

Police Graft - Collector Huttoe Threatens Miami Life Owner!



Stolen Goods Are Sold By Walgreens!

SPORTSMAN IS QUIZZED FOR BUYING ILLINOIS HI-JACKED MERCHANDISE

STOLEN GOODS are being sold over the counter at Walgreen's.

Property, taken at the point of guns in Chicago, are being offered for sale by that Dingbat of Dinges,—old Walgreen himself.

You can't well call him a "fence" for the Artful Dodgers, the Bill Sykes, the Fagins of Charles Dickens stories. But — and absorb this—you CAN and you MAY call him the distributor of stolen goods, because—

Several days ago, an internationally-known sportsman, whose name is a household word in these United States, took a Schick Razor into a Schick service shop in the Shoreland Arcade where a Mister Andress is the manager. He wanted to have the razor "fixed".

The razor was handed over to the man in charge, who gave one look and exclaimed: "Where did you get this razor?"

The sportsman answered: "At Walgreen's—Why?"

The man looked over his visitor. He KNEW he was dealing with a man of quality. He faltered a bit. Then said:

"Mister, I don't know you from Adam. But I am telling you something for your own good. This razor was stolen by high-jackers in Chicago. See, that there? That is where the serial numbers are supposed to be. You can't see any, can you? That razor is a STOLEN RAZOR—and I don't give a whoop where you bought it!"

He then explained that he, as well as hundreds of OTHER Schick Razor employees, had been warned by wire and letter to look out for any Schick Razor whose serial number had been erased or tampered with because they were stolen.

There's always more room for a thief. Walgreen's ads will appear daily in the prostituted press—The Herald and The News, but you will never see it in MIAMI LIFE!

STATE OF FLORIDA)
COUNTY OF DADE) SS:
FOR AND IN CONSIDERATION of the sum of
cash in hand paid and other considerations,
the undersigned, Al Youst, hereinafter referred to as party of the first part, hereby bargains, sells and transfers unto Herb Benson, hereinafter referred to as party of the second part, the following property located in Dade County, Florida, to-wit:

That certain business known as LaPaloma Club, being located at No. 2403 Northwest 79th Street, in Miami, Dade County, Florida, together with all tables, chairs, glassware, kitchen range, and equipment, bar equipment, costumes, piano, public address system, musical instruments, household equipment located on the rear of the property, known as No. 2403 1/2 Northwest 79th Street, and all other property of any nature or description whatsoever, being now located upon said premises.
It being the intention of the party of the first part to sell and convey to party of the second part, all of his right, title and interest in and to all of the property now located upon said premises, together with the trade name and good will of the establishment known as LaPaloma Club.

The party of the first part hereby warrants to the party of the second part that there is no mortgages or liens outstanding against any of the above described property, and the said party of the first part hereby warrants and agrees to defend the title to same.

It is further agreed between the parties hereto that said party of the second part shall take possession on December 13, 1937.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, each of the parties hereto have hereunto set their respective hands and seals, this 11th day of December, A. D., 1937.

Signed, sealed and delivered in the presence of:
Al Youst (Seal) Party of first part
Herb Benson (Seal) Party of second part
Dan Chappell
Dorothy Lett

COPPER ORDERS ADS WITHDRAWN IN ATTEMPT TO MUZZLE THIS PAPER

SERGEANT C. (for Charlton) O. Huttoe, head of the Miami Police Vice squad, is a "promiser." As a result of last week's expose of the Bolita game "sacred cows" whom Huttoe protects, at so much a protection, this arrogant, smug public servant, a bum in uniform if ever there was one, bragged, boasted and gloated that—

"If Reubin Clein even so much as MENTIONS my name again in 'that dirty rag of his'n', I'll send that bastard to the penitentiary!"

Well, Mister Huttoe, there is a lot of room in the Pen, and THEY STILL SEND 'EM UP THERE ONCE IN A WHILE FOR NOT PAYING INCOME TAX? Get it, Mister Huttoe? If you DON'T, send some of the Federal boys up to see us sometime!

In other words, this self-annointed Czar threatens the 'pursuit of happiness' of the publisher of MIAMI LIFE because he publishes the truth about an officer of the law who has NO friends—excepting of course, those pecuniary-minded merchants who look to Sergeant Huttoe for "protection."

To present an example, let us consider the repercussions which followed the expose last week in MIAMI LIFE in which were enumerated the "Bolita Joints" which pay a weekly "grease" or bribe to Sergeant C. (for Charlton) O. Huttoe.



On Saturday afternoon, the proprietor of the place whose advertisement is reproduced alongside, phoned MIAMI LIFE and told us to cancel his advertising contract.

This "ad" as you will see by consulting your back files had appeared weekly in this "rag". (Cont. on page 4)

La Paloma Club Promises To Reform!

"The King Is Dead; Long Live The King."
OR, TO BE less subtle, Al Youst is no longer the ringmaster at the La Paloma Club—and Herb Benson, who is said to have a heart almost as big as his "line", is the new impresario of this club, which inadvertently, MIAMI LIFE publicized to the four corners of the earth.

In adjacent columns you will find, with a bit of perusing, a facsimile of the Bill of Sale, duly registered, attested and witnessed by no less a personage than Al Youst's legal counsel, Dan Chappell, advising all and sundry that, for a consideration, the amount of which this publication is pledged to hold confidentially, the GOOD WILL, (God Save The Mark!) fixtures, accouterments, furnishings, wash room towels and what-not are duly transferred from Al Youst to a three-striper (Three-year Resident of Miami), Herb Benson, for better or worse—and we chal-

lenge anybody to do worse!
Also in this edition, you will stumble across an advertisement announcing to a palpatating world the fact that such a transaction has occurred. MIAMI LIFE, duly credited with having stirred up the melee which, with such added ingredients as the Ku Klux Klan and some nifty foot-work by the County Forces, resulted in the exodus of Al Youst as recognized proprietor of the place, herewith wipes the slate clean and hopes that the new owner, Herb Benson, will do likewise and make of the La Paloma Club a haven for those seeking surcease from the toils of their daily labor.
Let us assure all you readers who, from the first, sat on the 50-yard line and watched MIAMI LIFE hit the line in an effort to clean up this unsavory joint, that "all is forgiven" so long as the New Deal proves to be a genuine New Deal—AND, that, IF AND WHEN ANY RECURRENCE OF THE DEGENERATING INFLUENCES

