

WON'T SAFETY DIRECTOR REYNOLDS BE EMBARRASSED IF, IN HIS INVESTIGATION, HE ENCOUNTERS AN OFFICER WHO HAS REFUSED TO GO TO THE AID OF A CITIZEN CRYING FOR HELP—JUST BECAUSE HE'S OFF DUTY?—WHICH WAS WHAT REYNOLDS HIMSELF DID WHEN HE WAS MOTORCYCLE SERGEANT!



Miami, Florida, Saturday, January 20, 1940
VOL. 14—No. 15

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Reubin Klein, Publisher

10

CENTS A COPY IN GREATER MIAMI
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F. P. & L. 'STEAL' TO BE BLOCKED

WELL, CITIZENS OF Miami, BOTH your daily newspapers, ALL your radio stations, and FOUR out of your FIVE city commissioners have almost laid you wide open to the Wolves of Wall Street and their local allies. And how does it feel now?

Just a year ago you had these Wolves of Wall Street (exemplified locally by the Power-Trust) badly whipped. But you weren't smart enough to keep 'em whipped. They trumped up charges against your commission—the first commission you ever had that made the Power-Trust sue for peace, even offering the Water Company for half of what we're now about to pay. . . . And got you to discharge 'em. . . . Got you to put back Ev Sewell (who always was a PowerTrust man, believe it or not!) and got you also to put in Alex Orr, No. 1 Power-Trust man for South Florida, and give him two assistants, C. D. Van Orsdel and Fred Hosea. . . . And then slipped a New Steal over on you that could cost the people of Miami between \$7,000,000 and \$11,000,000 additional debt—IF it goes through!

What a whale of a difference a few months make—in Miami's turbulent history! A year ago the Wolves were begging. They were whipped in the highest court of the land. They were forced to reduce rates more than a third—and a new suit was started to recover even more and further reduce rates so that they would be more in keeping with those of other American cities (By the way, where is that suit?)

But here they are today,—again our masters, with a 4-to-1 majority on the commission, and with a bought-and-paid-for election that not only wipes out that court defeat but gives them additional millions, the extent of which cannot be determined until it is more thoroughly understood! They've beat the Hell out of us! . . . So far. . . BUT—

We're going to have our day in court, after all! That's what MIAMI LIFE is anxious to tell the good people of Miami this week, although it's a little premature.

You won't read about it in the dailies. Keeping mum is part of their strategy. They plan to keep you misinformed until the Steal has been perfected—and the Power-Trust has the money and franchises and concessions back in its vaults!

But MIAMI LIFE can tell you this much: Money is being raised, slowly but surely, among Miami patriots for a court action that will go to the highest court in the land, if necessary. . . . Its actually "Brother, can you spare a dime—to whip the Power-Trust?" stuff—but it's going over. One of the best of local lawyers—one who not only doesn't need money but is civic-spirited enough to fight for right—will head the People's counsel. He'll have help. Behind this small band of patriots will be the moral backing of ninety per cent of the people of Miami.

And FBI participation is a distinct possibility—although Power-Trust scouts may flout it. . . . they claim, by the way, that the government of the United States isn't at all interested in a Miami city commissioner illegally getting \$50,000 for a Power-Trust franchise or concession—so long as he reports it in his income tax statement! . . . Wait and see! . . . We personally believe Electric Bond & Share money used down this way illegally DOES interest G-Man Hoover!

The People have a good case—it's almost perfect. In the first place, what was voted on last week was illegal—for it is not a contract with a responsible party!—but with a Third Party! There are lawyers here who point out that this procedure is necessary as, otherwise, officials of Power-Trust or city might conceivably wind up in prison! . . . By having people vote on this contract between the city and a Third Party, the Power-Trust has made, in effect, the affirmative voters themselves a party to a fraud! . . . But wait to see what the courts will have to say about this part of the Contract!

In the second place, it is possible that Uncle Sam will detect in the whole Water Deal a conspiracy to evade taxes! . . . Government agents have already been informed of City Attorney Twyman's statement at a closed commission hearing last fall, when he was asked why the "contract" in no place mentioned the Miami Water Company. . . . Twyman, it is reported, exclaimed: "My God! Do

you realize what taxes the Water Company would have to pay, if we made it appear it was simply a Water Company sale?" . . . Which, if proven might involve City Attorney Twyman who might be hard put to explain why he would knowingly submit such a fraud to the vote of the people!

Our Bad Queen Bess

Bessie Gordon, one of this city's more prominent madams, was told by Judge James A. Dunn on Thursday that she and her five or six lady boarders must stop giving extra-curricular lessons in applied biology to boy students from nearby Miami High School.

The passing of Bessie—if, indeed, she passes—from the West Flagler street scene is unimportant, but her appearance in court this time is interesting, because five high school lads between the ages of 14 and 16 made affidavits that they had been admitted to the shrubbery-guarded house without question, and presumably with open arms.

This points a moral. The underworld regards all "legitimates" as saps. The hustler, the con man, the auto thief, the "house mother"—they are the wise ones, the "smarties," always contemptuous

of the law-abiding folk, who are only "chumps." Yet these same "smarties" are never smart enough not to kill the goose that laid the golden eggs. The liquor business brought prohibition on itself by its insistence on spreading graft and corruption on all sides; the gambling interests have done the same thing wherever they have flourished; it is the same with commercial sex vice.

For the few dollars that Bad Queen Bess and her ladies-in-waiting were able to coax from these high school innocents, they have put their lives on a spot.

