



LITTLE NELL 'OWNS' 6,500 VOTES

We Have To Beat That Tuesday!

IT LOOKS bad for the good people of Miami. The cunning strategy of the Power Trust, whose tentacles stoutly grip Miami's daily newspapers and the radio stations, becomes distressingly apparent. The special election next Tuesday comes amidst the bustle and hullabaloo of a great season. In the confusion the people may forget their past grievances against this vicious Power-Trust. But the Power-Trust forces won't forget to vote. And hence it may be an easy task to get an affirmative vote on what is loosely called the "Water Deal," whereby the most overtaxed community of this size in America would pay out in cash immediately around \$6,000,000 for a water distribution system worth only \$2,000,000 and involve itself to the extent of millions more besides for repairs.

The Power-Trust controls 6,500 votes (that being the net vote rolled up by its two city commission stooges, Alex Orr, Jr., and C. D. Van Orsdel, at the recall election last March. That's its complete strength. There are more than 50,000 voters qualified to vote. Which means that there are 40,000 voters who must NOT vote next Tuesday!—for these 40,000 are mostly Power-Trust victims, knowing only too well that Miami has always suffered at the hands of this vicious utility that has given us the highest electric rates in America—and the rottenest service; this vicious utility that we've had to fight seven long years, clear to the United States Supreme Court, before it could be forced to refund part of the money it had stolen from Miami consumers upon the pretensions of having invested three times more in its Miami plant than actually was the case!

Long ago the Power-Trust manipulators decided that their 6,500 sure votes should win this election. Every move since has been made with that thought in mind. Only one side has been presented to the public—via Herald or Daily News, or via the radio stations. That is the rosy side. That the people will now own their water system completely. The fact that the city already owns the water producing plant at Hialeah, the main feed line to Miami, the fire hydrants within the city is soft-pedaled. The fact that the purchase concerns only the rusty, obsolete and tiny pipes with which the Miami Water Company used to serve Miami when it was a tiny hamlet—the fact that more than half of this "conglomeration of old pipes" will have to be replaced—isn't mentioned at all. People are led to believe that the purchase means the entire water system!

Protests are ignored. Indignation meetings being held all over the city aren't mentioned in print. The daily papers print only the "Yes" side.

Every propaganda device (of which MIAMI LIFE warned the people a few issues back) has been used to scare off the protestants. Argument and logic have gone by the board. The lone city commissioner, R. C. Gardner, who is fighting the proposal—with his own money, by the way!—has been vilified and mistreated. Prominent business men of Miami who have dared to express themselves have been completely blacklisted by the daily press.

In other words, Miami has been given a taste of what this community would be like—if Miami happened to be in central Nazi-land! . . . The only difference is that here there is no tangible Hitler; instead there is a shadowy but a very real Thing (if you happen to be caught in the grip of one of its artery-squeezing tentacles!) that we call the Power-Trust, that has come, in the last 15 years, to own most of the precious things in Miami, controlling our newspapers, our radio, our utilities, our banks, our bond issues, our financing, our taxes. Out of which has come a \$29,000,000 bond issue (nobody can remember what for!), which has been refunded time after time—without being lowered!—and out of which, if next Tuesday's election is favorable, another indebtedness may add as much as \$15,000,000 to that already-staggering burden! Out of which, we might add, could come such municipal bankruptcy as is now facing Atlantic City!

Here is the sort of propaganda the Power-Trust employs to delude the election by. We quote from the lead editorial in last Tuesday's Herald:

"The purchase will not entail the slightest expense to the general taxpayer. The plant will be paid for out of revenues of the water plant only. Present rates are more than ample to amortize the entire indebtedness, plus adding several millions of dollars for sewer extensions, sewage disposal plants and slum clearance, when, as and if those needs become apparent."

If the "Deal"—or as we prefer to call it, "The Steal"—

goes over, remember that paragraph! (Obtaining money under false pretense is still a penitentiary offense in Florida!)

Right now MIAMI LIFE wants to ask some questions. Clip these—and see what answers you get—if you happen to talk to a Power-Trust stooge:

?????

Why does the Power-Trust want to sell this distribution system—if it makes such money as the newspapers claim it does?

Has the Power-Trust ever been magnanimous towards either the City or its consumers?

At the depth of Depression—before Rate Ordinance 1066 was adopted (the one that won out in every court in the land)—did not the Power-Trust charge its average family consumer a rate that was two or three times higher than the highest rate of any American city of comparable size and location? Why is the Water Distribution Purchase price double what the Power-Trust offered to the city during the "termite" administration less than a year ago?

In view of its past dealings, can you trust the Power Company's figures?

Can you believe those figures are honest, when the United States Supreme Court found that it had falsified to the extent of 300 percent the value of its Miami plant—on which our electric rates are based?

Do you believe the Miami dailies have simply overlooked Alex Orr's public statement eleven months ago that the water distribution system (then offered the city at \$3,500,000) wasn't worth \$2,000,000? . . . Or don't you believe they are deliberately refusing to pay any attention to it in the fear that the public may begin to scrutinize the "Steal" more closely?

Isn't it true that Alex Orr, as stated repeatedly by Ev Sewell during the last election, "always voted in favor of the Power Trust?" And is it possible for a leopard to change its spots overnight?

Do not all the events, starting from the Power-Trust's indictments against three members of the last city commission for alleged bribery attempts, leading to a recall, and the election of Orr, Van Orsdel, Sewell, and Hosea—and then a New Deal for the Power Company—all have a sinister significance, now that you review them calmly?

Do you actually know who owns the Miami Herald? And could you truthfully say the Power Trust or some of its biggies don't?

You can't believe, can you, that this Power-Trust, that fought the people for seven years through every court available to keep from paying a refund (that was only half enough!) has changed heart, and grown kind toward Miami—and really wants to give up some of its costly pretties to us?

Isn't it true that we have never been able to get the Power Trust to remove one of its unsightly poles that mar—and will continue to mar unless bugs finally eat them down—the beauty of our streets and residential neighborhoods?

AND IS IT TRUE OUR CITY WELLS ARE SALTY—MAY HAVE TO BE ABANDONED VERY SHORTLY—AND THAT IN THE END WE MAY HAVE TO BUY OUR WATER, AFTER ALL, FROM THE POWER TRUST?

AND ISN'T THIS THE ONLY REASON THEY WANT TO DUMP THEIR PART OF THE SYSTEM UPON MIAMI TAXPAYERS—WHILE THEY'RE ASLEEP AT THE SWITCH?

Don't Lynch Scarboro Before You Think! - - -

Chief of Detectives Lonnie Scarboro this week finds himself on a spot that he doesn't deserve to occupy as the outgrowth of the arrest and detention of the two McKay boys, aged 17 and 14, as ticket-scalper suspects at the Orange Bowl game Monday.

