

ANY MULE TODAY?

NO sooner had Judge Paul D. Barns held that a 1925 general act of Florida exempted all farmers from paying license taxes for distributing their own products the past week than seven White-Mule raisers announced hereafter they will deliver their liquid refreshments anywhere in the city when ordered in lots of one quart and up.

IT'D BURN MOST ANYBODY UP!

AN EDITOR on one of the local papers has been out of humor the past several days. His wife is reported to have locked herself in her room, and the kids duck under handy tables and behind chairs whenever the Old Man barges through the house. Neighbors claim he kicked his pet dog off'n the front porch and flung a flower-pot at a cat that strayed harmlessly past his door. It seems he was having a run of luck in the office stud-poker game the other night when he was abruptly summoned into the front office to write one of his famous editorials against gambling.

Open Season On Flatties!

CLARENCE KEPLER of Fort Lauderdale was fined only \$15 for drawing a bead on Policeman Wiggins with a shot-gun this week when the Cop stopped the auto Kepler was accompanying down the street. The woman who was operating the car was stuck \$50. THAT'S the current quotation Judge Curry puts on Coppers!



Vol. 12—No. 3

Miami, Florida, Saturday, October 9, 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

5-Cent Fare For City Unless "Sticks" Kick!

REGARDLESS of how the voting goes November 9th, Miami will soon have 5-cent fares—unless MERCHANTS in outlying districts put a stop to it.

And then every day will be a veritable Dollar Day for downtown merchants—with crowds pouring into the business district as they do when rides are free on "Dollar Day."

Small time merchants, druggists, butchers, grocers, cafe-owners and the whole kit and caboodle of suburban tradesmen will then sit twiddling their thumbs while erstwhile customers of theirs go traipsing off to the metropolitan area to spend the dollars which once stayed in the neighborhood.

And then, ladies and gents of hi-de-ho land, you'll hear one long and lusty wail from the very groups that are huzzahing and whoopin' it up for jitney fares!

That eminent and erudite statesman, R. C. Gardner, who poses as a rustic bumpkin, told an audience composed, chiefly, of some of Harry Cuneo's Divvy-Up League in the Wagner Brewery Harangue Room the other night, that under a 5-cent fare "more than twice as many people will use the buses", but he failed to add the pertinent fact that a large percentage of these extra riders will be shoppers who pass up their struggling neighborhood grocer, for instance, in order to ride downtown and purchase goods at cut-rate prices in such chain-stores as, for another instance, the Tip Top Grocery which Statesman Gardner operates.

The so-called "debate" held the other night as "the moon clump up the brewery steps" was the most pitiable presentation of a public problem as ever a thirsty chiseler had to listen to before receiving his free beer. Lee Worley, attorney for the Dunn Company, sonorously chanted a hackneyed treatise on the franchise, words of which his auditors knew already by heart.

Then Gardner, who vied with the free beer as a drawing card but who wasn't half so stimulating, talked 20 minutes on why the Dunn franchise should be dropped "because I don't like 'nary kind of franchise no how" and about how, during his nocturnal barnyard prowls in quest of stray hens, ducks and hogs he apprehended a peanut huckster greasing the palm of a laborer at the new Roddy Burdine Stadium with \$9 weekly. To top it off, Gardner confessed that if he talked more than ten minutes on the franchise question, he would have to start repeating. He said the same thing of various other subjects during the late commission campaign, many listeners recalled.

An added attraction was presented (cont. on p. 4)

Negro "Call-To-Arms" Found On Dames Dunge

"WE SUMMON you to unite with the forces of progress IN A COMMON STRUGGLE for civil and economic rights of Negroes!"

When Stafford Dames, father of the blackamoor who was abruptly erased from this Veil of Tears by a policeman's bullet here some weeks ago, was frisked by Cops in Central Station Tuesday night, among his souvenirs, garnered along with odds and ends from his pockets, was a document entitled:

"Call For . . .
SECOND NATIONAL NEGRO CONGRESS
Philadelphia, Oct. 15, 16, 17."

Dames, senior, the daily papers have already recorded, was jailed on a criminal information filed with County Solicitor Robert R. Taylor charging a statutory code violation allegedly committed in conjunction with one Vera Wilson, negress, also named a defendant.

Had this Jigaboo not been the sire of the youth who was winged while allegedly hot-footing it from the scene of a church robbery, perhaps he would not have rated mention here. Then again, the presence in his clothes of a veritable "call to arms" of all Dinges in a common war on the existing American Method, perhaps, in itself, would have made this inconsequential Black newsworthy.

We have perused the document, which is, doubtless, the product of either the Civil Liberty League, whose various fomenting pamphlets we have glimpsed before, or of an organization harboring kindred sentiments regarding "social equality" above and below the mythical Mason and Dixon line.

Discovery of this inflammatory missive, a dangerous appeal to ignorance in the hands of a savage-once-removed, comes at a most opportune time, in as much as the Opposition Press by innuendo, insinuation and every other sort of 'in' this side of direct accusation, has given the impression that Chief of Police H. Leslie Quigg has a yen for "persecuting" folks of ebony hue.

It is well to remember that one of the LARGE factors, in the recent commission ouster of Tammany Henchmen was the importation of one Andrew J. Kavanaugh, the very antithesis of Quigg on the negro question, and his kid-glove-handling of Jigtown terrorists. The People put the commissioners in who were out-and-out Quiggites. They knew Quigg could cope with the Negro Menace which Kavanaugh fostered.

Since the killing of young Dames, snoopers of the Civil Liberty League have come out of the North and mingled among the Miami Blacks, openly boasting they intended making it "another Scottsboro Case." It is not impossible that the trouble-breeding (Cont. on page 4)

WYNDWOOD OFFICIALS ADMIT TRUTH OF NOCTURNAL NECKING CHARGES!

AFTER DENYING accusations that territory adjacent to the Wyndwood Park Lodge was utilized as "proving grounds" for wholesale biological experiments by amorous adolescents of both sexes, officials of the Wyndwood Park Improvement Association this week climbed down from their High Horse and revealed their feet of clay.

Following vigorous protests against "prima facie" evidence purporting to show that some agile, anatomical antics were being indulged in following weekly dancing at the lodge, no less a dignitary than B. F. Weaver, president of the association, admitted, voluntarily, that, if convincing "prima facie" evidence were lacking, a close scrutiny of the grounds by him, in person, had turned up an overwhelming, damning amount of FAR-REACHING and, you might say, ELASTIC and MATERIAL evidence which, apparently, the ground-keeper had overlooked in his morning rounds with a sharpened-stick and gunny-sack.