Judge Dunn told Bessie to close the joint. The juvenile court will probably have something to say about it, too.

The point is that nobody would have bothered Bessie, beyond the routine raids, if she hadn't tried to hog everything in sight.

She needs a real strong "fix" to keep running out there now.

whose interests he is under oath to protect!

The state courts, as well as Uncle Sam, should be tremendously interested in discovering that the Florida Power & Light Company has made more than 300 per cent profit on the water plant. . . . It bought the set-up from the Flagler system for \$425,000 in 1924—and when it needed a figure upon which to effect a base for its Miami water rate, after getting the franchise, determined upon \$1,900,000 (although it had spent nothing on the system). It now sells it to the city for \$4,500,000! . . . And the city is to pay for improvements of the last two years.

Most important of all is the fact that the Florida Power & Light Company cannot come into any court with clean hands! . . . IT IS ON RECORD—IN THE LIGHT CASE—OF HAVING MIS-REPRESENTED ITS RATE BASE AS \$22,000,000—WHEN EVERY COURT FOUND, INCLUDING THE U. S. SUPREME COURT, THAT

ITS RATE BASE WAS \$9,000,000 . . . IT IS ON RECORD AS A LIAR AND A PUBLIC CHEAT AND THIEF!

And if the contemplated legal action is as ably undertaken, as this paper believes it will be, the Power Company, together with some city officials, will be in pretty hot water before long. It is becoming increasingly evident that a big fraud is being concealed—in all probability, more than one. A company such as the Florida Power & Light Company doesn't have four presidents within the course of three or four years—unless there is something seriously wrong with their methods of doing business! There is more to this case than the surface indicates. Doing a brassy ring to the doings of the last few months, There's been a most unbusinesslike jumbling and mixing up of issues, some decided by the city commission which should have been put to a referendum and other strictly commission-manageable items that were inexplicably put to a vote of the people—the whole purpose being (to quote some pretty able legal minds): either (1) to confuse the people; or (2) to evade criminal prosecution; or, most likely, both.

There are many interesting angles to this case. Next week we'll discuss some of them at more length.

Meanwhile, pay no attention to this talk of refunding, this talk of selling water revenue bonds at par and above!

It's just a lot of propoganda, designed to get people's minds off the subject at issue—the contract itself and all its illegal concessions and grants and franchises! . . . A court suit will automatically stop any projected sale.

Next week we'll tell you more about what's happening behind closed doors!

Bus Patrons Unprotected

BOARDING a Miami Transit Company bus bound for Tropical race track at Hialeah last Tuesday morning was a partly disabled World War veteran, who is a resident of Miami and a newspaperman by profession but at present out-of-a-job, except a temporary one given him at the track. The bus left the front of Burdine's at 8:10 a. m.

Out on 36th street the bus struck a parked car. The impact made junk out of the car, while the front doors of the bus were smashed in. The ailing veteran got tossed about pretty badly. He was on a front seat. He was shot forward, his forehead, nose, right eye and top of his head injured by hitting the little platform on which the opposite front seats are mounted.

A bus company supervisor took him to the office of the Miami Transit Company for medical attention. The veteran hadn't asked for anything, mind you. No mention made of compensation of any kind. . . . But the company's Mr. House said to him, very emphatically, "The company is not responsible for injuries received while traveling as a paid passenger on their busses—passengers should carry accident insurance!"

Mr. House then proceeded to supply him with an order on the company's medical service, which is the Tumlin Clinic, nine blocks

away—but didn't provide transportation there. . . . (Pretty good, considering the fact that it's a transportation company!) . . . Although he realized the man was badly shaken up.

At the clinic, a doctor examined the man's arm, ribs, back, thighs, hips, knees, apparently, striving to find any fractures—tested his heart with a stethoscope, felt his pulse, took his blood pressure, applied iodine to the slight abrasions, looked at his eyes, ears, and throat—BUT PAID NO ATTENTION TO HIS HEAD, ALTHOUGH TOLD THAT WAS WHERE THERE WAS PAIN! . . . Aspirin, said the clinic doctor, was what the man needed!

It seems pretty heartless, doesn't it?

But more important, it seems to this paper, is the reputed statement of Mr. House—that the company isn't responsible for accidents to its patrons, even though those injuries might occur while one of the company's busses happens to collide with another car—and a parked one at that!

Is this true or not? (Mr. House did have the kindness, however, to telephone the injured man's chief at Tropical Park, to tell him about the accident and that the employe would be several hours late in reporting for duty!)

PROTECT HOME INDUSTRY!

It is noted with satisfaction that, in spite of all the furor in the daily papers over the investigation of the police department, the rank and file of that organization continue to go calmly, efficiently, and relentlessly about their daily work of bringing criminals to justice.

The most important arrest of the week was undoubtedly that of an alleged St. Paul bad man, whom police were able to identify as one of three tricksters who switched dice-boards on a prominent local saloon-keeper and thus raked him out of \$220, which he had painstakingly gathered in over a long period of time by selling intoxicating liquor to his fellow citizens and operating a gambling device in open violation of the law.

We are glad to see the police taking a firm stand to guard the

rights of our local bar proprietors, who as all schoolboys know, are supposed to do whatever winning is done on the dice-boards. We are also glad, though a trifle surprised, to learn that it is now considered ethical for a saloon-keeper who is daily flouting the laws of the state, to holler "copper" when some smarty takes him, and thus receive the full and vigorous cooperation of the police department.

