



ANOTHER PATIENT KILLED BY HERALD - TOUTED QUACK!

An Expose of Mike Jacobs

By LEFT HOOK
February 1st 1940

Mike Jacobs and his entourage are scheduled to pay Miami a visit soon. It has been almost six years since Michael, Czar of the boxing racket, has promoted a prize fight in this neck of the woods.

At that time the name of Mike Jacobs was better known as a speculator of fight tickets than a boxing promoter. Mike staged the match between Frankie Klick and Barney Ross, bringing a carload of sports writers and big shots of the sporting world here at his expense. The boys had a good time. Mike knows his stuff. He was just breaking into the racket and stunted nothing. The show wound up a bloomer but Uncle Mike obtained what he wanted—recognition in the boxing world. The name of Mike Jacobs appearing in news dispatches made headlines a far cry from scalping tickets. Mike had advanced—he was a big time promoter now.

His next objective was to give Madison Square Garden a headache. He set about doing this in an artistic manner, surrounding himself with an able corps of partners. From the New York Morning American he plucked Ed Frayne, sports editor. From the Evening Journal he selected Bill Farnsworth. They formed what is now known as the 20th Century Athletic Club, and the war was on, Jimmie Johnston and Col. John Kilpatrick headed the forces of the Garden. Jacobs corralled the sports and the political bosses. He entertained his guests like a drunken millionaire. Money meant nothing. He visualized an empire, and himself the ruler of the boxing world.

Jacobs and his partners made life miserable for the Garden. The staged monster boxing shows for the benefit of Mrs. William Randolph Hearst's milk fund, and the gold started to roll in. Mike had the backing of the powerful Hearst Papers; in fact, Harry Grayson, a fearless sports editor on the N.E.A. Service, let the cat out of the bag. This was the first serious set-back that the boys got. The big boss of the Hearst sheets asked two of Mr. Jacobs partners to resign, which they did. The Milk Fund is not being used any more to stage boxing shows. And Mike had to look around for other auspices.

Jimmie Johnston, the hustling aggressive matchmaker of the Garden, was staging a game fight against Jacobs and his gang, but the odds were too great. His board of directors, backed by the Col, crossed him, they removed the boy bandit, and made a deal with Uncle Mike, who now was destined to be the big boss of Madison Square Garden. Gold makes strange bed fellows.

Was Mike content with acquiring the rights to stage the box-

ON PAGE 13-A of yesterday morning's Herald, almost buried down among the beer and pawnbroker ads, was a very brief story telling of Dr. R. L. Heines, Herald advertiser, killing another patient.

About a year ago this chiropractor, who uses the Herald columns exclusively to advertise his sanitarium on S. W. 12th avenue, tried to "rub out" a cancer on a patient's neck—and broke the patient's neck!

But the Herald continued, over the protests of the entire profession of Miami, to exploit this quack. Although MIAMI LIFE'S expose at that time resulted in County Solicitor Robert R. Taylor filing against him a charge of practicing medicine without a license. That case is still pending, with Dr. Heines under a \$2,000 bond.

This week Solicitor Taylor filed the new charge against Dr. Heines. It is manslaughter. He is accused of having caused the death of Policeman Henry Cole through criminal negligence. While under Dr. Heines' treatments Cole developed gangrene in his right leg and died, after being removed to Jackson Memorial hospital last October 31.

JERRY CARTER for SENATOR!

NOW THAT Jerry Carter, our friend ever since he became state railroad commissioner many, many years ago, has decided to run for the United States Senate, MIAMI LIFE would like to say this about him:

Jerry would make a superb senator!

There is no man in Florida who can go into the highways and byways of Florida more understandingly than Jerry—and could be depended on to keep up his continual travels into every section of his beloved state than can Jerry.

Jerry loves people. He probably knows more people personally than any two men

ing shows at Madison Square Garden? The answer is no, a thousand times. He staged shows in California, Missouri, Illinois, Michigan and other spots regardless of any laws on the books prohibiting them. He created a Frankenstein that was never before heard of in the boxing business or any other business. He became self-appointed dictator of the fight racket.

