was about through.

Bo McMillan, the great and colorful grid star of the "Praying Colonels" of Center College, Kentucky, might have gone unsung had not the little tanktown team scheduled a game against Harvard. Bo's startling runs in that game called the grid world's attention to him and his teammates.

In the baptism of the new Roddy Burdine Stadium, Fullback Kelley of the pitiable Ponce de Leon team staged a brilliant but futile game, both on offensive and defensive. Yet in the press accounts next day, not one writer paid the slightest tribute to this sterling pastime.

In the first and second quarters, especially, young Kelley eluded the Edison High forewall and stopped several smooth plays while they were a-borning. Once, by some clever but not unusually fast footwork, he smeared a passer with a costly yardage loss. True, he couldn't pierce the Edison line when sent against it, but after the way the Ponce interference folded every time straight football was resorted to, it would have taken an Ernie Nevers to make any headway.

We never saw this Kelley kid perform before and there's a chance his showing was only a flash in the pan. But, taken individually and considering the odds he faced, he was easily the outstanding star,—the unanimous silence of the daily sport writers notwithstanding.

If there is one thing that kills patronage at public gatherings, it's hoodlumism. The Edison-Ponce de Leon curtain-raiser at the new Stadium was marked by rowdyism—on the north side, anyway. Fights, near-fights and invasion of reserved sections by marauding gangs of whooping, swearing "toughs" gave many spectators anything but a pleasant evening. If this sort of thing is permitted to get a foothold, it won't be long before the stadium will become a place where patrons will have to wear brass-knucks for self-protection, as once was the case in the Brooklyn ball yard.

It will be interesting to see how seating will be arranged when the big winter boxing-shows are held in the new stadium. It will require a real battle of a couple of centuries to fill the permanent stand-seats unless the ring is set up on one side of the Bowl with temporary seats arranged in the center. Even then, spectators in the rear rows will virtually be in "Coon Heaven." Maybe the architect who built the stadium without exits can figure that one out, too.

Visitors Spoof Us!

SOME people have the QUAINTEST sense of humor! During the heavy rainfall last Wednesday afternoon, a forelorn assemblage of derelict automobiles, marooned in high water in the vicinity of Fifth Street and Alton Road, Miami Beach, formed temporary billets for an equally-forelorn assemblage of occupants.

Suddenly the attention of the long-faced car-sitters was attracted to a Packard sedan which disdainfully ploughed through the flood as though it were nothing. As the car passed, spectators 'spied an improvised sign, scrawled in script peculiarly similar to that sign made locally-famous by a Miami laundry, and which read:

"Wouldn't It Be Great To Be In California?"

TO ENLARGE PLANT

C. W. Youst, proprietor of the Tropical Extract Company, local manufacturers of syrups, extracts and kindred products, returned this week from a business trip to New York where he made plans for enlargement of the local factory at 328 North 54th Street.

"One of the singular things I noticed in the north," Youst said, "is the unprecedented unrest everywhere. Doubtless, the pending warfare throughout the world has something to do with this general feeling, but not even in the days prior to the World War have I ever noticed such a widespread atmosphere before."

GRINDSTONE

Now that we learn Walter Winchell is suffering from "overwork," we expect any moment to hear of similar attacks overtaking Tommy Mandeville, the Duke of Windsor, Harry K. Thaw, H. Bond Bliss and Willie P. Hardie.

"Gimme an all-day sucker," the youngster demanded of the candy man.

He was handed one. "Looks kinda small to me," remarked the kid, gazing at it doubtfully.

"Yeah, the days are getting shorter."

Playfoot—Thinking of me, Dearest?

Sally—Was I laughing? I'm so sorry.

DIRECT SERVICE

Jockey Jimmy is covering Rockingham Park Race meeting for MIAMI LIFE. Anyone wishing to get in touch with him may do so by writing or wiring to

JOCKEY JIMMY

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TODAY'S WINNERS

I WAS home alone, baking a Palmetto pie, when the telephone rang. Taking up the receiver, I said, sweetly: "Hello!" Imagine my consternation when it proved to be a woman I don't speak to!

Miss Fanny Sitwell, Flatus, Fla.

THE other day I was looking through a building at the Beach when I came to a door with a sign that read: "For Ladies Only." Being a member in good standing of the Beach Association, I figured it was only my duty to investigate, especially upon hearing female voices from within. Imagine how I felt when, upon opening the door, I discovered that the sign was right.

Willie P. Phreeley, Gash Gap, Ga.

They Tell Me

That gay Beach brunette is making hey! hey! while her hubby's doing six months in the Clink

!!!

Atlanta Red is back in town to visit three different "only one's"

!!!

The coy little protege of the Big Promoter will present him with a Christmas Present, although he's doing everything he can to prevent it

!!!

The City Hall peach has another swain waiting for her at noons

!!!