WHICH SOUNDED THE DEATH KNELL OF THE RECENT OWNER IS PERMITTED TO PERMEATE THE LA PALOMA, THIS PERIODICAL WILL AGAIN BE FIRST TO DENOUNCE THE PLACE. THAT IS THE UNDERSTANDING UNDER WHICH MIAMI LIFE ACCEPTED PAID ADVERTISING FROM THE NEW OWNER, HERB BENSON, WHICH FACT HE WILL FRANKLY INFORM YOU.
Our only regret is that Al Youst, who personally seems to be a personable character, did not read the handwriting on the wall and make those changes which decency demands. WE FURTHER PLEDGE THAT WE WILL ACCORD EVERY AID TO THE NEW OWNER, HERB BENSON, IN HIS EFFORT TO TRANSFORM THE LA PALOMA CLUB INTO A RECREATION RETREAT OF WHICH ALL MIAMI AND DADE COUNTY MAY WELL BE PROUD!
"The King Is Dead; Long Live The King—"

"WHEN GREEK MEETS GREEBY . . ."

BY THE merest chance, OOM PAUL, the Balkan Statesman, and R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY met by appointment in the palatial rendezvous over Frisco Slim's parking lot. Mutual recognition by these two well-

known secret agents was instantaneous, and the following dialogue took place
OOM PAUL: Excuse, please, stranger. But weel you pess the fork for the colt slaw?

GREEBY: Gladly! Gladly! And—a'hem—when the barkeeper looks the other way, will you start that pickle jar in this direction?
OOM: Weeth plasure, my frand. (Cont. on p. 4)

Miami Life

Florida's Most Influential Weekly
Published on Saturday by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
(A FLORIDA CORPORATION)

Reubin Clein, Publisher Herb McCusker, Editor
Executive Offices: 167 N. E. Second Street, Miami, Florida
TELEPHONE 2-3239

All Checks should be made payable to Life Pub. Co. and not to individuals.
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Entered as Second-Class Matter, May 25, 1934, at the Post Office at Miami, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

YESTERDAYS BASEBALL

WHEN FATHER was a boy, you'd have had a tough time buying a seat for a baseball game which will be played Sunday afternoon at Flamingo Park, Miami Beach, at nominal prices of 50 cents and a buck in the grand stand.

It is the annual Old Timers Day game performed by the brilliant stars and satellites of Those Good Old Days, when the national pastime consisted of something more than "digging one's toes into terra firma, swinging from the ankle and sloughing "cripples" over a fence.

Benefits of this game, during which Father Time turns back the clock to another and departed generation, go to Charity—to the Miami Beach (City) Relief Fund. For the price of a pasteboard you'll see that great Southpaw, the \$50,000 beauty of his day, who, coming up to John McGraw's famous New York Giants from Indianapolis of the American Association, proceeded, in his first full season, to win 19 straight victories—Rube Marquardt, whose o-side slants stopped such fightin', rip-snotin' outfits as the Tinker-to-Evers-to-Chance Chicago Cubs; the Pittsburgh Pirates of Honus Wagner, Fred Clarke and Tommy Leach; the Cincinnati Reds with Bobby Bescher, Larry McLean and the Brooklyn Dod-

gers carrying such Big Berthas as Cactus Cravath and Jake Daubert.

There are too many former diamond favorites to permit a complete listing but, off-hand, you'll see such dazzlers of yesterday as Max Carey of the Pirates; Les Mann, Miami's own; Josh Devore, that irrepressible Giant who could pick 'em off any man's fence; Fred Heimach, heaver of Mack's Athletics; Lyn Lary, Cleveland's peppery lead-off sticker; Jack Fleming, who made a great name in Eastern circles, and who is chairman of the day; Bill Holloway, who was a power in the fast old III League; "Doc" Crandall, Brooklyn's comedian—and officiating there'll be that Old Firebrand, Bill "Catfish" Klem and Miami's Tiny Parker.

Fans, young and old, should watch this gang of A-No. 1 pastimers do their stuff—not alone for charity but also because you'll be seeing athletes who graduated from the school of experience the Hard Way. Flamingo Park is located at Meridan Avenue and 14th Street, at the Beach—only a few minutes auto drive from downtown Miami.

The game gets under way at 2:30. And it will be the last chance to see these Baseball Immortals this season.

"Cabbages and Kings"

THE Empress of China once refused admittance to the Sacred City in what was then Pekin because "Occidentals had hair on the back of their hands." Take a close look at a Chinese man's hands and you will see no hair... Max Annenberg, the wizard of newspaper circulation is accused by Burton Rascoe, noted writer, of being the originator of mobs, gangs and hoodlumism... So Max has sued him for \$250,000 libel.

IN THE memorial fight in which Jack Dempsey won the world's heavyweight championship from Jess Willard in Toledo in July, 1919, Willard struck the first blow—a left to the forehead... Then Dempsey, a beetle-brow, black jawed light-heavyweight, swung his short lefts to the then-champion's right cheek—and the fight was virtually over... There is a saying among Catholics which says that any person who performs manual labor on Sunday will have to perform that same labor WITH THEIR RESPECTIVE NOSES in the Hereafter... And that makes it tough on left-handed Micks.

IN THE Philippines, they serve you a bandy-chicken egg with half-raw onions for breakfast... If you don't care for that menu, don't get in the Clink in the Archipeligo... The Goo-Goes themselves like that dish, but they have to eat it with their fingers... Occidentals don't like that either... And whatever else you do, never argue with the driver of a Camarata, those rat-tailed pony-like horses which serve in place of taxis in the Gook capital.