This is the gentleman that is going to stage the world's light heavyweight championship fight in our midst on February 28. This correspondent will have plenty to say about Uncle Mike in the coming issues. Nothing will be suppressed. The writer will call a spade a spade and tell how Mike and his monopoly will slowly but surely deal professional boxing a knock-out punch unless something is done to abolish his monopoly of fight franchises and fighters.

Read next weeks issue of this paper for the real dope about the Czar of boxing. Read about fight managers who crawl on their bellies to pay homage to the boss. Read about the managers who are fighting him and last but not least, read about the fighters who are kept out of the big time by this scorpion of the ring.



in Florida public life. He knows more people intimately than anybody we've ever met in this state.

Jerry Carter is a great listener. He says, on occasion, "A man high enough in the esteemed judgement of the voters of Florida to be their Senator, must also be low enough in the councils of the State's citizenry to listen to those who walk in the paths of the common people. He must also, of necessity and experience, have a definite and complete understanding of governmental issues which have, or will, function to make our State a happy and prosperous commonwealth."

The best part of all this is that Jerry is sincere. He means what he says. And he is capable and clever enough to hold his own in the national senate—probably more able than any man who has been mentioned so far for the

Is Fla. P. & L. Shortchanging Uncle Sam

GOOD PEOPLE, don't let the News, or the Herald, or Alex Orr Jr., or any of the other Florida Power & Light Company stooges make you believe that there is little chance of stopping the Big Florida Power and Light Steal in the courts.

"Whirligig hears," said the News this week, "the ants will center their attack upon the claim that the \$462,000 item which would return the street car system to the city is a dissipation of public funds because the contract with the power company was illegal in the first place. The agreement has been in effect for the past 16 years, but some of the objectors are just now finding out its flaws, if any."

There's more to it than just that. Not only will the steal be enjoined. Dealing with more important phases of the "Deal" than the illegal street-car hold-up, it is going to be sensational enough to cause eyebrow-lifting from here to Washington, D. C.

Here are some questions MIAMI LIFE would like to put forward—at this particular moment—for they're going to bob up in the near future. Maybe the News can explain it.

For years and years and years and years the Florida Power & Light Company based its Miami profits upon a pretended local investment of \$22,000,000. The U. S. Supreme Court, after a seven-year fight through the lower courts, decided that the company had not more than \$9,000,000 invested in the Miami plant. Therefore \$9,000,000—not \$22,000,000—is its new "rate base"—and that, under its 30-year franchise granted in 1925, determines what Miamians should pay for light and power.

But here's something that hasn't been explained: There's a considerable difference between a \$9,000,000 rate base and a \$22,000,000 rate base. To date we have not heard of the Power Trust mending its income taxes for the last 15 years—and yet it would seem that here is an item that would run into the millions!

For instance, if the company a few years back (while its rate base was \$22,000,000) took advantage of a 2½ percent depreciation in its federal income tax return, it would have amounted to around \$550,000 annually. . . . But the supreme court ruling that \$9,000,000 and not \$22,000,000 was the actual rate base cuts that depreciation to only \$225,000—which is a difference of \$325,000—which over a 15-year period would amount to nearly \$5,000,000!

We have not heard of Little Nell forking over any such amount to Uncle Sam!

Why? Now that same thing applies to the Water Company. Was the Water Company's income taxes based upon the actual cost of less than \$400,000—or the arbitrarily fixed

TIP TO POLICE—The circle at N. W. Fifth street and Seventh avenue needs a rush-hour policeman—ba-ad. When the four converging streams of vehicles, plus street cars, are held up a few minutes as the bridge opens to let a fish through, there's no getting anywhere without the guidance of a cop.

(Editor's Note)

WHOEVER tried to stop MIAMI LIFE from printing last week's gambling story has learned by now that we can't be intimidated—successfully!

senatorship.

Jerry is a New Dealer and a life-long Democrat. He was appointed state hotel commissioner by Sidney J. Catts, when that rather remarkable man was governor of Florida up to 1921. Gov. Cary A. Hardee and Gov. John W. Martin both reappointed Jerry Carter to his

post, so excellent had been his work. When he ran for railroad commissioner in 1934 he won by a huge vote and he was reelected by the largest percentage of votes received by any other candidate.

