

2-6 314 The Garden

What Everybody's Saying Today

"Klan Kools Koleman's Kan"!



Vol. 12—No. 9

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Miami, Florida, Saturday, November 20, 1937

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher

10

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KLAN KLEANS KLUB!

BEACH "PONZI" STILL MISSING

G-Men Investigating Activities of Financial Promoter Who Grabbed \$210,000 Here.

THE Miami Beach "Ponzi" who "took" local investors to the tune of \$210,000 and then fled the coop, may not be as smart as he thought he was when he required the "suckers" to accept his 10% notes when they turned their do-rei-me over to him.

Uncle Sam's G-Boys have just discovered that "Ponzi" mailed monthly reports to his "clients" which brings the government into the case with both feet.

Complete details of the operations of the Beach "Ponzi" are in the hands of the Federal sleuths and immediate action is expected. At least a dozen smart Miami business men were "taken" by the Beach wizard and his racket might have gone on indefinitely had a certain "oil and asphalt" executive not decided to cash in his \$30,000 worth of chips and call it a day. When the executive failed to receive his money he threatened legal action and the promoter took a run-out by flying to New York in a desperate attempt to procure capital. That was ten days ago and he isn't back yet although his brother is declared to be on the scene trying to pacify irate investors.

Just when the financial juggling really started is rather obscure. The Beach "Ponzi" who maintained a luxurious office on Lincoln Road and a magnificent home on Palm Island was elected director of an exclusive sportsman's club. His zeal in demanding honesty from the scales used to weigh fish impressed other club members with his integrity and when the "stock speculation" proposition was sprung fellow-club members not only rushed in with their own money but dragged outsiders in with them.

According to meager details gathered here and there among victims, the Beach "Ponzi" accepted their money (Continued on page four)

JUST as physicians utilize poison to eradicate poison from the system of their patients, the Ku Klux Klan, thoroughly disgusted with the strange inertia which has characterized the vested authorities in permitting such a festering tumor as the La Paloma Club to operate unmolested in this area, last Monday night performed an operation on this malignant morass of muck with that finesse and delicacy peculiar to the hooded organization.

With this gesture, the Ku Klux Klan announced to all and sundry that it does not intend to stand idly by while Al Youst, the orchid man who hires thugs, hoodlums and other pug-uglies to do his dirty work at so much a slug, sets up a Prep School of Perversion at the La Paloma Club and inserts his scrofulous talons into the ranks of the Miami school student bodies for new recruits.

MIAMI LIFE is no sounding board for the Klan. This publication holds no brief for mob rule. BUT—when authorities, sworn to uphold law and order, stubbornly persist in PROTECTING such perverse vortexes of filth as Al Youst's repulsive, nauseating den of degeneracy, in the face of PUBLIC INDIGNATION, this periodical must turn its head to ANY group of vigilantes who usurp the authority of those public servants who fail them and do a bit of cleaning up on their own!

Wilcox Asks For Shellacking.

THERE are two outstanding disciples in the great army of chumps. The prize boob is the clown who applies a torch to his bridges as soon as his puppies are on the other side and pressing close for first honors is the oaf who sits out on the end of the limb and proceeds to saw it off close to the tree. J. Mark Wilcox, Congressman from the Fourth District, is a combination of both disciples.

After serving two terms in congress and with another his for the mere asking Congressman Wilcox foolishly tosses his hat in the Senatorial ring and announces that he will run against Claude Pepper for United States Senate next year.

Wilcox couldn't beat Pepper if THEY LET HIM DO ALL OF THE VOTING AND DELEGATED MEMBERS OF THE WILCOX FAMILY TO DO THE COUNTING. In other words Wilcox not only places himself in line for a beautiful shellacking, but fritters off the job he now holds and which he would probably retain if he had enough sense to run for it again and not try to beat a man whose political strength is tremendous in every section of the state.

Pepper's overwhelming majority in the last election, despite the fact that his campaign was the shortest in the state's history, should prove to a man as smart as Wilcox is supposed to be that he is impregnable. Pepper's record is an impressive one. Four years ago he ran against the late Senator Park Trammell and except for a "fast count" in Hillsborough county, would have won the seat. Trammell, however, got the office which he filled until the time of his unexpected death a short time before the last election. Pepper ran for the unexpired term of Senator Trammell against Judge C. B. Andrews and won easily, piling up huge majorities in all sections of the state. During the one year he has served in the United States Senate he has performed nobly and will have plenty of time to conduct a strenuous campaign in the next election. It is even doubtful that Wilcox, or any other candidate can even carry South Florida over the popular Pepper and with North and West Florida solidly behind him Pepper will make the election a rank farce.

WAGES WAVER WITH WALGREEN'S WAITRESSES

(BULLETIN:—As MIAMI LIFE goes to press we are informed that former wages are to be restored at the Walgreen store Saturday. Rumors that a threatened sit-down strike caused the promise of restoration of wages could not be verified).

CHAIN stores, like leopards, retain their spots no matter how much camouflage is wrapped around them. Waitresses at Walgreen's recently opened chain drug-store are the newest victims of chain strangulation and it doesn't seem there is anything they can do about it except take it and keep on leading with their petite chins.

When the new store at Flagler and N. E. Second avenue was recently opened amid a wave of ballyhoo and fanfare of trumpets the restaurant division was manned, or rather "girded" by a corps of waitresses transferred from Walgreen's first store at Miami avenue and Flagler street and by others sent in from Walgreen's northern stores. These girls received \$14 per week and their meals and everyone was satisfied.

Evidently business wasn't as good as the Walgreen moguls thought it would be and without warning the waitresses were notified that wages were being cut to \$8.00 per week with meals. Such an announcement shocked the waitresses but even before they recovered from the first disappointment they were advised that "there would be no meals", and that wages were still eight bucks a week—and that's the way it stands now.

One waitress, who walked out rather than be imposed upon explained it this way. "They have discovered that the town is full of girls willing to work for practically nothing and are taking advantage of the situation to obtain cheap help. They know that the old employees won't stand for the cut and will quit and that's EXACTLY WHAT THE MANAGEMENT WANTS. No girl can live on eight dollars a week and pay for her laundry which runs at least one dollar, and her food, and keep her self respect."