Admittedly, the boys were refused permission to telephone their father, Attorney McKay of Miami Beach, for several hours after they were arrested outside Burdine Stadium, and obviously somebody was guilty of serious mismanagement in the matter. That two fine young boys, sons of well known Miami Beach residents, and acting with the assurance of both the Orange Bowl committee and a police officer that they were doing nothing illegal, should be tossed

into jail with the riff-raff that always finds its way there, is enough to stir the indignation of every decent citizen, and to rouse a concerted demand for the punishment of those whose negligence or inefficiency was responsible.

But that Chief of Detectives Scarboro, as capable a chief of the detective division as Miami has ever had, should be forced to shoulder the blame is as unfair as was keeping the two McKay lads in confinement without the privilege of telephoning.

This refusal, it would seem, lies with the front office at police headquarters, where a rule has been in force for years that any prisoner must be allowed to telephone as soon as he is booked—except drunks, who are cooled off for four

Our Brave & Bold Safety Director

IN 1935, Sam McCreary was safety director and our present holder of that title, Dan Reynolds, was a flaming-haired motorcycle cop. Bob Williams, later to become mayor but then a candidate for the commission, was frantically summoned one night to find out what was happening in a nearby house where Mr. and Mrs. Eli Darlow, elderly couple, lived.

Bob ran outside. He could hear groans coming from the house. The voice sounded like Mrs. Darlow's. Bob ran around the corner of S. W. First street and 12th avenue to where a son-in-law of the old folks lived. Receiving no answer to his repeated knocks he started back to the Darlow residence. At the corner he espied the flame-haired cop who is now our safety director. Bob appealed to him to come and see what was wrong. Bob, you see, felt that he had no right to break into the Darlow home, but a policeman could.

Now what do you think this brave red-head, now the head of our entire police system, said to Bob Williams? Why, he said he was OFF DUTY!

Bob remonstrated. But Safety Director Reynolds wouldn't listen to him. He'd give no assistance—because his working day was over! And with that Dan speeded away on his motorcycle.

The former mayor then enlisted the aid of a newsboy—more as a witness than as a material help; Bob wouldn't break into the house without having someone present who understood the circumstances. He didn't know what might happen. Then, with the newsboy accompanying him, he broke down the door, after shouting in and getting no response.

Unconscious, lodged between the bed and the wall,

hours before being given that permission.

At the stadium office, where the boys were first detained, the telephone was denied them by officials of the Orange Bowl Committee, on the excuse—reasonable enough—that the line must be kept free for Orange Bowl business. It was the refusal to let the boys telephone AFTER REACHING THE POLICE STATION that forms the basis for the public outcry against the police department. At no time, it appears, did either of the boys make their request of Chief Scarboro personally.

In situations like this, which occur every so often even in the best regulated police department, and which involve persons of standing who are able to make their protests felt, the impulse of everyone—press, officials, and general public—is to crucify the first person available. It is the lynching spirit in a polite, parlorized form. It claims its victim, even though cooler consideration might show that the victim was not the guilty one.

This seems the case here. Chief Scarboro is a first class detective and a first class executive. The fact that not one pocket-picking was reported at the Orange Bowl game where 36,000 people were jammed together like sardines speaks well for the reputation of the Miami detective division. To pillory the chief of such an outfit for negligence or mismanagement by others may satisfy an immediate public desire, but it will not serve the ends of fair play.

How do you like this stock we're printing MIAMI LIFE on? It's the best obtainable—and if our readers like it, we shall continue to use it. Let us know what you think about it, please!

her leg broken and doubled underneath her, Mrs. Darlow was finally located in a rear room! She had fallen from a chair while hanging pictures on her wall.

Bob Williams hastily got an ambulance and had her taken to a hospital. He called Inspector McCarthy at police station. McCarthy apologized for the actions of Dan Reynolds and offered his services if needed.

The next morning Safety Director McCreary called Williams and said if Williams would prefer the charges, he would try the then motorcycle sergeant Dan Reynolds (now our safety director) but first would send Reynolds over to see Williams because Reynolds might have some explanations that would satisfy Williams.

Now comes the alibi—and it's a honey!

(TRUE CONFESSIONS or TRUE STORY, please copy!)

This highly publicized pet of the present Power-Trust dynasty at city hall—red-haired Dan Reynolds, now our safety director—said he had not come to Bob Williams' assistance because HE WAS AFRAID OF MRS. REYNOLDS! . . . Yes, our hero of the flaming hair confessed to Bob Williams that having checked out of police station, he didn't dare tarry on the way home! . . . His wife knew the exact time he had left the station—and knew just how many minutes it took him to get home . . . and woe to him if he were 15 or 20 minutes late! He told Williams he just didn't have the nerve to risk that!

From the events of the past few weeks we doubt if Director Reynolds told the truth when he hid behind the lady's skirt. We know that he called for help to arrest a negro who is reported to have cursed him and dared Reynolds to take him down,

and that a riot squad was sent out—NOT to arrest the negro BUT TO PROTECT OUR RED-HEADED SAFETY DIRECTOR!

We thought that when he was appointed to his present job he would add a very gentlemanly and kind tone to our already efficient, but possibly brusque police department.

This expose was brought about (we must admit) by his despicable action this week when the entire police department refused to arrest newsboys who were selling Orange Bowl novelties, along with other novelty hustlers who, for some strange and unexplained reason, had been given monopoly of this trade.

He was fearless enough when it came to squelching lowly newsboys who might make a few extra pennies!

When called by the publisher of MIAMI LIFE and apprized of the fact that a civilian was riding around in a police squad car pointing out which boys should be stopped and which boys should be allowed to continue selling these novelties, our brave safety director replied: "I am going to have a talk with you and get you straight on what can be done around here. And I am going down personally and arrest these boys who are not supposed to sell!"

Now we wonder if Director Reynolds' animosity does not come from the incident of several years ago when that newsboy back in 1935 dared enter the house that Dan Reynolds didn't dare to!

In closing we must say we are thankful that the director of public safety's job isn't a permanent one, that it is a superfluous one! And when a man (did we say "a man?") . . . well, to reconstruct: when a person like Reynolds will enforce a petty ordinance such as that one, in a carnival-mad town, against a lowly newsboy trying to make a few extra pennies—and DELIBERATELY CLOSE HIS EYES TO FLAGRANT VIOLATIONS ON EVERY HAND—he's not fit to head a department of as many good policemen as we have in Miami! . . . For he certainly can't command the right kind of respect from these men who too plainly see his warped, picayunish mentality. The idea! Didn't our bars and night clubs, without exception wink at laws on the big days last Sunday and Monday and nobody complaining about it . . . Our big, brave, flaming-haired safety director picks on newsboys!

(Editor's note: we asked Former Mayor Bob Williams about the incident of 1935, but he was reticent about answering. We found no such hesitancy among policemen, however—and several were glad to give us an accurate resume of the case!)

Miami Life

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"Cabbages and Kings"

The time has come, the Walrus said,
To speak of many things;
Of ships and shoes and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings.
—The Walrus and the Carpenter.