Miami would have a friend indeed at Washington, if Jerry gets the job!

ed base of \$1,900,000, which was not based upon actual worth back in 1924, but upon a hypothetical worth.

Here is something for the G-Men to peek into.

Not only is the Florida Power & Light Company determined to cheat us by higher rates than we are supposed to pay—but we suspect it is out to cheat the United States Government out of several millions of dollars in income tax!

LOWER INSURANCE

MIAMI got a lower electric rate only by establishing a lower rate ordinance—and then fighting through the federal courts to the United States Supreme Court to win its contentions. Watch out for a similar procedure with our insurance rates, topping anything in the country!

Through the efforts of the Insurance Rate Deduction Association of Florida, headed by Attorney Harry Gordon of Miami, bills have been presented before the last three sessions of the legislature, in both house and senate—but the insurance moguls, getting rich faster in Florida than in any other state, have been too strongly entrenched.

As the state at present has no insurance board such as progressive states have, local business men are toying with the idea of forcing through a municipal ordinance, contemplating the airing of the local insurance scandal in the federal courts until relief is obtained.

Here's the story in a nutshell:

Over the state the fire insurance companies (including windstorm coverage)

keep three-fourths of all the money paid in to them for insurance premiums. They're not entitled to more than half.

In Miami—where the loss ratio does not go over 3 percent — they keep MORE THAN NINETY-FIVE PERCENT!

Now a fire insurance rate should be based upon fire insurance losses for the preceding five to ten years. There's no other way to figure.

But the losses in the city of Miami have never exceeded \$100,000 (it went to this figure the year the Alcazar roof burned causing an individual loss of \$75,000) and is usually around \$50,000.

YET MIAMI INDIVIDUALS AND BUSINESSES PAY TWO AND A HALF MILLIONS OF DOLLARS ANNUALLY TO FIRE AND WIND INSURANCE COMPANIES!

They are entitled to half of that money back—and it's up to the city commission to pass an ordinance immediately cutting the rate to be charged by insurance companies in Miami—and then let them go into court with the proposition if they dare!

But more of this insurance mess next week!

MIAMI WORD - GAMES

The ways of high officials are always mystifying. There is so much "studying" of reports, documents, ordinances, situations, that the word "studying" is now getting to be a joke in newspaper offices, along with "colorful," "whisked," and other much-abused descriptives.

It took days and days to investigate the simple allegation that two boy prisoners were refused the use of the police phone for six hours.

And it appears that the recent anti-gambling order (originally issued last June!) had been "planned for several days" before it was re-issued early this week.

What simple John Citizens can't understand is why an order that could be given in five or six words should have to kick around for several days before being promulgated officially.

THE "New Deal" Commission was going to take the police and fire departments out of politics. That's what the Herald and the News were telling us last year. Say, come to think of it, have those papers ever told Miamians the truth—about anything? Never has the Miami police department been so mired in politics as right now, with the commission majority, spurred on by the newspapers, hell-bent on taking away Police Chief Quigg's powers and conferring them upon a weak, red-headed motorcycle cop they've elevated to safety director to do their bidding!

We're off again on another one of those nightmarish sleighrides that always happen when Alex Orr, Jr., the Americanized Scot who is cursed with a copper complex, has anything to do with the city commission.

Let's see where this puts us.

The commission-majority—besides Plumber Orr, there is Undertaker Van Orsdel, Hardware Merchant Fred Hosea, and "The Great-I-Am" Sewell to be considered—has its own police head now, separate and apart from Chief of Police Leslie Quigg. Which is the way they want it. They definitely

Puppet Chief

do not want Quigg—because Quigg is a policeman conscious of his oath to protect the community—and furthermore he's protected by civil service. No, they can't deal with Quigg.

This majority is the majority that has allowed the Gambling Mob to have a monopoly upon Miami gambling.

This majority is the majority that has turned over the city's cash-box keys to another Mob, the Florida Power & Light Company!

This majority needs its own police head—very badly!