It has been and still is a principle of MIAMI LIFE that no man's past be resurrected for use against him so long as he ATTEMPTS to do the right thing by his fellow-men. There are no halos cluttering up the offices of this publication; no member of the staff employs wings as a means of transportation and there isn't a pair of sandals in the wardrobe of the entire personnel. Perhaps, even, when Gabriel emits that mighty blast on the trombone to call the faithful to their reward, there won't be a single member of MIAMI LIFE'S staff in the ensuing rush for the pearly gates—and press passes probably won't be worth the papyrus they're written on. BUT—

Earl "Al" Youst isn't content to wallow in the filth he chooses to surround himself with—he wants to inveigle unblemished boys and girls into the gutter just as a dope fiend seeks to enmesh uninitiated human beings into the delirious heaven in which they seek surcease from reality. And, for that reason, MIAMI LIFE for the moment sets aside its policy to reveal the sordid spectre of smut known to police and purveyors of passion as Earl "Al" Youst, ex-convict and would-be Mob Maestro.

Last week, MIAMI LIFE reluctantly revealed how a fine, upright Miami youth, an athlete and heretofore clean American youngster, had been used by "Al" Youst as a "straw groom" in a wedding ceremony performed secretly at Fort Lauderdale for the sole purpose of evading the law, so that his 17-year-old, more or less, mistress might continue to live with him and "take care of the place" when Al was absent.

The story, published exclusively in these columns, failed to describe how Nicky Nichols, a nationally known homosexual, in collaboration with another miserable human animal of male persuasion, actually staged a PUBLIC exhibition of their unnatural manner of experiencing the ultimate in embraces—or, to put it bluntly, how they obtained their supreme emotion in full view of a 3 A. M. crowd of morons. Nor, was it mentioned that the La Paloma Club used a non-union orchestra several of whose members probably couldn't land a job in a decent, respectable night club.

The story last week failed even to mention the fact that a prominent Chicagoan ten days ago was "rolled" for \$600 by some one at the La Paloma Club—and how Miami police brought the Big Shot, Youst, himself into the station for questioning about this little sideline industry which existed at his club. Sluggings, of course, are far too commonplace to rate mention in any yarn about Mister Youst's PROTECTED rendezvous. He maintains a special troop of suck

Continued on page four

WANNA BUY A TRAFFIC LIGHT?

WANTA buy a traffic light and make life miserable for winter visitors. If you are interested, go up to Dania and see the city officials and they'll fix you right up for the insignificant sum of \$502.

Yup! that's what they get for them, take it or leave it and a couple of Miami Beach hotels which coughed up \$1,004 are wishing they had left it. Incidentally the first hotel which kicked in \$352 for installing a traffic light and \$150 more for a license to distribute handbills to motorists stopped by the light thought it was buying the exclusive "nuisance" privilege. Another hotel falling in line with the idea dug up another \$352 for installing a traffic light WHICH WAS ALREADY INSTALLED and likewise paid \$150 for the handbill license. DANIA OFFICIALS MADE A \$625 PROFIT on the deal which isn't exactly hay.

Plenty of complaints from southbound motorists about alleged "speed traps" and traffic delays in Dania have been forthcoming although the season is barely under way. It is apparent that Dania intends to "cash-in" on Miami's crop of winter visitors and being without race tracks, chain stores or stadiums, has adopted the new and original "Stop Light" system to fill its coffers but—after all the officials are not to be censored too much because the Dixie Highway is Dania's main attraction.

KANARD!

DUE, no doubt, to the active leadership of this weekly news-magazine, a rumor is current that the recent uprising of the citizenry against Al Youst's La Paloma Club was staged by an organization known as the KU KLUX KLEIN. This is a base calumny! All we did was cheer!

R. J. CLEIN, Publisher.

WE'LL WIN WITH WILLIAMS!

WITH J. Mark Wilcox definitely not a candidate for re-election as United States Congressman, Miami, at last, has a golden opportunity to send one of its outstanding statesmen to Washington and who is better qualified than MAYOR ROBERT R. WILLIAMS?

This section, as never before, needs a man of Williams' calibre and ability in Washington. He is easily the most popular man in Dade county and has hundreds of friends and admirers throughout the remainder of the Fourth District. Let's draft him immediately and discourage any opposition from this sector. Palm Beach county, home of Wilcox, will doubtless dig up a candidate but when Miamians get together they're plenty hard to beat. We can WIN WITH WILLIAMS—Come on folks who want to start the first WILLIAMS FOR CONGRESS CLUB? Once the ball starts rolling the civic minded voters of Miami and Dade county will keep it going until it rolls right down Pennsylvania avenue into the congressional halls with Bob Williams sitting right smack on top of it.

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"Cabbages and Kings"

THANKSGIVING Day, although strictly American in origin, has permeated countries the world over . . . Even in China, at least in port cities, before the present turmoil cut loose, Chinese and other foreign residents joined with Yankees in celebrating this festive observance . . . Parts of the American Army of Occupation on Thanksgiving Day, 1918, virtually depleted the Duchy of Luxemburg of pigs by buying them wholesale . . . The American dollar being worth so many of the fallen German Empire's marks, a pig could be had for a song . . . Instead of gorging themselves with Turkey, the soldiers inflated themselves with pig and its various by-products . . . And the natives shoved up chairs and joined in with gusto.

OUT in Southern California, authorities are holding a woman accused of practicing "witchcraft" . . . Such things still flourish in this country . . . In St. Louis, hundreds of persons, white as well as black, flock to a Dingo voodoo doctor who peddles them such truck as black cat bone, \$10; luck for policy, dice or cards, \$5 . . . Luck for keeping a rooming house full sets you back \$15 . . . To purchase eggs to "move your enemies," this hocus-pocus doctor will nick your bankroll for \$5 apiece . . . It is estimated that jigaboos in Louisiana, Alabama and Mississippi kick in with \$1,000,000 annually for charms, love-potions and philters . . . But if the voodoos didn't get that sucker money, some other 'skins' would.

FUNNY thing happened recently in a small California town . . . The Chinese quarter caught fire and flames threatened to wipe out the entire district . . . A mob of Japanese, living down the road a piece, ran to the rescue and by methodical assistance soon gained control . . . One old Chinese soberly thanked the Jap head-man and the mob returned to its quarters . . . Next day, they were as bitter as ever.