Those two lovely ladies in Mother Kelly's the other night were waiting for the same man but they didn't know it

!!!

It's really love between the butcher and the candy girl

!!!

Florence the Filly can run in any company now that Frenchie took her out

!!!

That red-head at Kress' received a shock from her 'live wire' beau

!!!

That West Palm Beach marriage wouldn't have occurred if it hadn't been for an item in these columns

!!!

A certain handsome Beach gigolo is hunting a new happy home since his patroness saw him out with a neighborhood matron

!!!

The Coconut Grove salesman and the cashier are planning to have it out with his wife

!!!

That half-baked advertising man who turns his synthetic charm on everything that wears skirts is as full of stuffing as a Christmas goose

!!!

Tom and that chubby twist split up because she's one of the four-out-of-five that have it

!!!

Her ex-sweetie dummed up when that N. W. section bride gave him the wink while the groom introduced them

!!!

Marie's that live in glass houses shouldn't tell tales out of school about birds of her feather

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THERE MUST BE A REASON!

ASK FOR OUR SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES

COMMODORE GREEBY PLANS TO BEAT MIAMI SQUALLS

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, clad in hip-boots, aquamarine shirt and water-wings, with a diver's helmet perched on the back of what he laughingly calls his head, was caught by MIAMI LIFE'S ROWING REPORTER Wednesday afternoon while engaged in baling out his super-charged and unpaid for 1917-model Windbreaker sedan.

It was a typical marine setting at the junction of the Alton and Fifth Rivers in Miami Beach. Commodore Greeby had assumed command of the water lanes following the weather-bureau's minor disturbance.



"What's in a name?" quoth Commodore Greeby, squinting his weather-beaten eyes and pointing to an amphibian car that was stalled in the two-feet-deep "mist" from the unusual squall. "When that motorist bought that Ford, he musta thought it could, but it won't ford any better than an Overland."

"I don't desire no publicity," he continued, handing the reporter a personal card, a photograph and a stack of newspaper clippings about himself. "But you may go so far as to quote me as saying this yere squall is almost as unusual as one of them California fogs I mighty nigh drowned in one time.

"But, I'm fixin' to take steps to meet just such emergencies as this in the near future. I am working on a system of weather forecasting that will beat the United States bureau four ways from Sunday. And all the apparatus I'll use is bones—just plain, old bones."

"Will you elucidate, Commodore?" the reporter requested, using a Broad Harvard accent with the slightest trace of South Halstead Street influence.

"Certainly, anything to help the Fourth Mistake," answered the Greeb, shooting the sun and tacking hard to port. "It's what I call the Greeby Fossil Forecast. I have established three outposts. There's Uncle Lem Leaptightly at Key West; Grampa Griddlecake at Fort Myers and Old Doc Drool in St. Petersburg. Each of them gents knows far in advance when any change in the weather is due.

"All Uncle Lem has to do when his rheumatic right-leg starts throbbing is to drop me a post-card. Gramp Griddlecake's lumbago is sure to have a turn for the worse if there's any unsettled atmosphere anywhere in the vicinity, and it's a dead cinch Doc Drool will go to limping on his trick left hip efferen there's a storm lurking within a hundred mile.

"When I get their reports, all I do is stick a colored pin on the map—and there you are, plain as day. But if the reports conflict, all I gotta do is consult the ladies' auxiliary. There's Aunt Dubious Fiddlebase of Fort Lauderdale whose feet swell every time the barometer falls. Up at West Palm Beach, there's Sister Sally Grouper, one of the most dependable septuagenarians on our books. She called the turn in the Big Blow of '97 and her left shoulder-blade hasn't failed to rumble once whenever a low pressure area hovers hereabouts. We just CAN'T miss!"

"Yes, but what will YOU get out of it?" the Rowing reporter asked, resting on his oars.

"Oh, all I do it for is the good of the people—just the satisfaction of DOING the public GOOD—you know, like what Willie P. Hardie does—you never heard of HIM star-

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for more, after enjoying a Real German Meal!

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So YOU Say--

IS THAT NICE?

Editor: To anyone not familiar with your Miami gambling situation, the fuss being made by various organizations in your city would make a visitor believe that gambling is something foreign to the city.

Miami is not one, but two cities. At the height of the winter season, when thousands of city-northerners are here, your community gives some slight resemblance to a metropolis. The northerners accept gambling as something commonplace, being accustomed to it in their homes.

When the season is over, Miami settles back as a Cracker town, just as it was before northerners first transformed it into a playground. Your preachers are just as much hicks as those in Mississippi, Georgia, Alabama and in parts of Tennessee, and your native business people are as sleepy and shiftless as any other frontiersmen.