The last time dice-boards figured in a wrangle, it was the player who squawked. He got bashed in the face by the proprietor of the dice-board. We don't remember exactly whether the sucker was then threatened with arrest for gambling or merely advised to drop the matter, but it came to something like that. We'll teach these muggs to monkey with our dice-boards.

SHOTS IN THE DARK

You can't blame the Alabam farmer who fathered those quadruplets for guarding his face with his arm when the news was broken to him. What would you do if the nurse suddenly hollered "Fore!"

THE "AND HOW" CORNER

Triplets, quadruplets, quintuplets—those designations have no double meaning. But wait until some ambitious mother gives birth to SEXTuplets!

Some newspaper hustler could pick up a nice piece of change during the next few weeks by carrying as a sideline three assortments of small but distinctively printed placards, suitable for hanging around the human neck—and later for framing—which would carry the following respective legends:

1. No, I HAVEN'T Seen Gone With the Wind.
2. Yes, I Have Tickets for Gone With the Wind.
3. Of Course I Read the Book, You Lug!

There is a popular fallacy afloat here every winter that it is cheaper to go to the dog races than it is to go to the horse races. Nearly everyone believes in it, yet simple arithmetic will explode it. There are twelve dog races every night—that's twenty-four dollars you lose—whereas there are only eight horse races every day, which leaves you holding the bag for only sixteen dollars. Thus you make a clear profit of eight dollars by going to the horse races, and that eight bucks will almost get you and your girl into the clubhouse.

Herald Overlooks Important Detail

THE HERALD gets all excited because Mayor La Guardia poked fun at the arrest, in New York City, of 18 Christian Front plotters. The Herald disagreed with New York's esteemed mayor. The Herald suddenly sees in the activities of the 18 a great plot which, the Herald thinks, might spread all over these United States!

Isn't that a laugh for you whose memories are keen?

It's only been little more than a year ago that a similar outfit, called locally the White Fronts, were arrested—and fined—in Coral Gables. Their motives were identical with those of the Christian Front, or Nazi, forces in New York.

Did the Herald rage? or editorialize?

No, indeed! For the leader of that White Front subversive out-

fit was the son of one of the Herald's favorite pets—W. G. Blanchard, the oil well phoney and bankrupt, whom the Herald is helping even now exploit a test well for suckers out at a convenient bend in the Tamiami Trail west of town!

It seems that the Herald is going out of its way to hit at LaGuardia. Why?

LaGuardia, above all else, is a real American. Never to be forgotten was his public action at America's entrance into the World War. He was congressman from New York. He voted for war against Germany. The next day he gave up his post as congressman, enlisted, and backed up his vote and convictions with his airpane and a machine gun. He wouldn't ask his countrymen to do something he wasn't ready to do himself!

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.

VARNISH on a violin has nothing to do with its tone . . . It took Stradivarius six months to make each violin, two months to fashion it and four months to give it fourteen coats of varnish . . . Stradivarius is credited with making exactly 400 fiddles . . . Three hundred and ninety-nine of them have been accounted for with only one missing . . . A genuine "Strad" is worth \$100,000 . . . The notion is prevalent that England took New York from the Dutch without giving anything in exchange . . . Actually England gave Holland Dutch Guiana and Surinam for the territory . . . A speaker at a meeting of the American Medical Association, in Chicago, said, "Beware of daily dozens, especially if you lead sedentary lives. Vigorous exercise is most harmful" . . . Phineas T. Barnum gained fame because he was credited with saying, "There's a sucker born every minute" . . . Barnum never said it . . . As a matter of fact the word "sucker" was not in usage during his life time . . . The phrase was originated by Adam Forepaugh, another circus owner . . . The "Bailey" of Barnum & Bailey was not "Bailey" at all . . . His name was MacGuinness . . . Mark Twain is credited with saying, "Everybody talks about the weather but no one does anything about it" . . . Twain didn't say it at all . . . It was said by Charles Dudley Warner in 1890.

Roads are only one-third as slippery after a heavy rain as they are after a light shower . . . A famous psychologist points out the tendency of the average American to choose an odd number when called upon to make a selection . . . When the choice of the Unknown Soldier was to be made four flag draped nameless caskets were placed in a room at Chalons-sur-Marne . . . These four caskets contained bodies selected from the 1,600 unidentified American soldiers representing the battlefields—Aisne-Marne, Meuse-Argonne, Somme and St. Mihiel . . . Sergeant Younger was selected to make the final choice . . . He entered the room, circled it three times and placed a wreath on the third casket from the left . . . If you think glass is a solid you are wrong . . . It is a liquid composed of sand, limestone, soda and sulphate . . . Glass windows after standing a long time are frequently thicker at the bottom than at the top due to the running of the glass . . . There are 850,000 stenographers in the United States . . . Some of them NEVER sit on the boss's lap.

Theodore Roosevelt became famous because of his charge up San Juan Hill . . . Roosevelt was never at San Juan Hill and never fought in a real battle in his life . . . At the time of the battle of San Juan Hill, Colonel Roosevelt, with Major General Leonard Wood and the Rough Riders were at El Caney, ten miles away where they were ambushed . . . They were eventually rescued by negro troops (The same troops who actually stormed San Juan Hill) . . . A nail driven into a small tree, near the ground, will remain at the same distance from the ground no matter how tall the tree may grow . . . Under the Hebrew dietary law certain insects are kosher . . . They include locusts, beetles, and grasshoppers, all with leaping legs above the ground . . . The authority for this statement is Edward Podolsky M.D., of Brooklyn who has made a study of this law . . . Nero did not "fiddle" while Rome burned . . . If he actually selected that particular time to take a music lesson he probably played a lyre because violins were created much after his time . . . Ordinary water contains about thirty substances yet we think of it simply as H-2-O . . . Actually it contains, among other substances, salts, calcium, carbon, sulphate, chloride, nitrate, phosphate, magnesium, alkaline, silica, and other organic matter . . . Did you ever see a star in the sky? . . . It takes light from the nearest star almost 4 years to travel to the earth . . . Therefore when you look at a star you see the place where the star was four years ago . . . You don't know where it is right now and you can't find out without waiting four years.