ESKIMOS and Fiji Islanders believe that unless they are tattooed they cannot enter Paradise... A French prisoner about to be guillotined was found to have an inscription tattooed on his neck which read, "Executioner, when cutting, please follow dotted line..." According to statistics one woman out of every 15 in the United States has some kind of a tattoo mark on her body... At Steffenbach, in the Swiss Alps, there is a bridge which is erected every spring and dismantled each fall on account of avalanches... In Japan certain colors have extreme significance and are used only for specific purposes... Yellow denotes mourning and the only automobiles which may be painted that color are hearses... Cars belonging to the royalty are the only ones which may be painted maroon... The beautiful blue color of the sky is made possible by dust particles in the air... If there were no dust particles the sky would be pitch black... Switzerland is the oldest democracy in the world (650 years)... There are three times as many daily newspapers in Switzerland as Great Britain... Switzerland is the most electrified nation in the world with 99 per cent of her homes electrically equipped and 85 percent of her railroads using electricity... Steamer hulls of concrete were first introduced in the world war to save steel.

Lepers are the only people in the world who cannot be identified by fingerprints... The ailment changes the papillary pattern... Approximately three million lepers are living in the world today but less than 2 percent of them are in leprosariums... The only leper colony in the United States is at the United States Marine Hospital, Carville, Louisiana... Leprosy germs and tuberculosis germs are very similar and the same methods of treatment are employed... Chaulmoogra oil, which comes from the fruits of a tree found in India, is the most valuable aid in leprosy treatment... It was first used by direct application but physicians have found it more effective when administered by hypodermic... A Texas chemist, after a series of experiments, declares that small men get drunk quicker than big ones... If 100 men drank a quart of whiskey each, quickly, at least fifty of them would die... Fritz Kreisler's hands are insured for \$1,000,000... Most violin players wear gloves at receptions to keep their hands from being injured while shaking hands...

Air raids did not start in the world war... The first air raid was staged in December, 1913, in Morocco... A Spanish officer dispatching three airplanes upon a reconnoitering expedition remarked, "Why not load one of these machines with hand grenades and dump them off on the Moors?"... The plan failed to kill very many Moors but an idea was born. In ancient ruined villages in Peru houses have been found which extend two stories underground... Joseph Baerman Strauss, designer and chief engineer of the Golden Gate Bridge writes poetry during his leisure moments... He has built more than 300 bridges... A new infra-red lamp has been invented which will kill fleas on a dog without injuring the canine... They are working out an attachment for bed bugs and cockroaches... The waves heat up the internal organs and literally roast the insects... A British dentist has just finished counting a snail's teeth... There are 14,175... The teeth are arranged in 135 rows with 105 teeth in each row... He spent two months making the count... So what?

HINTS FOR THE COLD WAVE

Never Let Anybody Know You've Got a Cold or You'll Be Snowed Under With Remedies From Everybody Who Ever Heard Of You

By JOHN KIMBLE

INASMUCH as our cold wave seems to have decided to spend the winter—(really, this weather is MOST unusual!) and inasmuch as it has brought down a flood of MOST unusual colds upon this happy sub-tropical community, it seems like a good idea to tell MIAMI LIFE readers ive tuberculosis—but don't let on you have a cold.

The one all-important part of curing a cold, the absolutely essential factor in its successful treatment, is not to tell a living soul about it. Hide it as if it were leprosy, even to the point of running into the next room for a sneaky little blow into your Christmas hankerchief. Deny it even to your own pastor. If you don't feel well, tell folks you think you have sinus trouble, or the beginnings of cancer, or even active tuberculosis—but don't let on you have a cold.

The reason for such caution is an obvious one. Once you admit out loud that you are suffering from a cold, your life is no longer your own to live as you please. It becomes automatically the personal affair of (a) your household, (b) the neighbors on either side of you, (c) the neighbors across the street, (d) the yard boy, (e) the grocery deliveryman, (f) the Florida Power & Light Company's meter-reader, (g) Aunt Hattie and Uncle Edward, (h) the man at the parking lot, and (i,j,k,l,m, etc.) any other humans of a social-minded sort who feel it their moral duty to tell you what THEY always do for a cold.

Assuredly, you don't have to do all, or even part, of the things that these friendly fiends suggest to you. If you are a rugged, square-jawed man, used to dominating others and well enough equipped physically to drive your well-wishers off by brute strength when they finally force the issue of whether you are to abandon bromo-quinine and try Uncle Edward's old remedy of hot lemon-juice with just a dash of Worcester'shire, you'll make out fairly well and no doubt live to cure your cold in your own way. But if you are the weak-chinned amiable type, that runs to oversized Adam's Apples and fires, you are certain to be overcome. You and your cold have no more chance for a peaceful existence together in the face of Aunt Hattie's bustling, fishy-eyed efficiency, or Uncle Edward's compelling salesmanship, than a telephone pole at dog-track.

You will be told to go to bed with plenty of cover; not to go to bed at all but to get out in the sunshine and walk; to drink heated fruit juices with whiskey in them; to drink heated fruit juices but no whiskey; to drink a half-pint of whiskey and then go to bed; to drink a half-pint of whiskey and NOT go to bed, (which is the only logical idea in the lot) to dose yourself with ephedrine; to take aspirin; to avoid aspirin and take a dose of salts; not to take salts under any circumstances because they are injurious but to try milk of magnesia, instead; to buy a bottle of oh-what-WAS-that-stuff that did Cousin Robert so much good just before he died?—well, I can't remember the name, but it came in a glass bottle with a label on it, anyhow, and it certainly helped poor Robert!

Everybody and his brother will want to aid you—they will insist violently and militantly on aiding you, even to getting you down on the floor and holding you there while each in turn pours his favorite cold remedy down your tortured throat, for the spirit of social helpfulness runs strong in Americans, and woe unto him who attempts to stifle it—especially when he himself is its temporary beneficiary. If you don't try each and every cure proposed to you, each and every proposer will make mental note of you as an ignoramus, an ingrate, and a heel, and resolve to let you die, next time. And if you do follow all the advice you get, you'll die THIS time—make no mistake about it.

Now, in our family, we are not like other people. Each of us cures his or her own colds in whatever manner he or she likes best. Some of us take aspirin; sister takes bromo-quinine; my older brother always borrows

twenty dollars from the old man and goes to a night club with his girl, giving her the cold on the way home and returning a new man.

But, personally, I feel it my duty to pass on to the readers of this article my own tried and tested cold remedy, one that I have been putting into use with startling results for many years:

To the juice of one lemon, add two teaspoonfuls of powdered sugar and a dash of bitters; stir until mixed, then add a pony of gin—or two ponies, if you like horses as well as I do—a little cracked ice and stir again until well blended. Drink immediately, with a 14-ounce glass of beer as a chaser, and repeat dose every twenty minutes.

By the time the wagon comes your cold will have disappeared entirely.

So You Say...

