



ROYAL PALM, SUNNY ISLES CASINO CHEAT PLAYER OUT OF \$110,000!

PUPPET REYNOLDS

IF ANYBODY, in all seriousness, expected Safety Director Dan Reynolds to be anything but just a paid stooge, he must have been rudely "acquainted with the facts of life" by reading the Herald for the last week.

Remember it? . . . Red-headed Dan was asked by the reporter if his "Stop Gambling" order included church lotteries. And his reply has become historic—"That's the way they interpreted it!" . . . "they" meaning the police department!

He doesn't have the guts to issue a clear-cut, unequivocal order that would leave no doubt about what he intended to be closed or let alone!

First giving as his reason for lid-clamping the story in the Herald telling the public that there was gambling over the week-end in various spots, he later changed his story, making it appear that it was a tip, communicated to him by "a friend," that an out-of-town mob planned gun-play here, that caused the order. Which story he again reversed for the benefit of the morning paper the next day!

Some months back Dan (who is being dubbed "Ferdinand" by his fellow bulls) issued an order that all liquor laws would be enforced as long as the city commission kept the closing ordinance on the books. . . . We all know that there is no longer any pretense of enforcing it, and it is being violated every day—and Sunday, too! . . .

Dan Reynolds dances at the end of a string pulled and jerked by his masters!

Some years ago, when the main issue of the campaign was whether to retain the safety directorship (which, as everyone knows, is a superfluous job, a safety director's powers already vested by charter in the city manager, rendering the office a mere duplication of authority) and the people, in no uncertain terms, voted to abolish it. Our present City attorney Twyman has since reminded the commission of the duplication of powers in the office of city manager.

Why stand for this farce any longer?

It is a well-known fact that although he has the same authority over the fire department that he has over the police department, our safety director no longer takes any interest in the fire department. Proving what? Why, simply what so many observers have suspected all along—that Dan Reynolds is simply the alter-ego of Commissioner Alex Orr, the commissioner who holds his place by a minority vote of the people, the Scotland-born kibitzer who rounds out his second-childhood by indulging a police-badge complex, the little thick-skulled, thick-tongued plumber who has sworn to "get" Police Chief Quigg again! . . . In 1928 this same Orr was foreman of a grand jury that he persuaded to indict Quigg for first-degree murder in connection with the death of a negro rapist that had taken place three or four years before—all of which caused Quigg's automatic removal from the job although he was, of course, acquitted just as soon as a trial could be had. Orr kept Quigg off the force for nine years! . . .

Taxpayers should do something about it! Here's a needless expense. Orr is already a city commissioner—so make him do his dirty work from his commissioner's desk—out in the open where we all can scrutinize him—not give him this opportunity of operating in secret, hidden, masked; a smirking, evil-minded, obsessed old man wreaking a personal and private vengeance on his enemies through a copper who doesn't know what it is all about but is willing to obey the Orr orders implicitly.

Orr is the guiding spirit of the present commission's suspicious star chamber's sessions. He works in secret—klan-type, lodge-grip, conniving manipulator, who succeeds so long as he can work his schemes out through others. That's why the Power-Trust strives to keep him in office—why the Herald finds him as useful as the News does Alex Orr is the back stabber; he's got two manias—power and dollars. In every question that's come before the Miami city commission presenting the people on one side and the Power-Trust on

THERE'S BEEN Gambling—moreover crooked gambling, Miami Mob-operated—at the swanky Royal Palm Club all week—except at stated periods when the "law" came around and took a look. Then lights were put out. The moment the "law" left, business resumed—just as wide open as it ever has been. Lookouts are posted about to give the signal of approaching officers—who, after all, aren't hard to recognize!

Royal Palm Club gamblers have successfully defied the law as well as the widely publicized "closing edict."

The reason they have been taking chances is that they have got some wealthy visitors in their clutches. A certain sportsman from Detroit and two of his companions were cheated out of \$90,000 at the Royal Palm club last week—and we understand the Detroitier still owes the club gamblers some \$25,000 of that amount. But his reputation is the best—and the gamblers' money is as sure as if it were already in their bank. He will be certain to pay off—UNLESS (as MIAMI LIFE now takes pleasure in informing him) he finds that the game wasn't on the up and up—that he was cheated by the same crooked Mob that has been operating in Miami for years—the Mob that breaks the law every day, but still seeks

help from the state attorney and the local courts to protect its illegal vice, to protect itself against shakedowns by another group!

Crooks who use that method are called "rats" by their ilk!

It is a strange coincidence that the same man who was cheated out of the huge sum at the Royal Palm Club should be cheated out of \$20,000 later at the Sunny Isles Casino—but that is what happened! Crooked gambling is also conducted at the Sunny Isles Casino—another spot that turns lights out ONLY when the "law" is reported in the vicinity by its numerous lookouts, but which resumes the moment the "law" has left its grounds.

MIAMI LIFE has always been for a liberal community—for without liberality in these things Miami would not be the wonderful playground that it is. You may rest assured that as long as they operate, or any other place is operated with crooked gambling paraphernalia, the public, for the public's own protection, is going to be fully advised about it by this paper—as completely as it is humanly possible.

SO—remember, if you must gamble, be careful where you gamble—and we certainly do not recommend the Royal Palm or Sunny Isles Casino!

WHILE WE'RE WAITING HERE...

