

MIAMI NAZIS IN BIG RALLY!



Vol. 12—No. 4

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Miami, Florida, Saturday, October 16, 1937

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

10

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

"HELP WANTED" TRIBUNE ADS ROB MIAMIANS

SCORES of Miami men and boys have been fleeced by crooked "ads" appearing under the sub-head "Employment; Male Help Wanted" in the Tribune.

As recently as last Tuesday, October 12th, this obviously-phony lure appeared in the Tribune columns:

"WANTED, names, MEN under 26 who are willing to work for \$75 a month while training to become aviators or ground mechanics. One year's training given by U. S. Air Corps. Costs absolutely nothing. Flying Intelligence Service, Box 522, Milwaukee, Wisconsin."

Inquiry by Miami Life elicited from the Milwaukee Association of Commerce the information that the "Flying Intelligence Service" is a crooked organization operated by one William J. Cressy, who has been ordered to desist from other fraudulent practices before by the Federal Trade Commission and U. S. Post Office Department.

The "catch" to the most recent Tribune ad, reproduced above, is that when a Tribune reader was sucker enough to answer the bait, he was informed that upon receipt of \$1 — "to cover printing and mailing costs"—he would receive full particulars.

Then, if the yokel still persisted, in the belief that Moe Annenberg's tabloid surely MUST HAVE INVESTIGATED the firm that used its columns, and submitted the one-buck bill, he was sent a rewritten copy of the publicity issued by the United States Air Corps! Tie that for flim-flam—aided and abetted by "Florida's Smartest Newspaper!" This is the same rag that boasts "We Champion The Rights of The Pee-pul!"

A previous Tribune ad which hooked a bunch of gullible Tribune readers even faster than the air-corps phony was this one:

"WANTED, MAN—To become contact man and investigator for national organization. Experience unnecessary. Good appearance essential. No selling. Write 750-770 Madison Building, Milwaukee, Wis."

Goodness, Gracious! We'd almost swallow that one our- (Continued on page 4)

Liquor License To Be Granted 'Sex Cesspool?'

WILL or will not the Dade County Liquor License Board issue a new permit to that notorious sink of depravity, the La Paloma Club?

This question was revived this week when reports were broadcast that influential parties were pulling strings to permit Earl Youst, the procurer of the Stink-Hole, to cater lavishment, perversion, and female human-carcasses to winter tourists, youngsters of school age and any other carnal jackals who obtain orgasms by witnessing such exhibitions of sensual lewdness.

Whether or not a license is procured for this Sewer of Smut, steps are being taken to identify patrons of the place in an effort to ascertain whether known pervers, on file with the Miami Police Department, are among those who frequent the flesh-mart, where in the past months nationally-known sexual pervers have been headlined as main attractions.

It was learned on good authority that a photographer has been engaged in snapping films of automobile licenses the past several nights but to what use they are to be put was not revealed.

Miami Life will carry complete details as to issuance or rejection of a permit to this foul, festering flesh-forum as well as to motives of those responsible.

No Wonder

NEWSPAPER items say tickets to a newsreel movie theater here are on sale beneath the South-west First Street bridge. If the pix are as bad as some of the other films being panned off as features in Miami, we don't blame them for hiding under bridges.

Petticoat Papa

THE reason why female kitchen-mechanics, biscuit-shooters, stenogs, secretaries and the like suddenly started buying their smokes at the Congress Cigar Stand on N. E. Second avenue is that "Gentleman Jake," nee Bert Jacobi, the handsomest man in seven blocks, has started pitching the smokes from behind the counter.

HITLER'S ANTHEM SUNG AS LOYALISTS PROTEST

APPARENTLY inaugurating a surreptitious campaign in this area to spread the insidious German Nazi Kultur, as ordered two months ago by that Austrian pervert, Adolf Hitler and his other "queer" sword-rattlers, a group of German War Veterans of Miami last Saturday night staged a rousing Nazi-Kreigfest at 590 N. E. 121st street, listed as the address of Walter Dietel, natural but unnaturalized father of Hildegard Dietel, "Miss Miami" selected by Moe Annenberg's Miami Tribune a month ago, and herself a native-born German fraulein.

