

# Sheriff Will Appoint Johnny Rowland



Miami, Florida, Saturday, January 13, 1940  
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"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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10

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## WATER DEAL SWUNG BY NEGROES

### Kavanaugh's Ghost Hovers O'er City Hall

EVERYONE opposed to the hated Kavanaugh police administration of a few years ago will go under fire!—that's the sum and substance of all these editorial gestures and fine writings you have been seeing in the daily newspapers. Wait and see. The public is now being given the build-up. It's propaganda you see in every issue of a daily you read from hour to hour. Big and Little Tammany are trumpeting in unison—and that's a bad sign, as we all know.

Under fire must go even those who have gladly buried the hatchet for the good of the city, for the good of the service! That's the edict of the Tammany chieftain.

They won't tell you so, of course. They must build it up by degrees—because even they have sense enough to know their gang isn't very popular. For the public by now is thoroughly convinced that the worst is yet to come from this "New Deal," or more lately, "New Steal," commission!

Let us give you a little past history of events, so you may see what is behind this Herald and News and Alex Orr frenzy:

Alex Orr brought it all about. He made the statement publicly in a city commission meeting last week that Scarboro had interfered with an appointment by the sheriff's office. Orr didn't have guts enough to tell the truth about the matter. We'll tell it for him!

Johnny Rowland is a nice fellow, personally a friend of ours; a man against whom we have not the slightest animosity. This paper furthermore thinks he deserves a job, because he quit his certain job as investigator for the state attorney to accept the precarious position as Miami chief of police under a former administration.

Sheriff Coleman, along with State Attorney G. A. Worley, called a meeting and requested certain officials to attend, realizing that the investigator for the state attorney must be able, to say the least, to work in closest harmony with the city police. That meeting Eddie Melchen, chief of the homicide squad, refused to attend, declaring he did not think any good could come from such a change in the investigator—that Johnny Rowland certainly could not receive the right kind of cooperation from the city. Other officers attending were of the same opinion.

Scarboro, along with several of his men, had charges preferred against them by Johnny Rowland—when he was chief of police! In the meantime an election was in the offing, and the people voted in a straight Quigg ticket, knowing, in doing so, that this meant the immediate reinstatement of the suspended detectives and the ousting of the Kavanaugh regime.

Rowland's appointment could mean only the beginning of discontent in the police department, as he would be thrown in close association with a group of men who can't help feeling they have been discriminated against by him when he was their superior.

Everyone knows that Orr would like to see Quigg, Scarboro, and their loyal friends—friends who have stuck together through thick and thin, through many years and years of hard, arduous police work—"given the works," in other words, suffer having their characters besmirched. Which is all that can happen to them, of course: for they have been extremely careful not to put themselves out on a limb. . . . And the whole thing will wind up with Sheriff Coleman placing Johnny Rowland in some other position which he richly deserves, for was he not promised that he would be taken care of if he gave up his job as investigator for the state attorney?

When the papers have hollered themselves out of yellow ink, things will be just as they were—and Johnny Rowland will be working—but in a different position.

And Dan Reynolds will be disposed of, after the next city election. . . . Which might be sooner than we expect—a recall election!!

If you think we are wrong, just clip this item—and save it for future reference!

### THE BRASSY MEGAPHONES

(Wednesday's Herald editorial) . . . and it is encouraging in another way, in that, perhaps, "silence gives consent," and it may be presumed that some 43,000 Miami-ians who didn't bother to cast a vote feel that the water purchase is a good thing for the community.

In any event, the city commission should make good its promise and immediately take steps . . .

(Wednesday's Daily News editorial) The voters who gave their confidence to the city commission . . . will demand that the confidence be justified promptly. There are two things the commission must do: (1) work out the actual transfer of the water properties without a moment's unnecessary delay . . . etc.

(Wednesday's Daily News) . . . Commissioner Fred W. Hosea, speaking for the majority of commissioners, said the light vote yesterday indicated to him that the voters of Miami had confidence in their commission, and the fact that so few participated was in itself an expression of confidence, "since silence gives consent."