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IT MAY BE GOOD AND NOT BE OURS—BUT IT CAN'T BE OURS AND NOT BE GOOD.

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TOUGH-LUCKERS OF 1940

Decrepit Trousers on Their Last Legs Put a Jinx on a Genteel Horse-Player; Another Unfortunate Will Keep an Address Book From Now On

By JOHN KIMBLE

THE toughest luck thus far seems to be the case of the genteel but poverty-stricken citizen who sent the pants of his only heavy suit to a tailor shop for reinforcement of the seat, which was showing signs of sudden and complete disintegration. At about the same time that the pants reached the tailor shop the thermometers began registering the beginnings of the present warm wave, so that it was not imperative for our hero to have a heavy suit, and therefore his heart went pitty-pat-pitty-pat when, a day later, the humiliated and apologetic tailor informed him that the britches were lost.

The customer, always money-minded, visioned a neat little pay-off from the tailor. Of course he couldn't use the time-honored claim that the suit had only been worn twice, because the nature of the repair would give the lie to that, but still and all there was a swell chance to collect something on the plea that loss of the pants made the coat useless and would necessitate the purchase of an entire new suit. Nineteen-forty was starting off in royal style.

Having given the tailor overnight for one desperate effort to track down the pants, the customer, wreathed in confidence that they would not be found, invested a quarter in the Racing Form and began hunting for a spot that might warrant a five or ten-dollar bet at Hialeah next day. He finally settled on a horse and lay awake most of the night figuring out the probable odds on the beast at post-time. Bright and early in the morning the leaped from his bed to see what the Herald had to say about the horse's prospects. The Herald handicappers didn't concede the horse more than every outside chance. Boy, what a price he would pay! Singing, the genteel poor man, now on the verge of vulgar riches, put the coffee on to perk and slid the eggs in to boil and set up the toaster on he breakfast-room table and even broke out some of the grapefruit marmalade as a little extra touch in honor of the day.

His plans were clearly defined. First he would collect from the tailor, then he would visit the bookmaker and plunk down the tailor's indemnity, then he would collect from the bookmaker. After that—well, the rest could take care of itself. Heigh-ho!

Just then a terrible thing happened—the phone rang.

It was the tailor's young lady assistant, announcing, with an ominously cheerful "good-morn-

ing!" that they had found the wandering trousers and were sending them right over. The charges would be sixty-five cents, please.

And the horse was called Dunade, and it won, and it paid \$34.50 for \$2, and if you can't guess who the guy was, call at our office and we'll show you the exact spot where the reinforcement was made.

It's marked with a big white "X".

Another tough-luck story that ought to get a place in the 1940 book concerns the Northern visitor who landed here with a slim bankroll, lost that at one of the race tracks, and got back downtown literally without a nickel. But he wasn't worried, because he had a girl cousin who had recently married and was living in Ft. Lauderdale. A phone call would bring him whatever money he needed pronto. So he walked into a small business establishment, explained the situation, and asked if he might use the telephone for the Ft. Lauderdale call, reversing the charges. Permission was readily granted.

Picking up the directory, he turned the pages briskly until he came to the Ft. Lauderdale section.

It was only then that he realized he had utterly forgotten his cousin's married name.

Greeby's Pot Of Gold

Gives away big pot every Tuesday night; Says everyone stays at home waiting for phone to ring.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who is sore at the police department because he was once kept in jail for 90 days without having a telephone installed in his cell, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter entering a local radio broadcasting station.

"I do not desire no publicity," yammered Greeby when the reporter tried to pass him without recognizing him.

"And just why should you get any publicity," snapped the re-

porter. "Oh," shouted Greeby, "So you newspaper guys is jealous of all the popularity I am getting on the radio, eh?" retorted Greeby.

"Radio?" queried the scribe in amazement. "Don't tell me that you are now cluttering up the air ways with your line of hokey."

"Do you mean to stand there and tell me you ain't heard about my famous 'Pot of Dough' program," screamed Greeby. "Why it's the most sensational program in the world. I've got everyone in the country stayin' home on Tuesday nights just waitin' for their telephones to ring."

"Bush wah," snorted the report-

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er. "All right smartie britches," roared Greeby, "Just come on in with me and I'll show you. I go on the air in five minutes."

"And into the alley in six minutes," replied the reporter sarcastically. He followed Greeby into the studio and had no trouble finding a seat as there were plenty of empty ones.

"Heigh Ho everybody," boomed Greeby when he finally took his place in front of the mike. "This is R. Hammerhead Greeby and this is the 'Pot of Dough' program. In just a few minutes some bozo, er, er, I mean some person in the United States is going to be mighty happy when he receives tonight's big pot. We are now ready for the first step and the giant selector is turning, turning, and now it's slowing down. It is stopping, stopping it's stopped. It stops on number eleven, I'll let 'er ride, er, er, er, I mean tonight's winner is in section eleven, Article three, paragraph six of the penal code, er, er, I mean section eleven. After the orchestra plays my theme song, we will go into the next step."