The Nazi jollification was given under the guise of a "birthday" celebration honoring Herr Dietel, late of Leipsic, Germany; Karl Freiberger, care-taker for the McCullough Estate and reputed head of the Nazi organization in this district, whose final naturalization papers will be sought here in November; and George Schneider, the upholsterer of Northwest Seventh Avenue.

An American war veteran, of German parentage, arbitrarily nominated and elected himself to act as a committee of one to investigate the Nazi gathering—but even he was almost floored when the wife of a Miami business man, who accepts American dollars quite as readily as Nazi Marks and pfennigs, answered the remonstrances of several loyal, Americanized G e r m a n s against the presence of the Hitler Swastika, by shouting:

"That's MY flag; it will ALWAYS be my flag—and I'll hang it wherever and whenever I want to!"

According to the American vet's account of the gathering, held in utmost secrecy with a distinctly Aryan exclusiveness, the hilarious German fete transcended in flavor the mere gathering of friends of German extraction. Not only was the Swastika flag hanged in the place of honor, where all assembled must pay homage to it, but the Stars and Stripes were actually barred from the room. At least, he alleges, he could see no evidence of the American flag or emblem despite the fact that he looked particularly diligently for it.

Now, Miami Life doesn't care to take place alongside those other bellicose anthem-shouters and flag-wavers who cheer the colors in time of peace and develop flat-feet and palpitating hearts when the sound of marching boots threaten the nation, but Miami Life believes those persons who subscribe to the tenets of an unholy and bigotted philosophy which, if adopted here, would necessarily wreck the American principles of liberty, should at least be compelled to come out publicly and acknowledge allegiance to those pernicious perverted boy-lovers who have turned Potsdam into a Palace of Pederasty.

Moreover, at this anti-American secret meeting, the infamous "Horst Wessel", Hitler's official anthem, was sung with all the gusto that a gathering of beer-swiggling Germans can, by training and tradition, give to any military, pulse-quickenning marital music. One half-swacked member of the party delivered himself of an impromptu oration upon the comparative desirability of life in turbulent Naziland over the listless existence in pacific America. He mentioned that he had only recently returned here from a tour of his Fatherland.

Miami Life has learned, by investigation, that the German (Continued on page 4)

There's "Moe" To Herald Sale Than Shows On Surface

THE declaration made to Miami Life more than a year ago by Frank Shutts that "as long as I am alive, the Herald will NOT change hands" was repudiated this week when Shutts is quoted as having admitted negotiations were being concluded whereby John Knight, publisher of Akron, Ohio, and close friend of Moe Annenberg, would gain control of the morning paper.

MIAMI LIFE a week ago learned from Ellis Hollums, Sr., editor of the Herald, that a recent \$800,000 bond issue of the Herald company had been purchased by Knight. Some \$300,000 of this sum was used to retire a previous 15-year issue which came due this month, Hollums stated.

Speculation was in that particular stage usually described as "rife," as to whether Purchaser Knight was "fronting" for Annenberg. Rumor had it that the Tribune was to be made an afternoon sheet, having failed in the morning field.

Another slant on the situation was that Annenberg, frustrated in his attempt to gain control of the Herald, would fold up his morning tabloid and remain in the North "sawing wood."

One thing, however, was certain. Miami Life positively did NOT buy the Herald, having one helluva time supplying additional papers to supply the increasing circulation as it is.

Tom Williams No Fingerman

IT sometimes happens that fellows engaged in bending elbows over the Third Rail say things they either don't mean or know nothing about. The other night in a downtown tavern a prominent gent allowed as how Tom Williams, veteran night club proprietor of these yere parts, "put the finger" on Frank Hyde, Red Slaton and Mayor O'Quinn in the Hialeah gambling conspiracy farce which Verne Hawthorne trumped up for political revenge.