UNDER "Golden Rule" Jones, Toledo, Ohio, was known as a haven for Crooks who pulled jobs elsewhere, but were unmolested so long as they didn't pull a job in Toledo... Brand Whitlock, later the World War ambassador to Belgium, who tried to save the life of Edith Cavell, English nurse who was shot as a spy by the invading Germans, carried on his predecessor's policy when he became mayor of the Northern Ohio metropolis... Dutch Anderson and Gerald Chapman gained protection in Toledo after both escaped from the federal pen in Atlanta... Chapman was hanged in New England on a phoney charge and Dutch was shot to death by a town clown in Bedford, Indiana, some months later... Cops who know, will tell you that these two were the smartest duo who ever operated with strong-arm methods in America.

THERE used to be a saying that "You Can't Tell A Ball Player Without A Score Card"... That's how the hustlers in the stands sold their cards... Today, you can't miss... They're numbered... Left-handed people are addicted to heart ailments because of the strain on that side... Flowers bloom in the North Pole zone and it actually gets hot up there, too... If you don't think so, ask Ronald Rasmussen, who has spent almost half his life North of the Arctic Circle.

OR ask Reuben Clein who visited New York in the dead of Winter—without any socks!

ED Durling, Los Angeles columnist who has that happy faculty of satisfying even the most exacting reader, publicly wonders whether the publisher and the editor of Miami Life wear bullet-proof vests. What Ed doesn't know is that Truth is the best armour a person can wear.

NEVER look a Gift Horse in the Mouth but always be sure he has a Pull.

IT'S about time for someone to Pull The Chain out of the Chamber of Commerce. Get it?

IT appears as though the Wish is Father of the Thought in regard to the reported resignation of Mayor Bob Williams, who is as sure as death and taxes to be our next Washington congressman.

THINGS I'D LIKE TO KNOW

Why does the Weather Man and the Chamber of Commerce fail to agree so often on the weather

Where did Elmer spend Monday night and how did he elude the Old Woman who was planted outside with a private Dick

of Carolina, than Burney Doyle's Marine Bar hostess

Is that henna-haired hooker from Des Moines going to work North Miami Avenue again this season

What kind of a yarn did Harold tell the Dame about the other night when he came to in bed with a chic little stranger

Did Scotty really take the pledge

Who was the high school fem who took aboard too much reffer last Wednesday night and doesn't she realize that, even if her friends wouldn't tell, Mother Nature will

Is that Walgreen girl going to keep her secret forever—and take it on the chin, herself

That tall, dignified gent who is seen nightly loitering about the new First Federal Savings building still waiting for the Blond counter jumper who jilted him last Sunday night

Why did Albert give away two gift turkeys to "Charity" when his own stenographer, who receives a Pound a week, needed them so

What married man is trying to get what pretty damsel to go out to lunch with him—and can he take it if he has to—on the nose

Is Eleanor losing that ample heart of her'n over a prominent church man

Did the biscuit-shooter who dropped her man's bankroll in that little "friendly crap game" the other P. M. in Coral Gables tell all to him

What Arizona girl with the mug of an angel drank down a dyed-in-the-wool Man About Town of Miami one night last week in Jimmy's Bar

Whatever became of Dan's Irish Colleen

Why did Bill worry so over Betty, who knows her way around

Is Marie really serious about that wife-deserter from Duluth

Is that bashful city official ever going to accept the "deal" which the Flagler street cafe girl has been giving him these many weeks

Don't those "independent" business men who withdrew their ads from a certain weekly because one of Miami's WEALTHIEST policemen was exposed by it, realize that they are flocking together with birds of a feather—and "Time Brings Everything"

Did Sally of Savannah leave Al of Jersey waiting at the church—long

When will that husky, black-jowled truck driver ever tumble to the fact that Russet-Tressed Katie is carrying the torch for a M.D.

What stunning blond wears a wig and what'll she say if she ever hooks a man and has to "bare all!"

Why do all those handsome gents swarm into the Blue Bowl Restaurant across from the Gesu School on N. E. Second street nightly around 6 o'clock just when that blue-eyed doll from up Buffalo way goes in for her evening victuals

Wonder when Betty the Cannuck is going to clean out the Padded Cell for her pal, who doesn't think so much of Edward VIII's successor

What Civic Club Bigwig cracked wise the other night about something that may, eventually, bring disgrace to himself—and the innocent members of HIS family

Is there anyone finer, South

When is that naughty Beach fellow going to confess to his new gal that he has an ever-loving wife up in New York

Youth is spent trying to find a new thrill. Old age is trying to recapture the old one.

....Bride: "I want some apples for my husband." Merchant: "What kind, please?" Bride: "I don't suppose you happen to know what kind Eve used do you?"

When will that husky, black-jowled truck driver ever tumble to the fact that Russet-Tressed Katie is carrying the torch for a M.D.

Jobs are a lot harder in the winter—Any white wing can tell you that.

In Rome it's a pretty dumb tourist who can't pick up a little Latin over the week-end.

When is that naughty Beach fellow going to confess to his new gal that he has an ever-loving wife up in New York

Old maids who sleep with windows open, Are those that never give up hopin'.

First Ham: "What part do you play in "Adam And Eve?" Second Ham: "I'm the big apple."

When will that husky, black-jowled truck driver ever tumble to the fact that Russet-Tressed Katie is carrying the torch for a M.D.

STONEWALL PHARMACY
2840 N. Miami Avenue
Phone 2-9579

Clemmer's Pharmacy
7100 Collins, M. B.
John K. Clemmer, Pharmacist
Roy A. Nauman, Pharmacist
Phone 6-1021

WINTER MEETING STARTS MONDAY
TROPICAL PARK
Runs Through January 11th
EIGHT RACES EVERY DAY
(1:45 P. M. POST)
GRANDSTAND \$1.00 CLUBHOUSE \$3.00
(Tax Included)

2 and 1 makes two. (One left town).
We just read in the papers where a man died without the aid of a physician. Such cases are very rare.

SAGO PHARMACY
7901 N. E. 2nd Avenue
Edgewater 9183

MURRAY'S PHARMACY
601 S. W. 12th Avenue
Wm. S. Murray Ph. 3-6929

GOULD'S PHARMACY
701 West Flagler Street
Phone 2-9876

Live and Let Live Drug Store
3520 N. W. 17th Ave., Ph. 2-7416
W. L. Farris, Pharmacist
R. W. Gibbs, Pharmacist
Jas. W. Bobbitt, Pharmacist
Edwin L. Bridges, Pharmacist

BARN DANCING AT
HARDY'S
Tuesdays
Thursdays and Saturday Nights
SNAPPY FLOOR SHOWS
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.