The orchestra played "Scatter-brain" while Greeby bent over to speak to the reporter.

"Are you satisfied now?" he whispered.

"Go on with the show," grunted the scribe, "I want to see the rest of it."

"Hello folks," boomed Greeby again when the music stopped. "Now we are ready for the second step. We have already selected the section now we are going to pick us out a page number and then a telephone number and we are going to call that number right here from the studio. All right let's go."

The "giant" indicator rolled again and Greeby shouted, "Ah, two cherries and a lemon, that's number four. Now for the third and last step."

He pulled the handle again and the machine finally jerked to a stop.

"Start the music," roared Greeby as an announcer took his place at the mike.

"Mr. Greeby is now on the telephone," the announcer cried, "He is listening intently. Are they ringing your party?" he queried as the music lowered.

"I ain't got the operator yet,"

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At
WINNIE'S
When the Hot Spots fold for the evening Here's where the fun carries on.
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explained Greeby. "Keep the music goin'."

"Are they ringing yet?" asked the announcer again. "No," shouted Greeby, "I still ain't got the operator. Did you fellows pay that phone bill today?"

"There will be a slight pause for station identification," bellowed the announcer as he and Greeby went into a hasty huddle. "We 'ade sorry to announce that there will be another slight delay," spoke the announcer as Greeby started toward the door. "Mr. Greeby has gone across the street to the drug store. The telephone call will be made from there."

The reporter followed Greeby into the street and arrived at the drug store just in time to hear Greeby addressing the lucky winner.

"Hello, hello," he shouted. "Is

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this 4-9395. It is. Is that Gertie herself and in person speakin' it is. This is R. Hammerhead Greeby callin' from Miami. Can you loan me \$5, er, er, I mean you have won the big pot and right now two West. Union boys are bringing it to you. You are very lucky because it wasn't emptied last week and it's plumb full tonight. Congratulations Gertie old kid, week and it's plumb full tonight.

The reporter snatched a hammer and a handful of nails from a passing carpenter and if anyone wants Mr. Greeby during the week he can be found in the second telephone booth from the end at the corner drug store.

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nasal passages. Mentho-Mulsion acts to aid the loosening of phlegm, is fortified with vitamins A and D, and through its quieting results on coughs from colds, tends to ease nervous strain.

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"I served in the army for 33 years and went through two campaigns in the Philippines," said Mr. George Morehouse recently, "and for the last two years I suffered from bronchial irritation due to colds. Mentho-Mulsion is the only preparation that ever gave me genuine relief."
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SEVEN STORES OVER GREATER MIAMI

TEN YEARS AGO

(From the Files of MIAMI LIFE)

BACK FROM SIR OLIVER'S LODGE

(Jan., 15, 1930)

ONCE UPON a time an astute showman, entitled Phineas Taylor Barnum, hopped out of bed at midnight and composed the following nifty:

"There's a Sucker Born Every Minute!"

With all deep respect to such sincere men as Sir Oliver and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle—who still live in hope of discovering a bona fide medium—your correspondent is here to state that it is not likely they will find one in Great Miami. Meantime, kick the cat off the lounge, make yourself comfortable, and I'll give you a load of applied piffle.

His name isn't Profesor Palala-Palooka, but we'll call him that. He claimed to be a trumpet medium, which is my conception of the highest form of comedy. His bootstrap is located in the Northwest section of Bagdad-on-the-Bay, and his literature states that he is a born psychic. If that is true I wish to take this opportunity of stating that I am the author of "King Lear" and that Mr. Tex Richard has matched me to box Young Stribling next February.

Nine p. m. The professor greeted his customers with the solemnity of a mortician looking over the remains of a choice Chicago gunman. Ten clients, including yours truly, were seated in a fairly large room, and faced the trumpets. Trumpets vary in size. I know of a medium who employs a fishhorn, while others are satisfied with nothing less than a French horn. The lights, of course, were so low that all one could distinguish was shimmering outlines. Spirits, you know, work better in the dark. You have no idea how quickly a little light will shoo away spirits.

The professor requested us to sing a few old-time songs. This was done to get the meeting in tune with the indefinite. We sang. And I reverently hope that the late Enrico Caruso did not hear our weird idea of melody. The professor had a neat basso-profundo. It reminded me of Mr. Joe Chambers making an announcement of the Assault and Slattery Boxing Club.

After wrecking a number of sweet songs with our voices, the professor cleared his throat and gave us a short lecture on the genesis and development of spirit communications. He mentioned ectoplasm, the fifth dimension, and his idea of forensic oratory reminded me of a high-pitchman peddling Dr. Alonzo P. Quack's Golden Remedy for Galloping Halitosis. Then he told us about his 'guide' or spirit control. All mediums you understand, have a pal in the next world with whom they must get in touch before they can serve messages to the cash customers.

The professor's guide had the terse tasty name of Chief Red Eagle, a full-blooded Seminole who had made arrangements to depart this whiling world during one of the brawls between Osceola and the white invaders of Florida. However, before the professor could get in touch with Monsier de la Red Eagle, he was obliged to hop into a trance. Of course, you all know what a trance is. (Miami had one during the boom, but there is no sense in bringing that up.) At any rate, a trance is where you leave the earth and hob-nob around midst the ether. So the jovial professor shimmied a bit in his seat, wriggled his ears and concluded with a nice hop off into trance-land. That accomplished, he called upon his guide to get down to business, as the customers were waiting for a little service.