And now they've got one who, so far, behaves like an automaton. He's a good puppet, even though he's red-headed (as was Kavanaugh, come to think of it!—how come? . . . how come) . . . and he ranks with, in many cases, out-ranks Chief Quigg. He, of course, is in better position to rule the department now, because he not only has the commission ma-

ajority behind him, but the two dailies to stress that fact upon the public every day!

And he is a safety director who can be removed—almost at will!

But Chief of Police Quigg cannot!

Get the idea? It's very important.

Reynolds can be made do anything that Alex Orr wants him to do (which means that anything the Herald owners, or the News owners, or the friends of any of them, or all, want!)—or else, presto!—another safety director! or elimination of the office, as has been done by previous commissions!

Reynold's wife, by the way, works at Burdine's—holding down a good paying job, we understand. . . . It just shows how again the control of the city has gone back into the hands of that compact and precious few who have exploited it, for very personal, private gain, for the last score of years. Here is a case where this little group is shown keeping the Reynolds family in nice funds—and, incidentally, someone else out of a job!)—and in return are allowed to run the police department—or keep it from running, whichever way they choose! . . . "Red" Reynolds should hang his head in shame!

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.

The year of 1939 will go down in history as one of the most important of the century . . . Tom Mooney was pardoned early in January . . . Pope Pius XI died in February . . . the white flag of surrender was raised by the Loyalists over Madrid in March . . . The New York world's fair was officially opened by President Roosevelt in April . . . King George and Queen Elizabeth of England visited the United States and Canada in May . . . The British submarine Thetis with 103 men aboard sunk in Liverpool Bay during a diving test in June . . . 75,000 W.P.A. workers walked out on a general strike in July . . . France closed her frontier to Germany in August . . . The U. S. submarine Squalus was finally raised and 25 bodies removed in September . . . President Roosevelt proclaimed Nov. 23 as Thanksgiving day in October . . . Al Capone was removed from Alcatraz and removed to Lewisburg Pa. where he was officially released in November . . . The Russia-Finland unofficial war started in December.

A total of 494 persons were killed and 708 were injured by the hurricane which struck New England in 1938 . . . Grover Cleveland is the last person whose name has been added to the Hall of Fame . . . Only persons who have been dead 25 years are eligible . . . New names will be chosen in 1940 . . . According to the U.S. census bureau there are 376,499 families in Florida . . . A family is described as a group of persons living together and sharing the same table . . . Out of 3,199,369 negro families in the United States 777,685 own their own homes . . . Florida's present death rate is 12.6 . . . The highest rate since 1920 was in 1926 when the rate climbed to 15.6, the highest in the nation for that year and second highest ever recorded . . . The highest death rate ever recorded was 15.7 in Vermont in 1920 . . . Average death rate for the United States last year was 11.2 . . . Oklahoma has the lowest death rate of all the states, the rate being 8.6 . . . Infant mortality rate in the United States is 57 which means that 57 of every 1,000 children born do not survive the first year.

The world's largest jewel is now at Smithsonian institute . . . It is a flawless crystal topaz weighing 153 pounds or 350,000 carats . . . The huge gem was discovered in the Minas Geraes Province of Brazil and is pale blue in color on the outside and pale sherry on the inside . . . The New York City library has 10,491,170 volumes but is barely one step ahead of both Chicago and Los Angeles, both of which have libraries with more than 10,000,000 volumes . . . The Library of Congress, however, in Washington still remains the largest in the world . . . Our first dip into poetry:

To-night! to-night! my gentle one,
The flower bearing Amra tree
Doth long, with fragrant moan to meet
The love-lip of the honey bee.
But not the Amra tree can long
To greet the bee at evening light
With half the deep fond love I long
To meet my Nama here tonight
Then come, love, come.

See anything peculiar about it? . . . Well, there isn't a single letter "S" in the whole poem . . . Florida has 278 movie theatres with a seating capacity of 143,112 . . . The New York Daily News picks a King and Queen of the movies each year . . . The 1939 King was Tyrone Power and Jeanette MacDonald was the Queen . . . Clark Gable, who was the 1938 King ran a close second to Power . . . The five leading radio programs for 1939, in the order listed, were selected by the World-Telegram poll . . . Jack Benny, Charlie McCarthy, Bing Crosby, Information Please and Fred Allen . . . Frances Langford was chosen as the most popular girl singer and Guy Lombardo's orchestra as the most popular light orchestra . . . In the quarter hour programs the leading five were listed: Amos 'n Andy, Lum 'n Abner, Easy Aces, Lowell Thomas and Walter Winchell . . . George Christie, who announces the West Flagler dog track program ran a close sixth (ciphers not counted).