Such midnight outbursts of Rabelaisian impulses, President Weaver pointed out, were beyond the control of adults charged with maintaining order, so long as insufficient lights were available to penetrate the far nooks and crannies of the lot, and no regular policeman was assigned to ferret out the lollers on the lawn.

But before the Wyndwood officials "saw the light" and made a clean breast of it all, certain of them made the welkin ring to the rafters with inflammatory invectives hurled heroically at the instigator of the whole mess—MIAMI LIFE. This martyred publication was stigmatized "that black-mailing sheet" and other such appellations reflecting upon the business office rather than the editorial department of Miami's Only Weekly.

Yet, that was not the unkindest cut of all. The retaliatory reprisal which filled LIFE'S Cup of Hemlock to overflowing occurred when a small band of zealous Wyndwood-sprites wept on the bosom of that Archangel of Pure Journalism, Moe (They're Off And Running At Belmont) Annenberg's Miami Tribune, and wheedled the Editor-Of-The-Moment into running a piece in the paper about "a certain Miami weekly." That, folks, cut us to the quick, as Snozzle Durante would say. (Cont. on page 4)

WHAT'S THIS—CHURCH SQUABBLE?

THE First Presbyterian Church has asked the City Commission to snatch the liquor license from its new neighbor, Walgreen's. Charles R. Walgreen has been a staunch supporter of the University of Chicago, Presbyterian institution created by John D. Rockefeller. What do you make of THAT, Watson?

PETITIONS AND HOWLS

WE don't know whether anyone is being mulcted of contributions by petition-passers working under the guidance of the local branch of a Chicago-Stockyards Newspaper, but we do know that if any Miamian IS kicking in with dough, he is simply contributing to a "racket". The petitions are supposed to be for elimination of Florida East Coast Railroad tracks. Jerry Carter, chairman of the State R. R. Commission, is a Man of the People who well knows local sentiment favors removal of the rails; that the city and county commissions favor removal. And if at all possible, Jerry Carter and other board members WILL cause their removal. The petitions are merely a blind to make people think the Chicago-owned morning sheet is "championing the rights of the Pee-pul" here. Don't be a chump! They're out for the dough—YOUR dough!

MIAMI people are fed up with racket employment-agencies. Since MIAMI LIFE took a swat at these robbers of unemployed men and women, letters of commendation have poured in, many containing "tips" which are being investigated. Of course, several of these vultures squirmed—and one, whose "joint" bears a high-sounding name, 'phoned in to threaten all sorts of dire things to the publisher. He "talks" a good scrap. City and County solicitors claim these blood-suckers employ "trick" clauses to dodge the law. MIAMI LIFE is gathering more evidence—for if Miamians held their breath until other papers uncovered it against their advertisers, the whole village would succumb of suffocation.

FLY SWATTER NEEDED IN CITY HALL

NUMEROUS persons who attend weekly meetings of the City Commission have speculated on the identity of the smug, rotund gentleman who plants his corpulent buttocks on a table directly in front of Mayor Williams and the commissioners, impeding passage of petitioners who appear before that august body and inserting an adequate ear into their very mouths every time they attempt to speak. Women, especially, complain that this Sacred Cow dangles his ample brogans from the table where he squats, brushing dirt on their skirts without the semblance of an apology.

MIAMI LIFE, with abject humiliation, is compelled to admit that the offending individual is listed on the social-security books as a newspaperman—Tom Smith, by name, and courthouse-legman for Frank Shuttis Herald by the vagaries of Fate. Shuttis' paper carries the slogan "Florida's Most Important Newspaper." And Tom Smith apparently believes it.

Doubtless the Herald representative, like the reactionary organ he personifies, still lives in the past, when Gentlemen of the Press wore their hats at death-bed "watches," moustache-cups adorned barber-shop walls and Hugo Black carried a life membership card.

A plan is afoot to have the commission assign a more advantageous position to Smith, say on Mayor William's lap, so petitioners may have a chance to approach the commission bench.

Matter of Judgment

NEWSPAPER accounts of how James Daniels, of 201 N. W. Thirty-fifth street, drove his car into the Miami River last Monday to avoid a collision with another machine, reminds Casey LaFremonto, of Walgreen's, that they had to shoot one of his great-uncles to keep him from dying of old age.

BLACK FOR WHITE? ATTORNEY O. E. White will be retried this month for refusing to use the United States Mail to send a protest to a local newspaper. White is charged with discriminating in favor of a Roscoe.

HOT STUFF

COUNTY Solicitor Bob Taylor for this week filed an information, charging receiving stolen goods, against a man named Moe Pepper. He didn't say how much mo'e.

"FOOT NOTES"

THE American Legion has awarded a medals for top honors in publicity work to Sidney H. Palmer, of Miami, a shoe merchant. Giving tongue is almost second nature to Palmer, and he puts his sole in his work.

In our last issue, MIAMI LIFE, under the heading "Bus Drivers Hog Highway," related how several drivers employed by the Miami Transit Company, recklessly encroached on the rights of individual motorists, especially, as the story claimed, on Biscayne Boulevard.

And what happened? Almost before the ink was dry and the LIFES were on the streets, a Transit Company Bus collided with a private machine—ON BISCAYNE BOULEVARD at N. E. Eleventh Street!

Light Needed

LESTER Fester says he hopes the Ministerial Association publishes the names of the Bolita Game operators, as threatened. He claims it would serve them right. And besides, he wants to know where he can get a few bucks down.

MISNOMER

A FEDERAL prisoner being held in the Dade County jail is booked under the name of Caesar Gaiter. But that's not what he is held for.

And John D. Gave Away Dimes

WE learned from Helen B. Retch, our society gal, that a nephew of Ed Romfh, president of the First National Bank, recently got himself married up in Tennessee some'eres and fetched his bride to Miami. Ed called the new benedict who works in the bank, into his office, the report says, and after giving the nephew some wordy advice on the responsibilities of married life, said:

"And now my boy, go over to Blank's Store, get yourself a white suit and tell 'em to charge it to me!"

It was not learned whether the suit included two pairs of pants.