Midst a silly silence, the professor finally announced that Chief Red Eagle was at the trumpet and would be glad to answer all questions. An elderly chap, sitting next to me, asked the guide if it was true that Captain Kidd buried some treasure over at Miami Beach. (Carl Fisher found some treasure on the Beach, but he worked for it.) The guide replied that he could not give any definite information at that time, in reference to Mr. Kidd's treasure, but if the old chap would come to the next meeting he might do better. (You see the idea. The price of admission is two bucks, and if you come again you pay another two drachmas, which does not include the dollar fee for each question asked the guide!)

Well, to dwarf a tall story, most of the customers asked one question; some about departed great uncles, some in regard to the future of the stock market, while one young lady wished to know if 'Harry' still loved her.

I was going to ask the genial guide some pertinent questions in relation to the late Barnum and the lamented Houdini, but suddenly I imagined I heard a muffled tittering echoing around the room—and I wondered, just wondered—

Could it be the shades of Pete Barnum and Harry Houdini giving us the merry ha-ha? Shoot, mediums—you're faded!

THE COLONEL'S "YARDSTICKS"

The ubiquitous reporter for Miami Life found Col. Williams up at Miami Military Academy laboring hard on a few "planks" of his "platform." After a brief "fireside chat" relative to the chilly weather, the Colonel said:

Yes, I guess I have got to have a "platform" to run on. It seems to be quite the custom. It is no longer fashionable to get out and run on plain dirt. After being run on through a long hard campaign the platform is generally so worn that it has to be discarded as soon as a man gets into office. We, the good people, all understand that and would do the same thing ourselves, given the chance.

But no one can build a "platform" without a few "yardsticks" to measure by. So, I shall begin by defining a few.

Logic—The science and art of reasoning.

Major premise—a statement or fact proved, accepted or assumed as true.

Minor premise—a statement true in a given instance.

Conclusion—a statement deducible and necessary from the relation of the two premises.

Syllogism—a reasoning from general and specific principles, which are established or assumed, to specific results.

ILLUSTRATION

Major premise—All men are mortal.

Minor premise—AB is a man.

Conclusion—Therefore, AB is mortal.

This is a syllogism, a plain and simple act of reasoning. It is the ability and practice of reasoning that is supposed to differentiate mankind from the animals, the plants, crystal-gazers and intuitionists. It must be fairly done. One should not attempt to cheat in reasoning any more than he would claim that two plus two make five. And after his major and minor premises are properly and fairly established, his definite conclusion must follow just as certainly as the fact that two and two make four, and not five.

But forty years of active life have taught me that few people can or do follow the principles of simple reasoning as illustrated above and as formulated by scholars of all time. We treat one or both the premises unfairly, or else drag in some fantastic conclusion to make the angels weep. We live in a Land of Make-Believe, governed by a year-round Santa Claus. We are children afraid of the harmless dark. We dread fact. We run from the truth despite the assurance, "Ye shall know the truth and the truth will make you free." Or in moments of confidence we concoct specious arguments for selfish purposes, designed to ensnare the unwary, and with what astounding success!

Since Archimedes asked but a sufficient fulcrum and lever to lift the earth, we have been more or less busy supplying imaginary tools to do this unnecessary and impossible thing, teaching men to lift themselves by their own boot straps, to get rich by the "cat and rat farm" method and to buy gold bricks with gaudy covers. We have largely ignored the things that could be done for the betterment of mankind on a sane and constructive basis. Centuries ago emphasis was turned away from the few simple and valid facts that give divine light, life and worth to humanity and great issues were raised about matters that in no real degree affected a live religion. The Immaculate Conception, Vicarious Atonement, the reality and validity of the Eucharist, the Tri-Godhead, Future Salvation, Scholasticism (how many angels could stand on the point of a pin), and the illogical divisions and creeds, are a few instances of how men have shunned the main truth and frittered their lives away in irrelevant and pointless argument. Do religious leaders of today point out the fundamental and indispensable laws of religion and require their followers to abide by them, or do they entertain often with novel notions far removed from the question at issue, how

we are to live right? Do they tell us and order us and command us and threaten us to begin the devoted practice of the Golden Rule at day-break, to follow it through the heat of noon-day, to cling to it and abide firmly with it through the shades of night even to the last conscious thought; and then to get up even earlier the next day and do the same thing over again, but more so, even to the end of our lives? Do they tell us that if we do this we need not fear, and that this simple duty will preclude the wasting of time on irrelevant issues, and that there need be no more argument or dissension over religious matters, and that we cannot live long enough to complete this task? Do they tell us that with everybody doing this all the time to the exclusion of all other religious cares, since this is all that really matters and since this is the foundation stone of all respectable religions of all time, religious differences will be eliminated and this source of warfare will cease? If not, why not? But the people at large, though their collective influence was for a long time not very strong, evidently did not want this simple and barren truth brought too violently home. But the American populace is presumably much more influential, and still doing the fundamental facts is about as common as in the days of peasantry, feudalism, ignorance and despotism. A clergyman who would rise in his pulpit and tell his people one and all alike how and wherein they were violating the simple but fundamental commands of the Golden Rule, and how to comply with said Golden Rule in their daily work, and then do something about it if they did not comply with the requirements of said Golden Rule; said clergyman would probably soon be without a job. Oh, I am not particularly blaming the average clergy. They have to live. I do blame the people, that is you and you and you and you and you and me. We set the conditions here in America.