SEASONAL STIFFS: The two girls, accused flat-faced, noisy women with the very pretty, very spoiled, little girl in a downtown cafeteria Friday noon—obviously from Philadelphia, New Jersey, or New York City, because their kind doesn't spawn anywhere in the world except in those localities. The child, with ecstatic enjoyment, would step on the toes of the man just ahead of her in the line, who was under the obvious handicap of being a gentleman; then she would laugh and laugh, and so would her two provokers. The gentleman, after several of these cunning little pranks, smilingly asked the little girl to desist. This was really too funny. The child looked around at her companions delightedly and all three broke into renewed, almost hysterical laughter.

While your observer was wishing with all his heart that the gentleman would cuff the brat on her little fanny and then take a good poke at the nearer of the two fishwives, the line moved on and the outcome was lost to the public forever because MIAMI LIFE reporters are never, never rude enough to turn around and stare at people in cafeterias.

MULTIPLYING CHARITIES

AND SO, for the next couple of weeks—while there are plenty of people here with perhaps a few dollars left over from the races, restaurants, and hotels—we shall have the Dade County Community Chest Drive.

You remember it from last season, don't you? It was the One and Only charity drive that was to end all other charity drives in Miami! . . . You don't think that's funny? . . . We don't either.

This year it's for \$300,000. Last year it was for \$250,000.

If it stopped a single one of the countless charity drives in Miami that have been held every year since this city attained any sizable population, we don't know about it. Organizations dependent upon charity have maintained their high-pressure organizations just the same as they did before the last year, although they have received aid from the Community Chest.

Of the 19 agencies obviously benefitting from the Community Chest drive, the Salvation Army presents a case in point. That organization gets an important part of the Community Chest funds, but instead of the Army stopping or slowing down its individual charity drives, it has increased their tempo in the last year, the solicitation crews working everywhere over the downtown section, wherever people in numbers assemble—every day, every night!

the other, he has taken the side of the Power-Trust. He has never voted for the people of Miami!—and we can prove it!

If Dan Reynolds stays on as safety director, MIAMI LIFE proposes that there be five safety directors instead of one—so that each of Miami's five city commissioners may have his personal safety director—and so that Alex Orr's monopoly will be broken up!

PROBE THAT DEAL!

"The deal was legal throughout," cries the News, indignant over Commissioner R. C. Gardner's disclosure of municipal grafting in the purchase, by the city, of stadium property for parking purposes—in which purchase the city paid administration "stooge" twice more than the real owner had asked the city for just three months before.

"It's water over the dam," the News cries again. And "Gardner stoutly supported purchase of the lots." And "nothing will come of it . . ."

And "the law department has a lot more important work at hand right now than making this sort of futile investigation."

What, for instance?

The News must mean, by "gravest and momentous problems in the history of the municipality," the forthcoming paying of around five millions in cash to the Power-Trust and the refunding of the \$29,000,000 bond issue, and the increasing of our indebtedness another seven or eleven millions in "revenue bonds."

If it does, then there's all the more reason for listening to Commissioner R. C. Gardner's demand.

Let's have this stadium deal investigated, News or no News, Herald or no Herald.

It may give us a clue on the deal coming up that is, like the News says it is, "grave and momentous!"

IF WE HAVE ADMINISTRATION STOOGES WHO CAN CONNIVE TO HAVE THE MUNICIPALITY PAY DOUBLE FOR CHEAP LOTS IN THE SHADE OF THE ORANGE BOWL, IS IT NOT REASONABLE TO SUPPOSE THAT THERE ARE ADMINISTRATION STOOGES WHO ARE NOW CONNIVING TO MAKE THE CITY PAY DOUBLE FOR ITS BONDED INDEBTEDNESS, MAKE IT PAY DOUBLE FOR THE WATER DISTRIBUTION SYSTEM, PAY DOUBLE FOR THE ALLEGED DEBTS TO THE FLORIDA POWER & LIGHT COMPANY?

WE BELIEVE COMMISSIONER GARDNER HAS REALLY GOT SOMETHING TREMENDOUSLY HOT HERE!

You must remember that what the News says (what the Herald says, is only private, prejudiced, and (as experience has shown) unreliable opinion. The News and the Herald are private concerns, in the business of making money; neither is philanthropic or unselfish (as the records will also show); neither paying more than the tiniest minimum of taxes, and both almost entirely exempt from the obligations that every other kind of business, must bear; both politics-minded, ambitious for complete political control, with hands upon the controls of municipal revenue and expenditures—and both with hands deep in everyone's pockets!

These two papers, back in 1925, thrust upon this community a \$29,000,000 debt—for what purpose no one remembers!—and in addition gave away every municipal franchise to the newly created Florida Power & Light Company, a creature of the Electric Bond & Share Company of Wall street. We still owe the \$29,000,000—and are about to refund it again—because every time it is refunded the commission's banker friends make several hundred thousand dollars more. Our Trust-controlled city commission also has in the offing another indebtedness, estimated at anywhere between \$7,000,000 and \$11,000,000—which will be in revenue bonds, upon the water system—but which, in the final analysis, will be first mortgage on every piece of property in the city of Miami! . . . That is, it would be if a group of Miami taxpayers were not going into court and prevent it!

The problem is truly "gravest and momentous!"