I have been coming to Miami, off and on, for almost 18 years. I saw it before many of your First Citizens ever left their swamp-shacks and grits. And I know that there would never have been any Miami if it had not been for people who have the money to spend and the gumption to spend it any way they want, regardless of what any half-literate preacher has to say about it.

All in the world you have in Miami is climate and even that isn't in a class with the climate of the Pacific Coast. If your preachers ever succeed in making this a Blue Law city, you can truly give the village back to the Seminole, gnats, mosquitos and crocodiles.

Edward E. Russell, (From Flint, Mich.)

AG'IN BOOST

Editor: Many of us feel as you do about controlling the price of cleaning and pressing, but as long as the politicians in Tallahassee have the say so, what can we do to keep prices down? When winter comes to Miami, rents and all other expenses go sky-high but we who must work here the year around don't get any boost in wages from our employers. We appreciate your efforts to keep cleaning charges down so we can at least have a change of clothes once or twice a week.

One Who Toils

NONE OTHER

Editor: Just as a matter of interest, have the officials ever been told about the immorality which MIAMI LIFE charges the La Paloma Club with? A son of one of my neighbors says that what you say about this place is true. Could anybody open a new place like that without being arrested? And is this the same place that you wrote up last Spring?

Interested.

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

"All In A Life Time"

WHEN it comes to shooting from the hip, Dan'l Cupid has it on such old time sharp-shooters as Bat Masterson, Deadwood Dick and those other artists of the hair-trigger Sixers. Some time ago, the elevators in an apartment building went flooie and the tenants were compelled to walk to their apartments. A certain gentleman courteously assisted an elderly lady up two flights and to her door. It was opened by the lady's niece. Introductions were passed out, a friendship ripened and the gent and the niece wed within a month.

WE KNOW a newspaper reporter who was assigned to a police case that involved a young actress in a national scandal. The scribe's sympathies went out to the fem, who actually was taking the fall for something of which she was innocent. So biased did the newshawk's stories become, that his paper was handed a thorough "beating" by the opposition and he was finally canned. But he married the actress and became a successful free-lance writer.

THE STRANGEST snap-judgment romance, however, was that in which a Washington, D. C., policeman, summoned to a residence to persuade an enraged husband to desist beating his pretty wife, fell for her at first sight and led her to the altar some months later, after the hubby keeled over and died with a stroke. If we're not mistaken, that pair is residing in this vicinity.

On The Cuff

DON'T ever let anyone tell you that SOME people can't tell the difference between brands of cigarettes while blindfolded. The other night an argument started between some customers in Yates and Jordan's bar on West Flagler. It continued until one of the debaters put up a sawbuck that he could turn the trick. He did, too—he succeeded in telling a Camel from all others, Luckies, Chesterfields and Old Golds, but he couldn't differentiate between those latter three.

ADD Race Lore: Mr. Pinky Davis emerged from a dentist's office last week, after having some irksome molar-drilling done, and decided to lay a few wagers on the nags. In the second gallop at Belmont Park, he espied a hay-burner entree named "Dundrillin." That gave him a hunch. "Dundrillin?" he asked himself. "Done drilling—I'll just spot a duce on that equine's nostril." Dundrillin paid \$16.

YOUR likes and dislikes for certain places are determined by the "breaks" you get in those places. Two men returned from Seattle several days ago. One said he considered the north-western metropolis "one of the best places on earth." The other declared he "wouldn't take

the whole state of Washington as a gift." Questioning revealed that the former realized a neat profit from a big sale of goods in Seattle and stepped out with his biggest customer's beautiful daughter, while the other visitor developed an ulcerated tooth the day he hit Seattle, failed to connect with the job he sought and dropped a wad of money bucking up against a blackjack game. Thus Seattle draws bouquets and brickbats just because Lady Luck smiled and frowned on two individuals.

GRAPEVINE—Old timers of the sea explode if you call their vessel a boat instead of a ship... A change of sentiment has swept over some parts of the Philippine Islands and now the same Gooks who were hollering loudest for independence want to hang onto Uncle Sam's coattails... There's an African spider that jumps more than six feet at an enemy, including man... Speaking of loyalty, a famous movie director's auto smashed up early one morning in Santa Monica and a girl companion escaped before police learned her identity. Next day, while reporters besieged the house, the little wife announced to all and sundry that SHE had been her husband's companion... Everybody knew differently, but rewarded the wife's spunk by hushing the affair.

Short, Short Story

In the Morning Tribune of Thursday last, this tragic note was sounded in the want ad columns, under the heading "Financial, Business Opportunities":

"SLOT MACHINE OPERATOR, Retiring From Business, Open for Proposition."

Throughout the city, merchants were busily engaged in hiking prices for commodities on their shelves. In some cases, merchants were foisting unwarranted boosts upon the public with a view toward blaming expulsion of slot-machines for the increases. In one store, the proprietor

started charging for matches which he formerly gave away with each package of tobacco or cigarettes. But he soon learned that he was staging a one-man increase and was losing custom. So he went back to free distribution, although he did it grudgingly.