GOULD'S PHARMACY
701 West Flagler Street
Phone 2-9876

American Pharmacy
744 N. E. 2nd Avenue
B. F. James, Pharmacist
D. M. Weaver, Pharmacist
H. J. Paul, Pharmacist

Lillian Gift Shoppe
A Complete Line of Florida Souvenirs
Packages Wrapped for Mailing
Hotel Miller Building
239 N. E. 1st Avenue
MIAMI, FLORIDA
Mrs. Frances J. Berner

MOTHER KELLY'S
Among the Famous Bars of the World
IN New York... IT'S Frisco... Coffee Dan's Paris... Harry's Bar Nassau... Dirty Dick's Havana... Sloppy Joe's
And In Miami Beach, It's "Mother Kelly's"
1405 DADE BOULEVARD
Phone 5-9964
(At Junction of Venetian Causeway)

BEFORE YOU BUY Any Plane Anywhere At Any Price See Our Values New Grands from \$325 TERMS
PHILPITTS 40 S. E. FIRST ST. PHONE 2-6957

IN MIAMI THE HEALTH SPOT OF AMERICA
REST. RELAX. REJUVENATE!
At Florida's Premier HEALTH - HOTEL
Four Acres tropical grounds American Plan, Family Hotel Comfortable Rooms, Delicious Meats, Sports, Recreations, Entertainment.
APPROVED SANITARIUM Optional facilities—Resident Physicians, Trained Nurses, Dietitian, Baths, Massage, Irrigations, Node Sun Bathing, Electrotherapy, Reducing, General Health Building.
FOR OUTSIDE PATRONS Physical Treatments, Dining Room, Special Dishes and Health Programs.
REASONABLE RATES.
SUN-RAY PARK HEALTH RESORT
125 S.W. 30th COURT PHONE 3183 MIAMI-FLORIDA

Best Beach Accommodations

THE TRITON HOTEL, on the ocean front at Collins Avenue and 28th St., all brand new, 70 modern rooms, operated by W. M. Dale...

THE FORDE HOTEL, 6605 Collins Ave., has "most everything"—steam heat, automatic air conditioning, 300-foot private beach, private garage facilities, individual radios—at from \$1600 to \$3000 for the season. Dr. Thomas Hinton Forde is owner.

ANOTHER NEW HOSTELRY is the Lincoln Center Hotel, Lincoln Road at Euclid Ave., under the management of Mr. J. Sugarman; feature is open air patio for dancing, restaurant and beauty salon.

HOTEL CAMBRIDGE, James Moore, manager at 330 Michigan Ave., has 150 rooms, new coffee shop; features moderate rates, beautiful garden.

A NEW WING is a feature of the Nash Hotel, 1120 Collins Ave., managed by Albert Nash—new modern dining room and coffee shop—catering to the Smart Set with nightly bridge parties.

ARCHWAY OCEAN VILLAS, 6861 Collins Ave., 42 units, cottages and 2- and 3-room apartments; private beach; C. J. Douglass, manager.

Hya Toots! WANTED—Girl drivers for ladies' laundry to pick-up and deliver.—Los Angeles Record.

Modern marriage is like a cafeteria. Man grabs what looks good and pays for it afterward.

To avoid criticism, do nothing, say nothing, be nothing.

Hitch your wagon to a star, but hold your horses.

Ponce de Leon Pharmacy
CORAL GABLES
Harry Letaw, Pharmacist
Sidney Beskind, Pharmacist
Phone 4-3800

Miami Beach Pharmacy, Inc.
501 Washington Ave., M.B.
W. B. Stokes, Pharmacist
S. W. O'Neal, Pharmacist
William Rubin, Pharmacist

P. & A.
GREATER MIAMI'S COMPLETE GARAGE
Eighteen Years of Satisfactory Service
52 N. E. 8th St. Phones 3-5568 - 3-5569

FRIEDIN'S GARAGE
24 HOUR WRECKER SERVICE
COMPLETE AUTO SERVICE
TEL. 2-2222
IT'S EASY TO REMEMBER
2290 N.W. 17th AVE.

ON THE CUFF

THE other day we were reading of a Pennsylvania man who as a victim of amnesia came to himself and found to his amazement that he was a man of some means, with a healthy bank account, whereas when he went into that dual-personality, he was virtually penniless. Thereupon, we were reminded of a free-roving seaman who, after having "gone over the side" of a ship in Balboa, Panama Canal Zone, proceeded to paint old Panama City red. He soon became divorced with the money he had and was truly a beachcomber, an out-and-derelet in a heartless city made up of callous port-town grifters, lush-rollers and the like.

NOW, this free-lance lad had his ups and his downs and during his various ramblings had met lots of people. His appearance was somewhat singular and he was usually easily remembered, sometimes to his good fortune, more often to his misfortune. He was wont to imbibe of the fluid that inebriates and, being somewhat down in the mouth there in Old Panama City, he decided that staging a good two-fisted, rousing drunk would bring him no worse luck than that which had already been visited upon him. So-o-o

HE ENTERED an American barber shop, located a few doors away from Jimmy Dean's Saloon, just at the Bounds between Balboa, owned and operated by the American Army, and Panama City itself. A kindly Yank barber proffered the free services of his razor and facilities of his water system for a much-needed ablation. Our friend proceeded to make himself as presentable as he could under the circumstances and finally was almost spick and span. A kindly Saloon keeper down the main stem, one Red Brady by name, had Our Character sit in a back room while his duck suit was sent to a porter's emporium and given a first class cleaning, pressing.