"Death is the Grand Leveler" . . . "The paths of glory lead but to the grave" . . . "The evil that men do lives after them; the good is oft interred with their bones" . . . "He dies like a beast who has done no good while he lived" . . . "These poets!—isn't it a pity they couldn't have known present-day Miami—and its daily newspapers? . . . and knowing the immense crookedness of Henry L. Doherty, to have read the sickening tributes consuming column after column in both the Herald and the Daily News a couple of weeks ago? And knowing Louis K. Mac Reynolds personally, to have been amazed at what almost amounts to a deification of him by the same newspapers?" My God, what will these papers do when a really good man dies in this community—someone

Shoes That Begin to Pinch!

whose life has been devoted to doing good for his fellow-man, instead of dirty work against them? . . . Work? . . . Well, as to that, we had an example this week. Jack Moseley, Dixie Tire dealer, died, cut off in his prime by a tumor. Jack worked for others, devoting most of his labors and money toward movements that would help humanity as a whole. When he died there were a great many mourners. But no Biscayne Bill urged a monument to him (although his advertising probably bought groceries often for Biscayne Bill!). No Herald editorial writer suggested naming a park for him. No Herald stooge was ordered to put up a golden calf in his honor (as was Commissioner Hoesa in the case of the late Louie MacReynolds). No, for Jack Moseley, being honest, independent, outspoken, and moreover, concerned in bene-

fitting the people, not robbing them, evidently didn't measure up to the Herald's ideal of citizenry; as shown time and time again, in its editorial and news preferences. The Herald very definitely leans toward public racketeers. What does this indicate? A guilty conscience? A morbid or neurotic fear of post mortems? We don't profess to know the answer. We only know what we see in the Herald—and we get inescapable conclusions from weighing, sifting, and looking between lines. But we do know this: a true story of the Herald and its machinations in this city since its inception would make sensational reading—and we can't blame Herald owners about being solicitous of the way obituaries are handled these days!

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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.

ONLY about one person out of every 300 traveling by air becomes air sick . . . It is a popular misconception that if you look at the sky and atmosphere around you, you'll forget your feelings . . . On the contrary dizziness is accentuated when the person looks at the horizon . . . It is better to close your eyes or focus them upon one point inside the plane . . . Frequent swallowing made possible by gum chewing will help and an alkaline drink is also helpful to settle a waving stomach . . . Cataracts in the eyes have been found to be caused by overexposure to infra-red rays or ultra-violet rays . . . Many people believe that yawning is a sign of fatigue or boredom . . . Yawning is caused by a lack of oxygen in the system . . . People who live out of doors never yawn before they go to sleep, nor do they yawn at a party because they are bored . . . Most likely the room is stuffy and your body is asking for air.

Last week in Cabbages and Kings the statement was made that Theodore Roosevelt did not storm San Juan Hill with his rough riders during the Spanish American war . . . We have been taken to task for the statement . . . We reiterate, Col. Roosevelt was not in the battle of San Juan Hill but with Major General Leonard Wood was isolated at El Caney, ten miles away . . . Negro troops, who under a white general, took San Juan Hill rescued Roosevelt and General Wood. Roosevelt and Wood then marched to the foot of Kettle Hill which was not occupied by Spaniards . . . Upon learning that San Juan Hill had been taken Roosevelt charged to the top of Kettle Hill . . . Roosevelt then imagined himself a hero and went so far as to demand a Medal of Honor . . . Despite efforts made in his behalf by Henry Cabot Lodge who interceded with President McKinley and the war department, no medal was ever given . . . Although he went through the latter part of his life branded the "Hero of San Juan Hill, Col. Roosevelt was never under fire in any battle !!!

In China there is only one modern trained physician for every 30,000 inhabitants as compared to one for every 768 in the United States . . . The average Chinese family is able to spend 30 cents annually for medical care . . . If \$600 per year is taken as the minimum income for a physician, 5,000 persons would have to contribute 12 cents per capita to keep the physician alive and an additional \$400 or \$500 a year would be necessary to keep him equipped for active work . . . This would mean that 10,000 Chinese would be necessary to support one physician—a number which no practitioner could take care of . . . How many Pulitzer prize winning novels did you read since 1930, the year the prize was won by Oliver LaFarge's "Laughing Boy"? . . . Here they are starting with 1931 and Margaret Ayer Barnes, "Years of Grace" . . . 1932, "The Good Earth" by Pearl Buck . . . 1933, "The Store" by T. S. Stribling . . . 1934, "Lamb In His Bosom" by Caroline Miller . . . 1935, "Now in November" by Josephine Winslow Johnson . . . 1936, "Honey In The Horn" by H. L. Davis . . . 1937, "Gone With The Wind" by Margaret Mitchell . . . 1938, "The Late George Apley" by John Phillips Marquand . . . Five women and three men, tsh, tsh, tsh . . . But it all evens up . . . No woman has ever won a Pulitzer prize for cartooning, editorial writing or biographies and strange as it may seem a majority of Pulitzer prize winning poets have been men.