IF YOU think those Japs aren't heart and soul in favor of what may roughly be termed Unity as opposed to Herbert Hoover's "rugged individuality" consider a movement afoot in Nippon these days . . . Scorning the crudities of European dictators, the Japs are now attempting to control thought on the Islands . . . "Thought surveillance" offices have been set up in such major cities as Tokijo, Osaka, Nagoya, Hiroshima, Senda, Sapporo and Fukuoka . . . A law passed by the Diet will regulate public thinking and erase from the Oriental minds all dangerous and seditious ideas.

THE Royal Canadian Mounted Police is abandoning horses in favor of automobiles in order to get their men . . . This is due, chiefly, to the fact that the wanted men use autos, too . . . An Australian for years has been enjoying himself by "skipping" flat stones which abound on his property across a stream into muddy flats on the yon side . . . Recently a scientist, surprised at the weight of these stones, had one assayed . . . It turned out to be a \$250 nugget of pure platinum.

A MALAY sultan visiting the Western world for the first time by traipsing off to London, was amazed at almost everything he saw . . . But the marvel of marvels to him was a revolving hotel door, which he played with for hours on end while guards diverted other traffic to other doors so His Nibs wouldn't be disturbed . . . Virtually 95 per cent of all prisoners atop the City Hall Jail have colds from the 24-hour draft in effect there . . . so they say.

THE Miami News erroneously broadcast the canard that the Harrell boy's father had a prescription for diptheria medicine when he was jailed and now beams the fact that the March of Time publicized the falsehood over the country. That's like the lout who raped a girl and then blamed her for being so comely. What he had was a cough-syrup prescription.

ONE would gather from the sudden interest of the Tribune in negro slums is that there has been a lot of niggers in a woodpile all the time.

THIS seems to be an opportune time for Commissioner Gardner to scare up a few turkeys at the city prison farm.

MIAMI police are overlooking a good bet by not stationing men at local golf courses, where a lot of drunken driving is going on from time to time.

SPORT-POUR-RI

DESPITE THE continued patronage of college football, scores this season indicate an obvious need for more elastic rules to open up the game just as baseball some years ago, while in the doldrums, introduced the "rabbit ball" to permit more scoring and less "tight", listless games. Either that or a radical change in the scoring system. Upsets this year have almost become the rule rather than the exception. Each Saturday, a team which has been outplayed in all departments throughout the four quarters, has taken advantage of a slip, sneaked over a score and emerged as victor over a far superior outfit.

Last week for instance, Notre Dame overwhelmed a valiant Army eleven which failed to penetrate the Irish territory except on a punt and fumble all afternoon. Yet the Micks were lucky to score a 7 to 0 triumph. And Alabama, outplayed by Georgia Tech until only five minutes of play remained, grasped a couple of golden opportunities and nosed out the Rambling Wrecks in a Garrison finish.

We don't recall right off, but one major college team defeated another a week ago—although the winner actually lost more ground than it gained from scrimmage! It has become a regular habit to pick up the Sunday accounts and read where a thoroughly beaten team suddenly recovered a fumble, or received the benefit of a penalty, and registered the points on the score board which established it as the winner over a crowd that completely outclassed it.

Red Grange, the Illinois Phantom of Yesterday, has suggested that if college football were to adopt the rule that "passes" might be heaved from any spot behind the line, instead of not closer than five precious yards behind it, offensive play might be strengthened sufficiently as to place rewards with the stronger team and, incidentally, provide fans with the thrills so common in the professional leagues. Certainly such a change would make the college game much more spectacular.

THOSE eleventh-hour offensives staged the past three weeks by Jock Sutherland's Pittsburgh Panthers leads one to wonder whether the Smokey City mentor hasn't borrowed and improved upon one of the late, immortal Knute Rockne's favorite tricks. Rock, you remember, depended largely upon juggling his reserves in such a way as to use a second team to batter the opposing lines with more-or-less straight football and then, when the enemy front wall was faltering, insert his fresh first team to run their opponents ragged with a series of entirely different trick-plays. You can consult your records and see where Rock's teams invariably scored nearly all their points in one, or perhaps two, quarters and were content to hold the enemy at a safe distance the rest of the route. Pitt this year seems fresher in the fourth quarter than in the preceding three, and you'll notice that with the exception of Goldberg, Sutherland usually inserts a couple of key-men into the lineup just before the fireworks start. In seven minutes of play against Notre Dame, the Panthers reversed an 0 to 6 score against them to a 21 to 6 victory and last week they skipped past Nebraska in even less time than that. It may be, of course, that Pitt has the stamina to outlast their opponents, but these last minute spurts are coming along too frequently to put it down as bull luck.

"Don't you know that you will ruin your stomach by drinking?"
"Oh, thash all right; it won't show with my coat on."

"Mama, may I go out to play?"
"What! With those holes in your pants?"
"No, with the little boy next door."

BRAIN TEASER ANSWERS

1. Douglas Fairbanks, jr.
2. Drink it, because either is a large quantity of champagne.
3. It might be legal but it is impossible. If his wife is a widow, the ma is dead.
4. Fan dancers. Helen Gould Beck is Sally Rand's real name and Gladys Horvick is Gypsy Rose Lee.
5. Mrs. Molly O'Leary's cow kicked a lamp and started the great Chicago fire.
6. Just one, the broad jump. He is co-holder of the 100-yard dash record.
7. Elmer Oliphant.
8. Nevada with a population of 91,058.
9. Vice-admiral.
10. Xylophone, X-ray, Xmas.

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Maybe T'Is Because The Season Is Over

IN the issue of last Sunday, November 14th, the remarkable Miami News published this startling bit of information exactly as reprinted below:

MOVIES HURTING JOE?
NEW YORK — Teammates say that Joe DiMaggio's recent mild slump has been caused by his movie work. The Kleig lights hurt his eyes.

Add paradox: As a fan dancer Gypsy Rose Lee is without a peer.

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So YOU Say--

WE WONDER, TOO!

Editor: I have noticed recently that the track reports of your Jockey Jimmy have been left out of your paper. Many of us wonder why. Please publish the reason.