Tom Williams was done a great injustice by that crack. He no more put the digit on those men than the Man in the Moon. As a matter of fact, Williams, who has been engaged in entertainment enterprises here for 12 years, made his first visit as a witness to a court trial in this case—and (Continued on page 4)

WORK AGENCIES WATCHING STEP AFTER "EXPOSE"

SUBSCRIBING to the theory that it is "better late than never" the Whirligig columnists of the Old Lady of Biscayne Boulevard, the News, took cognizance last Tuesday of what Miami Life exposed THREE WEEKS AGO: the practice of CERTAIN employment agencies of Miami to insert alluring "ads" for help in northern newspapers, when there's more help already here than can be used.

The Whirligig item contained this humorous line "A few embarrassing questions will be asked a Miami employment agency AS SOON AS INVESTIGATORS DISCOVER WHO HAS BEEN PLACING ADS IN NORTHERN PAPERS * * *"

Now ISN'T THAT JUST TOO GOOD FOR WORDS! In Miami Life on Sept. 25th, the actual "ad" was reproduced from the Chicago Tribune and the man who inserted the ad was named—i.e. Roy Meisinger, of the AA Employment Agency, 152 N. E. Second St.!

Since Miami Life stole another march on all other papers in Miami, including the News, local agencies have begun to operate more liberally and give job-applicants more of a run for their money.

One agency DID send a girl to take a job at the Chesterfield Bar, which was padlocked as a public nuisance, but it appears as though an attendant merely slipped up on this. A Miami Life investigator made the following report on the following agencies:

ACME EMPLOYMENT BUREAU, N. E. 4th St. and 2nd Ave.—charges 50 cents registration fee; 60 per cent of first week's salary—\$2 deposit required when sent out on job;

A. A. EMPLOYMENT BUREAU, 152 N. E. Second St.—\$1 registration fee on class A job, 50 cents for common work; 15 per cent of first month's salary; \$2 deposit;

A. B. C. BUREAU, 1st Ave. and 1st St.—50 cents registration; \$2 deposit when sent out (if job fails, \$2 is often retained and applicant is told it will apply on another job);

EMPLOYMENT REFERENCE BUREAU—23½ N. W. 1st St.—50 cents registration; 60 per cent of first week salary; \$2 deposit, or applicant can put up collateral, such as watch, etc. MIAMI BEACH and the EMPLOYMENT CLEARING HOUSE, (Continued on page 4)

He Only Forgot Name of Bride!

ARTIE Meyers, pianist-composer, signed two contracts last week. He married a young lady whose name was Lucille (we've always wanted to do this to a reporter) something and he signed up at Tom Heeney's Bar. Artie, according to the reporter, who must have been three-sheets-to-the-wind, formerly was a vaudevillian. He has recently composed a Cracker's national anthem entitled "Miami's The World Playground To Me."

SIMP-lified Spelling Wins

SINCE Miami Life chided Howard Hartley of the Tribune for trying to spell nickel "n-i-c-k-l-e", the boys out there have scarcely slept o'nights! Dave Yoeman, the Trib's erudite police reporter, ably supported by Tony, his dauntless mug-snatcher, took issue with the Life lexicographer. Said Yoeman: "Nickle is the coin and nickel is the metal." Shortly thereafter in Wednesday's edition, the News Whirligig gave support to the Trib's defiance of Funk and Wagnalls, Noah Webster, the Oxford gang and all other accredited authorities, by calling it "a nickle bug fare proposal", which Commissioner "Goosey" Gardner introduced. Yet in the Trib's sport pages, Duke Jordan saw the light during the World's Series and headed a story "The Annual Nickel Series." In all seriousness, Life suggests that the local dailies discard nickel hereafter and utilize a two-syllable synonym, "jitney", which, we feel certain, even they can't ball up, if they apply themselves diligently. But, yet, we'll bet our bottom nickel they do.

VIRTUES REWARD

HOWARD Hartley, of the Astonishing Trib, suggests that motorists who have not been involved in an accident in one year be given a windshield sticker to show-off in front of the neighbors. Why stop at that? Why not decorate all persons who in the past year have not assaulted or chewed the ear off of a crippled old man; persons who have not once succumbed to the urge to heave a cuspidor at a master-of-ceremonies, and award a special tinsel plaque to any individual, of either sex, who has waded all the way through a Tribune editorial without resorting to smelling salts?