'Hugh Stuff, I-Am'

Editor Miami Life:

I am a humorist—decidedly clever—who runs around with the Lady in the Pink Blue slacks. I come down here every winter, because I have convinced a wishful-thinking editor that I am clever, that I am funny, that I am smart. I am a columnist and what I say is clever, even if I had to kid the other columnists into mutual admiration of the smart cracks I make.

I use my picture at the head of my column. I have a good picture of myself. I usually have the editor run a story about I'm here, so that I get off in a blaze of glory. I know that the night clubs and jukes will welcome me, because I have the instrument to enhance my popularity—a daily newspaper column.

I have convinced Hugh (Sister) McKay and Harry (Aunt) Fiechman that I am clever and I give them a lot of seasonal publicity, for which they give me ample gifts. I know that a lot of guys who think they can write envy me, because I am given leeway to say the clever things I think up.

I have become an institution

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and I hope you will not note that I may be crumbling. I am making a valiant effort to keep up a bold front so that my editor will not catch on that I actually am doing only sophomoric drivel in my column.

I know that when I speak to people a great many of them return my salutes with "I, I, Sir." I am sure Ev, Doty, Henry, Ellis, Winchell and the other supposedly clever columnists realize that I am in front by an I-lash.

I'll be seeing you.
HUGH STUFF

STEP-CHILD

Editor MIAMI LIFE:
Everybody else gets invited out for Christmas dinner. I get in jail. The boss and his boy friends ate up the candy I bought for a girl, thus putting me in the doghouse (without straw) for another year or so. The boss does nothing about getting me out of jail. The only humanitarian around the shop is a dope who lends me a dollar to resuscitate myself with.

I ask you, if I'm not a red-headed step-child and the seventh son of a seventh son, with a ten-dollar fine waiting to be paid tomorrow morning and no way of getting it—well, I ASK you!
(signed) OD

Miami, Florida
Dec. 18, 1939

Editor Miami Life:
It certainly is galling for decent taxpayers to be kicked around in this city. I am referring to the taxi-cab and for-hire car situation which, in my opinion, has become absolutely deplorable.

If you will take the trouble to investigate you will find that hundreds of feet of available and desirable parking space has been painted off by the police department in the downtown district for the exclusive use of taxi-cabs and for-hire cars and that the South side of Flagler street, in the heart of the shopping district, is lined day and night with cabs and rental cars while ordinary taxpayers and visitors are forbidden to park within the restricted areas for even one minute.

Why should taxi-cabs be given preference. If taxpayers parking in the business district create a traffic hazard doesn't it sound logical that these cabs create the same menace? Flagler street and all other downtown town streets were built, if you please, with taxpayer's funds. The public is entitled to use the streets it paid for. I will venture to say that the taxes paid by the taxi-cab companies and the for hire car owners comprise less than one-half of one percent of the taxes paid annually in Miami which means that the poor taxpayers, as usual, are taking it on the chin.

Here is your picture. The taxpayers defray practically 100 pc. I say either open building and maintaining the city streets and the taxi-cabs and for hire cars use them 100 pc., I say either open up the streets for public parking or close them to all parkins. If anyone can show me why a very small minor-

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ity should be granted such lavish concessions I will draw in my horns and have nothing more to say about the matter. Miami Life is the only newspaper in Miami ever willing to go to bat for old John Q. Public—why don't you go to bat for us now and kick those damn taxi-cabs and for hire cars into the bay where they belong?

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TEN YEARS AGO

(From the Files of MIAMI LIFE)

TO THOSE WHO MADE MIAMI:

(December 28, 1929)

JUST an expression of the finest wishes for a prosperous 1930 an observant editor in these parts for many years can give to folks who really are responsible for making Miami the lovely metropolis it is.

Some of the names on our honor list might surprise you. Some—and in fact, most of them, as we glance over our list—are poor as church mice right now. But it is not strange that this editor would wish the ones who are probably the most hard-up a more prosperous year than the others. And they are deserving.

Here is a list of men we think the town ought to join with us in thanking for past efforts and for future service. Don't get the idea that this is a Herald popularity contest. It's just a simple expression of love and faith that always should go into these "Merry Xmas and Happy New Year" ideas. And the hundreds of men and women whom we would like to take this space to eulogize—they know our feelings towards them. We prefer to mention just a few who don't get their names in print in just this way very often, but are really entitled in a major part for the sound development of what we think is the finest city on earth.

Here they are, unalphabetically and without regard for order or achievement—and to them our good wishes:

Bill Huffstetler (by the way, we haven't seen Billy in a coon's age, but he used to be a big shot around these parts, and probably still is); Carl Fisher, of course; Newt Roney, who didn't lose his shirt through adversity; Walter S. Morrow who uses his explosives principally to run pessimists out of town; Hugh Anderson and Roy Wright, who made possible our beautiful Biscayne Boulevard and Miami Shores and Venetian Isles and the Deering estate development; Glenn Curtiss, who has been with us always and we hope always will be with us; George Merrick—imagine a whole panegyric column here!—T. T. Ansberry, whose efforts to fulfill his obligations at Atlantic Shores will always stand out in our memory. And two real estate promoters who did big things for the benefit of their clients as far as they could—Frank A. Bennett and J. S. Blain. And J. Ed. Lummus of the Southern Bank. And certainly the work they did for Miami and Miami Beach, although unexploited, should give our departed Jim Allison, Pop Hahn, Mrs. Julia Tuttle, Councilman Bill Scott of the Beach; Doc Lawton, Rev. R. V. Atkisson, Parker A. Henderson, Commodore Wyeth, T. V. Moore, and John Collins, a place in Heaven. Gee! How many of our old cronies are in a position now where they don't need our New Year wishes! But we know they would appreciate them if they were here.

And then there is Isidore Cohen, still going strong and with all the well wishes of the community for future strength; and John B. Orr, and our first sheriff, John Frohock; and Charles Torrey Simpson, the Little River naturalist, whose individual effort toward educating South Floridians on plant and animal life right around them has probably been of more indirect benefit than any of the rest mentioned; the Tatums (all the push and caboodle of them); Charlie Mills, Judge Philip Clarkson, who has been a silent backbone in the gradual development of our courts to a higher plane; Alec Riach, he of the indefatigable energy; Captain Duncan G. Brossier, and we must not forget one of the greatest pioneers of all the last reward—Captain Frank Jaudon.

And there's Bobo Dean, whose paper years ago broke the monopoly of the F. E. C. Railroad on Miami and thereby made it a city. And vivacious Ben Shepard, lovable John Sewell (the Sewell you don't hear about), Dr. Monroe, Hamilton Michelson, Bill Urmyer, Mana-Zucca, the noted composer and wife of Irwin Cassel of Cromer-Cassel's; Joe Hugh Reese, Uncle Billy Witham, and Willie Willie, the Seminole. The name of Roddy Burdine goes down on our list without us even thinking to mention it until now—for all good wishes for his service and his continued health go without saying.