BARN DANCING AT THE New Hardy's Thursdays and Saturday Nights Music by Hardy's Hill Billy Band No Minimum—No Cover Standard Prices on All Sandwiches, Beer and Liquor N. W. 62nd St. at 17th Ave.

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

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

Try Our New and Improved Fishing at the SUNNY ISLES FISHING PIER For Up-to-the-Minute Information Call 4-2253

Everglades Hotel OPEN ALL YEAR 244 Biscayne Blvd.

DICK POWELL wants to see you at CLUB DEUCE 222 14th St., Miami Beach The Drinks are better—the company more congenial—it's more fun. BOB KING THE SINGING WAITER Presents His OLD TIME BALLADS

Pure, Delicious... And Refreshing dolly madison ice cream SEVEN STORES OVER GREATER MIAMI 212 Alcazar Ave., Coral Gables Phone 4-9182 232 E. Flagler St., Phone 2-6056 481 W. Flagler St., Phone 2-8809 3521 N. W. 17th Ave., Phone 2-8780 201 S. E. First Ave., Phone 2-9875 Miami Beach: 1602 S. W. 8th St. — 701 5th St.

\$1 for BRIGHT SAYINGS

TODAY'S WINNERS THE other night my son, Wilfred, aged 4 years, three months, two days and 11 seconds flat (Eastern Standard Time), and I were taking our little Crouch-dog, Pooh-Pooh III, out for an airing in the park. Just as Pooh-Pooh hesitated at a handy palm tree and started sniffing, I asked Wilfred: "Quick as anything, Wilfred answered: "No, but Pooh-Pooh doesn't mind!" Mrs. Marlene Backabit, 111 Rancid Road.

JUST before my husband left me, our little daughter, Saliva, asked me: "Maw, is that a working dress you got on?" I said, "Why no, angel—what makes you ask that?" And Saliva replied: "Well, I heard the ice man say it kept working up the back." Mrs. Phoebe Quiverpuss, Lusty Gust, La.

BUS DRIVERS HOG HIGHWAY

WE don't know, but we've been told that some bus drivers here in Miami never will win any blue-ribbons for excessive grey-matter. That is, some of them are no great shakes at mental capacity, particularly, we're informed, the drivers of Buses Number 117 and 165, both of which operate for short distances on Biscayne Boulevard.

It is said that they show no regard whatsoever for drivers of private cars; crowd them into curbs as though the franchise which their employer holds grants them immunity to traffic laws, and otherwise make themselves thoroughly obnoxious to vehicle pilots not so thoroughly adept at executing perfect parabolas and figure Eight's on public highways.

Doubtless, these drivers have schedules to meet and become impatient at dawdling drivers, but they create no good will for their companies—at a time when it is sorely needed—by such annoying antics. We hope we won't have to speak to drivers of Buses 117 and 165 again!

Acquaintance: "Did you ever run up against a mathematical problem that stumped you?"

Famous mathematician: "Yes, indeed, I could never figure out how, according to the ads, 85% of the dentists recommended one brand of tooth paste, 92% recommended another brand, and 95% recommended still another brand."

MIAMI LIFE is read by well-posted Miamians.

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

TUNING BY EXPERTS—SUMMER PRICE --- \$3 PHILPITTS 40 S. E. FIRST ST. PHONE 2-6557

SEABOARD RESTAURANT 2197 N. W. 7th Avenue Home cooking like mother's! Complete Dinners 25c F. Jerwann, Prop.

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

What did Ed have to take along on that fishing party that he had to buy in a drug store ???

What aviator does all his flying in the Gent's Rest Room ???

What two sisters are in love with a bartender ???

When will everybody catch up with that Big Shot who mooches in the daytime so he can overwhelm the dames at night ???

Does Eunice know what that squirt she's dating does for a living ???

Will that gorgeous brunette with the dimples phone 2-7797 and ask for Dick ???

Is that a golf-course romance that's budding between the young politician and the physician's sister ???

Has the pretty boy from Virginia put the lug on the widow —yet ???

Did that dreamy-eyed blond really pick up the tip her boy friend left for the waitress or were a dozen people seeing things ???

How did Sarah walk home from that dance Friday night and yet beat the rest of the party ???

Did that retail liquor dealer tell his storm-and-strife that his 'big deal' was with a hotel telephone operator ???

Will the scheming nurse maneuver her patient into a wedding ring, or is he merely giving her more line ???

Why doesn't the N. E. First street waitress tell her boss about that smutty customer who rates the 18th Floor anyway ???

What up-and-coming youngster has honorable designs on what girl in a prominent Coral Gables soda shop ???

What nery collector made up a big shortage by betting on a sleeper at the right moment ???