Whirligig Slumbers On

HERE'S one that Whirligig stool-pigeons over-looked—right in the News Tower! Seems they have a new foreman named White, who totes around his own body-guard, a former prison-screw built on the order of an ape. The other day, this White punched Allen Edwards, an operator, in the kisser, knowing, probably, that an operator who carries a Union card is prohibited from engaging in fistcuffs in the workshop. Edwards either had to take it or lose his job—so he took it. They say the whole joint is over-run with stool-pigeons and the operators are afraid to open their traps. We'll pass this inside tip off to Whirligig f.o.b. the front door. Dont mention it!

MEETINGS OR NO MEETINGS, it's going to be hard to convince those roisterers who had a grass-sandwich at Wyndwood Park, that there was 'nothing to it.'

Wake Up And Learn!

SIX weeks ago, Miami Life was pooh-pooh'd for calling attention to the fact that marijuana smoking was a popular pastime among high school students of Miami. This week the dailies were almost keeled over when a cache of 320 ounces of the "reefer" weed was uncovered at the beach. They'll be more surprised if they get off their leaden-extremities long enough to investigate WHO PROVIDES THE TRADE that makes such caches profitable to the smugglers. No wonder the kids laugh.

Miami Lawyers Accused Of Fleecing Local Widow!

Disbarment Proceedings May Be Demanded If Big Probe Confirms Charges

NASTY, insistent rumors that some despicable, downright villainy, such as would wring copious tears of sympathy from the crocodile-ducts of a Shylock, and make the average heart-of-stone appear like pliable putty by comparison, are being circulated in Miami involving two prominent lawyers who are accused of having employed grossly unethical tactics to wrest from a helpless, deluded widow her very last penny—even to the insurance liquidation of her deceased husband's policy!

If corroborated, this outrage will stand, without question, as the most flagrant case of deliberate, calculating and audacious fleecing of a helpless victim by a pair of scheming ghouls ever revealed in this metropolis, where, sad to relate, some tall and unadulterated chicanery has been perpetuated by a large and artful element of this kaleidoscopic crucible.

Miami Life is NOW in possession of evidence which, although purely circumstantial, is sufficient to cast a damning indictment of certain violations of fiduciary relationship between counsel and clients on the part of those accused. But, in fairness to all parties involved this is being withheld UNTIL NEXT WEEK when it will either be exploded in its entirety—and the innuendo against these men proved groundless and unfair—or THE COMPLETE, CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF THE CASE WILL BE BARED TO THE AMAZED SCRUTINY OF THE PUBLIC! And you will read it ONLY in Miami Life!

MIAMI TO DRIVE TOURISTS AWAY?

THE Miami Tribune, a morning tabloid published out near the city incinerator somewhere, has come forth with another of its bright ideas. This time, the supplement of Moe Annenberg's Racing News, puts an official okeh on a plan whereby all in-coming tourists' cars will be met on the highway by a Miami Copper who, after making a speech of welcome, and probably throwing in a bit of a song and a few snappy steps of the Big Apple, will plaster a sticker on the windshield.

Now this sticker is the pay-off on the whole plan, borrowed bodily from Miami's patron saint, Los Angeles. The idea is that a date on the sticker will show when the motorist entered Miami. Then if, after 30 days have expired, the motorist has not submitted to an auto test, at a nominal charge, and purchased a drivers' license, he will be yanked into court and fined. Perhaps even, later, some means may be figured out by the Tribune whereby the city can confiscate the auto.

This is one of the finest ways yet devised to drive away tourists, although a number of other novel plans have been inaugurated in Miami from time to time, such as introduction of Blue (Nose) Laws, rent and board gouging, the Kavanaugh policy of police persecution of visitors and others too numerous to mention. The sticker, however, would fill up outlying districts—and what would prevent a tourist from tearing off a sticker and getting a new one every 30 days? Now, all together—

More About Work Agencies

Postal Building—operated by Anna Pray—50 cents registration; 20 per cent deducted from 1st month's salary on permanent job; 15 per cent on temporary job from first week's salary;

MIAMI BEACH EMPLOYMENT BUREAU, 425 Alton Road—50 cents registration; 20 per cent first month's salary; 10 per cent on temporary job; \$2 deposit. This agency has virtual monopoly on Beach apartments.