And Hattie Carpenter (of the old Metropolis days), Tub Palmer, Mrs. McAllister, the senior J. E. Junkin, G. R. K. Carter of Miami Beach, Marjorie Stoneman Douglas, Dr. Elisha B. King, who has been a most constructive factor in the growth of the Beach; Pete Robineau, the Ralston boys (Bob and Henry), Ed Howe especially, Herb Mace, Bill Burbridge, Judge Uly Thompson who has added so much dignity and character to the bench of Dade County.

Jack Cleary deserves a whole paragraph all by himself—a paragraph to express our esteem of all the good things he's done benefitting the life of Miami—and that he gets only about one per cent credit for, but plenty of grief. And here's the paragraph.

If we had space we could devote a couple of columns to each name mentioned. Some day, if we ever get rich and could afford it, we might do it. Funny, looking over the list, we find we forgot virtually every advertiser in this paper, but good wishes to them should go without saying. They've been loyal and true in tiding this paper over probably the worst year any paper of this sort ever encountered—if they themselves don't get by this coming summer it certainly won't be from any lack of support from MIAMI LIFE.

No, what we wish everybody—reading this piece—almost everybody, at any rate—is a very Happy New Year. Nearly everybody in this town deserves it. It's a darn good town.

We're simply doing something that we've often contemplated—especially wishing those real and comparatively uncredited creators of this paradise we've got, health, wealth and happiness that they deserve for their tireless efforts.

And if you don't think some of them whose names are mentioned aren't going to be surprised! Anyway, all of you are having the happy New Year wished on you at this writing.

Charlotte May's
WHOLE

Glori-Fried Chicken

\$1.25 Twelve Pieces — Will Serve Four \$1.25

Add 10 cts For Delivery Sealed HOT in a Box Add 10 cts For Delivery

Including Salad, Stuffed Wings, Toasted French Leaf

Call By or We Deliver — PHONE 2-7465 — 'Til Midnight

330 N. E. 2nd AVENUE

COLONEL WILLIAMS MIAMI MILITARY ACADEMY HEAD TOSSES HAT IN PRESIDENTIAL RING

A reporter for Miami Life caught Col. Williams as he was disentangling himself from a Fiat upon his return from a "swing" around the country. Asked as to his "contacts" while away, the Col. admitted that he had seen practically nothing of Jim Farley and other big wigs in Washington and that he had made no hay with other "ins" along his route; but that he had got down to "brass tacks" with Wm. Forster of Atlanta, Bertram Pearson of Kingston, N. C., the Hillis boys of Baltimore, Edwin Caldwell of Warren, O., John Thornbury of Ashland, Ky., and several other likely youngsters who are either at Miami Military Academy now or on the way here.

Is it a fact then, Colonel, that you are building up your own "brain trust" as has been intimated? And how is it shaping up?

Well, yes, (said the colonel) That seems to be the way they go about it these days. You have to have a "brain trust" to tell you what to do in tight places. And you have to increase the group as much as the traffic will stand. We already had a fine "brain trust" in Ted Roland, Editor of Miami Military Academy Times, Joie Clein, representative of Miami Life, Danny Wagner, General Trouble Shooter (and sometimes Producer), Paul Rentschler, Fillip Administrator Extraordinary in any situation or on any occasion, Bob Butler, Aeronautical Engineer in Chief, The Roll Brothers, Experts in Bureaucracy, and about forty others just as active and effective each in his own capacity. And the staff is always on tenterhooks wondering what this crowd will do next. We are constantly looking out for new timber, especially of great promise. Among the latest additions at our "training farm" is young Evert Williams, my grandson, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. Gaylord Williams of Maule Industries, 666 N. E. 74th St. This youngster gives so much promise of stupendous ability along political lines that we are not just certain as yet what to do about it. Although he isn't quite eight months old, he makes no bones about claiming all the prerogatives of that advanced age. He has already learned the difference between his left ear and the dinner bell. He can "manage" for more things now than some grown people. He almost turns handsprings at the sound of running water, or the suggestion of going to bed, and what he can do with Christmas toys, if he keeps on, will eventually produce a yawning demand that will set all the toy factories working overtime and even visibly affect the more stable industries. If this is not practical and modern politics, what is? Keep your eyes on this youngster.

The reporter then hesitantly, as reporters do, asked the Colonel whether it is true that he had thrown his hat into the ring.

Well, yes, (said the Colonel) I guess I have. You see that with such a live and energetic "brain trust" all ready and "rarin to go," it would be a shame not to ride the "tide in the affairs of men which taken at its flood leads on to fortune." They say to me in effect, "You have been preaching to us for years about civic and moral duty. Now, let's see some action." I am not just sure that this bunch will all support me through thick and thin, but I have few little strings I

can pull that will probably hold the more active right and left "wings" in line while I try hard to keep in the middle of the road. For instance Gordon Brindly will be sure to want "Leave" when he knows he should not have it, but should be "walking off" some of his many penalties. Norman Moore will want an extra bar of candy at "canteen," while various and sundry others will want a little extension of the "deadline" for getting in delinquent work. Oh, there are ways and ways.

Outside of our little circle of "insiders" at MIAMI MILITARY ACADEMY, there is also the local situation in and around Greater Miami and Dade County. The fastest growing community in the United States certainly should have an occasional candidate for President just to let the rest of the country know that we are to be reckoned with, if nothing else. I have been watching closely to see who among the abler brethren would sacrifice himself upon the altar of duty, but in vain. Now take Ed Romfh. He likely could say "No" to many of the weird suggestions of the most flamboyant of "brain trusts" just as glibly as to over-ambitious borrowers. What a man for the need! But no. When I brought the matter to his attention some time ago and intimated that the whole country was looking his way, he was shy and reserved. He dodged the questions at issue and told me so many different anecdotes malapropos that I had to rush back to school, without the loan, to see what the boys were doing, if anything. Then there is H. Bond Bliss. He somehow got a one-man nomination for the presidency awhile back. What did he do? Did he thank his stars and proceed to build up his chances and fish for at least a second? No. He must be facetious. He felt compelled, by his fatal sense of humor, I presume, to tell his prospective constituency that if he were president he would not deign to go fishing without at least a whole battle fleet in his train. You can imagine what the effect of this "crack" was upon a free people already more or less conscious of the need of economy. It will simply be some time before he is "available." There is young Newt Lummus. He is full of "pep" and he is after these here tax-dodgers no end. He has long done a difficult job well, and is, of course, a master of political organization and cooperation. What a man he would be to take the helm with his sterling honesty and worth! But I have heard no encouragement from him so far. Thus runs the dreary tale. It seems to be up to me. And as the air is getting more or less full of loose hats, I better sail my modest chapeau while there is still a chance for it to find a landing place. Next week, if MIAMI LIFE does not get into too much of a "jam" over this "fireside chat," I shall venture to name some of my humble virtues which should entitle me to the august consideration of the American people. (Further, at this time, dependent saith naught.)

ERNEST'S

ALL SPORTS

Best Sandwiches In Town

Upstairs—51 N. E. 1st St.