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NOT COLD SAYS GREEBY

Says it was once so cold in Georgia that lamp wicks froze in winter and thawed out in June

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who denies that he is the "sport" who dropped \$110,000 flirting with the frolicking dominoes at the Royal Palm Club and Sunny Isles Casino was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter squatting on his favorite stool at the courthouse fish stand.

"I do not desire no publicity," gurgled the eminent craps shooter removing a mullet bone from his epiglottis, "And besides its too cold to talk to you."

"Cold is right," shivered the reporter, "But after all it isn't as cold in Miami as it is up in Georgia."

"Haw," blurted Greeby, "You make me sick talkin' about cold weather. You ain't seen no cold weather."

"Scz you," snorted the scribe, "If this isn't cold weather it will damn well serve as a substitute until some cold weather comes along. I hope they took it all of the brass monkeys."

"I wish someone would take this monkey somewhere," blurted one of the fish stand waiters.

"I resent that," yammered Greeby, "and if I don't get more respect around here I'm gonna take my business somewhere else."

"I wish you would," retorted the waiter.

"Brrrrr," shivered the reporter, "I'm going somewhere where there is a stove."

"Sissy," gargled Greeby, "Say I can remember one winter when I was a boy up in Chittlin Switch it was so cold the cows was givin' ice cream and three Eskimos froze to death in a steam heated igloo. Even at that Chittlin Switch was the hot spot of Georgia as compared to some of the other towns."

"What other towns?" queried the reporter without stopping to realize the argument he might be starting.

"Possom Gulch," fer instance replied Greeby, "It was so cold in Possom Gulch that the blaze froze on lamp wicks. One feller broke off a frozen wick and threwed it in his barn. The fellerin' June the lamp wick thawed out and burned down the barn and set fire to four hay stacks."

"Ouch," whined the scribe.

"Yes sir," continued Greeby, "Hog Waller county was the coldest county in the whole state. You know Chittlin Switch, Possom Gulch and Tussel Hole is all in Hog Waller county. Ball Ground and Heathen Bend is over in Ebenezer county on the road to Bear Grease which is the county seat of Ebenezer county. Well—"

"What is this, a lesson in geog-

graphy?" snouted the reporter, "We were taking about the weather and here you go giving me a long winded spiel about Georgia. What do I care about Georgia."

"O.K.," stammered Greeby, "Well as I was sayin' the weather that winter in Chittlin Switch was so cold Admiral Byrd hurried back from the South Pole and tried to reach Atlanta from Charleston."

"Go on," encouraged the scribe, "Let's hear the rest of this."

"Stop interruptin' me," flared Greeby, "As I was sayin', Admiral Bird started to Atlanta from Charleston. It took him four months to reach the Hog Waller county line and he had to stop there because the snow was 185 feet deep and all of his penguins was froze to death. He - - -"

"Whoa," yelped the reporter, "Are you trying to say Admiral Byrd was driving a penguin team?"

"Certainly," answered Greeby with considerable force, "Penguins is the only animals what can stand that kind of weather."

"How about dogs?" queried the scribe, "I was under the impression that explorers used sledge dogs for their hikes in polar regions."

"Huh," bellowed Greeby, "Don't show your ignorance. Don't you know if Admiral Byrd ever showed up in Georgia with a gang of sledge dogs them Georgia hound dogs would tear 'em to pieces?"

"I thought maybe all the hound dogs were frozen to death with the Eskimos and the rest of the natives," responded the reporter with sarcasm.

"That's the whole point," screamed Greeby, "That's what I've been tryin' to tell you for the last half hour. The hound dog was what was makin' it so cold."

"What?" roared the scribe, "Are you nuts? How could hound dogs have anything to do with the weather?"

"They didn't have anything to do with the weather, stupid, but how could the natives keep warm when they couldn't get inside their houses?"