Will that Wynwood Park dame still try to high-hat other girls, now that the whole neighborhood knows ???

MIAMI LIFE is read by well-posted Miamians.

LEARN TO FLY \$40 Lessons as Low as \$2 per week. SUNNY SOUTH AIRPORT N. W. 85th St. and 7th Ave. Chas. F. Darnes, Instructor Phone 7-9185

Is that Collins Avenue broad shilling the Miami chump so her real sugar can take him over the jumps ???

Don't Marie and Ken realize that neighbors are beginning to talk ???

Are that Boston girl and the playboy marrying in October ???

Who's going to buy the glad-rags for Dot if she hooks up with that barber ???

Is Jack getting sweet on that girl he's working with now ???

How did the S. W. 12th street mama account for her drenched clothes when she returned home from what was supposed to have been a movie show ???

Is the soda dispenser the fair-haired chap with the sleek blond ???

Why do Joan and Buck always go to the stock room at the same time ???

How come the blue-eyed beauty of the boulevard "recovered" so suddenly when the N'Yawk smart-guy gave her "ailment" the horse-laugh ???

How much will the conceited clerk pay to find out which girl in the store sent him that devastating note ???

Will the Mark Store girl give her torch-bearer some sleep by writing him care General Delivery (and give MIAMI LIFE some rest). ???

What Miami musician had better leave young fems alone if he doesn't want to land in the Hoosergow ???

Who's the mug on S. W. Eighth Street that's trying to horn in on the cafe owner's chic wife ???

Where were Slim and the Little One when the lights went out —at the stadium opening night ???

What low-brow snitched to the waitress' jealous worse-half ???

MIAMI LIFE is read by well-posted Miamians.

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 GAL.

DR. J. FLETCHER WHITE CHIROPRACTOR ELECTRIC MINERAL BATHS 1534 S. W. 8th St., Tower Theatre Block Phone 3-1857 Miami, Fla.

Dora Lake's Love Answers

Have you a confounding love affair that's got you out on a limb? Would you like an earful of advice from a dame that's had a past like nobody's business? Write to Dora Lake, care the 16th Floor, City Jail. If you wish a personal interview, call 5-5161 and ask for Gus.

BE A LADY "Dear Miss Lake: I'm nuts about a guy who no longer takes me out. I wait until he comes out from work and he snubs me. I called at his apartment and he slammed the door in my face. Then I bribed the janitor to hide me under his bed and he called police. Do you think he loves me? Dimples."

Perhaps you should try slipping a gunny-sack over his head. If this fails, I would discourage any further advances on his part. Don't cheapen yourself, dearie.

"Dear Miss Lake: My fellow Ambrose is getting horsey about a blond in the next block. What shall I do? Goldie."

Encourage his feelings as far as possible, but no further.

Tainted Food Served Here?

In much the same manner that a People gets the kind of a government they deserve, Miami shoppers get the kind of goods they pay for—and not a blame sight better.

We refer to household necessities and commodities in general and to meats in particular. Our attention has been called to the practice of a LARGE local store which offers some amazingly low prices to gullible Friday "ad" readers. Our informant, who happens to be in a position to know, says that this HIGHLY RATED store serves "specials" or "leads" to the public in the form of hamburger which, he declares, he wouldn't feed to his dog.

"They mix cheap canned tomatoes in the ground meat-scrap and turn out a mess that looks like a million dollars," this meat expert says. "But if you knew what you were eating, you'd have a fit."

He claims that meat-inspection in Miami is a farce and will remain in that category until an epidemic starts and the cause is traced down to its source.

MIAMI LIFE is read by well-posted Miamians.

SELECT Fried Oysters 35c WITH FRENCH FRIED - AT CHARLIE'S 145 S. E. First St. Next Urmyer Hotel

Smoker's Garage Authorized AAA Service Day and Night Service General Repairing 127 N. E. 7th St. Ph. 2-6783

"Brother, Can You Spare A Dime?"

YOU CAN BET your boots that when a person pays TEN CENTS for a 4-page weekly magazine, that person intends reading ALL OF IT!

AND IT'S A 100-to-1 shot that if YOU advertise in that 4-page weekly, your ad will be read by EVERY PERSON WHO BUYS THAT MAGAZINE!

Sometimes figures DO Lie!

Impressive circulation figures are worthless if your ad is BURIED in column-after-column of printed matter. The average 24-page daily newspaper has 192 columns!

In MIAMI LIFE, there are only 28 columns and the majority of readers pass your place of business day-in and day-out!

You'll Get RESULTS In MIAMI LIFE!

PHONE 2-3239

167 N. E. 2ND ST.

Miami Tribune Leads War on "Reds" From the Poop-Deck!