Herman Hahn.

HERE'S A POSER

Editor: This reader of MIAMI LIFE wishes to congratulate you upon your precision in predicting that those charged with bombing the Miami Beach and Coral Gables buildings would be proved innocent. At this time, it is not certain that they will be cleared but one thing is certain. You were correct in publishing the fact that, contrary to the newspaper's versions, no confessions have been brought to light. Why in the world should the authorities put these accused men to a Lie Detector Test if they already had confessed? I confess this line of reasoning is beyond the writer. Can LIFE explain it?
A.F.G.

"STICK AROUND"

Editor: Can your publication PROVE that the La Paloma Club sells liquor without a license in Dade County? Have you ever brought it to the attention of the constituted authorities? Has anything ever been done in this regard? Or is it merely a means towards selling your paper? A group of us should like to know the answer. Some of us think you have a personal grievance against the owners of that club. Others claim you have not. Why does not your paper clear this matter up and if you are sincere DEMAND in the interest of us all that this club be closed, once and for all? Enclosed you will find a self-addressed envelope. If you cannot answer in your paper, please let us know directly of the facts and we will see if we can bring this matter to the attention of the county commissioners, several of whom are friendly with this organization.
Very truly yours,
.....Secretary.

GREEBY'S 1916 MODEL CAR GETS PLASTERED

RHAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who solved the problem of automobile blow-outs by running his 1916 Brush on the rims, rolled into the police inspection depot, jerked out all the wires and rolled to a dead stop. Removing his goggles and duster, he alighted and drew his gauntlets from his hands.



"Howdy, gents!" he chortled, shifting his cud and smirking like a City Commissioner on a wild chicken hunt. "There she is. Look 'er over and paste one of them stickers on the hood—I don't go in for windshields."

The inspector sauntered over and eyed the heap. "That horn on your jalopy looks like it's broken," he muttered for a beginner.

"No, it's just indifferent," replied Greeby, nonchalantly. "What'd you mean, indifferent?" snapped the Copper. "It just doesn't give a hoot," replied the Greeb, dropping into dialect. He pulled a stogie from a vest pocket, broke it in two and offered the shorter end to the Law.

"Just ran down from Chitling Switch," Greeby said by way of conversation. "I was struck with the way the highway commissioners have placed signs along the highway warning petters."

The Officer eyed Greeby askant. "What do the signs say?" he asked.

"Beware of soft shoulders," answered the Greeb. "It was raining as I came into Flat- us, Florida, and I got into conversation with an old settler and his son at a service station.

"I says to the old man 'Looks like it's clearing up,' and the old man says, 'Well, I sure hope so, not so much for myself as for my boy here. I've already seen the sun.'"

The Cop grunted as he pulled a whisk broom out of the carburetor. "I suppose you're one of them there globe trotters," he snarled, extracting an imitation chinchilla overcoat from the crank-shaft.

"Oh yes," admitted Greeby, in his best Oxfordian slur. "And shall I ever forget the day I first set foot in

the Hotel Mediteranee in Paris. I didn't know a word of French and I was so confoundedly tired of answering questions of the customs officers that, no matter what they asked me, I'd always answer 'Greeby.' That first day I seated myself next to a strange man who smiled and said: 'Bon jour.' I didn't know what in Hell he was asking me so I merely answered 'Greeby' and went on with my soup.

"At dinner that day, the same guy sat down to me and said the same thing: 'Bon jour,' and so I merely answered him 'Greeby.' After I got done eating, I asked a clown in the bar and was told that 'Bon jour' meant 'Good day' in good old American language. So that night I was all set for that guy. When he came in and sat down next to me, I ups and said in my loudest voice: 'Bon jour!' And damned if the guy didn't smile at me and answer: 'Greeby.'"

The Inspector had fallen asleep, draped over a fender. Greeby removed a sticker from his pocket, attached it to the hood, cranked the relic and was off in a cloud of dust—heifer dust.

BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB PREPARES FOR OPENING

THE new Wonderlure mechanical rabbit at the improved Biscayne Kennel club is attracting record crowds nightly for schooling races over the large northside oval.

Fans, owners and trainers are enthusiastic over improvements made at the track this year and have pronounced the new rabbit "the greatest improvement in greyhound racing during the last 10 years."

Joe Adams, general manager, said yesterday, "In keeping with the track's policy of introducing improvements as soon as they have proven feasible we have installed the new disappearing rabbit and a waite photo finish camera for this season. We are looking forward to the greatest year in the history of the track and have made every improvement possible to plant and racing strip."

Fast times and thrilling finishes have resulted from the sparkling performance of the new lure in early schoolings. The new camera introduced by Mr. Adams for the first time on a greyhound track in the South, will be in action for the start of official schooling races under the sanction of the State Racing Commission on November 23. Official racing will start at the northside oval with the annual Inaugural on the night of December 1.

Favorites of last season and a flock of promising youngsters arrived at the track and are in schooling for the Inaugural trials.

Among the leading kennels with dogs now in schooling is the Oswald Brothers kennel with dogs of the famous Traffic Officer Strain. Affectionately known throughout the greyhound racing fraternity as "Big Red," Traffic Officer was recognized as the greatest sire developed in the sport in this country. Some of his line now racing in schoolings at the Biscayne are Police Court, Snow-

shoes, Courthouse, Andy's Court and Tennis Court, in addition to some youngsters of promise.

The well known Frank Athanasaw has returned to the track with a kennel of proven veterans and willing puppies. The top performer in his kennel is Mutton Hash, outstanding sprinter of the Memphis, Tenn., meeting during the summer.

Sally Tite, second in the Biscayne Derby last year and a greatly improved racer this season, returns to make a bid for the Inaugural title.

Careful Player, second in the consolation derby this summer at Taunton, Mass., and an outstanding middle distance runner at Biscayne is back in better condition than ever. The speedster, according to Athanasaw, will reach peak racing form in time for the Inaugural.

Miss Freda Koonitz has most of her dogs in training and is pointing for a spot in the opening feature. Extra, winner of the Inaugural last year and first in the \$2,000 Stake Race at Revere Beach, Mass., during the summer, will school for the first time here this season early next week. Miss Koonitz is regarded as the outstanding woman owner and trainer in greyhound racing.