GROOMED and with a couple of jolts of Dutch Courage under his sagging belt, this rover strode into the Hot Spot of the time, Kelly's Ritz, just across from the Railroad Depot. With a coin left in his jeans, he ordered a cheap drink—and awaited developments. A number of keen taxi dancers approached him on the tweedle but he was compelled to repel their advances. Finally the orchestra leader sauntered out for a bit of refreshment, espied the Rolling Stone, uttered an exclamation of endearment and embraced him after the fashion of a fellow meeting a home town schoolmate. Followed then a series of introductions. First thing

Our Subject knew, he was seated at a table which included, among others of note, one of the members of the Stetson (hats) family and another of the illustrious Ghardenilli (cocoa, chocolates) family of San Francisco. Drinks flowed like bilgewater in a heavy sea and last thing this Fellow knew was, several women and men were trying to rouse him from a deep, inspired slumber, with one forearm acting as an Ostermoor and a ring of un-touched drinks surrounding him.

Y'KNOW, it gets cold along about dawn, even in the Tropics. Our friend woke to the monotonous drum of a small engine. Nearby stood a wood shack, with a cheap, impotent globe of electricity burning. To the East the first grey streak of dawn was unfolding. To his numbed astonishment and chagrin he discovered he had been prone on the famous old Pirate Seawall of the villainous Old Panama City—adjacent to infamous Cocconut Grove, The Original, where they'll slice your throat for a dime. He sat up, his bones creaking. He discovered that the shack nearby was an ice house. Disconsolately, he sat up and attempted to take mental inventory of his immediate outlook. It was all drab. Here he was, he reflected, stony broke and with a hangover. He thought of a Chinese school student he had met, who earned his salt by cleaning out his father's bar each morning. Perhaps, he might put this kid on the cuff for a much-needed eye-opener. He stood up, and—

AS HE DID SO, he felt his trousers pull downward. It frightened him. He took one step—and heard that unmistakable clink of metal against metal. He stood, transfixed,—afraid to insert an inquiring hand into either pocket. It seemed hours that he stood there. Then he gathered courage, rammed both hands into both trouser pockets—and found them so full of silver dollars that several actually fell to the ground. To this day he has never found how he came into possession of that money. Duck trousers, if you don't know, are unusually ample in order to accommodate odds and ends, persons living in the tropics seldom wearing coats and, therefore, requiring much more "pants room". He was afraid to remain where he was to count this dough—so over a double slug of eye-opener he counted the jack and it amounted to 64 American dollars. At The Kelly's Ritz, no one knew where the money came from. Our friend actually WOULD like the answer to that riddle. By chance, did YOU happen to be in Kelly's Ritz that October night in 1932?

DAVEY JONES LOCKER OPENED TO PUBLIC

CROWDS of people who have always had a yen to invade the bowdoirs of the various finny tribes which abound in waters adjacent to Miami are filling the "Comrade II", largest glass bottom boat in the state, which puts out daily from Pier 9 1/2, Miami Yacht Basin. Operated under U. S. steamboat regulation, this novel vessel shows at first hand more than 600 varieties of sea life, the trip covering the Marine Gardens, Coral Reefs and Venetian Isles. Music is supplied by the Comrades. A competent guide explains details of the marine life, the Sea Fan, Sea plume, Brain Staghorn, Mushroom and Organ Pipe Corals.

Never hit a man when he's got you down.

SCOTTS SOUTHERN PHARMACY
1792 S. W. 8th Street
Phone 2-9767

Everglades Hotel
OPEN ALL YEAR
244 Biscayne Blvd.

J. D. LUKES DRUG STORE
342 N. E. 2nd Avenue
J. D. Lukes, Pharmacist

"What do you mean handing me a blank card?"
"I'm traveling incognito."

Raise your hat to the past if you wish, but take off your coat to the future.

"Do you want to go with us to hunt wildcats. We're gonna bring 'em back alive?"
"No thanks just bring 'em back alone."

Roses are red,
And violets are blue.
But what do you care
If you're eighty-two?

An old maid is the sort of gal who never complains if she finds a louse in her hotel bed.

LITTLE RIVER DRUG COMPANY
7906 N. E. Second Avenue
P. S. Richards - Ph. 7-9285

MARTIN'S TAP ROOM AND GRILLE
Opp. Florida East Coast Station
U. S. HOTEL BAR
207-9 N. W. 1st AVENUE
Martin Levy

SPANISH VILLAGE PHARMACY
1446 Washington Avenue
Maurice Klein - Ph. 5-3622

So You Say or Editors Mail

WE'LL TRY OUR BEST

Pardon this writer for being so presumptuous as to make a suggestion, but I really voice the sentiment of a number of other New Yorkers. It is almost impossible to purchase a MIAMI LIFE at any newsstand in that city. Recently I was quite interested in buying a copy of the edition which dealt mainly about the Ku Klux Klan sortee against one of your Miami Beach Night Clubs. I visited the Times Square and 47th Street stands and were told at both places that the supply had been depleted. A great number of us winter visitors prefer to read the LIFE when subjects of interest in Miami occur. Like the writer, many do not have permanent addresses, moving over the country in seasonal or occupational work. It is virtually impossible to place a standing order with the newsstands there. Can't you do something in this regard?

Sincerely yours,
H. F. Reid, Jr.

"YOU AIN'T SEEN NOTHIN"

Editor:
What a surprise to find MIAMI LIFE actually naming names in exposing the Bolita pay-off in Miami! If you will only follow up with more enlightening information in sim-

ilar vein, you will win public-spirited citizens en masse. What many of us wonder is—have you the NERVE? I am not accustomed to ask that I be cloaked under anonymity but in this case it is almost vital to my work. However, there are legions of us who will stand by you in this much-needed expose.

A New Friend.

SEEN ANY LIBEL SUITS?

Editor:
What the hell you guys letting yourself in for? Huttoo ain't going to stand for that! You better not get in any cars with strange men. Where do you want your flowers sent?

Luke McLuke.

WE ACCEPT NOMINATION!

Editor:
While I sincerely admire your courage and purpose, I cannot refrain from asking how you expect to defeat Chain Stores? Surely you must know that in 1936, more than \$5,000,000 was appropriated by two Chains alone to combat unfavorable legislation. Graft in the high places is much too rampant to permit a weekly newspaper, however widely read, to make inroads on the progress of Big Business. A "house divided against itself" as one of your writers quoted some weeks ago, cannot stand. The Chains are united. You will

never in the world unite independent merchants. But I honestly think you should win the Pulitzer award for journalistic audacity! Gratefully for many hours of happy reading,
(Mrs.) Alice M. Freeman.