Miami Life

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(A FLORIDA CORPORATION)

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Vol. 12 Miami, Florida, Saturday, October 9, 1937 No. 3

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"Cabbages and Kings"

A PROPOS of nothing, General Pershing took lessons from a French actor in military demeanor . . . A woman coined the slogan for the Church Manufacturing Company, makers of toilet seats: "The Best Seat In The House" . . . It requires six weeks to warm up a battery of coke ovens . . . Manufactured gas is washed by soda ash . . . The name Spain, or Spania, means "the hidden land", so called because the Phoenicians had a tough time finding it behind the mountains.

BRUTALITY in the present Spanish civil war is nothing new . . . Four times in the century prior to 1875, liberal revolutions were put down there with savagery out of proportion to the cause . . . Alfonso XII was the only Bourbon since 1788 to avoid at least one eviction from Spain . . . He was reputedly the son of Isabella and a dancer named Puig Molto . . . On the other hand, the Los Angeles area (California) grew from 140,000 in 1890 to a reputed 2,750,000 in 1937.

BONES come high. The American Museum of natural History values its collection of dinosaurs, birds, shells, insects and artifacts at \$30,000,000, no less . . . It spreads over 24 acres and includes millions of separate pieces . . . One of its prize possessions is a fossilized alga plucked out of a Pre-Cambrian bed into which it sank some 450,000,000 years ago (Eastern Standard Time) . . . And you may see the 36-ton Ahnighito meteor, largest known, which Peary brought back from Cape York . . . An average of 26,000 persons see the museum daily.

TWENTY-FIVE percent of jewelers' business comes from marriages . . . The depression years of 1930-'35 saw some 750,000 fewer marriages in this country . . . One company annually converts some \$400,000 of gold bullion into 350,000 wedding rings . . . Now you know why they turn green so soon . . . Many American firms refuse to send catalogues to Japan because the Japs are so prone to plagiarize . . . Cartoonist Segar, originator of Popeye, realizes \$400,000 a year from the spinach-eating Tar . . . Some 200 comic cartoonists draw down \$8,000,000 between them yearly . . .

THE longest race in the world is the Tour de France . . . It starts in Paris and ends in Paris . . . Entries ride bicycles . . . And touch Normandy, the Riviera, the Pyrenees and the Alps . . . After the new six-million dollar Pittsburgh postoffice was opened, it was discovered there was no letter-drop in the building . . . The Paris Exposition proved the biggest flop in history . . . Baby giraffes never cry . . . They can't.

LOCAL restaurant has been sound-proofed. Against soup-yodelers?

NEW York advises house-wives to use eggs until high price of meat comes down. But fails to say what to use until high price of eggs tumbles.

JUDGE Curry fined Motorist Scurry for too much hurry.

LOS Angeles man wins alimony. His wife, no doubt, is in contempt of courtship.

NOW that The News is so concerned over the People's welfare, perhaps it will reduce the price of its ready-to-use shelf covers.

JUDGING from the claims and counter-claims of the press, that Bus Franchise ballot next month will prove to be a X-word puzzle.

WHAT'S become of the fellow who was wearing a sunflower in his lapel about this time last year?

THAT seedy-looking old man you saw stumbling around the New Miami Stadium was only a passerholder hunting for the pass-gate for the opening game.

THE City has moved precinct voting booths No. 7 from a bicycle shop. Too many leaks, no doubt.

HEADLINE says "Plans Of Lindbergh Veiled." Which makes everybody satisfied.

HOND Bliss denounces War. We just knew if Hitler and Mussolini kept on, they'd catch it!

THOSE 5-cent editorials of the News were kept in cold storage until the People gave the Old Guard City Commission a transfer—to the end of the line

Dora Lake's Love Answers

Have you a confounding love affair that's got you out on a limb? Would you like an careful 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.

SEE THE WORKS
Dear Miss Lake: I have buck teeth, adenoids and B.O. Although I earn a good salary treating warts in a pickle factory, it seems I never can make a hit with girls. When I meet them, they will never let me see more of them.
"Dickie"

Well, if that's all you want—drop out to Earl Youst's Club and get an eyeful. Every peeled Old Hag in town is on exhibition.

SERVICE
"Dear Miss Lake: My girl says I am cold. What do you think?"
Pedro"

Drop around and we'll go into it.

GET NEW GRIP
"Dear Miss Lake: I'm screwy about a big, handsome cop but he seems to be losing interest. How can I hold him?"
Flossie"

Have you tried the half-nelson?

\$1 for Embarrassing Moments

TODAY'S WINNERS
LAST week-end I was a guest at an exclusive house-party in Tiled Gables, which the whole town attended. Sometime during the night, I felt a pair of cold feet in the middle of my back. "Take them dogs off my back, Ed!" I shouted. Imagine my mortification when it turned out to be Peter and not Ed at all!
Theodosia Quimp, Mare Nostrils Apts.

EVER since I once overlooked a straight flush, I have been troubled with near-sightedness. The other day I was playing around the beach with my uncle, ducking each other. Suddenly I grabbed hold of him and said: "Why Uncle Isadore, I didn't know you were wearing water-wings!" Was I humiliated when a beautiful blond answered "He isn't."
Hans Wobbly, Titilating, Tenn.

In Danville, Va., Miss Violet Brown lives in a white house on Green Street.

Repair man — "Shall I install a loud or soft horn, sir?"
O'Leary—"Just one with a dirty sneer."

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

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
163 Washington St. Providence, R. I.

EAT LUNCH AND DINNER AT
MOE'S BRIDGE BAR
456 WEST FLAGLER (Just West of the Bridge)
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THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why was Ethel so mad because an almost-total-stranger had her photo on his dresser, when she passes 'em out so freely?
???

Why doesn't that corpulent dame on Lenox Avenue wear some clothes with such an un-gainly figure?
???

Who's the Patent-Leather Hair guy that caused two sorority sisters to quit speaking to each other?
???

What recent graduate of an exclusive girl's school showed a smart gambler a few tricks with the pasteboards?
???

Did that Burdine girl take that item in this column so seriously that it broke up her affair with the bozo she was warming up to?
???

Hasn't Tommy a fine taste for hay-bags?
???

How many people believe that story of Edna's about being called north by her father's illness?
???

Aren't folks going to be amazed when that quiet unassuming bakery sales-girl quits her job to marry the man all the fems have been angling for?
???

What'll happen to that racy red-head when her Man springs onto the bricks from the Jug and learns about all her "dates"?
???