"Here we go again," screamed the reporter, "Why couldn't the natives get inside the houses?"

"Because," explained Greeby, "The dogs was in the houses and they wasn't no room for the natives. You see - - -"

"I see I'm going crazy if I stick around here," shouted the reporter taking it on the run.

Round The Town

HEARD AT THE BEACH

Stagmaier and Cassidy sure have some good looking "grals." White didn't turn green when he sailed the ocean blue for a yellow tail.

Bernies name is Ben—and can he warble. And it takes the good-natured O'Learys to make the world go round.

The McCarthys are coming and will we have fun. Walesby saw the dogs get rusty and how they did tumble.

Jarvs and his ladigs are stepping fast and flying high. Community Plate will be Noyes-les for a short time.

The Ben Schulls and Harshas hait taxi—vjew non-challant nazi man.

Guy Ray and Glen Dearh sure pick the winners. Sail fish caught by Thompson sure is no fish story.

Taylor sure knows how to pick 'em. Dad Kasson and son sure are real scouts.

Fitzsimmons and his pal sure know how to pick 'em—and have we got fun.

Dearth is a son of good earth. I see London, I see France, where are those heavy underpants.

Wonder if Henry got the stove pipe. Poor-mort the blankets are missing.

And was Boyer strutting with that new fangled belt. Art and Geo. Robinson furnacemen must have made the wrong connections in Miami Beach.

Ray Teague and his harem sure had the ha-ha's.

Huston was shust—but pleasantly. By your bist do sheen Harrison. Clark sure picked 'em in Jail-Alai.

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No wonder people by the thousands turn to Mentho-Mulsion to soothe coughs from colds quicker, and thus ease resulting nervous tension, and help prevent those energy destroying sleepless nights. Your children will like Mentho-Mulsion, too, and don't forget it contains no opiates nor narcotics.
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LOOKING BACK Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

Don't Give "Long Heads" a Chance

(January 6, 1926)

EVIDENTLY Miami and other cities in the prosperous tip of Florida are going to have a rather strenuous time fighting the John Roach Strattons, the Carrie Nations, and every other kind of reformers and disturbers who are pitching their war-tents along the sea-shores, the piny woods, and the fashionable streets of our fun-loving municipalities.

Florida, being at present probably the sanest, most tolerant, happiest, and least bigoted state in the union, is great game for this peculiar bred of human being who takes a fiendish delight in regulating the affairs of his neighbors.

Already the yelps are going up about gambling, horse-racing, flimsy bathing suits, nightlife, sinful dancing, liquor smuggling, and Sunday sports. Peripatetic pulpitiere have begun their campaigns against our rather harmless vices, and they are seeking to lure us into an Elysium where men play tiddewinks and ping-pong, where vigorous young debutantes get their only kick out of playing "The Maiden's Prayer" on the cabinet organ, where pugilism consists of wrist-slapping, where bathing suits are black-ruffled and come to the ankles, where the games of "pillow" and "postoffice" are illegal, and where sad families spend all day Sabbath in church, shunning Sunday newspapers, golf courses, picture shows, and motoring, and revelling in the gloomy forebodings and hell fire-and-damnation pyro techniques of evangelists suffering from chronic kidney trouble.

The main trouble about such a perfect community, as we see it, is that real people wouldn't live in it. Florida, with all its wonderful climate and waters, couldn't be a success if it were run by bigots—say the Indiana legislature, for example. Miami, with all its charm, would be on the rocks in six months if we replaced our banker-commission with five hard-shelled moss-backed evangelists.

Mind you, our local ministry is not at fault. Miami's churches compare with those of any other community in the United States. In fact, the attendance records and devotion of Miami's church-going public would shame most of the other first-rate cities of the country. But Miami's preachers are not the hard-boiled kind. They want Miami to be a great city—and a happy city. They'd rather make us God-loving than God-fearing. And there's a big difference, if you stop to ponder over it a while.

A few days ago Rex Beach said that Florida was the only pioneer state left in the union. "I hope the reformers don't get there and spoil it all," he added. "We need some center of sanity and tolerance. Today Florida is that center. It is the only one we have."