TRY TO HOLD ON

Editor:
Two of my boys are having a hard time making ends meet at the present time. Both have rebates due from the Florida Power and Light Company. Your editorial in this week's MIAMI LIFE was the most accurate summation I have yet read. Why cannot some pressure be brought upon the city officials to accept the proposals offered? No-where in the United States would this problem been permitted to lag as here in Miami. What good will it do my boys a few years from now, after they have been compelled to seek charity from the government? My boys are both efficient workmen. I am too old to labor any more. We cannot afford to pay for a subscription to your weekly magazine, but we manage to read it weekly from cover to cover. Kindly let me know if there is anything we can do to aid your paper for we all appreciate what you are trying to do for those who live by the sweat of their brow.
Frank Thomas, Sr.

"All In A Life Time"

THE boys around the festive bowl were discussing sinecures the other night just before the "Rag Pickers" of the police prowl cars made their rounds One Old Timer, a former Chicago newspaper advertising man won hands down. Said he once held the berth as real estate ad solicitor. Virtually all the large real estate firms at that time were located in one building, The Conway, in the Loop. This ad man arranged with a flunky employed by a saloon, situated across an alley from the building, to meet him at the freight elevator shaft on each floor at given times with a portion of hot, stimulating drinks. "I always started at the top and worked down," he said, "so by the time I hit the main floor, the flunky could call a cab and carry me into it. What a job that was on wintry days!"

ANOTHER ad man related a runner-up yarn as to how, in New York City, he rented an apartment, with several other ad hustlers, and detailed the process of turning the apartment into the newspaper office, so they might transact their business over the 'phone. "A reporter queered the whole business," he said, "place an order for an automobile tire, a garden first calling the party involved and getting the particulars. The City Editor, growing suspicious, framed him. He was sent out of the office to report the suicide of a prominent doctor, but came to our apartment instead. Then the reporter 'phoned the doctor's office and a sweet-voiced gal gave him all the horrid details. The unsuspecting scribe immediately telephoned the City Editor and passed along the salient points of the yarn. He was instructed to return to the office immediately. There he was canned. Y'see, the C. E. had planted a girl stogie at the doctor's office, the M. D. being his personal friend, and when the reporter's call came in, the gal shot him the bunk. That cooked our goose, because we were all already under suspicion. But for a time, it was a honey!"

ONE of the worse fences in West Coast history involved a number of Los Angeles newspaper circulation men. For a time, back in the early '20's, one could approach a member of this paper's circulation staff, place an order to an automobile tire, a garden hose, a gross of golf balls or what-have-you and you'd receive them pronto at greatly reduced rates. The gang was so well entrenched with the criminal factions of the city and with a portion of the police department that victims were actually afraid to prosecute, when a pilfering job was bailed up. What finally broke up the ring was the arrest, conviction and execution in San Quentin of a 17-year-old news boy who knocked off a trunk dealer during a hold-up. Later, during the trial, it became known that the youngster had been introduced to the use of Junk by older heads who planned on using him in a series of robberies. The resultant investigation became so hot that the newspaper heads canned the whole lot and imported an entire new crew from Eastern cities.

IN San Francisco, news hustlers didn't go in so much for theft but they did maintain their own strong-arm squad. To get in a melee with a sheet hustler was to invite sudden disaster, regardless how tough one might be. The name of "Spider" Kelly was notorious and he was a real power in the downtown district—on both sides of the famous "Slot". Those gangs turned out a number of immortal boxers, and immortal ones, too. Chief among these was that talented fist-cuff brawler Abe Attell, with a brother, Monte, who was no wall-flower himself, when it came to pitching his dukes around promiscuously. But, those hoodlum-days are gone, perhaps forever, out where the West ends. The first intimation a newspaper has that it's hustlers are getting out of line and doing a bit of merchandizing on the side, out they go. Perhaps, it's for the best—but those old timers were a colorful lot.

THEY TELL ME

Catherine has had a change of heart about her Georgia Peach

!!!
Iowa folks have settled upon the Hippodrome as a nightly chat fest setting, and you can find Iowans from almost every section there chewing the fat—and quaffing beverages

!!!
There will soon be a marital rumble between the first family of a suburban community of Miami called Cocconut Grove

!!!
Herb Benson, new proprietor of the La Paloma Club, swears by all and holy that he'll make the place something the most exacting Miami-ian will point at with pride

!!!
A Cuban visitor recently was taken for a sizeable bankroll at the Beach, and although he knew he was made a Patsy by the "skins", he didn't even make a howl

!!!
The greatest gain in occupancy in Miami so far this season is the refurbished, modernized Professional Building—and there's a good reason—rates have been moderated

!!!
That Biscayne Boulevard

Fish rendezvous shouldn't hush so much about its recent Lush visitor, in as much as that visitor once, gratuitously, did it considerable favor

!!!
Who was the kid in the car bearing Florida License 39373 who let an ageing, bald-headed man run him out after a slight collision on N. E. Second Street the other evening, is something folks thereabouts want to know

!!!
The fair-haired boy of a prominent Miami family, who beefed so much about being held in the Clink several hours on a serious charge, is lucky that a certain periodical didn't expose him when the "bought" dailies laid off the story

!!!
On a percentage basis, MIAMI LIFE leads all Florida newspapers in circulation increase the past two months.

!!!
That amiable Florist who looked the other way the other

YOUR CREDIT IS GOOD AT HELMLY'S

CONGRESS PHARMACY
Auris Finstad, Proprietor
We specialize in the accurate filling of PRESCRIPTIONS and High-Class Fountain Service.
Phone 2-6988—101 N. E. 2nd Ave. MIAMI, FLORIDA

36TH CLUB BAGDAD
3 FLOOR SHOWS 11-13 PM
LANE TREE AND EDWARDS!
ROBERTA SHERWOOD
VYONNE ROBERTS
MARY GEESE'S SWING ORCHESTRA
NEVER AN ADMISSION OR COVER CHARGE
Delicious Food by World's

J. D. LUKE DRUG STORE
342 N. E. 2nd Ave.
J. D. Lukes, Pharmacist

ALCAZAR PHARMACY
CORAL GABLES
S. P. Bergeron Ph. 4-2727

VENETIAN PACKAGE STORE
"5 Minute Delivery"
Phone 5-4888
FINE WINES-LIQUORS
1259 Dade Blvd. at Alton, M. B.