DADE COUNTY EMPLOYMENT SERVICE, 37 N. W. 1st St.—50 cents registration; one-third of first week's wages on common job; \$2 deposit.

More reports will follow next week.

Join the horde of Miami Life Readers. Subscribe now!

Grand Opening SATURDAY NIGHT!

FRANK WHITE'S CASINO

Biscayne Blvd. at 110th

D RINK DINE DANCE

Dinner 55c and up
Special Deluxe Dinner \$1 up

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232 E. Flagler St., Phone 2-6956 | 201 S. E. First Ave., Phone 2-9875
481 W. Flagler St., Phone 2-8890 | 1602 S. W. 8th St. — 701 5th St.

More About Nazi Stage Rally

veterans responsible for the Nazi war-feast are not only unrepresentative of such loyal German-American societies as the Bavarian Society, 236 West Flagler, and the German Society, of 420 S. W. Eighth avenue, but are actually held in contempt by the majority of members of those organizations who are, unfortunately, compelled to bear the stigma attached to their unassimilated brethren to whom, apparently, the oath of allegiance to the Stars and Stripes means nothing more than the Belgium Treaty meant to the Kaiser Wilhelm, who termed it only "a scrap of paper."

Federal authorities in November are scheduled to institute a nation-wide investigation of Nazi activities in this country, under a bill passed by Congress. It might be well for Miamians, Germans as well as others, to lend these investigators a hand, and thus mop up a situation which might well lead to much undeserved bitterness between intolerant and innocent residents.
To Hell with Hitler!

tourists!

Like Any Other Community Catering to Strangers, Miami has Both Good and Poor Places In Which To Spend Your Money. Miami Life endorses the firms listed below:

EATING PLACES, DRINK SPOTS

BLUE BOWL DINING ROOM, 149 Northeast 2nd St., (directly opposite Catholic School). German Home Cooking; moderate prices—lunch and dinner only.

EVERGLADES HOTEL COFFEE SHOP, Biscayne Blvd. at 3rd St. Tops in cuisine, service—also Cocktail Lounge overlooking bay.

MOTHER KELLY'S, 1405 Dade Blvd., MIAMI BEACH. Famous the World Over; Where You'll Meet Walter Winchell's celebrities; ultra in food and drink.

THE SPUR, (bar and grill) 301 N. E. 1st Avenue at 3rd St., opposite Post Office; one of the best in downtown Miami.

DICK POWELL'S CLUB DEUCE, 222 Fourteenth St., MIAMI BEACH. More Fun Than A Barrel of Monkeys; A Singing Bartender That Can Sing; Sandwiches.

THE HIPPODROME, E. Flagler at Second Ave., sandwiches and liquids. If you're hunting for anybody, you'll find him here.

VICK'S BAR, N. E. Second Ave. (just off Flagler); choice food fitting most any purse; cozy place for a leisurely meal with your favorite beverage.

NEW HARDY'S, N. W. 62nd St. at 17th Ave. Real Barn Dance within few minutes drive from downtown; mostly sandwiches but plenty of drinks and a real Hill-Billy band.

BURNEY DOYLE'S ORIGINAL MARINE BAR-GRILL (he started the famous Entertainers Clubs in Atlantic City and New York); 208 N. E. Second Ave., one minute North of Flagler; mostly drinks with sandwiches.

BALL AND CHAIN, Night Club, Dancing with "Rem" Phillips, 1513 S. W. 8th St.

BON TON CLUB, 71st and N. Miami Ave., night club, floor show. (Don't take grandma).

CHARLIE'S, 145 S. E. First St., (next to Urmeys); well-cooked sea food.