Adams extends an invitation to the general public to attend school-

ing races and inspect the many improvements at the track. Children also may attend schooling races.

Traveler: "What's the use of having a time-table if your trains don't run on time?"
Porter: "If we didn't have a time table how would you know the train wasn't on time?"

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ON THE CUFF

JAIL - BIRDS, repeaters or "come-backs" whom newspapers describe by the less colorful name of "police characters" complain that once they are "knocked over" by Cops for drinking too many mugs of grog here in Miami, they are marked men and are run in if they even so much as look at a bottle. Not so long ago, a little old soak was haled before the municipal judge, who asked him how he pleaded. "Your honor," the prisoner piped up, indignantly, "I've been trying to get to my home for eleven months and I can't ever get any farther than Second Avenue before one of these prowls cars slides alongside and nabs me!" The judge smiled. "Where do you live?" he asked. "On Fourth Avenue," answered the man. "Well, I'll just let you try it now—you won't get picked up if you go straight home." The prisoner departed. He was back before the judge the next day. "I thought you said you'd go straight home," hizzoner said. "Well, I'll tell you, judge," was the reply, "it was so long since I'd been home, I'd plumb forgotten the direction and first thing I knew I was way out on North Miami avenue and met a couple of fellows and... The judge started writing. "Thirty days flat," was all he said....

A WIDELY - KNOWN Miami Beach man, whose hair is greying on the edges, has a very young appearing wife. Recently while in a reminiscent mood, he explained: "When I married my wife," he said, "she told me she was 22 years old. Her girl friends confirmed her statement. I was so madly in love, it didn't make much difference to me. So we

were married. It wasn't until after we had our second child that she confessed. She was only a couple months over 14 years old when we wed. She DID look young but she acted so sophisticated that she fooled not only me but the marriage license clerk and the minister. And that's why she is still a kid at heart while I'm getting to be an old man. But we've never had one single quarrel."

THERE'S a daughter of an up-stage family hereabouts who was sadly disillusioned one day recently, when a budding romance of hers flopped like a wet sock on a bathroom floor. This personable young lady met a charming blonde Adonis in a night club during one of those impromptu free-for-all parties which occur in the best of regulated hot-spots when the alky is racing through various veins. The two instantly fell for each other, and waived Queen Victorian introductions by introducing themselves. He told her he was a technical engineer sent here from the north on a secret mission, but promised to get in touch with her at the earliest possible moment. Fate took a hand in the game, and the gal, while motoring through a suburban community, ran out of gas. Rolling up to a convenient service station, she was surprised to see the attendant beating it for the nearest door instead of proffering his services. But she saw enough of him to recognize the technical engineer who is here on a secret mission. Needless to say, he hasn't called her because that only happens in Moom Pictures and Mark Hellinger's yarns.

They Tell Me

A neighborhood social club will soon bust up because its members don't know that too many cooks spoil the broth.

!!!
"Blimp" Hickland has decided to park his car on his bed and sleep in the garage, so both will have more room

!!!
The little N. W. 22nd Street blond will never be the same since she went for a ride with the shipping firm official

!!!
That beautiful Hebe damsel on the Beach, whose Dad has oodles of sugar, has already fallen for a soda jerk and may be recalled to New Joisey at any moment, now

!!!
Eloise and her boy friend are saving their jack against a cottage for two—and, perhaps, a blessed event

!!!
The only reason the potential inventor and the sister of his "angel" don't march up the aisle is that both are afraid that if they do, the old man will withhold his much welcome jack

!!!
That darling curb girl away out west where men are men—on West Flagler—is somebody's else darling, so don't get fresh

!!!
That gay old bird at Tom Heeny's the other night isn't a millionaire at all—he's caretaker for a millionaire's winter home

!!!
Chickie and Paul thought they were seeing an apparition when they had a visitor clad only in a bath robe

!!!
Somebody is wondering whose swell man's coat that was that hung in his hotel closet and why it was removed too suddenly for him to wear it

!!!
Barnacle Bill the Sailor came across the Atlantic Ocean with a barrel of Nigger-Head Rum tied to his back

!!!
Speaking of nuts—there's a Georgian in town who passes out pecans right and left whenever he meets a person—carries 'em in every pocket

!!!
Eugene is entertaining serious doubts about his blonde dream, since he heard she came in at 5 one morning recently

!!!
If Mildred keeps getting thinner, she'd better quit eating olives or the neighbors will begin talking

!!!
Little Bobbie is making eyes at a girl in the same block

!!!
Joan, of the cupid's bow lips, threw her beau over for a downtown policeman

!!!
Francis and her unseen sweetie, Bill, carried on quite a correspondence via the note route

"All In A Life Time"

HERE'S a tale for the book. It happened here in Miami only the other night. A reputable young man who holds a responsible position with a national organization was pinched for sipping too much sily-sap. Into the Clink he went to sleep it off. After the customary four hours were up, the jailer permitted him to use a telephone and he put in a call for his fiancée.

NOW, his fiancée also holds a responsible position with a downtown firm and is known throughout the smarter classes as tops in decorum. The jailed youth hated like Blixon to rouse her from her cozy bed on such a sad errand, but he figured she would understand a lot better than his business associates, whom he didn't care to share in his disgraceful secret.

BUT try as he might, he couldn't get an answer. "I know my party is there," he told the telephone supervisor. "Please, see if there's something wrong with the phone at that number." The supervisor tried but stated that the party just did not answer. At any rate, the youngster had to suffer the indignity of appearing before Judge Curry and drawing down a fine of \$5 and costs—which, they say, totals \$9.40, which the youth was not holding. Later, however, by phoning another friend, the young man paid his fine and immediately made tracks for his fiancée's office.

ARRIVING there, he learned that the girl had not shown up for work that morning. That had him nonplussed, as we used to say back in English III. So he started phoning her friends. But the answers were identical—none knew where the girl was. Finally he made his way to his own home. Entering the house, he was winked aside by his brother. "Where in Hell have you been?" the brother demanded. "Mary (that's NOT her name) has phoned you a dozen times!" The fiance breathed a sigh of relief. "Where is she?" he asked, eagerly. "She's in jail—pinched for drunken driving!" answered the brother.