SCOTTS SOUTHERN PHARMACY
1792 S. W. 8th Street
Phone 2-9767

Pure, Delicious . . . And Refreshing
dolly madison ice cream
SEVEN STORES OVER GREATER MIAMI

Old Plantation House Cars Maintained
For Your Convenience, at BUCKEYE PARKING LOT
135 N. E. 2nd St., and —Old Post Office Parking Lot—

FOR RENT STORES
124 and 130 Northeast 2nd Avenue
Centrally Located Downtown Miami
Phone 7-4090

GREYHOUND RACING

WEEK NIGHTS
11-BIG RACES-11
POSTTIME 8:15
DAILY DOUBLE
1st and 3rd Races.
QUINELAS Every Race.
New disappearing rabbit!
Photo-Finish.



BUSES
Continuous Service Nightly
From First St. Entrance Burdine's
FARE 10¢
Fl. Lauderdale and Hollywood Sedan Service
leaves from Burdine's Garage at 7:15
from Hollywood Circle 7:30

ADMISSION 25c
NO MINORS ADMITTED
Johnny SILVERS
And His Orchestra
In the Big Grandstand Nightly

BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB
N.E. 2ND. AVE. or N.W. 7TH at 115TH ST.

TRACK
70TH ST. AVE.
36TH ST. AVE.
N.W. 7TH AVE.
N.E. 2ND. AVE.
BISCAYNE

More About Copper Orders Ads

And then in quick succession came cancellations from such merchants, as the following, several excusing themselves by saying that "they had been ordered by Huttoo to quit MIAMI LIFE"—

Please note the LINES of business which they advertise, and try to figure out just WHY Sergeant Huttoo, head of the Vice Squad, should have ANY CONTROL WHATSOEVER over them:

EAT LUNCH AND DINNER AT
MOE'S BRIDGE BAR
456 WEST FLAGLER (Just West of the Bridge)
"MAN-SIZE MEALS AT BOY-SIZE PRICES"

Here's a "joint" running in Miami today, the proprietor of which ADMITTED to MIAMI LIFE voluntarily, that he HAD to cancel his ad:

"In the Heart of the City"
MAHOGANY BAR
CHOICE WINES and BEER
59 N. E. Second Street
PHONE 2-9988
MIAMI, FLORIDA

Even such a prominent place as the one listed below "took his orders" from the Czar of Crime and Gambling in Miami (WHY?):

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

Then we come to the "small fry", those boys who either have to listen to reason as uttered out of the corner of Allah Huttoo's mouth, or else fold up, as for instance this joint:

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

And, will you take a look at this: "This baby, whom we've acted REAL nice to, has the audacity to call up Friday and say "He's sorry, but he can't afford to run this \$3 per week ad—

MARTIN'S
TAP ROOM AND GRILLE
Opp. Florida East Coast Station
U. S. HOTEL BAR
Phone 2-9844
207-9 N. W. 1st AVENUE
Martin Levy

Now we come to the MEAT of the story. Sergeant Huttoo, who was kicked off the force June 13th, 1929, because (ask the civil service board — they have the records). At this point we toe?

Dine at the Original and Famous
ITALIAN KITCHEN
Known since 1921 to all Miami and Tourists for the UNSURPASSABLE, DELICIOUS AND EXQUISITE FOOD and BEVERAGES
MEALS UNEQUALLED and UNEXCELLED
Lunch 50c, Dinner \$1.00-
26 N. E. 3rd Avenue
FRANK CARNEVALE

IT'S HERE! IT'S NEW!! IT'S NOVEL!!!
You Haven't Had Fun Until
You've Visited
THE DOG HOUSE
AT THE
CUE CLUB - 2856 N. W. 27th Ave.
Where the elite gather and Bohemian Atmosphere prevails.
ALL STAR SHOW 10 BIG ACTS
20 — BEAUTIFUL GIRLS — 20
Bring Your Own Liquor—No Corkage Charge.
TANTALIZING, TOE-TICKLING DANCE MELODIES by
CAPPY LEXIER AND HIS MUSICAL MONGRELS
FREE DOG TO ALL THE LADIES
OUT WHERE THE FUN BEGINS
FROM 9 P. M. TILL
HAM AND EGGS
FUN FROLIC

Chain - Store Team Lays An Egg In City - Wide Y. M. C. A. Fund Drive

FOUR-FLUSHING tactics which keep the coffers of chain-stores filled to an overflowing simply do not work when applied to humanitarian enterprises.

Industrial slavery as practiced by ALL chain-store systems manifested itself in an exceptionally obnoxious manner in Miami last week with the big Chicago-owned and operated Sears & Roebuck store in the "hot spot"—or should we say the "wet spot"? When a rainy day came along and it looked as if business might be slack the floorwalkers immediately went into action and dozens of workers were laid-off for the remainder of the day. But more of that anon while MIAMI LIFE tells you about the sensational "Chain Store" teams who participated in the recent Y.M.C.A. campaign for \$15,500.

At the beginning of the drive, a local executive of the Sears & Roebuck chain-store, one Don Miller, was appointed captain of a team. Before the drive was really under way the team became known as the "Chain-Store" team and enthusiasm ran high. Said enthusiasm was in no manner decreased when team workers assembled at the first banquet to make reports of their personal contributions.

As reports were called for from the different teams, and only small amounts were reported, feeble cheers echoed around the festive board. Then last, but not least, the chairman called for the "Chain-Store" team's report.

Rising to his feet, with swelling bosom and a voice filled with pride, Mr. Miller bellowed, "The Chain-Store team reports \$225." The cheer which went up was heard all the way to Lemon City and divers points east, west, north and south, because the amount reported by Mr. Miller was far in excess of the sheckels gathered by any other team.

Other workers, after cheering, started to groan. "The Chain-store quota is only \$1,500 and they'll go over the top with colors flying," they moaned. "Well, it's for a good cause," they mused; "so more power to them."