CHIEF Hoover of the FBI, already well-acquainted with Miami and becoming still better acquainted, couldn't render a greater service to the American people than to stop the big-time Miami racketeers in their tracks. We don't mean the petty gamblers and the underworld, whom a frontier community such as Miami is still always attract, but the biggies, rooted in Wall Street, who already have their fingers in nearly every Miami pocket, and are just about to consummate a multi-million-dollar steal at City Hall. It won't require much investigation to reveal corruption, bribery, intimidation, misuse of the mails, in this week's election by which four city commissioners whom the Power-Trust placed on the city commission this year, as well as the two daily newspapers had hoped to whitewash, or cover up their sickening deal with the Power-Trust, by making it appear that the people have approved it.

It's clearly in Mr. Hoover's jurisdiction. For at the top of the vicious set-up is the Electric Bond & Share Company. The Florida Power & Light Company is just one of its tentacles—an extremely profitable one since 1925, when it controlled the notorious "banker-commission," obtaining its rich 30-year franchises from a handful of voters (500 in all!) and piling up a bonded indebtedness of \$29,000,000 upon the people. Power-Trust money dominated this week's special election. It dictated the editorial policies, and news policies, of Miami's only two daily newspapers. It dominated all the radio stations. A well-conducted inquiry would reveal that every barkeep who permits a counter dice game or punch-board or "sneaking" on Sundays or in any way does not adhere strictly to the law was told to vote Yes—or else! That Christmas baskets to negroes were followed up with a request that they vote Yes on the election. That city employees were forced into voting for the Power-Trust.

Here is a great Power-Trust, rooted in Wall Street, that doesn't scruple to enter into combination with Miami's underworld, if thereby it can win any election that will put its stooges into city hall, give it juicy franchises or in any other way enable it to get more millions out of Dade county people! It is the chief breeder of political corruption in Dade county, providing that pattern for the underworld to follow.

In this week's election it can be found that all customary devices were used—with the result that the Power-Trust won—by a majority of ONLY TWENTY THREE VOTES! . . . Yes, that actually was the majority—for those voting numbered 8,878; the "Yes" votes numbered 4,463, a majority of only 23!

AND—  
NEGROES ACTUALLY SWUNG THE ELECTION FOR THE POWER TRUST! . . . In Precinct 5 fifty-two negroes voted. Only 11 voted "No" . . . FORTY NEGROES VOTED "YES!" (A fair sample of the Power-Trust's voting intelligensia for you!)

NEITHER DAILY PAPER MENTIONED THIS ASTOUNDING FACT. THE POWER-TRUST STOOGES ARE TOO ASHAMED TO!

It is significant that Jack Cleary, major-domo of Power-Trust election campaign, had put out Christmas baskets in colored town—and it is presumed he saw to it that negroes did NOT vote on separate voting machines in some polls

as has been done in previous elections. Was that to make it impossible to prove that they ALL VOTED "YES?" . . . Yes, it was Jack Cleary together with Eltis Hollums, executive editor of the Herald—who reputedly were handed the money-bags for election purposes—and therefore get credit for this dubious majority of twenty-three votes! . . . It would be something to laugh about, if it were not a matter of stealing several millions of dollars from the people of Miami . . . and if we weren't already the most over-taxed community of all sizable American cities!

In last week's MIAMI LIFE we said the Power-Trust owned 6,500 voters. That had been proven in the last year. That was how many bona-fide signers there were on the recall petition of 1938. That's just about the votes Stoozes Alex Orr and C. D. Van Orsdel projected by Citizens & Taxpayers (a Fla. P. & L. Co., subsidiary), got in the recall election last March. That's the number who did NOT vote for R. C. Gardner, the grocer who has always fought the Power-Trust—and that's the number who DID vote for Ev Sewell . . . thus enabling Ev, who adroitly appropriated Gardner's 11,500 votes (the people trusted Ev then!), to roll up the biggest vote that ever a Miami municipal candidate got.

That the 6,500 voters did not show up in Tuesday's election isn't so much of a mystery. Our grapevine informs us that the money that was supposed to reach 2,000 of them did not arrive—and therefore there were 2,000 who did not vote.