Phone 2-4013

Florida's Most Beautiful Display Of

Pottery and China

HOME GARDEN, APT. POTTERY & CHINA 2531 CORAL WAY

OPEN EVENINGS & SUNDAYS MAILING DEPT. A Fairland Of Color

HEALTH RENDEZVOUS
129 N. E. First Street MIAMI, FLORIDA (IN THE PATIO)
The only restaurant that teaches all about food and serves scientifically the best. Lectures (Tuesday and Thursday, 7 P.M.) and kitchen conducted by Dr. F. CORNEJO.

Smoker's Garage
Authorized AAA Service Day and Night Service General Repairing 127 N. E. 7th St. Ph. 3-8740

Thrills - Chills - Spills
Midget Auto Races EVERY Thurs. and Sun., 3 P. M. FLAGLER SPEEDWAY PARK 65th Ave. and Flagler St. MIAMI, FLA.
Bus transfer from any point to and from track

EDWARD'S SERVICE STATION
Station No. 1—1280 S. W. EIGHTH STREET—Phone 3-1661 Station No. 2—2644 S. W. EIGHTH STREET—Phone 4-9230
GAS, OIL, BATTERIES, TIRES WASH—POLISH and LUBRICATION — Also COMPLETE AUTO REPAIR DEPARTMENT
PHONE 3-1661 or 4-9230 FOR ROAD SERVICE

SQUARE DEAL CLUB
GOOD FOOD-CLEAN SPORTS
Budweiser on Draught
1227-29-31-W. Flagler St.

THEY TELL ME

THAT Attorney Walter Roundtree, whom Miami Labor placed on the state industrial commission, had a close call within the last week or two, at one time being definitely reported as on his way out, and a successor already named—all because of Labor's disapproval of his attitude toward them—but, at the moment of going to press, it looks like things have been patched up—and Walter is going to watch his step in the future...

it's good to see Labor keenly scrutinizing the doings of its representatives

!!! THAT one middle-aged gentleman is finding out why people laugh when they see the front of his car...

part of a Miami auto emblem has been broken off—and the "P" is gone in the words "WINTER PLAYGROUND"

!!! THAT Power-Trust employees had better vote next Tuesday... they're not likely to have jobs if they don't

!!! THAT Esther is back... and recuperating—but she won't say what from

!!! THAT the Harvey Seeds Post, American Legion, will do a grand job if they actually get out and vote next Tuesday without fear or favor

!!! THAT the Herald's best lines last week were in the Johnny Rowland story that said, "Observers, however, did not see the move as an effort to fulfill a promise, but as a political move of eliminating Rowland from the shrievalty race next year. He has been mentioned as a formidable candidate..."

'tis said that the word, "shrievalty," backfired on the Herald linotype operator who set it—and sent that calloused veteran to the hospital

!!! THAT Uncle Sam's boys are looking the moral situation over to see how many Mann act violations can be dug up in connection with the recent influx of sin sisters.

!!! THAT Mabel and Gracie aren't on speaking terms on account of that English examination and that the verbal battle staged in the sorority house was a masterpiece.

!!! THAT Charlie will never know how much trouble Caroline had turning off the pilot light on the gas stove in order she might induce Charlie to come into the apartment to light it up again.

!!! THAT Paddy's hours are supposed to be from 9 until 5 but she generally doesn't get out of the seventh floor office until after dark and always looks well pawed.

!!! THAT the S. W. Sixth street honeymooners have entirely too much confidence in the Venetian blind and should be informed that Venetian blinds are just like the great open spaces unless the shutters are closed.

!!! THAT a certain downtown

!!! THAT Helen would pay a pretty penny for the police radio code so she can understand what is going on when Car 13 is ordered to proceed to N. W. 7th street to investigate a "306".

!!! THAT Marion isn't as silly as she looks and managed to switch a traffic ticket to a total stranger's automobile and get away with it—or rather she got away with it until the stranger gets an invitation to come to police headquarters and explain.

!!! THAT a certain N. W. 7th

Round the Town

with ROD

One of Miami's oldest catering places is celebrating its fifteenth season with the opening of a beautiful new building, Cafe Little Bohemia at 930-6 N. E. Second Avenue. Among its new features you will find a beautiful new dining room, private entrances to dinette compartments; a terrace garden, patio and a big private dining room for large parties. Frank and Annette Macoun, the owners, supervise the serving of delicious foods in a Czechoslovakian atmosphere.

One of the more recent openings in Miami is the Hof-Brau. They have secured the services of a Chef from the European Hof Braus to satisfy the most fastidious epicurean. The address, 221 N. E. Second St.

If you like to eat aboard ship and who doesn't—you will like the sea-going atmosphere of the Boat restaurant at 39 N. E. First avenue, where the little gals who wait on you are dressed like those yeomanettes of 1917-18. We don't know whether the chef, back in his kitchen, wears a sailor cap, but the nautical flavor out front is authentic. Much of the trade which Charley, skipper of the Boat, has brought incomes from the late-staying-up crowd, who like a downtown place for a snack before scattering to their bunks

cashier is paying special attention to signatures on checks after paying out \$50 of the firm's hard earned dough on one without a signature.

!!! THAT the prowler in the N. E. section who makes a specialty of stealing women's pants from clothes lines must have a voluptuous wife or girl friend. He always steals size 40 or upward.

!!! THAT a certain Biscayne Boulevard bus driver is entirely too important for his job. Five complaints were registered against him on one trip the week before last and he had been given his final chance.

!!! THAT farmers and property owners along Coral Way are forming a protective league to protect themselves who operate along the that the going will be tough this year.

!!! THAT Jake will never buy another second hand automobile and just take the seller's word for it that the title is clear. It cost him a nice down payment of \$65 to get smart.

!!! THAT a former dry cleaner has blossomed out into a full fledged bookie and is thinking of adding a crap game and a black-jack layout to his stock, and doesn't know that nearby opposition is fixing to smother him.

!!! THAT Helen would pay a pretty penny for the police radio code so she can understand what is going on when Car 13 is ordered to proceed to N. W. 7th street to investigate a "306".

!!! THAT Marion isn't as silly as she looks and managed to switch a traffic ticket to a total stranger's automobile and get away with it—or rather she got away with it until the stranger gets an invitation to come to police headquarters and explain.

!!! THAT a certain N. W. 7th

in various parts of town. The Bowery saloon of the 90's with its swinging doors, and sawdust floors, singing waiters and itinerant bards, old-time songs and old-fashioned gals are revived at Zissen's Bowery, even to the exact reproduction of the flickering red street lamps of that by-gone era that grace the front doors. The art gallery in the dining room depicts life size, hand painted scenes of those peculiar situations one is likely to encounter when there are no friends about to guide him. Appropriate captions for explanations are no less source of amusement. Witty and clever, the pictures speak volumes, without saying a word.