Doesn't the Coral Gables eye-fel know she can't play two chumps at the same time in such a small community and get away with it?
???

Did the South Beach belle and the Newark married man rehearse the yarn they told about being marooned during the storm?
???

Now that the West Flagler knockout has her divorce, will her fast-talking boy friend really go through with the marriage?
???

What sprout will "rush" that Beach widow out of her dough next?
???

Will the Atlanta widow and the Buffalo musician split that dough they "took" the home-town smart guy for?
???

Wasn't it lucky for the Ingraham Building flirt that a storm kept auto's from operating one night last week?
???

What lucky Dame will get the engagement ring the Seybold Building fashion-plate recently purchased?
???

Is it true that the City Hall clerk and the fireman's woman are that way?
???

Is the sportsman ever going to marry the ash-blond who has given up all her boy friends for him?
???

Where did the telephone operator and the horse-player spend last week-end to get such tans?
???

How come little Pat and the guy that delivers bottled-goods broke out with lip-blisters the same day?
???

What N. E. Second Avenue "lady killer" gets a date with his Moment only when she needs a couple of drinks?
???

Wouldn't you like to know whose picture Marie carries in her watch?
???

Who is the young lawyer that was given the Bum's Rush from a Cat House?
???

Who's the dame in the Public Welfare office with the beautiful, soft telephone drawl?
???

Since her Old Man grew suspicious, where does the S.W. Eighth Street charmer meet the auto salesman?
???

"Vas You dere, Sharley?" at the Bon Ton opening Saturday night, or was that somebody else squirting the Contractor's swell-looking wife?
???

What is this mysterious influence the S. E. Second Avenue brunette wields over her feminine cohorts?
???

How is Ellen going to pay the rent now that Fred's well-heeled "aunt" has cut off his gravy-train?
???

How does that shiftless husband on N. E. Fifth St. expect to convince the neighbors he doesn't know HOW his wife is earning rent-money?
???

Isn't it odd that the Shoe Man's wife and sweetie both sprung new and identical hats the same evening?
???

Who'd Lois buy that Chevy for?
???

Why was Mauveline's face so red?
???

Isn't it a peculiar way for that married Coconut Grove official to spend a week-end?
???

Did Virginia and Doc enjoy their snifters on E. Flagler the other night?
???

What professional man is courting the daughter of a woman he once proposed to?
???

Why did that blue-eyed darby walk away from her male escort at the Stadium last week?
???

Why does that small-fry politician cross to the other side of the street whenever he spies the North Miami Avenue blond waitress?
???

What salesman and what dentist's chic wifey always manage to go away on business trips at the same time?
???

Notable Events In Miami History

NOW that Loyalty Week has been designated for this area and schools are going ahead full steam, it might be well for rabid Floridians to brush up on local history. The following data, gathered after extensive research by Prof. Vladimir B. Pusspatter, dean of the Domestic Science department, University of Applied Adagio Dancing, may be filed away and hauled out on rainy nights when visiting tourists can't get out of the house:

- Osceola greets first tourist.
- Ev Sewell hitch hikes in
- Shower levels city.
- Herald Editorial makes sense.
- Annenberg deplores gambling.
- Verb slips into H. Bond Bliss column by mistake.
- Ev Sewell declines to run for office.
- Contractor partitions clothes-closet; introduces two efficiency apartments.
- Stribling Tunney fight.

- Rose Mahoney disappears.
- Ev Sewell gives away auto.
- Tourists arrive; streets torn up.
- Chamber of Commerce predicts bum business.
- Promoter announces main eventers have no grudge.
- Willie P. Hardie bets a cookie on sure thing.
- Gardner goes duck hunting.
- News Mum on 10-cent Fare Under Own City Commission.
- News Demands 5-cent Fare Under New Commission.
- Tammany Imports Rochester, N. Y., Cop To Protect Jigtown.
- German Fraulein named "Miss Miami."
- Ross Allen goes to town.

Walgreens Open New Store. Advertising men resume eating three-a-day.
(To be continued)

NO BANDS—
NO SHOW—
Just Real
Good Food!
BLUE BOWL
RESTAURANT
149 N. E. SECOND ST.
(Opposite Catholic School)
11 to 2 5 to 8

So YOU Say—

RESPONSIBLE

Editor:
You shouldn't blame everything on Commissioner Gardner about this duck-duck business. No doubt he is responsible for making the entire country laugh at Miami, as you claim, but the story would never have gone out of the city if one of the local newspapers had not sent it out over the wire-service they use. It would make you a good story if you investigated and found out which one of the Miami papers is responsible.
Merchant.

HUNT ANOTHER

Editor:
What are you going to do now that Ross Allen has left town? Have detectives follow him?
Miss Homestead.

Editor:
Why don't you have your esteemed Mr. Greeby visit the weekly meetings of the City Commission? Or are you afraid you couldn't tell him apart from the commissioners?
Vic Wilhoit

SEARCH US!

Editor:
Something I have been intending to call to your attention is the great similarity between the language used by some of the habitual writers of 'letters-to-the editor' in the daily papers and that used by your writers.

At first, I thought it was a coincidence that phrases appearing in MIAMI LIFE would immediately thereafter show up in the daily mail of the newspapers. But when there was a slight misquotation in LIFE, followed shortly after by a similar misquotation in a letter signed "Matty Matt" in a daily, I knew that either one of your writers was Matty Matt or that the person signing that name was plagiarizing. Which is it?
Observant Observer.

IT RATED IT

Editor:
How does it come that MIAMI LIFE gave Page One space to the opening of the new Walgreen Store? Are you deserting us?
F. T.

Editor:
I am glad that your magazine paid tribute to Chief of Police H. Leslie Quigg for compelling officers to treat the people with courtesy. That has long been a sore spot in this city. Last season the lack of civility in policemen was one of the most common complaints of tourists. That is one much-needed reform this new commission, through its officers, has effected.
Mrs. H. K. Young.

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CLEANED AND DYED
ORIENTALS A SPECIALTY
Hawkin Rug Cleaners
60 N. E. 39th St. Phone 2-7798

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FIG & WHISTLE
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5th St. & at 34th St.

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COMPLETE AUTO SERVICE
TEL. 2-2222
"IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER"
2290 N.W. 17th AVE.