Which should be another item of interest for Mr. Hoover's eyes . . . There's not a voter in Miami who doesn't pay a light bill—directly or indirectly—and up until the city started its suit several years ago forcing the company to reduce its exorbitant rate somewhat, paid the highest light bill in the world. Why should any Miami voter vote IN FAVOR of the Power-Trust—IF NOT PAID FOR THUS VOTING?

If we were a cartoonist, we'd make a sensational drawing of the civic scene this week-end . . . as the Power-dominated newspapers might try to stamper the commission into quick action that might immediately turn over millions of Miami dollars to the Power-Trust.

For it's vivid in our mind's-eye . . .

The looters have drawn up in front of the People's Bank of Miami, where the vaults bulging with millions, have been left conveniently open by four bank guards who are consciously and very noticeably looking the other way, although one elderly guard, small but nervy, looking menacingly toward the looters. They are looters, all right—for we can see "Florida P. & L." on the side of the truck they draw up by the bank door to carry away the gold in!

But the looters show apprehension. They're hesitant. Though from two megaphones, labeled "Herald" and "News," comes the cry in unison: "Go on in and take it, because you've got our gang's O. K."

The little Power-Trust gang is seen Sure enough, in the foreground—but it's no bigger than another group that's loaded down with blunderbusses and clubs, and, obviously, very angry. While in the shadowy background can be seen thousands upon thousands, looking grimly upon the scene.

That's what is making the looters so apprehensive. They see the great, grim background of onlookers—multitudes that, in a twinkling of an eye, might become active, militant, revolutionary, the moment the gold—their gold—is taken from the vaults.

A vision something like this undoubtedly is causing some concern among the commis-

sioners at city hall.

For there's been a lot in the papers lately about the long arm of the law reaching into high and mighty places over the nation. Miami-ians are getting conscious of parallel conditions here. In Louisiana, for example, where prominent people have begun actual penitentiary sentences for things that aren't any worse than those that have been the rule, rather than the exception, in Miami in past years!

Now it doesn't make their position any easier to know that among the FBI agents now swarming over this territory there is at least one agent who uncovered most of the official graft in Louisiana!

We think Miami takes top rank among all the cities in the world in per capita intelligence, refinement, personal morals, pride, and honesty. The good people are greatly in the majority. They'd rather believe they're not being cheated than to suspect evil of their public servants—and they're too well-bred to make scenes, if it can be helped.

Right now they are caught in a combination of circumstances that they can't fathom or rectify off-hand. Their journalistic information comes mostly from two daily papers owned and controlled by foreign capital and whose ownership is still enshrouded in mystery. James M. Cox is just a name to them; likewise John Knight of Ohio. They can't help but perceive that both these organs become as alike as Siamese twins when it's a Power-Trust issue at stake. They've seen these two papers out a former city commission after a mighty newspaper campaign that lasted month after month last year, during which time the Power-Trust head swore out bribery charges against several heads of that administration. They notice a definite anti-Roosevelt tone in their effusions. They have seen those two papers, in less than a year, supplant a commission inimical to the Power-Trust with a commission that is four-fifths pro-Power-Trust.

The people have likewise sensed that the city administration's utter refusal to suppress Miami's Gambling Mob was in some way connected with its Power-Trust affiliation.

The people by this time know that something is terribly wrong with Miami. Who owns the Herald? they ask—but since Moe Annenberg suddenly sold his Tribune and part of his staff to the Herald, that question hasn't been satisfactorily answered. Now the people are beginning to know Power-Trust money must be in it!

And the people do know this: that Miami will not be long in reaching a million in population, and after that millions bigger—and it's going to take outside help—preferably from Uncle Sam, if he's willing—to wrest control of this metropolis from the Big-Time gangsters before it is too late! . . . before we are ruined financially as has been Atlantic City!

Now, Mr. Hoover, if it can be shown that the owners of our dailies (maybe you can find out conclusively who these owners are, by the way!) are owners of securities connected with the Electric Bond & Share Company, that they are in a position to be rewarded by the Power Empire, that they can personally profit by the transaction voted on last Tuesday, and that their published statements that this Steal voted on last Tuesday "won't cost the general taxpayer a dime" are FALSE AND MISLEADING—won't it all come under the heading not only of Conspiracy to Defraud, but of Obtaining Money Under False Pretenses?