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

What hotel was that the Biscayne matron was coming out of the other a. m. and why so early—or late ? ? ?

What is Harold Ross going to do with Kelly's job when his influential friend, Colman, gets it for him and when is it going to happen ? ? ?

Did the Beach business man change his mind about a divorce after losing all that dough—or just before ? ? ?

How long will Bess of the Fire-Police eatery continue to feed Eddie and provide him with a sailboat to play with ? ? ?

Why are all the neighbors boycotting Herman, the sundry store manager ? ? ?

Why didn't Helen call on her friends when she needed help ? ? ?

Who is the best gal of Cracker, the Demon Taximan ? ? ?

Is Dottie the pill-purveyor high-hat or is she high-hat ? ? ?

Why doesn't a Cop who's cuckoo about a beautiful Latin girl on the S. W. side stage his amorous billing someplace else for a change instead of on the side or front of her home ? ? ?

Did Harriet and her Jacksonville boy friend really try to fix their car's engine when it went bad the other mid-nite under a full Miami moon and how did they manage to keep warm. ? ? ?

Is it true at least that O. Felix has a divorce on file at Ft. Myers and is he going through with it this time ? ? ?

Where did the S. E. First Avenue blond get those new kicks she's wearing ? ? ?

Isn't Adkins the county motor cop working himself out of a job through his activities ? ? ?

Does that shrew who had her boarder pinched for libations think she'll ever collect her board bill ? ? ?

What telephone man painted a white stripe on each side of his sidewalk just before the start of the holiday season. ? ? ?

How many more G-Men will be added to the nineteen now operating in Miami when the season starts ? ? ?

Whether Marjorie was disappointed when she didn't make a certain sorority and if her wall isn't tinged with that sour grape color ? ? ?

Is it true that Bill Crawford is author of the crack that King George really doesn't stutter—"he only talks that way" ? ? ?

Will Marie go back to the counter-hopper now that the City Slicker has given her the air ? ? ?

Is Esther going to listen to that horse-player and be left holding the sack again ? ? ?

What's become of that juvenile commission the Junior Chamber of Commerce was figuring on starting off on the right foot ? ? ?

Which one of the cats at that N. E. First Street hotel set it afire—not the brunette, was it ? ? ?

Did you know that Eddie Harper has his own broadcasting station and doesn't need to monkey with 'phones ? ? ?

What prominent city official was horsey at the Royal Palm the other night and with what elite blond ? ? ?

Why doesn't Ross Allen get a job at the La Paloma Club with the rest of the b-b-boys ? ? ?

What nifty looking salt-and-pepper thatched widow won HIGH honors at the Royal Palm opening ? ? ?

Where is Vera keeping her attractive red head ? ? ?

Did Mildred of West Flagler mean what she said ? ? ?

What shop proprietor propositions his hired girls the first day they start working and cans them pronto if they aren't 'willin' ? ? ?

What Dallas Park district doctor was seen by witnesses the other night strictly sober ? ? ?

Wasn't that Cop leaning backwards in bearing down on the white tourist and clearing the Dings, when their auto's collided, and when witnesses said neither was at fault ? ? ?

Is it true that two gals staged an outright battle over O'Neal ? ? ?

Is Bill about to file for divorce from his chic little spouse in favor of that brass-headed hooker ? ? ?

Where Charlie does his race horse business these days since he became a fugitive from a certain bookie who wants to cash in on a few markers ? ? ?

If the chap who married the "paint" blonde one week after he obtained his divorce threatened to blacken his wife's character if she tried to prevent the divorce being granted ? ? ?

Which department store employee pawned his wife's rings to make payments on an automobile ? ? ?

TEN BRAIN TEASERS

- Who was Joan Crawford's husband before Franchot Tone?
- If you had a Balthazar or a Nebuchadnezzar would you drink it, keep it in a cage or wear it?
- Is it legal for a man to marry his widow's sister?
- What did Helen Gould Beck and Gladys Hovick have in common?
- What historical event happened on De Koven street in Chicago on October 8, 1871?
- How many world's athletic records are held alone by Jesse Owens, Olympic games star?
- What famous football player played three years with Purdue and four years at West Point?
- Which one of the United States has the smallest population?
- Which ranks highest in the U. S. Navy, a vice-admiral or a rear admiral?
- Do you know three commonly used words beginning with the letter X?

(Answers on page 2)

Actor: "What is so rare as a day in June?"
Voice from Gallery: "A red-headed Chinaman."

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Pop's Puzzle!

MY daughter Ann is cranky,
As sour as she can be,
And always discontented—
She don't get it from me!
Her pillow slip shows clearly
How midnight crying wets it—
A sad girl, and unhappy—
I don't know where she gets it!

My daughter May's contented,
And always satisfied—
In fact I can't remember
A time when she has cried!
No vain desire disturbs her,
No want—she never lets it!
A lively girl, and happy—
I don't know where she gets it!

Red and Marie aren't on such good terms any more, they say

!!!
That lawyer who was shuffled out of an up-to-date nautch house recently was given the bum's rush because he insisted upon buying drinks with gutta-percha checks

!!!
Frank is playing favorites to show since the slots went out

!!!
The alleged newspaperman who told the Skunk story and hung it onto a Miami weekly NEWSmagazine might do well to take a few lessons from the 'has-beens' on that sheet—and then, mebbe, he'd earn a living wage

!!!
There is no truth in the report that Tim has fallen for a public stenog

Lillian must have taken the veil because she's never seen any more

!!!
Some of the boys are asking if it is love between the fireman and the hasher

!!!
They say that a certain sanitarium patient is thinking of switching positions with his male nurse—by putting the nurse in bed and annoying him for a while

!!!
The handsome Union official who gets so hot-and-bothered when his friends ask HIM a favor—for a change—should know better by this time

DORMITORIES used by Harvard students are named after the score, or more of noted educators who have presided over the famous institution of learning. Each dormitory is named as it is built. For instance there is Elliott House, Lowell House and Angell House. So far only one famous former president of Harvard has failed to have a dormitory named in his honor—Samuel Hoar—1812-1843.

There's a reason why MIAMI LIFE is growing!