On The Cuff

COLUMBY sentence construction often leads to misleading or false interpretation of an idea. It happens almost every day, but NEVER in MIAMI LIFE oftener than every week. In the issue of October 2, an exclusive story related how a young girl, seeking honorable work, had been directed to a certain notch-house, brothel or bagnio, as you prefer, by a CITY LICENSED EMPLOYMENT AGENCY.

THE story contained this rambling sentence: "According to the girl's version—told without a vestige of self-aggrandizement, nor with an eye to publicity which she shuns—SHE LOOKED UP AN AGENCY IN A TELEPHONE BOOK AND WENT TO THE FIRST ONE SHE CAME TO."

NOW, nine out of ten readers naturally would assume that the girl selected the employment agency listed FIRST in the catalogued-section of the telephone book. But that was not the case. What the chronicler intended to convey was the fact that the girl sought out an agency in the book and then WENT TO THE FIRST ONE SHE CAME TO — THE CLOSEST ONE TO HER HOME.

WE DON'T know that any embarrassment was caused by this ambiguous phraseology, because no complaint was registered with MIAMI LIFE. But, lest anyone DID gain an erroneous impression, we want to erase it pronto. The agency which is charged with having dispatched this girl to a Cat-House was NOT the one listed FIRST in the telephone book!

WE REMEMBER a case in Atlanta, Georgia, in which such carelessness in writing, and some "railroad" or sloppy copy-reading, resulted in a libel suit. A "home guard" reporter, the product of one of those cross-road schools of journalism that clutter up news-rooms of metropolitan papers with the sorriest mob of misfits imaginable, wrote the story, something like this:

"Police last night arrested Sam Black, negro, of 111 Huckleberry Drive, and Mike Brown, same address, as robbery suspects in a round-up of vagrants in the negro sections, following a series of burglaries, etc., etc."

The copy-editor, whose duty was to correct the yarn and dash off a small head for it, wrote what is called a "boilerplate" or standard head. It read:

"Jail Two Negroes In Suspect Drive"

You wouldn't think such a harmless label would lead to a lawsuit, but it did. You see, Mike Brown, the second one named, was NOT a negro but a mighty sour specimen of a white man whom the Dinges bunked with. He was a miserable creature—BUT HE WAS A WHITE MAN, NOT A NEGRO! And you know it'll never do to call a white person a negro in the South. A shyster lawyer, who existed on such cases, promptly interviewed the prisoner and "settled" the case for \$200. How much the white man received as his cut, we never learned. But, having perpetrated the head that caused it all, we haven't forgotten the other details.

GRAPEVINE — Because the West Flagler bridge went up and stopped a car bearing a married woman and her sweetie, the woman's husband, who drove alongside them and stopped, too, is preparing to get a divorce . . . Near Maumee, Ohio, picnickers still occasionally find bullets from the Battle of Falling Timbers . . . If you don't know that scrap occurred more than a century ago, you'd better open your history book . . . Friends with "fluffy" hair often cause persons with asthma to suffer unconsciously . . . Local man stuffed a \$20 bill into the watch-pocket of a pair of trousers he had just purchased. The tailor had failed to sew up the pocket-seams. He's out the twenty . . . The moving pictures you "see" you aren't actually seeing at the moment. It requires the fraction of a second for the picture to register on your brain, and by that time another picture is on the screen. But, as long as some of the films being shown here are so rank, it doesn't matter.

"All In A Life Time"

ONE thing that never fails to get a laugh, whether or not it rates as a high form of humor, is a printed mistake giving an unconsciously-humorous twist to an item. It's an old resort utilized by columnists when their quest of something original peters out, and probably dates back to the Year of the Big Glacier, when columnists pounded out their work on slabs of stone with jaw-bones of dinosaurs. Nevertheless, here are a few sent in to this column by a friend in the First Trust Building:

"ARE YOU PLANNING A TRIP? Let us check your trunk from your home to your destination. McCay Transfer Company."—Omaha (Neb.) News.

"THE little motion picture actress, who doesn't have to worry about diet, said that ever since coming to Hollywood her breakfast has consisted wholly of him and eggs."—Hollywood, (Calif.) Citizen-News.

"THE famed motion picture actress has been married twice. Her first husband was English, her second of Gaelic extraction whom she recently divorced."—New York Times.

"MISS Cox, cooking expert, stated that no matter how perfectly blended the batter, the grille must be piping hot."—Denver Post, Denver, Colo.

"4-RM. FURN. APT. Will lease for six months. See Miss Mapes, 2749 Clay St."—Los Angeles Examiner.

"FOR one time around Miss Graves let two hearts go unchallenged, then abruptly she raised her partner's bed."—Portland, (Ore.) Morning Oregonian.

"MISS Martin, stenographer, admitted she and her employer, Mr. J. B. Osgood, frequently indulged in a whiskey and sofa in his private office after business hours."—Los Angeles Times.

"DR. DRAKE said tooth powder would remove film from the teeth, but to remove the garter requires the services of your family dentist."

"MISS Clarabelle Bogue, noted artist and painter, and former Hollywood girl, is responsible for the exquisite mosaic and morals of the new Woman's Club."—Los Angeles Westsider.

"WHENEVER the little motion picture actress slips out to the golf course for a practice round, handsome young Phil Ore always daddies her."—Hollywood Citizen-News.

"CHARLES Rogers returned last week from a trip to the Holy Land. While in Cairo he spent some time looking over the many interesting Egyptian mummies."—Minneapolis Tribune.

"MISS Marjorie Bemis motored to San Diego Saturday and visited two big bruisers at the Naval Base."—Long Beach Press-Telgram.

"NOWADAYS the Hollywood chorus girl must possess a good singing voice and be a skilled dancer. She no longer can get by on just a good shake or figure."—Chicago Daily News.