Wise words, these! But probably the most unusual expression came from Will Rogers, peer of humorists and philosophers, in his address at Miami Beach last week.

Will, you know, is about the most confirmed Californian that we know of. In his writings he has continually boosted and praised California and twitted Florida. But Will, it appears, was completely sold on Florida by the time he had been in the state 48 hours—and he showed it very plainly in his Miami engagement. He talked an hour or two longer than he had taked anywhere else and he was obviously sorry when the lateness of the hour compelled him to quit.

Will became extremely serious in one part of his speech. He left off humor and handed out some shrewd advice.

Like Rex Beach he made a plea for sanity and tolerance.

"If you're not mighty careful," he said, "you are going to have the same sort of bigots here that we have in California today—the kind who are ruining California for liberty-loving people."

He said he had watched these bigots come in his home state and had seen them spoil it. Will called them "long-heads." That's a pretty expressive figure of speech.

Will said that we apparently have the idea that the wonderful climate and fair waters of the Atlantic and Biscayne Bay are bringing people down here. But he said it wasn't the case. The freedom, the tolerance, the happiness of Miami, are its biggest assets.

"Let these 'long-heads' get control of things and clamp the lid down—and then see how the tourists will scramble for reservations north!" Will exclaimed.

Will gave a fine bit of advice in parting. "There's only one thing to do with these long-heads," he said. "And that is, to throw them in the bay."

But the bay isn't deep enough. Let's throw them in the ocean—about five miles off shore.

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THE 'BRAIN TRUST' STILL WORRIED

It was with much fear and trembling that some of the "pivot men" in the "Brain Trust" at Miami Military Academy observed the Colonel getting ready to fire one more "blast." "It will be a cold day in July when we ever get into power on the Colonel's band wagon if he keeps this up," said one. "What does he think he is, some kind of a reformer or something?" "Goodness knows," replied another. "Maybe it is because he is getting old and feeble. Well, this has got to be the last or we are going to send a delegation and ask Ev Sewell to run."

THE COLONEL'S BLAST

With all the fine work done in our schools in academic, cultural, physical and hygienic directions, it seems to me, after forty years of teaching and observation, that we are leaving out the heart of our educational problem. The country is overflowing with so-called students and scholars who have absorbed much of the curricula of our great schools, yet they are largely unemployed. If you employ them they cannot or will not do the work which you definitely lay out for them and which they willingly agree to do. It is so much easier to promise and then to dodge the promised duty, unless watched with about all the effort that would be required to do the work oneself. High and consistent effort for a future success is out of the picture. This is not the fault of these chaps. They are not bad at heart. They have not been taught the facts and responsibilities of life. They may have groped through a book or two on civics and ethics but these books are not real to them after the examinations are passed. They have seen, read about and viewed on the screen too many instances of getting something for nothing, of clever "managing," of "beating the game," to believe in the old-fashioned virtues of hard work, pay as you go, thrift, providence and honest responsibility toward all duty. These old-fashioned virtues cannot be inculcated into the characters of the rising generation, the children of people who still believe largely in fairy tales, except by strenuous effort on the part of very able teachers who are not afraid of their jobs, since it is just as natural and constitutional for young people to resent the active and positive necessity of doing right logically and completely all the time as it is for their parents to dodge many of their most important duties as free-born American citizens, the cooperative democratic governors of the greatest country the sun ever shone upon. We are and have been asleep at the switch. We must wake up. Somebody must place in the schools a positive system of teaching young people all about their various duties as citizens. This work is not to be taught by lackadaisical academic theorizing, nor in occasional courses that may be followed or dodged at the will of the student. It must be conducted by the very strongest characters available and made fundamental in every movement of everybody all the time. I say we must do this because I assume that we are going on trying to be our own bosses, and bosses have responsibilities and must know how to meet them and have the trained will and ability to do so. Any business, even our great government, can run a while on a mistaken and unformed policy, but there must come times when the mistakes and ignorance will be trimmed out, or else. Who is going to trim our ship of state if our children are not taught more of positive, active and efficient civic duty than we seem to know or practice?