When the next report-meeting was called, a mild surprise was sprung. The "Chain-store" team failed to make a report of any kind, its captain and his lieutenants merely sitting back, wearing satisfied grins, and nodding in a knowing way.

"Foxy, eh?" whispered other workers. "They are out raising funds and intend to hold-out until the last meeting, and then knock us all dead with a huge report."

One meeting followed another, yet the "Chain-store" team had nothing to report. An ugly rumor popped into the situation and it was whispered that a movement was on foot, by the versatile Mr. Miller and his colleagues, to wait until the final Saturday of the drive, and then deduct a certain amount from the wages of ALL CHAIN-STORE WAGE-SLAVES.

Get the point? Mr. Miller and his workers participate in the banquets and smile like Cheshire cats without doing any of the manual labor. With a mere flick of a telephone at the last moment the trick is turned by "hijacking" the already underpaid hirelings who are infected with the diseased-blood of the master Octopus, and the Chain Stores reap thousands upon thousands of dollars worth of valuable publicity for the philanthropic efforts of their slaves. Well, it didn't work. Whether the rumor reached the

Presenting Broadway's Outstanding Stage Success
BEHIND RED LIGHTS
ADULTS ONLY CHILDREN UNDER 16 NOT ADMITTED
MUSIC HALL
MILLION DOLLAR NIGHT
28 WKS ON B'WAY

New Deal All Around!
Herb Benson Buys
THE
La Paloma Club
(2403 N. W. 79th Street)
NEW POLICY!
PERSONNEL!
PERFORMANCE!
You Can SAFELY Bring the Family
• OPEN ALL NIGHT •

MORE ABOUT GREEBY AND THE GREEK

I'm gather from you altitude you wan the yearly rounders een these ceety? No?

GREEBY: But yes. That is to say I maintain my legal domicile here, but in truth I am a Cosmopolite—and observer of the passing scene from many points of the compass, if you get the full meaning of my import.

OOM: Oh, shoe, shoe; I'm gat the fool meaning of you importance. When I'm come down on the Florida Bust Line, I'm see planty Cosmo-whatyoucall-ems long site the road. And eets mack me feel planty fool weeth importance, too, when I'm see them steek they thump opp and point to YOUami, I mean MYami, count I'm leaving here, too, now and wave, joost like they say: "Come on! Come on! Hurry Opp, everybody's wait for the Balkan Statesman on the penitentiary—Peensacola—I'm meaning on the Peninsular." You bat you boots. (Weel you spleet wan more these manatures weeth me?)

GREEBY: Don't care if I do. You are a Southerner, I take it?

OOM: Oh, yas. From the Southern part Europe. And you? You come from these place een the first plase? Somebody's tal me, you a politician.

GREEBY: Politically, I'm only a dilitante.
OOM: Ees that so? I'm thought jast gals ees belong weeth the dilitantes.

GREEBY: (I'll have another go at that lemon, if there is anything left in it). Yes, I dabble in politics a bit. Do a bit of crusading for reform, etc., and so on. There are any number of hot spots that are currently receiving my attention. I understand that over on the Beach, there are a number of gambling places running wide-open—flaunting the law, and paying no license or tax to anyone.

OOM: Ees that so? You HUTTOE look into thet!

GREEBY: I shall. Just now, however, I could do with another one of those minatures if you—must you go?

OOM: For the prasant, yas! Bot, I'll be seein' you, on count I'm wan them yearly rounders what averbody's talk 'bout.

Barber: "What's the matter? Ain't the razor takin' holt?"

Victim: "Yeah, it's taking holt all right, but it ain't lettin' go again."

Charlie & Charlie
Curb Market
3641 S. W. 8th St. Ph. 4-9135
C. Riger & C. Heins, Props.

BRYAN PARK
PHARMACY
2200 S. W. 8th Street
Chas. Tannenbaum, Pharmacist

Brandt's Food Shop
H. L. Wilkins & G. Wilshire, Props.
7900 Biscayne Phone 7-2311

ROGERS PHARMACY
630 S. Miami Avenue
Phone 2-4035

Martins Grocery
R. L. Martin, Prop.
2542 S. W. 8th St., Phone 4-5022

FOSSETT'S
PRESCRIPTION
PHARMACY
The Strictly Ethical Prescription and Sick Room Store.
W. E. Fossett, Proprietor
Phones 2-7691, 2-7692
Huntington Building

Whites Grocery
T. W. White, Prop.
2806 Bird Ave - Coconut Grove
Phone 4-9140

E. FORREST WITHERS, INC.
Serving Miami Since 1922
244-46 N. E. First Avenue
Miami, Florida

Shenandoah
Groceretia, Inc.
1690 S. W. 8th St., Phone 2-3724

AROUND THE CORNER
DRUG

LEW RANDOLPH
OPENS GYM
In Professional Building
The members of the University Club of Miami, find real enjoyment in this system of exercise has conditioned hundreds of men and women

Keystone Market
Alfred Yates Prop.
3401 West Flagler St.
Phone 4-3349

AARON
DRUG STORE
Owned by a Registered
Pharmacist
400 N. W. 2nd Ave., Ph. 2-8995

Bounds Cash Market
2339 S. W. 32nd Ave., Ph. 4-9147
Grover Bounds, Prop.

FRANK MORRISON
PHARMACY
1100 N. E. 1st Ave., Ph. 2-9846
Complete Drug Service

Harper-Taylor
Grocery Co.
350 South Miami Ave., Ph. 2-5301

Baker's Grocery
613 N. W. 27th St. Phone 2-9828

MARELDEAN
HOTEL
44 S. W. 11th St.

Apts. \$2.50 up,
GAS, WATER, LIGHTS
included.
Large, clean quite rooms \$1 up
weekly rates. Close in.

Groceries - Meats - Vegetables
O. K. Reliable
Grocery
D. Pelton, Prop.
750 N. W. 11th St. Ph. 2-5880

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Pharmacist with
GRAVES PHARMACY
1399 Washington Ave.
Miami Beach—Phone 5-2468

Johnson Bros.
Grocery Corp.
335 S. W. 15th Rd., Ph. 2-977