Diners-out who eat for the sheer joy of eating, and persons who fancy the idea of having their food prepared under the supervision of a former royal chef, ought to find the Capri restaurant at Miami Beach something to write home about. It is operated by Jimmy DeFeo, once of Capri, later of New York, and now, for the past three years, a resident of the Beach. Italian food is the specialty of the house, and it is provided by Giovanni Somebody who once had the job of chef for King Alfonso of Spain—when King Alfonso was king. Gourmets say its all right and then some.

avenue rooming house will be in a swell kettle of fish if the fire inspectors find out that the rope fire escapes were cut down to be used in towing the rooming house keeper's boat.

ATLANTIC RESTAURANT
Serving Miami 10 Years.
Now open in New Location
126 S. E. 2nd St.
Dinners 35c - 50c
James Contos, Prop.

BALL CHAIN BAR
Dance to
JACK MIDDLETON'S
Orchestra
Opposite Tower Theatre
1513 S. W. 8th Street

KOOL MOTOR
Gasoline and Oils



CITIES SERVICE PRODUCTS
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FREE KIDNEY TRIAL FOR WEAKNESS MONEY BACK IF IT FAILS
Take FAMOUS KIDANS for BACKACHE, for Frequent Scanty, or Burning Passage; for Leg Pains; Loss of Energy; Tired, Lazy Feeling; Headaches; Dizziness; having a source in functional Kidney disorders.
KIDANS work speedily. Diuretically stimulates Kidneys and Bladder to pass off acids and poisonous wastes, thus affording relief from these distressing symptoms. Thousands report pleasing results. If you have something wrong with your kidneys, try KIDANS.
SEND NO MONEY
WRITE for TWO Boxes of KIDANS. Upon arrival pay \$1.00 plus postal fee. If \$1.00 is sent with order we pay all postage. Use one box. If not entirely satisfied with RESULTS return other box and we'll instantly refund your money. We take the risk. Order KIDANS today. Address THE KIDANS CO., Com. Exchange Building, Atlanta, Ga.

!!! THAT Helen would pay a pretty penny for the police radio code so she can understand what is going on when Car 13 is ordered to proceed to N. W. 7th street to investigate a "306".

!!! THAT Marion isn't as silly as she looks and managed to switch a traffic ticket to a total stranger's automobile and get away with it—or rather she got away with it until the stranger gets an invitation to come to police headquarters and explain.

!!! THAT a certain N. W. 7th

Dunn Bus Is Tied Into Power-Trust "Deal"

THE Power-Trust newspapers are already looking ahead to elimination of the street car tracks and "the letting of a contract with a responsible bus company for a unified transportation system," as the Herald confi-

dently expressed it the other day. The company will be the Miami Transit Company, of course,—57 per cent of whose stock is owned by George Dunn and 24 per cent by Buck Freeman. There is nothing to pre-

vent Dunn and Freeman from selling their stock to the Power Trust—whereupon we would have the Power Trust in complete charge of our transportation in this area, the Dunn company already servicing the two horse tracks as well as the dog tracks! There are only four other directors and

stockholders in the Miami Transit Company. The Dunn Bus Company's principal stock is owned by Dunn's son, Clyde.

During the elder Dunn's unsuccessful fight to get Miami voters to approve a franchise with the city a couple of years ago, it was constantly rumored that Dunn was merely fronting for the Power Trust—which was one of the reasons the voters declined it.

Now before we are confronted with a transportation franchise with a bus company, MIAMI LIFE wishes to assert that no bus franchise should be considered that does not guarantee a 5-cent fare—and probably half that much for school children. Buses can be operated more cheaply than electric trolley cars. If the Dunn Company cannot guarantee such a price, there are at least two concerns who will deposit a quarter-million dollars in cash with the city as a guarantee of a 5-cent fare!

Miamians are now paying \$3,000 a day for inadequate transportation, spending twice as much on busses as they are on street cars. According to a curtailed transportation report for 1938 the street cars, taking in \$360,402.16 gross on \$7c and 5c fares, had a net revenue of \$63,478 which was 17.6 per cent of gross receipts. And the bus companies, operating on 10c fares, took in \$724,842 all told, but managed to show a deficit of \$3,027.

But from the Florida Cities Bus Company of West Palm Beach we get a report for the year ending Oct. 1, 1938, showing that this company, operating on a regular 10-cent fare but selling tokens at the rate of 16 for a dollar, grossed \$115,046—and operated at 10.07 cents per mile—while the Miami bus companies showed a cost of 15.3 a mile, and the street car system of Miami a cost of 22 cents per mile.

Now, if you're further interested in screwy figures offered the public in recent efforts to establish some kind of unified transportation system in Miami, try to figure out this one: if street cars, making money on a 7c and 5c fare basis are replaced with busses by present bus operators losing money on a 10c fare basis, how could the bus company afford to offer nearly \$600,000 for the privilege of replacing street cars and guarantee a reduced fare to the public?

If Miami ever had a city commission who really wanted the city to own its own transportation company, Miami itself could make \$7,200 a month—or \$84,000 a year—and still provide 5-cent transportation. Figures Commissioner R. C. Gardner has had compiled by transportation men who know their business show that 25 busses to replace street cars, antici-

pating a third increase in mileage and 25 per cent increase in passengers would give results as follows:

Annual mileage.....	1,800,000
No. of Passengers.....	6,528,000
Monthly mileage.....	150,000
No. of Passengers.....	544,000

AVERAGE MONTHLY COST ITEMIZED

Manager: salary.....	\$ 350
Drivers (60 @ \$112).....	6,720
Tires (150,000 miles).....	600
Gas (10 mi. gal. @ 15c).....	2,250
Oil (400 mi. gal. @ 45c).....	168

Monthly total.....	\$10,988
(150,000 miles @ \$10,988 is 6.7 cents per mile.)	
Estimated cost per bus mile.....	\$.10
Deducting itemized cost per mile.....	.067
Balance.....	\$.032

3.2 per cent of \$150,000 leaves \$4,911 for maintenance and overhead, allowing for incidentals. Clerical, mechanical and all miscellaneous help to qualify thru civil service, be governed thereby and paid from the balance of \$.032 per bus mile, estimated for maintenance and overhead..... \$ 4,911

Above monthly total added.....	10,988
Monthly total cost at 10c per bus mile.....	\$115,000
Revenue from 544,000 passengers at 5c.....	\$27,200
Operating cost for 150,000 miles @ 10c per bus mile.....	15,000
Gross profit.....	\$12,200
Monthly payment on busses over two-year period.....	5,000
Estimated City's share Monthly.....	\$7,200

OF course, under the present commission, dominated as it is by the Power Trust and the Power-influenced dailies, municipal operation of busses will not be given consideration. But these figures may guide citizens when it comes to a point of scrutinizing claims that will be put forth by the Dunn-Power Trust interests in the hope of monopolizing the transportation situation.

It will be interesting to see

how the Power Trust stooges can reconcile their claims that the city should now operate its own water plant in its entirety—but will argue against the same city operating a transportation system over its own streets and serving its own people!