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Girl Usherettes At The Paramount

MIAMI'S first theater usherettes will make their debut Thanksgiving Day at the Paramount theater. Jonas Perlberg, alias "Pearly," publicity chief for Paramount Enterprises, is the lucky gent who recruited and trained the glamorous damsels and he reports a corps of usherettes so beautiful that patrons will be unable to keep their minds on the picture or stage attractions. The girls will wear snappy uniforms and everything will click with military precision. Each girl was chosen for beauty, punctuality and common sense (?) or somethin'. The usherettes will be known as the "Toppers".

W. R. Lynch, general manager of Paramount Enterprises of Miami has announced a new operating staff for the season at the Paramount. Perlberg, in addition to his publicity chores, will be director of activities co-operating with house manager Charles Whitaker, formerly connected with the publicity staff. Policy of the theater will be presentation of outstanding motion pictures with headline vaudeville acts and stage units including road shows. Incidentally all employees of the Paramount including the "Toppers" are Miami-ans.

So YOU Say—

Editor Miami Life,
167 N. E. 2nd Street,
Dear Sir:

Now that the annual Air Races are just around the corner I suppose it is time for us to start preparing for the usual mis-management and inconvenience experienced every year. I have attended every air meet since the first one and never yet have I been able to drive direct to the airport without being shunted around over half of Dade County by a corps of uniformed men, supposedly policemen.

Ticket sellers start jumping on running boards two miles from the scene of action and utter confusion always prevails around the parking spaces and ticket offices. Twice I have found other persons occupying box seats for which I held tickets and my feet are invariably sore for days and days on account of the trampling I receive from a rushing crowd of hoodlums wearing "Press Badges."

The Air Races are genuine attractions for Miami and should be handled on a business like basis. I am hoping (against hope) that things will be different this year.

J. C. Chidister,
Miami Beach.

"My, my, your poor hubby! Did he die in the summer or the fall?"

"Both! He was an aviator."

"You think I've met you somewhere before?"

"Sure, you met me half way at the beach last summer."

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60,000 CARDS USED

APPROXIMATELY 60,000 survey cards in President Roosevelt's Unemployment Census have been distributed in the Greater Miami area according to Postmaster Hill and the return is very satisfactory.

"We are striving to get one of the cards in each home in Miami," said Postmaster Hill today. "And I urge every patriotic person in Dade county who is not employed to fill in the cards and get them back in the mails before Saturday night. Cards are available at any branch postoffice, here at the main office or may be obtained from any letter carrier either in the city or rural."

Miami Slot Machines Are Now In Chicago

WHAT happened to the 3,000, or more, slot machines which operated in Dade County for two years? Most of them are in Chicago waiting to be sold at second-hand prices. A few hundred are in a warehouse in Macon, Ga., and the rest are scattered around Havana.

When the one-armed bandits were outlawed in Florida nearly half of them were shipped to Havana where it was understood they would be permitted to run. After the machines arrived government officials changed their minds and the slots were hastily re-shipped to Chicago. Machines which cost from \$90 to \$125 each were sold to the Chicago firm for \$25 and are being resold for \$40 and \$50 in states where they are legal.

Major Bowes Pays Tribute To Miami

THE studio used by Maj. Edward Bowes for his weekly Thursday night amateur hour was typically Miami Thursday night when Miami became the honor city. Palms, coconuts, orange and lime trees were arranged in the lobby and the inside was lavishly decorated with tropical flowers, orange blossoms and palms. A football with an invitation inscribed inviting Major Bowes to attend the annual Orange Bowl game on New Year's day was delivered by Dick Merrill, famous aviator. In accepting the ball and invitation Major Bowes said, "This is probably the longest forward pass ever made." Approximately 2,000 persons who assembled in the studio in Radio City were presented with miniature packages of Florida grown limes.

"Baby, I'm going to kiss you until you faint in my arms."

"Okay, if you'll also kiss me until I come to."

When a girl brings home the sugar regularly it's a pretty good indication that she knows her suites.

Girls with checkered pasts have to keep moving or be cornered.

KLAN KLEANS KLUB!

Continued from page one

er-punchers to keep the recalcitrant customers in line.

But, following MIAMI LIFE'S story last week, which in fact was mild when one considers the material at hand, one of Boss Youst's Bouncers strode into the office of this weekly, with a six-shooting Gat in one hip pocket and a leaden persuader — blackjack — in the other and proceeded to deal out threats and intimidation freely.

Of course, MIAMI LIFE could have employed the refuge of a scoundrel and threatened to "Call the Law" just as Al Youst did Monday night after the Klansmen and Klanswomen paid him an impromptu visit and kicked the furniture around. But there probably are enough Lice and Rats in the city bastille already without chucking in any more.

In announcing his anger to representatives of the Miami Tribune, which righteous newspaper continues to advertise this legalized sex circus as so much a column-inch, Youst defied the Klan, said he intended to reopen and threatened to GET PROTECTION from the law.

As though he weren't ALREADY GETTING PROTECTION!

If the Klan backs up the Hobo Express at the La Paloma Club for a load of Vermin, Filth and Swill, thus at one fell swoop protecting our growing generation from its insidious influence and clearing the atmosphere of a foul smell, it will have our thanks.

Any seconds?

Recipe For Cooking Thanksgiving Turk.

USE sound judgment in selecting your turkey. Pick the oldest one your butcher has. It will not be tender but certainly he will be more experienced. It is advisable to remove the feathers, where convenient, and also the feet if your roasting pan happens to be a small one. Stuffing the turkey is an important part of good cooking. Take two loaves of stale bread and soak them overnight in turpentine. Chop up one rubber boot and add two cups of feathers and four ounces of pig-iron. Sew the stuffing in an old hot water bottle or a pillow slip before putting inside the bird. In case you have trouble with the stuffing use plain vaseline or axle-grease.

After the turkey is stuffed put in oven and stand near the telephone in case of an explosion. If nothing happens baste turkey with liquid sani-flush or an axe-handle. Keep in oven for twelve minutes and then drop into a frying pan filled with canal water for a half hour. Continue basting and if turkey bastes back stab through gizzard with an ice pick. Keep a careful eye on the drum-sticks and also the slide trombone and the oboes.