Bang! Wow! Zip! What was that? The Colonel darts out to find two small boys "hopping-to-it." "Tut, tut, tut!" said the Colonel. "What is the trouble here?" "First boy—"He made a face at me." "Second boy—"I didn't. He tripped me." "First boy—"I never. He hit me yesterday right in the middle of the playground." "Well, well, boys," said the Colonel. "Is this the way we carry on here? Is this the way to grow up good men? How about the Golden Rule that we try to follow? Let us hear one of you recite it." "Second boy—"Whatever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them." and as David Harum added, "Do it first." Colonel W—"Well, gentlemen, carry on." (The boys linger, heads down, toes digging the dirt. Then) "First boy—"I'm sorry, Henry. Pardon me?" "Second boy—"No, Bill, it was all my fault. Please excuse me." "First boy—"I've got a candy bar. You want half of it?" "Second boy—"You telling me? Wait till I get my apple." "First boy—"If that big Joe pushes you around again, you send for me, will you?" "Second boy—"Sure will. Now let's play hand-ball." The Colonel smiles, gazing into the sun-lit distance as the two friends hurry away. What does he see with his vacant eyes? Does he visualize a much better and happier world right here and right now if we, the people, would each do our proper part? HE DOES.

TRUTH IN ADVERTISING

A Confession: Our show ain't the best in town. Maybe it's the worst. We're so busy serving customers we can't snoop around to see what the other fellows are doing. Skeptical people don't believe nobody, anyhow. So we ain't talking big, just saying, if you want some fun, come over to our place and meet Morris and Lou, two regular fellows. Draught Beer 10c, Drinks 15c-30c. No Higher-No Minimum-No Cover. Never any extras.

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Round the Town

with ROD

With ALEX OTT

A twenty act program featuring the greatest assemblage of A. A. U. diving and swimming stars ever seen in Miami will be seen at Alexander Ott's Sunday afternoon water carnival at the beautiful Macfadden-Deauville Pools next Sunday afternoon.

Elizabeth Ryan, holder of the fastest swimming record on the books, the 100 metre free-style record, will attempt to set a new world's mark for the 500 metre distance. Miss Ryan, a protegee of Peter Fick, the successor to Johnny Weismueller, was practicing an unknown two years ago.

Mary Hoerger, winner of the National springboard title when she was only eleven, and Elbert Root, holder of the Japanese tower diving title will appear in exhibitions.

Other amateurs will include Ruth Hoerger, the Fairbrother children, Pat, Jim and Skippy, Johnny Simpson, the famous Rawls sisters and Betty Joyce McMinn.

One of the novelty acts of the program will be the first Miami appearance of little June Scar-

borough, years old, of Jacksonville. She will both dive and swim in one of the most unusual acts ever seen.

Heading the floor show will be Rose Marie Magrill, who won the title of "Miss Florida" on one of Mr. Ott's shows last year. Miss Magrill appeared with George White's Scandals during the summer and is one of John Power's leading models.

Other acts will include Sue Blake of the Trocadero and Lona Barry the well known whistling artist.

Jackie Ott and his cavorting companions Ted Wingstrom and Stew Stewart will furnish the aquatic laughs.

The professional divers will include all the National and Olympic Champions.

Walter Bura, the human bullet, will be catapulted from his sling-shot-like apparatus more than seventy feet over the heads of the audience and nearly two hundred feet forward landing in the center of the pool.

The program will start promptly at 3 p. m. and dancing will be featured in the Deauville room immediately following.

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CONFESSIONS

Of a Seasonal Miami Columnist

By PHEW STUFF

You won't mind, I'm sure, if I confess! I'm one of those smart-aleck columnists who comes down here in the winter to use your Miami papers as the instrument for building up my "prestige" in the north. Being able to wheedle the editors into letting me sign my name to a column of gossip in the category of a big shot.

I know a lot of important people by sight—and some of them speak to me, because, through the publicity I've gotten as a columnist, they think I'm important. So what? Well, I use the names of a lot of important people in my column, nicknaming them in plenty of instances—to give the impression that I'm a great social swimmer.

There are "skeletons" in the lives of important people, you know, and occasionally I get gifts to let my memory fail. I always have doubted very seriously whether anyone except those whose names I use pay much attention to my column. It actually has no news or entertainment value. Actually, it is utter drivel that helps no one but me.

I try to create the public impression that I'm an admixture of Winchell, Pegler, Dorothy Kilgallen and Walter Lippman. So far, my luck has been exceptionally good. Around the niteries, where the gees want publicity, I get a lot of free wines and drinks. (And I am certain, after I leave that the bankroll guys who operate the places can understand why Texas cotton farmers hate boll weevils.)

Let me show you how my column puts me in the big dough brackets. In New York, come summer, there are a lot of spots whose performers and owners operate in Miami in winter. Because I am known to them as Miss Sidemouth of The Miami Daily Blab, they'll shell out for publicity. With fifty or sixty of them on my weekly payroll, it isn't half bad, my dears.

Folks in the newspaper game who can write call me a "journalistic enunch." They say I know what it's all about, but can't do anything about it. I can't recall that I ever wrote anything that anyone saved as having a bit of merit, but I suspect that a few folks will clip this effusion and show it to me as my nearest approach to something like that.

So You Say

Hollywood, Fla.
Jan. 15, 1940

Editor MIAMI LIFE:

I am very indignant over the article in your "Miami Life" of Jan. 13, 1940, if it was intended as humor. I am English and did not get the point.

In as much as the "Miami Florida Cat Fanciers" cat show was not a local affair, any or all were eligible to enter as many cats as they desired. The fact that it was a four point show, was extra inducement to out-of-town and out-of-state owners and breeders.