The Dunn family has done right well with bus transportation. In 1925 George Dunn had only 15 per cent of the stock of the Dunn Bus Company. His 100 shares were valued at \$6,666. In 1937 the Dunn family owned 1,053 shares, while the Freeman family had acquired 447 shares—both together controlling more than 80 per cent of the stock. Around election times there has always been plenty of bus company money floating about,

too! It's been a very profitable venture for the Duns and the Freemans!

WITH Ross Williams on the circuit court bench and Norman C. Hendry on the civil court of record bench, Gov. Cone is doing a rather handsome thing for Dade county in his most recent appointments. We know them both pretty well, and we can forget a lot of mean things we've said about the Lake City banker who has directed the state for the last three years and is winding up his term of office this year. Both are young, energetic, imbued with high standards, observant, and genteel. Neither has any entangling alliances to hamper his work, and both have good legal minds. Such young blood can't help but tone up our judiciary system.

the FBI is investigating white slavery here in Miami. Maybe they'll be able to get better wages for newspaper people.

Down in the Argentine, British sailors off the cruiser Achilles and interned German sailors who had been aboard the Admiral Graf Spee met in a barroom and drank toasts to each other. Over on the western front, Hitler was reported to have stepped into No Man's land (on French soil) one night during the holidays, and some days ago German aviators dropped an umbrella for Chamberlain behind the allied lines. Other goofiness of like character has been reported from time to time. And they want us to get excited about this war!

Its only a fight to the Finnish. Stalin probably conferred the Order of Lenin on that unpronounceable Russian general for losing fewer troops than anybody else. With an outfit like the Soviet Army, that's an achievement.

SHOTS IN THE DARK

The beauty about the New Year is that you don't have to look at that picture on last year's calendar any more.

The beauty about having your phone fixed so the bell will ring upstairs as well as down is that you can simply flip a switch and prevent it from ringing upstairs.

That English blonde whom Hitler called the perfect Nordic type got shot in Germany, very mysteriously. Bet some fellow was jealous of her.

No, that clattering sound wasn't your watch dropping on the curbstone. It was just another New Year's resolution getting smashed to pieces.

Everybody's glad to know that

The New PADDOCK Club
WASHINGTON AVE. AT 7TH ST. MIAMI BEACH
Presenting **ANN LESTER** Cinderella of Song
NEWELL & STEGER Broadway's Favorite Funsters
ROGERS & MORRIS Int'l Madcaps
LEON PRIMA Emperor of Swing
3—SHOWS NITELY—3
12:00, 2:00, 4 A. M.
OPEN ALL NITE
NEW YEAR'S EVE!
NO COVER CHARGE
FUN—FROLIC—FAVORS
SOUVENIRS
Reservations: 5-3925, 5-9413

LOUIS GRILL
721 LINCOLN RD., MIAMI BEACH
Patio or Enclosed Dining Room
Serves the Beach Since 1928
LUNCHEONS . . . 50c-60c & 75c
DINNERS . . . \$1.00 - \$1.25
Summer: Island House, Mackinac Island, Mich.

BEST BUSINESS OPPORTUNITY in MIAMI
Cocktail Lounge, has 100 FT. BAR and upholstered Wall Seats, capacity 120 people, Downtown location, 200 feet from Blvd. 7 YEARS LEASE, LOW RENTAL, HAVE NITE CLUB LICENSE. Rear room has dance floor 30 x 40 with 35 attractive hostesses, seats 250—need partner to invest \$3,500 for additional improvements. YOU HANDLE THIS MONEY. THREE CONCESSIONS WILL REPAY THIS INVESTMENT IN 2 WEEKS. If quick action is taken can open for January 15th. Half interest to active partner-Business should gross \$50,000 by June 1st. If interested call owners representative, Mr. Sperow, 2-4802. THIS IS ONE CHANCE OF GETTING YOUR INVESTMENT OUT BEFORE THE SEASON STARTS. Present owner here 18 years. Experienced and well acquainted.

CONCESSIONS FOR LEASE	
CIGARETTE, WASH ROOM, PARKING.....	\$750.00
RESTAURANT.....	\$600.00
PACKAGE STORE.....	\$1,500.00

Includes License, Shelving, Rent—Ready To Go.

Ruby Foo's "The World's Finest" Chinese Food
AUTHENTIC CHINESE DINNER \$1.50
COCKTAILS FROM 35c
A La Carte At All Hours
Dade Boulevard at West Avenue
MIAMI BEACH
New York Boston

DAILY AND SUNDAY
ROAST TURKEY
Prime quality, baked with pure butter and stuffed with celery and oyster dressings. Basted with Sherry Wine, giblet gravy and cranberry sauce. A truly delightful dish... a complete dinner with all the trimmings. Also many other delicious dinners.
* OPEN ALL NIGHT *
Featuring
Welsh Rarebit Home Made Chili
Italian Spaghetti
Steak Sandwiches
Other Delicious Snacks
50c
THE BOAT RESTAURANT
THE BEST FOR LESS
39 N. E. FIRST AVE.

JACK DEMPSEY
Bar and Restaurant
Full Course
DE LUXE DINNER \$2.00
DAILY CHEF SPECIALS FROM \$1.25
RHUMBA AND CONGA CLASS
4 P. M. to 7 Daily
Instructions Free
TWO SHOWS NIGHTLY IN BAR
11:30 P. M.—1:30 A. M.
WELCOME HOME CELEBRITY PARTY FOR JACK DEMPSEY
Sunday Afternoon 4 to 7

ZISSEN'S BOWERY
N. Mimi Ave. at 17th Terrace
BENNETT'S RATINGS
PROFITS!
FOR THE 25th WEEK OUT OF 30 WEEKS IN BUSINESS
THE BENNETT WAY—SHOWS PROFITS—The Week of Dec. 25th Showed A \$89.40 Profit
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ALPS KITCHEN
26 N. E. 3rd Ave., off Flagler St. Opp. Elks Club
SUNDAY DINNER
Clam Cocktail, Soup Paysanne, Filet Mignon, Fla., Rock Lobster Thermidore, Milk Fed Spring Chicken A la Parisienne, Fresh Garden Vegetables, Pan Brown Pot, Chef's Special Salad Patisserie French Demi Tasse Coffee Tea
ALSO SPAGHETTI DINNER & A LA CARTE SPECIALS
\$1.00

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A COMPLETE MOTOR ANALYSIS FREE!
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CHARCOAL FOR BROILING
CLUB BREAKFAST - LUNCH - DINNER
MRS. GRACE GRAY SUPERVISING
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FAMOUS for FOODS AND A GOOD TIME
Imported Amstel Holland Beer on Draft—Choice Liquors
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PRIME MEATS CRISP SALADS HOME-MADE DESSERTS
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Little Bohemia has real Czechoslovakian Atmosphere, Food and Service, that is different
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In The Continentale Room
SAMMY WALSH - VELMA RAYE - ELAINE & FRED BARRY
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In The Rumba Casino
LA PLAYA DANCERS - FELIPE DE FLORES
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