They Tell Me

The crack about the Wynwood Park "dame" with the high hat missed the one it was intended for entirely—and landed with both feet on the wrong fem

That isn't romance between the North East First Street lady-killer and the curb-jumper—it's only an emergency measure

That Coral Gables "catch" who has courted gals everywhere but home will finally call it quits by marrying—a Coral Gables damsel

It's NOT true that the South East Second Avenue Amazon has finally deemed a Miami male worthy of her good graces

Hialeah's handsome dark-haired Don Juan didn't get to first base with the Beach girl he had designs upon

The linotype operator and the bookkeeper who tried once and failed are looking for a year-round cottage

THAT NEW JOURNAL EXEC MUST BE A REGULAR GUY — HE'S ALREADY SO POPULAR

The Edison High blond is coo-koo over Footballer Maher

Those tanktown "journalists" who know all the answers about the trade couldn't hold a job against REAL newspaper competition

The First National beauty queered herself with the suave Northerner she had her cap set for by talking too much, entirely too much

The "generous" matron who lives near the new Stadium may have a lot of explaining to do when hubby comes home

The Fourth Estaters' sudden illness wasn't caused by heavy food—he was shut out on a 15-to-one horse

Mary and Tom are expecting permanent "company" next month

The rough-looking Romeo who departed for parts-unknown so suddenly did so because the puny husband of his sweetie told him it would be a healthy move

The up-stage GENTLEMAN who is 'so nice' was straightened out, as a kid, in a reform school

Emily's new beau may look like an orchid but he's a real scrapper as those wise-lugs who sneered may learn

Vivian and the chug-chug man shouldn't do their necking in Beach parks if they don't want the word to be passed along

That former Bigwig who now finds Miami a "deserted village" realizes that a "hater" usually suffers more than the hated

The package the two-months bride was carrying home Saturday evening contained baby clothes Elaine, the vamp, should inform the boys about her dentist hubby up north

That Mug who rapped MIAMI LIFE should have explained that this paper exclusively revealed how he beats his frail little wife

Two milk-men and a professional man's wife have formed a perfect Triangle, and the hubby knows all about it

A Truant Officer should look into a Westside soda shop

THAT POPULAR MEDICO AND THE NURSE ARE MARRIED AS SUSPECTED, BUT BOTH STEP OUT ON DATES AS THEY PLEASE

Tragedy In A Toilet!

BEFORE wading through this "filler," we'll try to dissuade you by warning that there's a moral to it.

A young woman living in an old Miami residence saved up a wad of about \$400, with which she intended purchasing a repossessed auto. She drew the dough out of a bank, and decided to "stash" it away where it would be safe.

So she stepped onto the seat of the toilet and, reaching high, shoved the roll onto what she thought was the top-cover of the water-tank—you know the kind, the box-like affairs old style "water-closets" used to have.

Before she could buy the car, relatives barged in on her and stayed a full week. When they did finally depart, she went to

the toilet to reclaim her B.E., only to find there was no top on the water-container — and that the money was so "eaten by minerals in the water that not a single bill could be salvaged!

CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912.

Of Miami Life, published weekly at Miami, Fla., for September 25, 1937. State of Florida.

County of Dade.

Before me, I, and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared A. B. Klein, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Miami Life and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a corporation, the directors), etc., of the aforesaid publication, for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are:

Publisher, Life Publishing Co., 167 N. E. 2nd St., Miami, Fla.; Herbert McCusker, Patricia Hotel, Miami, Fla.; Business manager, A. B. Klein, 167 N. E. 2nd St., Miami, Fla.

2. That the owner is (if owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stock holders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member must be given).

Life Publishing Co., 167 N.E. 2nd St.; R. J. Klein, 167 N. E. 2nd St.; H. Klein, 167 N. E. 2nd St.; A. B. Klein, 167 N. E. 2nd St.

3. That the known stockholders, mortgagees, and other security holders 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities, are: (If there are none, so state). None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustee, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

A. B. Klein, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of October, 1937. (SEAL) Signed J. H. Dunham. (My commission expires 10-29, 1937).

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He Won't Stand a Raise

BEFORE the winter is over, there'll be lots of fellows here who are supported by frail fems, and who don't mind it in the least.

Today there's a visitor to our city who weighs 136 pounds in clean socks, and who claims nobody can support him from a standing position, using only their bare hands.

He is "Prof." James Addeberg, of 440 N. E. 2nd avenue, a vacationist from Greenville, Tenn. Without resorting to trickery, the "prof" defies any man—truck driver, wrestler or keg-roller—to lift him bodily from the floor.

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The Drinks are better—the company more congenial—it's more fun.
BOB KING THE SINGING WAITER Presents His **OLD TIME BALLADS**

The only person he bars is the person who "lifted" those 4,000 chickens from the Opa-Locka Farm.

"Johnny, what makes you stay away from school?"
"Class hatred, father."

DO WHAT?
"It is easy to see why a girl of 19 and a man of 60 find it hard to adjust themselves to each other. Nothing but a great and miraculous love can do it." — Dorothy Dix.

"Going out tonight?"
"Not completely."

Teacher — "If you subtract fourteen from a hundred sixteen, what's the difference?"
Tommy — "Yeh, I think it's a lot of foolishness, too."

Mandy—Rastus, why don't you work? Hard work never killed anybody.
Rastus — Dat shows what you knows about it. I've already lost two wives dat way.

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.

SPORT-POUR-RI

UNSUNG heroes play important roles in almost all lines of sport. Trainers seldom receive credit due them when their equine charges gallop in front of the field. Baseball coaches whose strategy give their teams the edge on the opposition rarely break into print. In the clout-and-cover sport, trainers who lay out the plan of battle almost never draw credit for their boxer's showing. And on down the line.

In football, head coaches glau on to their share of the limelight, chiefly because their system of offensive and defensive play is so plainly noticeable to the spectators. That's why the late Knute Rockne actually eclipsed the Four Horsemen and the succession of brilliant Notre Dame performers in the public prints.

You'll hear fans praising or panning the fistic prowess of a Joe Louis but you'll seldom hear anyone boosting or hiding Jack Blackburn, the veteran Blackamoor who did more to elevate the Detroit Coffee-Colored Champ than anyone outside Louis himself.

Only last week in the Saturday Evening Post an article appeared in which some twice-told-tales related how Art Fletcher, Dave Bancroft and other old timers, who long since faded from the box scores, have virtually shouldered teams into pennants by exercising their uncanny ability to steal signals from opposing teams. The account of a game will read "Glutz laced a single over third, scoring McNasty with the winning marker," when, it should have read "Coach Fishcake, having tipped Glutz to look for a high and outside smoker when the pitcher hitched up his jeans, prepared the batter who cased that very pitch over the hot-corner for the pay-off bingle."

Now, take the unsung yell-leaders in football. (And don't pull that 1919 wisecrack "You Take 'Em). In the average listless tangle, such as the Miami U.-Georgia Teachers comedy of errors, a cracking good yelling section, handled by uniformed exhibitionists, can easily save the day—or night—and send the "hooked" fans home half satisfied, at least.