DOLLY MADISON STORES (7 stores in Greater Miami); Light Meals and Finest of Soft Drinks—Ice Cream concoctions Their Specialty.

MOE'S BRIDGE BAR AND GRILL, 456 West Flagler (Just West of the Bridge) Happy Atmosphere, Substantial Foods and amazingly low prices.

FRANK WHITE'S CASINO, Biscayne Blvd., at 110th — Grand Opening Saturday night with orchestra and a wonderful dinner ranging upward from 55 cents. Better go early.

22 Different Meats In Casino's Larder

THEY'RE off and eating" at Frank White's spectacular, new Casino Saturday night when the beautiful rendezvous for the elite opens its doors officially at Biscayne Boulevard and 110th St.

Something new in the way of menus is offered at this new hot-spot for you can order from the entries as far as a week in advance! Daily specials are featured such as would answer every whim of a Jack Spratt and his wife who could eat no lean. Frank White himself is well known, not only in Miami but the world over. Distinguished as an aviator and adventurer, he has made world news many times and he fits in snugly with other celebrities as a leading Host of this district.

Frank Buck, "Old Bring 'em Back Alive," was extended a special invitation to attend Saturday's opening and White declared late Friday that his good friend might find it possible to fly down for an overnight participation in the festivities. The public, of course, is invited. Try to get in!

DICK POWELL wants to see you at CLUB DEUCE

222 14th St., Miami Beach

The Drinks are better—the company more genial—it's more fun.

BOB KING
THE SINGING BARTENDER
Presents His
OLD TIME BALLADS
Be sure to meet Old Timer HARRY (Kid) GRAHAM.

NOW RACE JOCKEYS ARE HITTING WEED

By JOCKEY JIMMY

Providence, R. I., Oct. 15—(Special)—The jockeys' room at Rockingham Park was thicker'n pea-soup with smoke. Through the lazy haze of drifting blue smoke, groups of small, light fellows could be seen lounging in chairs and benches.

"Where's the fire?" I asked "Red" McIntosh, boss of the room.

"There's no fire," Red answered, smiling. "These squirts heard or read somewhere that smoking cigars will reduce a person's weight. Maybe some wise cluck told 'em that for a joke. Any way, the whole bunch of 'em bring their own brands and puff away at those smelly ropes until they're pasty-faced. Wouldn't

surprise me if they went out on their mounts with cigars in their faces."

"Well," I says, "that'll be my idea of a hot horse with smoke, n'every-thing."

Willie Duffy eased up and proffered a smoke. "Not me," says I, "I get my penny back when I step on the scales as it is. It's all I can do to budge the indicator."

Fem Fondlers Frisky

TWO weeks ago a story appeared in these columns concerning a Daytona Beach doctor and a beautiful model for a large Miami store, in which it was stated that the pair staged week-end love-clutches in the medico's Buick coupe before the avid gaze of residents of an exclusive apartment building.

Before you could say "Jack Robinson", granting you are the sort of person given to such vocal habits as saying "Jack Robinson," the Miami Life phones began ringing. A woman said she called to correct the yarn. "It isn't a Buick—it's a Packard," she said.

Another Life reader, apparently a

young girl, declared the male part of the trysting-duet wasn't a doctor—"he's a lawyer!"

Then, a man who said he wanted to keep the record straight, advised us that it wasn't an apartment building before which the amorous duo staged their inspired, if somewhat public, necking, but a bungalow court.

Finally, we came to the conclusion that, perhaps, it was two other fellows. For, as handy as the doctor in question might be when pressed, he simply couldn't be laying hands upon feminine chassiss in four different sections of the city at one and the same time.

More About Tom Williams

he was scared stiff. He was an unwilling party to the smelly business and a real victim of Hawthorne's vindictiveness fully as much as the quartet who were charged with this assinine "crime."

Tom Williams is pretty much of all right, and no stool!

Teacher — Now, Johnny, you have been to the circus where you saw many different kinds of animals, so I would like for you to define octopus for the class.

Johnny—They didn't have an octopus in the circus, miss, but it must be a cat with eight sides.

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