No written examination is necessary to win a Rhodes Scholarship . . . Selections are made upon a basis of manhood, force of character, literary and scholastic ability, physical vigor and references of persons who know him . . . The average number of Rhodes scholars at Oxford are about 196 per year . . . Approximately 100 of these come from the British Empire and the remainder from the United States . . . The scholarships were established by the will of the late Cecil Rhodes in 1902 . . . Germany is the only other country outside of the United States and British Empire eligible to win scholarships . . . There are no restrictions of study . . . A scholarship is for two years and worth about \$2,000 . . . Thirty-two new scholarships are assigned to the United States each year . . . Men, to qualify, must be over nineteen and under twenty-five years old and must be above sophomore years in a credited University or college . . . Candidates may apply either from their home states or from a state where they have attended college for two years or more . . . Being a "Yank at Oxford" is quite an achievement, but being an "Ox At Yanford" is more typical of the corn belt.

"RHETT" Greeby Deserts Scarlett

Says Cops Got Belle Wattiin Because the "Belle" Was Out of Ardor.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who spent his youth waiting to get across the F.E.C. tracks at Flagler street and the next fifteen years of his life reading "Gone With The Wind" was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter standing in front of the Biscayne building.

"I do not desire no publicity," he yammered when he spied the shivering reporter.

"What are you doing here in front of the F.B.I. offices?" queried the scribe.

"No comment," grunted Greeby as he neatly tripped a fat negro woman chasing her hat down Flagler street.

"Oh," snapped the reporter, "So now you're a G-man."

"No comment," parroted Greeby by trying to look mysterious.

"Jeez," wheezed the reporter, "This is the coldest weather I've ever seen. How long is it going to keep up?"

"I ain't talkin'," replied Greeby, "But you can learn your readers that us G-men is on the job, and when we get through with our investigation there'll be a big sensation."

"I suppose you are investigating the weather," snapped the scribe sarcastically.

"I ain't sayin' yes and I ain't sayin' no," answered Greeby donning a set of false whiskers and a pair of smoked herring.

"You give me a pain," barked the reporter, "Why don't you give up and go back to Chittlin Switch with the other nitwits?"

"I'll just make a note of that," flared Greeby jerking two reams of paper out of his pocket, "They ain't room in this country for spies and bullshivers. If you don't like this country why don't you go back to the one what you got run out of?"

"Bah," roared the scribe, "If I knew where there was a country where there were no Greebies I'd buy a one way ticket and go there for the rest of my life."

"Sabatoge," snorted Greeby making another note, "and furthermore I suspect you of being a republican. The Dies Committee will hear of this."

"A hell of a lot you know about the Dies Committee," shouted the reporter, "You don't even know Martin Dies."

"I do so," defended Greeby stoutly, "I was there the night

"Shut up," thundered the scribe, "And get out of my way. I've gotta go down and testify before the grand jury."

"Ha," sneered Greeby, "A tattle-tale eh. Go on and tell 'em everything you know. It won't take long."

"I'll tell them everything we both know," answered the reporter, "It won't take any longer."

"Don't you go down there tellin' that grand jury what I know. I ain't no rat."

"Can you prove it?," queried the reporter.

"Certainly," yiddled Greeby, "Do I look like a rat?"

"You do," answered the reporter, "And furthermore I understand that they still call you 'Rhett' Greeby up around Chittlin Switch and Hog Waller country."

"Oh," beamed Greeby, "Well suh, now that yo-all mentions the mattab, I do recall that Ah was called that by the darkies on mah plantation, Tara."

"Here we go," moaned the reporter, "I suppose you hear from Belle Wattiin frequently. You remember her don't you?"

"Ah, good old Belle," mused Greeby, "Yes suh, good old Belle. But I never hear from her anymore."

"What happened to Belle?," asked the reporter more out of curiosity than interest.

"The cops got her," grunted Greeby, "They went around to her point and found the Belle out of ardor and they throwed her in the sneezer."

"And then," said the reporter, "I suppose the only thing left for you to do was to go back to Scarlett."

"Nope," explained Greeby, "I couldn't stand the competition. I just ups and walks out."

"But what will happen to Scarlett?," queried the scribe anxiously.

"Frankly," spluttered Greeby drawing himself up to full height, "Ah don't give a damn."

The reporter was "Gone With The Wind" a second later and was thinking his lucky stars that the wind wasn't gone from him after the strenuous interview.

That Number Has Been Changed

I'm told by experts that there's but a very delicate line, Dividing stark insanity From a balanced mind.

Now I'm a very stolid soul, My thoughts neatly arranged; But these words drive me raving mad, "That number has been changed!"

I blithely seek the telephone, Insert a confident finger, Anticipating quick results, (O'er calls I do not linger!)

A sweet, deceptive voice breathes in- To my impatient ear, "What number are you calling, Ma'm?" ("I've clean forgotten, dear!")

I hurriedly turn the pages of A stubborn telephone book, Which hides from me the name I seek— I look and look and look!

Finally I choke it out Of the demon's throat, And relay it to Operator; (How that dame must gloat!)

"That number has been changed," she sings With triumph in her voice; "You must call so and so and so," (Oh how she must rejoice!)

Thereupon I cross the line Of sanity, deranged, Propelled by just five simple words, "That number has been changed!"

Shirley Freeland, 2040 S. W. 17th St. MIAMI, Fla.

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FIFTEEN YEARS AGO

(From the Files of MIAMI LIFE)

THINGS WE'D ALL LIKE TO KNOW

(From the Files of MIAMI LIFE on January 23, 1926--while the '25 Boom Was Thought To Be Still On!)