Mr. Hoover, we think it's a case for your attention. Your closest attention. We'll guarantee it'll attract more interest nationally than New Orleans' scandals. For Miami is better known, more Americans are invested here, and everybody in America wants to read about Miami!

Let's Have Another Vote--- and a Legal One!--- on the Power-Trust!

NEXT WEEK-- Read MIAMI LIFE to Find Why "New Steal" Must Be Enjoined-- to Save Miami From Power-Trust Bankers!



# 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.

A Civilian law enforcement agent cannot make an arrest on government property . . . If a man snatched a woman's purse in the postoffice foyer it would be a federal offense and the culprit, if apprehended, would be tried in federal court . . . Any crime committed on the high seas is likewise a government offense if it occurs on a United States ship or in American waters . . . The perpetrator of the crime must be tried in federal court at a point nearest the place where the crime was committed . . . If the crime is murder and the criminal is convicted and sentenced to death the sentence must be carried out at the nearest possible point to the scene of the crime . . . A few years ago Horace Alderman killed two coast-guardsmen off the shores of Ft. Lauderdale . . . He was tried in federal court and sentenced to hang . . . He was hanged in an old airplane hangar at the Ft. Lauderdale Coast Guard base . . . After the hangman had the condemned man on the scaffold it was discovered that no rope had been provided to tie his legs together . . . He stood on the scaffold nearly five minutes while a piece of rope was being sought, singing at the top of his voice . . . He was still singing "Jesus Here I Come" when he was dropped through the trap.

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Very few white men have ever explored the upper Rocky Mountains in mid-winter . . . About seventy-five years ago a party of six explorers, led by a man named Packer, started out on a search for gold . . . When spring came Packer, sleek looking and in perfect health, returned alone and reported that the other six had perished . . . A rescue party sent to bring in the remains discovered traces of cannibalism and Packer was arrested on a charge of murder . . . He was tried in Denver by a Democrat judge and found guilty . . . The judge in passing out sentence delivered a scathing denunciation . . . "We only had seven democrats in the whole damn county and you, you good-for-nothing Republican S---, set up six of them" . . . Packer served a part of his sentence and was pardoned still denying that he ate the democrats.

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The public utilities company of Atlanta erected a gas lamp on a prominent street corner to celebrate the "Come With The Wind" premiere . . . The company has promised that the flame will never be extinguished, remaining as a perpetual reminder of the big event . . . Miamians say that Clark Gable was really the lion of the hour and that Claudette Colbert in Atlanta for the premiere, was easily the most popular gal . . . Carole Lombard, who accompanied her husband, Clark Gable, according to many, made a heel of herself with her boorishness and was actually hissed upon one occasion . . . Movie producers used rare judgement in selecting an outsider for the Scarlett O'Hara role . . . If they had selected Bette Davis, Norma Shearer or Paulette Goddard the fans would have been divided into a hundred different clans and might have refused to see the picture . . . In parlance of the political ring, she was a compromise candidate and according to the reviewers, did right well by herself . . . Mickey Rooney, the silliest actor in Hollywood, is barred from race tracks . . . He owns two or three nags yet on account of being a minor he can't see them run unless he peeps through a hole in the fence . . . It must make his face red to learn that half of the jockeys riding the hay burners are younger than he is.

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An out-of-town cat carried off top honors in Miami's annual cat show . . . All the local tabbies are sore about it and declare someone dragged a herring across the trail . . . What happened to all of the old fashioned grindstones? . . . Where are all of the pug-dogs of yesteryear? . . . What ever happened to the gal who took a champagne bath and caused Earl Carroll to land in the hoosegow? . . . Incidentally how is champagne when used as a cleansing agent? . . . What does Harry K. Thaw think when he passes the Dupont building? . . . The old Halcyon Hotel used to be on that corner and the Halcyon was the last building ever designed by Stanford White, the architect Thaw killed on the roof of Madison Square Garden . . . Incidentally what ever happened to Evelyn Nesbitt, the woman in the famous Thaw-White case? . . . Who knows? . . . Who cares?