When turkey is nicely blackened remove from oven and call the board of health. Before serving turkey to the family, bundle said family in the family flivver and go to the nearest restaurant for your Thanksgiving dinner. This will make the family appreciate the meal all the more.

GRANDPAPPY

Grandpappy Morgan, a hill-billy of the Ozarks, had wandered off into the woods and failed to return for supper, so young Tolliver was sent to look for him. He found him standing in the bushes.

"Gettin' dark, Grandpap," the tot ventured.

"Yep."

"Suppertime, Grandpap."

"Yep."

"Ain't ye hungry?"

"Wal, air ye comin' home?"

"Nope."

"Why ain't ye?"

"Can't."

"Why can't ye?"

"Standin' in a b'ar trap."

Oddly enough, lots of housewives find they're playing with fire when they flirt with the iceman.

A guy who puts all his money on a horse's nose usually makes the other end of the horse out of himself.

Economy Cleaners Head Arrested For Cleaning Suit For 39 Cents

SAYS HIS FIRM WILL CARRY CASE TO U. S. SUPREME COURT IF NECESSARY; RELEASED ON OWN RECOGNIZANCE.

THE unusual procedure of a business man being arrested for charging what he considered a fair price for a certain piece of work instead of a much higher price was experienced by A. E. Lichtenstein, president of the Economy Cash and Carry Cleaners, Inc., Thursday afternoon.

Lichtenstein was arrested on a warrant issued by Justice of The Peace Thomas Ferguson upon a complaint signed by J. H. Cheatham. Cheatham asserted that he paid the Economy Cleaners 39 cents for cleaning and pressing a suit on November 18, instead of the 65 cent price fixed by the state Cleaning, Dyeing and Pressing Board.

The arrest was made shortly before 5 o'clock and Lichtenstein promptly went to the county jail and surrendered. Phillip E. Paine, an associate of Attorney E. F. P. Brigham, who is in Tallahassee, accompanied the local laundryman and immediately telephoned Brigham asking him to obtain a writ of habeas corpus from the state supreme court. The writ was issued in less than two hours and Lichtenstein was released upon a telegraphic order from the clerk of the supreme court. He was not required to post bond but was freed upon his own recognizance.

Upon being released Lichtenstein said: "I feel that it is an injustice to be incarcerated for violating a law which is plainly contrary to the fundamental principals of American business. I do not intend to submit passively to intimidation and I am going to take this case straight to the supreme court and to the United States supreme court if necessary. I feel that it should be my privilege to operate my business in accordance with the principals that have built it up from its inception."

"Curse it, curse it," hissed the villain, snatching at the girl's waist.

"No it ain't either," she retorted. "It's only a girdle."

"I divorced my wife after I caught her posing for another man."

"That's nothing to get angry over."

"I know, but she was posing as his wife."

Man (in prison garb) — Hide me, quick! I'm an escaped wife-beater!

Hennecked Husband—Hide you, nothing! Gosh, man, I'll hire you!

The straight and narrow road is no road to go to town on.

Mr. Gottmuck — Frankly, girls, I'm all in favor of wild oats.

The Girls—Sow say we all!

A S. E. First Avenue dame wants to know if Paul is married

"I'm sorry that I haven't a nickel," said the lady as she handed the car conductor a ten-dollar bill.

"Don't worry, lady, you're going to have 199 of 'em in a couple of minutes."

He: The trouble with you, hon', is that you're love-sick."

She: "Well, a pill like you won't cure me."

"It's easy to write a play. First act, boy meets girl; second act, they hold hands; third act, they kiss."

"That's how I got arrested."

"What do you mean?"

"I wrote a four-act play."

"So you married your boss. How long did you work for him?"

"Until I got him."

There's a reason why MIAMI LIFE is growing!

ROYAL PALM DANCES ARE BY JANE KEENOY

THAT new floor show at the Royal Palm Club is really something to write home about. Jane Keenoy's interpretation of the Cuban Comparsa and her Congo number are exceptionally well done. Flea Madden and his drums furnish just the right amount of comedy. All dance numbers are staged under the direction of Miss Keenoy — "Suicide 13", Roman & Ramona, Argentine sensations offer something different along the tango line and Nice. Florio & Lubow present a hilarious comedy sketch, "Those Crazy People."

"You done kissed mah daughter," thundered the hill-billy pappy. The city slicker lifted his lips and sneered, "Go 'way. I ain't done. I'm only half finished."

"Puease, just one?"

"Nay, nay, sir."

"Please, may I—"

"Nay, nay."

"Say, was your mother scared by a horse?"

Beach "PONZI" Still Missing

(Continued from page one)

on notes payable with 10% interest and in addition PROMISED TO GIVE THEM ONE-HALF OF ALL PROFITS DERIVED FROM STOCK SPECULATION. The "system" used calculated to net 42% profit and was unbeatable" according to charts and books kept by the financial wizard. Operations were carried on for more than a year WITH MONTHLY REPORTS BEING MAILED TO INVESTORS. DIVIDENDS, according to some of the speculators, were paid and the whole thing looked kosher. Even "Ponzi" was smart enough to do that, paying one investor with another's money and then inducing all investors to keep adding to the amounts of their original plunge to derive greater profits.

Victims are reluctant to talk and many of them actually believe that they will get their money back. Others have already charged their losses off to "experience" and seem willing to let it go at that realizing that their only recourse is to sue on the notes they received for their cash, which are worthless if the promoter is broke, but—WHEN THE PROMOTER MAILED THOSE MONTHLY REPORTS HE FLIRTED WITH UNCLE SAM and flirting with Old Sammie is something else again. Maybe, we say maybe, the financial wizard's family, reported to be wealthy, will step into the picture and make good.

One Siamese Twin to Another—You must have had a swell time last night. I look like a wreck today.

"Now, then," asked the lawyer, "have you legal grounds for wanting to annul your marriage?" The youth stammered, "Yes, yes, sir. I was shot out of season."

"A nice girl shouldn't hold a young man's hand."

"A nice girl has to."

"What's de trouble, Ger-tie?"

"Aw, de spaghetti's too stringy."

"Why doncher try it wid yer veil off?"

Strange, but when a girl starts flying high, that's when she ceases to be an angel.

"Is Joe a good billiard player?"

"Yes, he's wonderful on the cushions."

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