THE TIME has come, Miami bankers will tell you as they glance over your application for a mortgage, to talk of many things and ask a few questions.

There's no rhyme or sequence about the questions. Let's print them as they come:

Why the Venetian Islands causeway is being completed before the Miami Beach approaches are completed?

Why the Dade county commissioners have put up signs restricting viaduct traffic to 15 miles an hour when traffic officers on both sides are trying to move cars as quickly as possible? And what should the county commissioners have to do with a causeway wholly within the city limits of both Miami and Miami Beach?

Why the proper kind of Red-Yellow-Green traffic lights were not bought in the first place and how long it will be before they are changed for the third time? Also, why the lights were extended several blocks on N. Miami avenue where cross-street traffic is lightest?

Why almost every street and virtually every road in Dade county is torn up at this most important time, the time that everybody, except our public servants, has been a year preparing for?

If the Miami laundries are using cement instead of starch in laundering shirts, and if adequate punishment wouldn't be to sentence a laundry proprietor to sleep in a pair of pajamas that has been stiffly starched in his own establishment? (But we should be glad we get them back from the laundry at all!)

Why Miami Beach has to go out of town to get a chief of police when it has a population of more than 5,000 able-bodied, comparatively wealthy, and most loyal people?

Why a constable, operating from a justice of the peace's office, is permitted to roam at will over the county, making police and gambling raids, thus disturbing the even tenor of our winter season?

Why the Seaboard Air Line railroad didn't build into Miami eight or ten years ago if it did not want to pay for a right-of-way, instead of waiting until now to come through residential property that was bought at peak prices?

And if it is not the duty of every thoughtful citizen to examine more than carefully the plan of the Seaboard's entry into the city limits--and determine for themselves if the Seaboard will not bottle up the city north and south? East and west traffic is already bottled up by the F. E. C.!

And, speaking of the Seaboard and other projects of late, has not the Chamber of Commerce become too much of a "yes" organization, instead of an investigation organization--which after all should be its main function?

Why rents all over Greater Miami double and triple and quadruple on November 1, although the "season" did not open until the middle of January this year--and what's more, NEVER did open until the middle of January?

Now that Miami is becoming stabilized, people are settling into their own homes, and buyers are buying property to keep and not to sell, will it be so easy for county and municipal officials to get by within competency? And if it isn't highly probable that the public is getting ready to stand up on its hind legs and let out a yell that will reach even the ears of City Manager Wharton?

Why the Federal prohibition squad, the Miami city police, the Dade county sheriff's office, the justice, and the coast guard are always at loggerheads with one another? And if the quarreling right at this time is going to do Miami's winter season any good?

If the opening of the new causeway viaduct is going to help the traffic situation when traffic will still be bottled up at the Beach end? And, by the way, why was not a new viaduct built at Miami Beach at the same time as the Miami viaduct?

If merchants, restaurants and professional men charged at the same scale as boarding-house keepers, where would we be?

If the powers of darkness and evil aren't getting a hold in Dade county that is going to be mighty hard to break? And if most of it isn't attributable to the indifference perhaps, compliance, of officialdom, county and municipal? Wouldn't a lot of present trouble be eliminated if the ring-leaders only realized what a terrible thing is the wrath of an aroused community such as Miami's? And will it be long?

Well, we ran out of question marks. So we shall have to continue our questions a little later. And we shall. The only thing we must not do is answer three or four of them--truthfully!

If we did--and we mean this in all seriousness--we wouldn't live three hours!

We have a story this week telling of the carelessness and incompetency of F. E. C. crossing watchmen. Some of the watchmen are so blamed incompetent it is really surprising they haven't been given better positions with the F. E. C.!

THE COLONEL'S "BRAIN TRUST" ACTS

The bugle blasted. "Come on You!" "What is it?" queried cadets. "Hurry up to the meeting," ordered the sergeant. "What meeting? Interrogated some. "Why, important meeting, Hurry!" When a somewhat excited species of quiet was finally obtained an orderly was dispatched post haste to the Colonel bearing the compliment of the "brain trust" and would he kindly be so kind as to come to an emergency meeting?" His arrival was greeted with a solemn hush.

"Colonel Williams, Sir," began the chairman, "we wish herewith to protest against some of your "planks" and "yardsticks" and such, from the point of expediency. We fear you cannot be elected if you criticize the "people" in your campaign. Someone has said, "You cannot indict a whole people."

The Colonel hung his head sadly, then replied:

"Well, boys, I guess you are probably right. It is not good politics but if we can but get the American people to thinking, acting and doing their duty as the responsible governors of their own country, do you see that all our real troubles will be over?"

Chairman, "Yeah, but the 'catch' in all that is that you would not live long enough to be President. Then where would we be after endorsing your campaign? We better get behind Ev Sewell, or some other "live wire." Colonel, you got to fix up something bright red that glitters or the "people" won't fall for it! After you get elected you can forget it and go on with your "experiments," but let's win now."

"There is much in what you say, boys, and I sure want your support. But let's leave Mr. Sewell out of this for awhile yet till I can maybe dig up something on him. I have one or two more "blasts" to fire, then we can go back to building constructive "planks" again. What say?"

"Very well, Colonel," said the chairman, "but you got all the boys in a dither. Maybe we can live it down for the "people" forget quickly. But for the sake of the "party," be careful."