## LOVE AND ADHESIVE TAPE

Beach Lady Who Sports Her Honey's Name on Her Torso Opens Field of Wide Opportunity for Commercial-Minded Sisters

By JOHN KIMBLE

THE Miami Daily News, with that brutal frankness characteristic of the modern press, last Sunday published a picture of two ladies in bathing attire, one of whom wore merely trunks and a brassiere, thus leaving several inches of her torso exposed to the sun, wind, and rain. On this anomalous expanse of flesh, which is neither belly nor chest, the lady had first spelled out in adhesive tape the name of her sweetie-pie, which happened to be "John", then romantically laid on her back in the tropic sunshine until her bel-pardon, her torso—had acquired a healthy coat of tan, whereupon she had pulled off the tape and disclosed the "JOHN" in pristine white lettering against the brown background.

This, we stoutly maintain, is love. Passing over the thrill any man would get from knowing that his girl thinks enough of him to trot around the beach with his name emblazoned on her solar plexus, just consider the horrible suffering she must have endured for his sake in pulling off the adhesive tape. If you have ever pulled adhesive tape off YOUR torso, or any other part of you, you will understand. John is a lucky stiff, and probably a sheik, but we can't help wondering whether the girl would have gone through with it if his name had been a long one, like Montmorency or Tilghast.

The more we brood over that lady's abdomen—or torso, if you insist—the goofier we get. Look here—

Why, in all reason, shouldn't lonely young women who are

not long arrived at the Beach and who seek acquaintance among the opposite sex, follow the example of John's girl and sun-stencil their phone numbers, or at least their favorite

street-corners, on their tum-tummies so that unattached and likewise lonely gentlemen can get the tip-off and look them up round supper-time?

Well, why not? Most of these trunks-and-brassiere bathing outfits afford sufficient display of the wearer's skin for a girl to get in two or even three lines of type—or tape—as for instance:

ROSIE 5-9999

If, however, Rosie should be the modest home-girl sort who didn't want to broadcast her phone number, she could simply wear this legend:

ROSIE

5TH & COLLINS — 9 P. M.

Certainly this method of scraping acquaintance is less vulgar than brazenly giving the eye to susceptible males, and, besides, you can reach a much larger public. The only trouble is that there might be no stopping it once it got started. The Miami business man being what he is, it would be quite within the bounds of possibility to see, on some busy Sunday, a horde of bathing beauties tripping lightly across the sands with their diaphragms heaving up and down under some such informative reading matter as this:

EAT AT TOM'S FISH SPECIAL, 25c

But come, let us stop toying with this fascinating idea before it spreads to other parts of the female anatomy and starts a riot. It is tossed out into the world as it stands and for what it is worth, and for any person to use who thinks he can use it profitably. We ask no royalties—it is our contribution to modern civilization. We only pray that it may not reach such a degree of popularity as to be abused and perverted. We shudder to think of a day when you might be strolling down the beach and suddenly find yourself confronted by a great, big, hard-looking blonde whose nut-brown skin flashed at you in bright, white, unmistakable letters the delicate innuendo:

MARIE, \$3.00 9-2002

(EDITOR'S NOTE:—The phone numbers used in the above article are purely fictitious and if yours happens to be one of them and you get a lot of facetious phone calls from practical jokers, that is your hard luck.)

This is just to inquire why all restaurant proprietors feel it necessary to employ the legend "Steaks, Chops, Seafood" on their signs, in addition to the word "Restaurant." It is difficult to figure how a restaurant could do any business at all if it DIDN'T

sell steaks, chops and seafood. If the restaurant also sold screwdrivers, inner tubes, and real estate, there would be some sense in proclaiming the fact in big letters on its awnings or windows. It would be news.

We can't see why, if restaurant people are going to persist in listing functions and services that are obvious and inherent in the label "restaurant," they don't go the whole hog and add: "Salt, Pepper, Napkins, Toothpicks."

And maybe, too, the word: "Tips."

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## Read and Learn

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