In the real opener at the new one-way Stadium two weeks ago, the great drill team and band of Edison High supplied the only urbane note to the whole sorry affair, aided, of course, by the Edison cheering leaders. If an inventory were taken throughout the country, we'd find that an amazingly great proportion of gridiron addicts are drawn through the turnstile by the "color" of the throngs, and by the cheering spectacle's lure.

Almost anybody, save professional Scrooges, enjoys watching a gang of youngsters whooping and hollering "Hold 'em, Brown's Business College!" or "Touchdown! Touchdown!—We crave a touchdown, Groaning Springs High!" Then it is we oldsters wonder if we were ever darn phools enough to put on such silly spectacles.

The soft-pated bards who concoct the college and high school jingles of justification and yells of exhortation also deserve some mention. Think of the yell leaders of two teams which clashed last week: The Kutztown Teachers versus the Shippensburg Teachers (Herald, Oct. 3, page 2-B). Don't you JUST KNOW that the little group of loyal Kutztowners gave moral and vocal support to their valiant pigskinners by emitting such cries as "Touchdown, Kutztown! Do 'em Up Brown!—and Let's Go To Town!" or some such innane but euphonic evocation, while across the field, busy dodging between scattered dunghills contributed by the bovines, which use the pasture for less strenuous purposes every day but Saturday, the determined Shippensburgers, somewhat handicapped by their institutional name, rend the pastoral peace with such portentous pronouncements as "Slip 'em, Whip 'em, Ship 'Em Back to Kutztown—SHIPPENSBURG!"

Think of the possibilities for a rhymester serving such Alma Maters as these schools which also broke into the Herald sports pages last Sunday morning: East Stroudsburg Teachers versus PANZER; Bloomsburg Teachers, Slippery Rock Teachers, Stout, Hamline, Textile, Hiram, Rose Poly, and Luther vs. Western Union. A good thought for the day is whether the back-field on that W. U. team, after catching the signals in code, take as much time in delivering the goods as their namesakes of the bicycles.

MIAMI LIFE is read by well-posted Miamians.

"SHIP AHOY!"

Any Port In A Storm,
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"Holy Moe" Tries To Raise Tribune Flag On City Hall

THIS IS THE TRAGEDY

GOD pity ears that have not caught the notes,
Of wind or wave, of violin or bird,
But pity more that, daily, music floats
To ears that hear and yet have not heard."

—Helen Frazee-Bower.

WE had to go into our files for that excerpt from a poetic gem, but its reproduction in this organ of unsentimental realism seems particularly opportune with the approach of National Hearing Week, October 25-30.

The Miami Society for the Hard of Hearing plans to participate in the observance of this annual gesture toward those who are deprived of this sense. Yet, as Helen Frazee-Bower so beautifully expresses it, they are in no wise so unfortunate as those who, hearing, have not heard. We reproduce this philosophical poem in full:

THIS IS THE TRAGEDY

GOD pity eyes that have not seen the dawn,
Twilight, or shadow, or a wind-blown tree,
But pity more the eyes that look upon
All loveliness, and yet can never see;
God pity ears that have not caught the notes
Of wind or wave, of violin or bird,
But pity more that, daily, music floats
To ears that hear and yet have never heard.

GOD pity the hearts that have not known the gift
Of love requited, comfort and caress,
But, O God, pity more the hearts that drift
From love's high moment to forgetfulness.
This is the tragedy of common sense:
To dim all wonder by indifference.

—Helen Frazee-Bowers.

Burney Doyle Back In Town

UP in Indiana, the Hoosiers know Spring has come when the first robin shows up. In Miami, the folks know Winter is somewhere in the offing when Burney Doyle returns from Atlantic City.

And Burney is back in town. Without any fanfare or brass bands, the popular Celtic proprietor of The Original Marine Grill, 208 N. E. Second Avenue, slid into the city this week and resumed his familiar spot behind the merry mahogany and the festive board.

Next Tuesday night, all the boys and girls from Atlantic City will gather at the Marine Bar to officially welcome the popular Irish host back to the fold, and an open invitation has gone out to all those bon vivants who in the past quarter century have enjoyed Doyle's catering either here or in his famous Entertainer's Clubs in Atlantic City and New York. Old Salts, too, are given Carte Blanc.

As is usually the case, all arrangements for the gala reopening are being made by the Jersey crowd, Doyle, for the evening, being strictly a guest.

PLAYED OUT

MRS. Anna H. B. MacMillan, local artist who spent four months resting in Hollywood, California, has returned to Miami to rest.

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Learn the BIG APPLE INSTRUCTIONS FREE

More About NEGRO

(Cont. from page 1)

circle found on the person of Dames, Senior, this week is a spark intended to set off the fireworks.

Here are a few excerpts: "We propose) To win for the Negro people COMPLETE economic, cultural, political and SOCIAL equality by joining with all PROGRESSIVE FORCES to defeat the forces of facism and war in America and the world.

"The masses of Negro families are driven into crowded and segregated dwellings at high rents where their children are forced to grow up amid crime and disease.

"Negroes in Florida are attacked by hooded mobs for attempting to vote. "Throughout the country, the (Negro) Congress has served to strengthen the hands of organizations FIGHTING for civil and economic rights."

It is easily seen that the "progressive forces" which negroes are urged to join are those promoting Communistic theories in this country. In the fore-ranks may be seen the under-cover agents of the Civil Liberty League, a nation wide organization of disturbers which even the C.I.O. disowned.

The Opposition Press of Miami will do well to let Chief Quigg handle the situation. That's why the People put him in office.

A distinguished visitor to a lunatic asylum went to the telephone and found difficulty in getting his connection. Exasperated, he shouted to the operator: "Look here, girl, do you know who I am?" "No", came back the calm reply, "but I know WHERE you are!"

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"Voice In A Million"
Starring MAL BURKE,
Formerly of Merry-Go-Round

Chicago Race-Track Mob Starts To Move In With Ultimatum To Commission

CONFRONTED WITH collapsing circulation, stagnate advertising-outlook and no prestige at all, the frantic Miami Tribune, subsidiary of the doomed William Randolph Hearst "News Factory", and off-spring of Moe Annenberg's nation-wide gambling network, the Racing Service News, today is futilely cracking its whip at City Commissioners (Mayor) Bob Williams, Judge John W. DuBose and Doctor Ralph Ferguson, in a ludicrous effort to imitate the deposed dictator, Frank Shutts, of the Moanin' Herald.