So, the next time the reporter for MIAMI LIFE cornered the Colonel the following "blast" blew:

At the decadence of Rome the common people were not to blame if conditions made it possible for aspiring politicians to buy their uproar and animal favor by the distribution of largess gained by despotic, warlike and unfair means. These people had no organized and recognized voice except as extended them at occasional selfish political need. At the time of the French Revolution the common people had been badly mistreated and had never had experience in self-government. No wonder then that their first administration, soon gathered into the hands of an evil and designing few, was murderous, crazy and only comparable to some of the insanities of today. England was yet under the control of a selfish minority when her bad land laws were effected and her many disgraces were practiced against humanity. But what was to become the United States of America was well on the way when the Salem Witchcraft furor occurred. We were well matured when the questions of Slavery and perpetual union were threshed out with so much bloodshed and horror. No country ever had so much selfish and foolish propaganda as we have today, and the end is not yet. We seem to have no positive and unquestionable source of truth in matters political, governmental, community or civic. Each ostensible purveyor of facts seems soon to find it more profitable to lend its influence to those who can and will pay for dressing up a dream to look real, to the final loss of the gullible public. I am not finally blaming anyone but said gullible public, of which you and you and you and I and all

form part. If you and you and you and I all are more easily influenced by specious argument, misrepresentation, prejudice, vilification and anything but the simple and unbiased truth, why you and you and you and I and all are to blame. So let us hear no more about so-called "crooked officials." Officials have to be more or less like us or we would not elect them. "Birds of a feather flock together." This is America. We elect the men we want to elect. And they must do about as we would have them do, or as we would probably do in their place. It is all up to the good people, so if anything is wrong we are to blame. We are strong on blaming someone else for all our troubles. We side-step, pass the buck, dodge the issue and treat our great civic franchise like an ugly step-child. Anything but making a heroic effort to learn the truth and then abiding by it come weal or woe.

The great and benevolent work of our school system was handicapped some years ago by the introduction of a laissez-faire notion about the training of the young. Let the child follow its own impulses wherever they lead him. Do not interfere. Do not punish him. Do not correct him. Do not speak harshly to him. Try to lead and influence him, if you can, but that is all. We have been reaping the fruit of this theory for some time now. We see daily instances of its unfortunate results.

Recently an intelligent and well-educated young man, teaching in one of the country's great school systems, asked for a place on our teaching staff. After learning what his yearly income there is, I frankly advised him not to change, since we could not pay him so much. He insisted that he was going to leave there anyway, that he could not stand it, that it was not the money income in which he was chiefly interested, that he wished to work in a better environment and was going to do so somewhere. I then suggested that he might be in some kind of difficulty locally. He insisted that he was not, that he could soon have a better place in the school system, that he was in line for promotion. Then for the sake of argument, since he persisted, I pinned him down and required him to tell me exactly what was wrong and what prevented him from being happy in his work for which he was evidently so well prepared and already somewhat experienced. He said that it was disciplinary problems. He dare not punish a refractory student. He must not even reprimand. It was as much as his job was worth. I asked him whether his principal did not aid him and all young teachers in solving these problems, as has long been customary in good schools. He stated that he had not seen his principal for six weeks, that the principal rendered no such help to anyone, that he had to go it alone as did other teachers. I asked him how the discipline was conducted. He said there was none, that the students carried on much as they pleased, and that was intolerable to him. Only occasionally was some student dismissed from the school after being caught in some major affront to law, order and decency. I asked him what was being done toward training the youngsters in civil and community ethics and their responsibilities to themselves and others, perhaps the greatest need of the day if we are to survive as a self-governing people. He insisted that nothing was being done in this direction that he had ever heard of, that it was the simple and invariable duty of each teacher to carry out the defined daily program and get by with as little friction as possible introducing no notions or special ideas of his own. Well, you do not have to accept the statements of this young man as exact. Neither did I. I presume that he was somewhat prejudiced in some way and for some reason. But there is probably enough truth in his claims to give us pause.

FAMILIAR AS THE SUN KNOWN FROM COAST TO COAST BECAUSE IT'S TOPS In Entertainment ZISSEN'S BOWERY N. Miami Ave., & 17th Ter.

Boxing gloves solved a delicate situation one night last week in Zissen's Bowery when a red-headed woman fought it out with a smoky blonde over a slight attack of jealousy. A traveling salesman from Pahookke was the cause of it all. He smiled sweetly, but not wisely at them both. Th gals quarreled for possession. Bill Underwood, the brawny bar-keep from Akron, averted a near panic by solving the situation with a set of boxing gloves. It ended as a draw and the gals kissed and departed, friends, to keep a date with twins from Ojus.

ERNEST'S ALL SPORTS Best Sandwiches In Town Upstairs--51 N. E. 1st St. Phone 2-4013

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Informality Among The 400 Husbands and Wives in the Upper Brackets Don't Have to Talk in Stilted Fashion Any More; Herald Society Photo Proves It By JOHN KIMBLE

LAST Sunday's Herald published a nice, three-column photograph of Dr. Bowman F. Ashe, president of the University of Miami, with Mrs. Ashe at a Century Club ball, and under the picture it explained that the good doc and his wife were chatting "informally."