Parents Told How They Can Protect School Children

In a radio address delivered by Police Lieutenant S. W. Lemmon, Miami parents were given the following instructions over Station WQAM this week:

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN — PARTICULARLY MOTHERS AND FATHERS OF CHILDREN OF SCHOOL AGE:
There is NO study embraced in the curriculum of ANY school which transcends in importance the knowledge of How Best To Protect The Welfare And Lives Of the Children!

"In this, YOU PARENTS can best serve as teachers of your own children. B-u-t, before even YOU can impart this knowledge, YOU MUST KNOW FULLY all particulars of the facilities which the municipal government has set up to provide protection. Then—AND ONLY THEN—can you impress YOUR CHILDREN with the absolute necessity of STRICT CONFORMITY with the rules drafted by experts to protect their well-being!"

Chief of Police Quigg has entrusted to my hands the great responsibility of supervising special school traffic-officers, the operation of the wonderful School Boys Safety Patrol and the safety-education of all school children. But please mark this well:

Chief Quigg, the special officers, the School Boy Patrol and I—All of us are virtually helpless without your whole-hearted, active support and complete co-operation!

Therefore, it is NOT unreasonable for me to ask that you submit to a personal self-examination to determine YOUR fitness to serve YOUR children in this all-important protective organization.

Do you know the EXACT route—the SHORTEST and the SAFEST route—your children should follow to and from school? Have you PERSONALLY, escorted them over this route and thoroughly instructed them as to the traffic system signals at busy thoroughfares?

Have you soberly DISCUSSED,—not lectured or nagged—with your children the very real danger of riding bicycles on busy thoroughfares? Have you SEEN TO IT that they either do NOT ride after dark at all, or, if they do, have you provided their bicycles with LIGHTS?

Have you prohibited roller-skating on main streets? Have you fully acquainted children with the fact that the law—and, more important,

COMMON SENSE—prohibits "double riding" on bicycles? Do you see that no child plays in the streets? Please understand that Chief Quigg and his department are vitally concerned with all phases of juvenile protection against that great and growing menace—increasing traffic. But, he and we are also anxious to form a barrier against another and equally-deadly threat—the unspeakable degenerate.

Have you informed yourself FULLY as to the proper procedure to follow when a stranger accosts your children? Do you know that you can call, DIRECTLY, the Police Radio Operator and thus save many precious minutes in sounding an alarm? Have you fully warned your children against accepting rides from strangers? From accepting gifts? Have you told them HOW and WHY a full description of the man—or woman—should be rushed to the police radio operator IMMEDIATELY?

Have you fully advised children how to rush to their teachers so a complete report may be made on a special blank provided for such a purpose?

If you are in doubt, consult the school authorities or police officers. We all are ONLY TOO WILLING to supply the information!

"Protection, Like Charity, Begins at Home!"

Miami Parents, Do YOUR Part!"

Tit For Tat

SOME Miami merchants Saturday were demanding their rents be lowered to make up for the loss of revenue suffered through removal of slot machines. Meanwhile, landlords were contemplating boosting rents to take advantage of the savings their tenants will effect by being unable to play the slots.

MORE ABOUT PUBLIC YOKEL

Miami to cash in on the abundant if somewhat bucolic knowledge of poultry and vegetables so emphatically manifest by the Charley McCarthy of the Commission, R. C. Gardner, whose one outstanding contribution to the welfare and progress of the city he serves has been to accomplish the feat of looking a gift-duck in the mouth!

MIAMI FEDERAL THEATRE
471 N. W. 3rd St., Phone
Miami's Only Legitimate Playhouse
STARTING MONDAY NIGHT AT 8:30

Boy Meets Girl
The latest Broadway Success! A hilarious comedy in 3 acts. By Bella & Samuel Spewack
Reduced Summer Prices
40c - 25c

Before You Buy
Anywhere At Any Price Any Piano
See Our Values. \$325
New Grands from \$325
Philpitts 40 S. E. First St. Phone 2-6557

Moe Annenberg's "Rag" Foals Another Canard!

SOME IMPORTANT CLUCK, whose name escapes us for the moment, once boasted: "I don't read history—I MAKE history!" It might have been Napoleon, or Dizzy Dean. At any rate, whoever it was had nothing on the official of the Miami Tribune who was responsible for the phoney yarn published in that hybrid daily-astonisher the past week dealing with a "war" on Communists in Miami.

For if ever a news "story" was MADE, that wild bedtime story was materialized out of whole cloth — a pure and adulterated figment of a disordered imagination. Perhaps, even, a creation of a hang-over.

The story purported to originate in the bosom of Police Chief H. Leslie Quigg. It told in awe-evoking phraseology how Moscow agents were busily engaged on the Miami waterfront in enlisting Ethiopian dockwallopers and white seamen in a sort of rip-snortin' Ku Klux Klan, dedicated to the complete overthrow, by violence, of all American institutions, and all sorts of other outrageous skull-duggery.