The Chicago Gang, from Annenberg's pretentious and palatial control-room in Plymouth Court, Chicago, has given their Miami field-men the office to "bear down" on the local scene—"and get out a newspaper for a change." And if they CAN'T get out a newspaper, the Mob wants to RUN THE SHOW in America's Playground.

Borrow some less-particular neighbor's Tribune, if you can find one whose lack of taste is sufficiently nil as to permit his taking this morning cathartic, and notice the so-called "editorials" of the past several days. You'll find one Thursday in which the Cook County (Illinois) organ WARNS the City Commission Majority that the Trib EXPECTS them to DO AS THE TRIB SAYS on four distinct city affairs—and lists them numerically.

Commissioner DuBose takes the brunt of the attack. He is told, in no uncertain language—language you would expect from a Loop Pug-ugly—to accept the current bond refunding agreement AT ONCE. By inference he is warned that the Tribune has APPROVED of the agreement and therefore it doesn't make a bit of difference what he, DuBose, may think of it. In other words, if DuBose accepts the agreement and it proves profitable to the city—THE TRIBUNE WILL TAKE THE GLORY. But, if DuBose rushes in, accepts it and it proves a Flop, YOU CAN BET YOUR BOOTS DU-BOSE WILL BE THE GOAT. This is merely another example of Moe Annenberg's copyrighted manner of gambling—"tails I win, heads you lose."

Yet, give the Devil his due. The Tribune has a sense of humor. In Thursday's editorial it says: "The Tribune, still championing the rights of the people—" Now, the hybrid rag wants quick action on a compromise with the Florida Power and Light Company, making the move unanimous; and launches a belated drive to clean up weeds in the city.

Then there's the crack made by one of the hired help, Howard Hartley, conductor of a column bearing the highly-original title "The Periscope" and containing, generally, contents as original as the label. He criticizes the action of the city civil service board in referring to City Manager A. D. F. Bloodworth action to be taken in the matter of demotions and promotions made by the late Safety Director Andrew J. Kavanaugh. This is simply a play to the gallery without respect to ordinary procedure.

And now we'll see what we shall see. If the commission majority dances to the tune played by this Chicago Mob, it will be official notice that the Tribune, which during the campaign loudly brayed that "it wanted nothing from the city," has come to claim its reward—and is given it on a platter. But we don't think the Trib will ever blossom out as Miami's Dictator. Williams, Ferguson and DuBose weren't born yesterday.

"WE'LL BE SEEING YOU AT THE HIPPI!"

WARD Mincer is back at the helm of his two popular business establishments—the Hippodrome, a real Miami landmark, and Vick's Bar, most popular downtown eating-and-imbibing place.

We thought there for a while that things weren't what they should be at these two well-patronized rendezvous—under the summer management, when Mincer was out of town. But now, R. "Hi Pal" Fox, who has been out of harness for months, is back at the Hipp and both places are again justifying the great popularity Miami bestowed upon them for years.

MIAMI LIFE is read by well-posted Miamians.

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769 N. W. 18th Terrace for the Finest . . . Golden Flake Buttermilk you ever tasted 25c GAL.

GREEBY, ON STAND, TELLS OF GALLOPING DOMINOES

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who once woke up in Vernon Hawthorne's doghouse for putting an "x" on the wrong side of the ticket, was found the other day in court, charged with conspiracy to use "miss-outs" in a Hialeah crap-game.

"Have you ever appeared in court before?" asked the judge. "Yah Suh, yo' Honah," answered Col. Greeby, whose ancestral sire, Marse White-Mule Harry Greeby, gained fame in 1834 by crossing swamp-grass with part of a lace-curtain to produce the world's first mess of grits.

"In what suit?" asked his honor. "The blue serge," answered Greeby.

At that crack, the court took on a Black look—although it wasn't Hugo, who was busy up in Washington cleansing his hands over the radio.

"Mister Greeby," the judge warned, "you think you're something of an entertainer, don't you? I suppose it runs in your family—no doubt you're one of those individuals who play the piano by ear."

The Greeb, for a moment, was taken a-back. "No, your honor," he finally replied, "but I have an uncle who fiddles with his whiskers."

The answer was stricken from the records. "This complaint," continued hizzoner, undaunted, specifically charges that there were some cubes of ivory, bearing ebony dots on six sides, flung over what is termed some "sideboards" by individuals who were in various kneeling positions on or about the night of February 31st, 1905 in a shanty known as the Club Grabbag, located two whoops and a holler due East, by South-east of the hamlet of Hialeah. Where were YOU that night?"

The witness fetched his diary from out of a hip pocket. "My wife won a Grand at stud-poker that night and split with me," he answered, grinning.

"She gave you half?" asked the court.

"No, she took her thousand and left me!" corrected the Greeb, showing the strain, which was rather fine at that moment. Then he yawned.

"What! Are you yawning before the court!" demanded hizzoner, his ire rising at this turn of events.

"No, I was merely giving a silent Indian war-whoop—a habit formed during service with the Seminoles," answered Scout Greeby. "I'll never forget the time I . . ."

"Never mind any reminiscing," snapped the judge. "Take another gander at that diary of your'n and see what it says about this conspiracy."

Greeby thumbed the document open and with one motion cast his eyes on the printed page. They stuck there. Slowly, he read aloud: "December 26—Snowin'. Unable to go hunting."

"December 27 — Snowin' yet. Can't go hunting."

"December 28 — Still snowin'. Shot grandma."

At that precise moment there was a loud racket outside the court windows. Spectators, counsel, Greeby and the judge thrust heads from the apertures.

"Looks like a parade," ventured a bail bondsman.

"Maybe a race riot," suggested a Civil Leaguer, hopefully.

"More'n likely it's a fight going somewheres to take place," Ed Douglass, the promoter put in.

Greeby thrust a few feet of neck

through the window. Craning his dome to one side and squinting, he lamped the crowd rushing past.

"You're all wrong," he announced, smugly. "It's only Commissioner Gardner and his Staff stalking a guy wearing duck trousers."

The judge threw an arm around Greeby. "We'll throw this case out," he answered, "and break open a new one."

As they left the courtroom, they passed Vernon Hawthorne in sack-coat and ashes, trying to thumb a ride to Hialeah.

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