Somehow, it was like a breath of fresh, clean, country air to stumble upon a married couple who chat with each other informally--especially when in evening dress--and we sincerely hope that the Ashe incident, caught by an alert cameraman, portends a new era in social trends. But its pity the photographer couldn't have given us a snatch of the conversation so that we of the Great Unwashed might know just how informal it is permissible for a man in the upper brackets to get with his wife when they are out in the mad, glittering whirl of Miami society.

It couldn't be possible, surely, that just as the camera clicked our Number One educator was whispering hoarsely--and informally--to his helpmeet:

"What the H - - - did you drag me to this thing for?" Or could it be?

FREE ADVICE DEPARTMENT Dear Mr. Kimble: During the holidays I went on the water wagon, and for four weeks have not had a drink of anything alcoholic--not even beer. Before I went on the wagon, my boss talked eloquently of how much money I would be worth to him if it only weren't for my drinking. Now I get no more money than I did before and it is harder to pry him loose from it.

When I was drinking I never had an auto accident; within the past ten days someone smashed the rear door of my car, somebody else crushed one of my rear fenders, and I had a blowout in the busiest block on Flagler street. The damage was \$19, not counting the tire.

Back when I had a permanent crook in my elbow, I could pick a couple of winners a day, at least; now everything I select runs one hole back of where I bet it to run, and a late scratch is the closest I can come to cashing a ticket.

Also, I used to have a girl friend who seemed to like me a lot, but since I went on the wagon she has had her phone taken

out and an unlisted one installed. She may even be married to the other guy, for all I know.

As a man of experience, Mr. Kimble, what do you advise? --FRANTIC.

ANSWER Dear Fran:

The Huntington Building used to be the best-patronized spot for persons in your fix, but they've recently put bars on those hallway windows, so that's definitely out. We suggest that you look over (a) the DuPont Building, (b) the Seybold Building, (c) the Postal Building, or (d) if altitude makes you dizzy, the Olympia Building might do. It is only 10 stories high, which is quite near the street, yet far enough away to give you a nice, effective jump. And you won't splash much, either.

But whatever you do, Fran, stick to your resolution. Don't take a drink.

J. K. P. S.--There's the News Tower, too, and think of the publicity you'd get! You can find out the edition times by just calling the city desk. Good luck!

--J. K.

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

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They Tell Me . . .

THAT Admira and Mrs. Butts were too "put out" by the fact that Major and Mrs. Harloe left without saying a word . . . Too-too.

THAT Alex Orr has got to the point, in city commission meetings, of threatening R. C. Gardner with bodily violence (a la Sewell). The truth is beginning to catch up with Alex—as truth always will with deception—and people are beginning to get a glimpse of what the Scotsman looks like beneath his smirk.

THAT it wasn't too cold this week for brunette Mary to continue her bathing early mornings and late evenings before the open window

THAT there's getting to be a regular winter widow's colony above Buena Vista

THAT the Gulfstream race track, six miles nearer the warm Gulf Stream than Tropical or Hialeah, would have really got places this winter—if it had been open

THAT probably never before, in the history of horse-racing, has there been such extraordinary range of clothing as at Hialeah on these cold afternoons: when everything from Palm Beach slacks to ankle-length Eskimo fur coats have been seen side by side

THAT Clarise is the girl with the peculiar dimple who looks like Shirley Temple will when she grows up . . . she has the 22nd street gang just a little screwy

THAT Dorothy's best friends wouldn't know her these days—even if she did look their way—which she won't, as long as she has a new heart interest

THAT among the new winter

colonists up Indian Creek way is the girl of the Chinese Kimona who broke up three homes last winter—and then left town without a dime of her own

THAT, judging from Biscayne Bill's approval, the anti-gambling order was just a trick, a cheap trick, after all

THAT Paul is still looking for the girl who didn't give him back his century note

THAT hired hands around the Miami Herald classified advertising department are still trying to find out why Charles A. Sargent, who built up the world's largest classified department, suddenly ceased to be on the pay-roll, and has been replaced by M. L. Self, a former subordinate; and that editorial workers are likewise puzzled to know why Ellis Hollums was moved upstairs and why the new "Sunday Editor" imported from Akron sits in the "slot" as "News Editor."

THAT Helen Rich took on new stature (in more notebooks than she'll ever know) the other day when she devoted a line or two to the memory of Dick Bullen, who left a void more permanent than many of us like to acknowledge.

what a notebook Helen could write if she'd devote it solely to Dick

THAT Major Dugas, the nation's No. 1 gold-digger (he discovered the Georgia mine) is in Miami Beach—which is only natural . . . for isn't the pay-dirt there the richest in the world, and more gold-diggers per block than any pace in the universe?

THAT Mayme had on a \$2,000 fur coat—when she went home on North Beach at 4 a. m. the other morning . . . but nothing else

THAT FBI operatives, according to judiciously circulated word in municipal circles, wouldn't give a hang about a Miami city official getting \$50,000 for a pro-power Trust vote—so long as he reported it in his income tax . . . all of which should interest the FBI chieftan greatly right at this particular time when a Power-Wall street combine is looking forward to a quick Miami deal in which several millions are to be made—in spot cash—if the squawk isn't too loud

THAT it's the reader who pays

and pays and pays—where the Herald is concerned . . .

now, in order to crowd another comic into the page, they're slicing off the lower parts of many a character, including the prettiest pair of legs that ever an artist had drawn—Jane Arden's . . .