Nazi! Nazi!

NEAR panic reigned in part of Miami Beach this week when reports were circulated that a German spy, disguised behind a lathering-brush, had been surrounded in a Fifth St. barber shop. Some credence was given the report when witnesses claimed they heard someone shout, "Heil, Hitler!" but investigation proved it was merely a visiting British sailor threatening a ship-mate by saying: "HTH hit yer!"

This Must Stop!

THE first nine times writers and copy-readers of the Tribune permitted the word to be spelled "nickle", we didn't mind so much. But when Howard Hartley this week also put the "i" before the "e", we decided to put our foot down. Hereafter, we trust they will compromise and use 'jitney.'

MORE ABOUT WALGREEN'S

ers. He was only 29 when he first became a full-fledged owner. The present company was formed in 1916, during which year the nine Chicago stores turned over \$270,000 worth of goods. In the drug year ending in September, 1936, the company did a business of more than \$61,000,000!

Drugs comprise approximately 55 per cent of the total sales—"drugs" being the term applied to the 13,000 items sold exclusively of those handled by the cigar stands and soda fountains.

You'll notice that Walgreens handle many of their own brands. The Peau Doux shaving cream is named after Mr. Walgreen's pet bulldog, Po Do. And the Dart's O'namel is named after his son-in-law, Justin W. Dart.

If you haven't already toured the new Miami store, you will before long. And as you utter "oh's" and "ah's" at its ultra-modern system and efficiency, see if you don't agree with us that Charles Rudolph Walgreen must have had his tongue in his cheek when he said that his success "just happened."

Mrs. Tenderfoot—Will the operation be dangerous, doctor?
Dr. Slicem—Now don't you worry about that. You can't buy a dangerous operation for fifty dollars.

MIAMI LIFE is read by well-posted Miamians.

How long would any Amer-

The story was a Wow—a "smash hit" — a veritable lollapalooza! That is, if you believed a word of it.

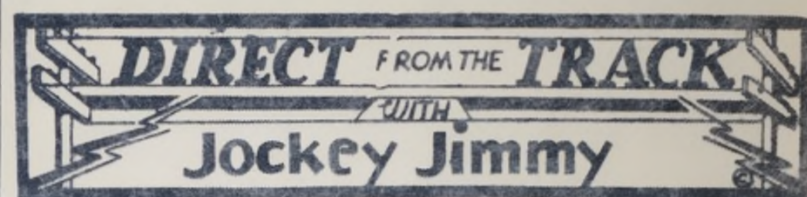
The organization attacked was the National Maritime Union. And this, roughly, is what the N.M.U. has accomplished in the past decade for American seamen:

Compelled the United States Government, by lawful representation to Congress, to discontinue the wholesale employment of FOREIGNERS on U. S. subsidized vessels carrying U. S. mail; and substituted a federal law requiring "patriotic" American ship-owners to man their vessels with an established minimum percentage of AMERICANS!

In retaliation for this "Communitistic" act—in reprisal for their FORCING the American ship-owners (who received MILLIONS of dollars in annual subsidies from the American people for carrying United States Mail) to hire American Seamen instead of subservient, imported foreigners who were only too willing to work under any conditions for almost nothing, the seamen's unions are subjected to cowardly attacks by such autocratic journalistic-whippersnappers as The Miami Tribune, whose idea of Americanism is to pay it's hired help wages any self-respecting Northern office-boy would spurn.

Only a few years ago, the United Fruit Line, operating between San Francisco and Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, received some \$3,000,000 in six months for transporting a few sacks of U. S. Mail. That was termed "ship subsidy." But an American-born, able-bodied seaman aboard one of those ships was about as foreign as he would have been aboard a British Man-O-War, for the very good reason that almost the entire crew of each of the three vessels in service—the Talamanca, the Chiriqui and the Antigua—was composed of "Limey's" or "Spicks," few of whom had so much as taken out first citizens' papers!

Yet the Patriotic Tribune, emulating the Minute Man of 1776, has elected to grab its pop-gun, ram a good-sized Pea down the muzzle and, to the tune of the Star Spangled Banner, with variations, fire a Dud at the American Seaman.



PICTURE FINISHES
PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 2, 1937—THE CROWDS and handle at Rockingham Park continue on the upward trend—Jockey Pollard and Wholey in extra good form—Narragansett will open October 18th—O'Hara spends most of his time in court—chilly weather here will send people to Florida early—More Pep the medium of a killing at Rockingham last week was not good enough for Night Raven—tab from now on—everyone up here wants to borrow my MIAMI LIFE Jockey D. Morgan says you can depend on him to ride a horse out—if there is any quiting, he says the horse will do it—dog races going big at Revere Beach, Boston—tab FAR CRY, a sleeper overdue—wonder if the boys on the corner got well on SLAVONIA?