Judge Mabie is considered one of the best judges in the United States, noted for being unprejudiced in her scoring. Any disaffection should have been taken up with the show committee, active at all times in the show room.

Naturally, I should have liked to have had a local cat receive best cat in the show. Every owner is quite prone to see the good points in their animals, but when the cats come to the judge's bench they are penalized for their weak points, and yet every owner and breeder recognizes and appreciates a fine cat, irrespective of whom the owner may be.

Evidently a herring was dragged across your trail, but your nose for news being so attuned to a putrid odor, failed to recognize the milder aroma of a herring.

My opinion, as one cat to another, in catdom terms, I consider your article as the meowing of a cat.

Sex—Tom cat.
Species—Alley cat.
Disposition—Vicious.
Diet—Purulent matter.
Registered breeding—Nil.
(Note—Improvement can be made in common stock, by more concentration on desirable traits, so to eradicate poor ones, provided the weak points are not to inbred.)

Yours Truly,
Olive H. Lindsley,
President
(Miami Florida Cat Fanciers)

Things I'd Like To Know . . .

WHY Ruth and Robby suddenly patched up their differences, and whether it was because A Certain Party suddenly appeared with his pants patched up and didn't look quite like the good thing she had thought he was

WHAT accounted for the dented fender on Helen's green sedan, and whether the chance meeting will turn into something lasting and beautiful—like love, for instance

College Girls Sore At Florida Motor Lines

IT WAS a threat to notify MIAMI LIFE, made by an inspired mother, that finally got a dozen girl freshmen aboard a Florida Motor Lines bus "as per contract," and saved them the humiliation of being a day late for reopening of the STATE WOMEN'S COLLEGE after the holidays.

It was a dirty trick on the part of the Florida Motor Lines. The company permitted the upperclass girls, many of whom had no tickets, to occupy all the available seats on the regular bus the day after New Year's—and then informed the remaining bunch of girls, all young and inexperienced, some of socially prominent families, that they would have to wait until the next day. But the next day, at 9 a. m., they had to be at class in Tallahassee, 750 miles away! One mother took up the cudgels in behalf of righteousness, soon got the other parents aroused, and then began the march, from one official to another, until the biggest man was reached. Then came the threat to tell MIAMI LIFE about it—and the officials perked up, and in a short time a substitute bus was on its way—four or five hours later than it should have been, but on its way nevertheless. Which was something!

They got to Jacksonville at 1 a. m. The driver said, "Get off." "Oh, no," said the girls in unison, "this bus is going straight on to Tallahassee for us 11 girls." The driver said there wouldn't be a bus available for Tallahassee until 8:15 in the morning. The girls began talking to other people about the bus station—telling them how they had been gyped and lied to. Then one girl telephoned the Miami district manager—and they got going again. In the wee hours of the morning all the girlish feet on the heatless bus were partly frozen! Even the bus driver complained of the cold! The bus got there 15 minutes before classes took up!

OUR FAVORITE CHARITY!

DADE COUNTY HOME
Box 266, Route No. 2
MIAMI, FLORIDA

December 15th, 1939

Mr. R. J. Clein, President
Miami Life Publishing Co.,
110 West Flagler Street
Miami, Florida

Dear Mr. Clein:

We wish to thank you for the annual boat ride and picnic you so generously gave the Old Folks of Dade County Home on December 14th. They always look forward to the trip and enjoy every moment of it, and then spend many happy hours describing the food, music, scenery, and fun.

They join with us in wishing you and your staff a very Merry Christmas and Happy New Year.

Sincerely,
CLYDE CORWIN, Superintendent
EDITH SUTTON, Assistant

They Tell Me . . .

THAT one of the pleasantest sounds radio listeners have heard lately is George Christie's voice again on the air—even if it is from a dog track and just telling the merits of one dog over another

!!!
THAT Mrs. Leonard W. Haskin of Miami will be Chairman of the School Children and Parent-Teacher Association groups for the Dade County Committee for the Celebration of the President's Birthday.

Dade County Chairman A. Frank Katzentine also has ap-

pointed Jack Cleary of Miami as Chairman of a Special Committee for the "FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS" drive which started on January 15th and closes with the President's Birthday Ball on January 30th

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RUMBA CASINO ENTRANCE, LIBERTY AVENUE

27 Years of Footlights Ruins Carney's Right Eye

Bob Carney, currently appearing at the Million Dollar Pier Music Hall, is slowly going blind in the right eye as a result of the glaring Klieg lights behind

the footlights on stage.

Carney, has been a stellar performer for many years, is the third generation of the acting Carneys and is supported on the bill by his two dancing daughters, Jean and Roberta, who are the 4th generation. In an exclusive interview, he disclosed the fact that the eldest daughter is going to give birth shortly and a reunion of the five generations will take place locally.

He has one ambition and that is to create a "big" name for his "darlings" (he calls them) and his only hobby is to read and write. He writes all of his own material, mainly consisting of black out gags, in which he majors. He has also worked out every dance routine for his daughters and ironical as it may seem, he knows just what steps they are doing, blind-folded.

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Round The Town

One more dance spot made its bow during the week. It was the new Sky Dance club at 3604 S. W. 8th Street—formerly the home of an Italian-American club—and it sported no less than George Hall and his orchestra for its first two nights, Thursday and Friday, with Dolly Dawn doing the vocalizing. Henceforward there will be dancing nightly with two orchestras. An attractive feature of the place is the move-

able roof which, in pleasant weather, is slid back so that the crowd can dance in starlight.

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