THAT some of the bright boys with money around here are eyeing the newly developed market for shark by-products (see Collier's of Dec. 23) . . . especially since Whitey Paulsen, who has shark-fished—clear around the world, has the only shark-reduction pant on the Atlantic seaboard all set up and running

THAT the gal in red shorts who had luncheon in a Flagler street restaurant between 12:15 and 12:46 Thursday can learn something of great value to her by communicating at once with Emily Post, New York City

THAT Elizabeth SHOULD'NT have hocked her birthday diamond to let the boy friend play

Round the Town

Sunny Kole's long-awaited swim from Miami to the Beach will come off Sunday, rain or shine, according to the six-year-old's father. The lad, who has been training despite the cold weather, will take off from the Calvert clock between the County and Venetian causeways at 2 p. m. and expects to land at the Chamber of Commerce docks at the Beach at 5 o'clock. He went half the distance Thursday and wasn't bothered by the cold of the water.

WANDERING BOXING PROMOTER BACK IN MIAMI

Allie Frank the New York boxing promoter is again in Miami, with a string of fighters, while in town Allie will assist promoter Bill Rivers, and matchmaker Duke Slater in arranging the all star colored boxing show that will be held at Dorsey Park, Miami between Henry Taylor the Philadelphia heavyweight known in boxing as the upset kid. Last time out Taylor knocked out King Kong Matthews and Miami's own fighting heavyweight Obie Walker. This is the main event 10 rounds in the semi-finals. Matchmaker Slater arranged one of the best bouts of the season between Rough-house Glover and the best light-heavyweight obtainable . . . the show is scheduled for Thursday, February 1 . . . the usual preliminary's with a battle royal between the best colored boxers in Miami.

Little Banner in the eighth race Thursday . . . because Little Banner didn't win

THAT Bob Grant will be Dade county manager for Walter B. Frazer in the governor's race

MAKING TYPE DO TRICKS

THERE'S a weekly newspaper for colored citizens of Broward county called the Fort Lauderdale Colored Bulletin, consisting of four pages chuck full of ads, with the exception of part of Page One, wherein is contained an editorial by Publisher and Editor Raleigh Moore.

That editorial is always worth reading. We reprint one from a recent issue—word for word, letter for letter:

For instance, my friends, the legislature enacts a law forbidding you to steal. You steal nevertheless, and you are punished as has been said, being sent to prison. But if you violate the law of God, ore a law of nature, which is the same thing, you do not see any prison in sight and you imagine you are going to get off free from punishment.

But wate a moment my friend, a man commits suicide or does other flagrant acts upon himself. The suicide commits a murder, but if he murder another he might have an opportunity to repent, to make his peace with God, but by putting an end himself he cuts off his chance of repentance and appears before his creator with the blood stains indelibly fixed upon his hands. He is a marked Cain, and he fixes his own punishment to begin immediately. Any flagrant violation of the laws of nature are an insult to the majesty of the Creator who maid all things perfect, and fixes sure punishment upon who defaces his handiwork.

This old world is full of sin, and all ways will be. Do you know why? If not, I will delight in telling you. And that is this: There is just enough people in this whole world this day that is keeping Gods word that



EVELYN CLARKE AT LA PALOMA CLUB

Advertisement for Roast Turkey at The Little Inn, featuring a 50c price tag and listing various dinner options.

Advertisement for Silver Grill, highlighting coffee and reasonable prices.

Advertisement for Miami's Only Self Service Shoe Store, featuring beach sandals for 77c and men's shoes for \$1.97.

Advertisement for Lincoln Road Cafeteria, serving fine food at modest prices.

was laid down from the beginning, which is the ten commandment, to hold this world together, that it will not become a sodamgomiah.

We are reading of the greatest desasters that the world have ever frunted. Never have the nation ever witness surch a time before without any caus at all. And I will tell you my friends, if this world would turn itself back to a christon standpoint, God would not hafto distroy this world with fire. Why? Because it could be made ho'y. Our people haves more religion than God calls for and all kindse of difference stuff that they call religion and God only calls for one. Man also have disregarded the only day that God have bless and that day was call his abath.

But some day soon are late, everybody will know just who is right and who are wrong.

—RALEIGH MOORE.

Advertisement for Smitty's Garage, offering dependable general repairs and painting services.

Advertisement for Cafe Little Bohemia, a Czechoslovakian restaurant.

Advertisement for The Alps Kitchen, specializing in juicy steaks and Italian dinners.

Advertisement for Ye Wayside Inn Cafeteria, featuring New England cooking.

Advertisement for Hickory House, offering steaks, chops, and chef's specialties.

Advertisement for La Paloma Club, featuring Evelyn Clarke and Frank Talley's band.

Advertisement for Club Continentale, featuring Joe E. Lewis and Alex Batkin's Orchestra.

Advertisement for Goodrich Silvertown Tires, offering a 25% discount.

Advertisement for Ernest's, serving all sports and best sandwiches.

Advertisement for Gorklein's Restaurant, featuring vegetarian and dairy options.

Advertisement for Jack Eaton's Garage and Service Station, offering wrecker service.

Advertisement for Sky Dance Club, now open and offering dancing nightly.

Large advertisement for Emile Melanson Presents, featuring Cross and Dunn, Dixie Dunbar, and Herbert Marshal.