YOUR STABLE THIS WEEK
FIRING SQUAD is horse of week at Rockingham. Given a special prep for soft spot in view—price will be right—Jockey Vercher may ride.
BEAUTIFUL—ready for best effort.
BE THERE—paddock tip—looks good.
BELLUM—just a question when they shoot.
COUNT ME—getting ready for works—tab close.
GOLDMAN—now or never for this baby.
GALLANT PAT—tip last Saturday—beaten at picture—tab.
HELMOR—can run when set down.
IDLEWAY—fit as hands can make it.
MALICE—comes from far back—another race in view.
MAKEIT—distance spot all picked.
MELODY LANE—connections like it very much.
METACURUS—overdue—tab first time out.
SIR MICHAEL—good follow up horse.
SUN TEA—one from the Crawford clan—tab.
SUPERWICK—scratched on account muddy track—speedster.
TROUPER—works say is ready.
WAR STRIPES—Rockingham special—tab close.

MONEY FROM HOME
HUNTERDON NOTICE ME; COUNTESS ANN; GOOD OMEN; GIN DAISY; KENTUCKY EAGLE; ONE CHANCE; LUGANO; FOLLOW 3 TIMES, you'll be sure to cash in "STAGE BEAUTY" at Rockingham.

MIAMI MODEL HOT IN "CUDDLE RACE"

THERE'S some talk among tenants of one of Miami's most exclusive apartments of renting out advantageous front-windows, after the fashion of Londoners during King George's coronation, so curious people may witness the week-end necking indulged in by a prominent married doctor of Daytona Beach, and a beautiful blonde grass-widow—model for one of Miami's biggest stores.

The weekly cuddling is performed in the Doc's gorgeous Buick coupe, making an excellent stage for the act which is enjoyed by all the neighbors. Some residents in nearby apartments are reported to have sent out invitations to friends living in less-favored sections, so they, too, may see how the modern philosopher goes about demonstrating "The Way Of A Man With A Maid."

Spectators say he got in some neat licks last week-end although his right wasn't up to standard. On moonlight nights, the Doc seems to work better in the clutches. With the approach of chilly evenings, several kids in the apartment building plan to peddle coffee and cake among the audience—the participants in the necking requiring no artificial stimulants for warmth. There seems to be an opening, too, for a binocular peddler.

MIAMI LIFE will again have full coverage of this Cuddle of the Century next week.

Everybody Invited
TO ATTEND THE
GRAND OPENING
of the new
Walgreen
DRUG STORES
• EAST FLAGLER AT SECOND AVE. •
SATURDAY, OCTOBER SECOND
MIAMI'S NEWEST, FINEST and LARGEST
AIR-CONDITIONED DRUG STORE

Wanted — 13 Asthma Sufferers
Sufferers from Asthma, Bronchitis and Sinus infections get amazing relief in air-conditioned rooms. PRIMARILY because of the elimination of house dust, pollen, mould and other irritants.
Not everyone can afford air-conditioned rooms.
Practically EVERYONE can afford, on easy terms, an
AIR-WAY SANITARY SYSTEM
which is not only the finest sanitary cleaning system obtainable at any price but almost a Heaven-sent blessing to asthma patients. It quickly filters, through germ-proof medical filter paper, every particle of dust, pollen, germs or other irritants in any good sized room. The relief afforded is astounding. We have an exceptional fine offer for the first 13 bonafide asthma sufferers who apply.
AIR-WAY BRANCH of MIAMI
4th FLOOR PROFESSIONAL BLDG. PHONE 2-6962

MORE ABOUT NEWS 'SAVED'
wildered mongrel puppy, first follows one pair of feet and then another. The Herald of course, has hopes of corralling Gardner in the kennel from which Ev Sewell was booted by the People last May.
Miami shouldn't be bowled over, like that Old Maid in Georgia. And instead of saying to The Solicitous News "This is SO sudden!" residents should ask: "What have you up your sleeve NOW?"

• MIAMI'S NEW HOT SPOT •
Bon Ton Club
71st and N. MIAMI AVENUE
Presents
3—Gala Floor Shows—3
GRAND OPENING
SATURDAY EVENING,
OCTOBER 2, 1937
Featuring
LUCIAN, M. C.
THE SECOND
JULIAN ELTINGE
"Voice In A Million"
Starring MAL BURKE,
Formerly of Merry-Go-Round

ATTENTION CONFECTIONERY STORES
FREE 4 Oz. Any Flavor EXTRACT
NO COUPON NEEDED — JUST PHONE US.
TROPICAL EXTRACT COMPANY
328 N. W. 54th STREET PHONE 7-2051
Beach Distributor: WAUHER and LYNN
834 First Street, Miami Beach, Phone 5-3379

Like money in the bank!
Several wonderful buys in REPOSSESSED CARS now on our Lot . . .
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