I do not say that you will like it, or can do it, or will do it. You may not do so even if you can. That, of course, would condemn me to being an unpopular writer with few or no readers. It would not be the first time that important truth has been ignored. The reason I am so positive that I am right and that my advice is correct and must be followed sometime soon is that it is logical, reasonable and correctly deduced. By the rules of correct thinking, by the outstanding examples of history and by the precepts of the greatest religions and philosophies of all time, we are inescapably compelled to follow this advice in the main if we are to survive as a great democratic nation. My saying so does not make it so, of course. I am merely stating old truths that have been established by long human experience and observation.

So now, if you please, we will go back to those definitions of a few days ago under the head of logic. We shall in our next chapter state some of the fundamental theories upon which our government was established. It may be that the theories I mention have not been greatly emphasized in many past discussions of the subject, and that they thus were largely implied. But they at least had to be implied. It has occurred to me that in the effort to accomplish our constitutional organization, former statesmen had to emphasize the rights of democratic citizens so strongly to win adherence that little time or the even more important civic strength was left to emphasize duties attendant upon and precedent to these rights. Thus we, largely of a peasant stock, having our fears of oppression removed, have to some extent stopped with that, seemingly unable to realize that rights without equal duties are no more possible or proper for us than they were for the lords or kings whom our ancestors fought.

"Oh, yes," you say. "It is easy to criticize but hard to suggest a real satisfactory and workable remedy. You can't do it either." Oh, but I can. And that is just

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Round The Town

"PLEASURE ISLES"

Roomy, but cozy, inexpensive but pleasurable, not course, but entertaining, is the little haven. Nestled in the lap of 79th street pleasure resorts, yelped, Pleasure Isles. The environment is gay, a gloom chaser, to scare the blues from the most hardened cynic. The Emceeing is accomplished by the suave "Jerry Reo."

At last the Miami fair public has awakened to the fact that they have to do something about the Miami handicapped child. There are over 500 handicapped cases in Miami not attending public schools. There are some as old as 25 that have not ever had any education.

So the South Florida Crippled Children's Society got together and made arrangements to bring to Miami from Baltimore a special teacher experienced in this kind of work. She is making marvelous progress.

President Roosevelt says that of the money that we take in at his Birthday Ball one-half of it he will present to Miami, but not to Florida, for a school and hospital for the handicapped children of Dade County. This school will be a combination school and hospital giving the crippled child the proper and correct training and education that he needs.

This school will be the finest of its kind in the United States. It will be run on the same order as the public schools. This morning it was announced that the school will be finished by May 1st. It will probably be in Coral Gables.

A Little History of the School As We Now Have It

The school was opened Monday morning, January 9, 1940, in the Central Presbyterian Church, with a kindergarten class of 25 and an upper class of nine. The teacher of the upper class is Miss Margaret Jones, well known in Baltimore, Chicago and St. Louis for this kind of work. Miss Keel, the speech teacher, is making marvelous progress with the pupils. She can even get sound out of pupils that have never been able to talk before.

Your MIAMI LIFE reporter thinks this is a marvelous idea and one of the biggest enterprises that ever came to Miami. It is absolutely clean of politics because the City Commission said they will not have anything to do with it; and past experience has taught us that anything the City Commissioners have anything to do with is not on the up and up. We think that if the plan is carried out like it is supposed to be it will be a marvelous thing and will bring children who are afflicted to Miami to attend the school.

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NO SPECIAL INVESTIGATOR?

Well, If You Haven't Got One You're Hopelessly Behind the Times, Because They're All Over the Place

By JOHN KIMBLE

HAVE you a special investigator in your office? WHAT! No special investigator? Tsk, Tsk! You must be pretty small potatoes—why, everybody that amounts to anything has, or did have, or soon will have, a special investigator. It's the supreme word in dog.

Having a special investigator is a mark of standing, the way having a Packard used to be before they were sold by the gross. We suspect that some officials even have two special investigators, one simply to investigate and the other to investigate the investigator. That suspicion was given confirmation the other day when Director Reynolds and Chief Quigg started their row over Special Investigator Thomas, whom Mr. Reynolds wanted as a checker-up on Mr. Quigg's enforcement of his anti-gambling order.

The safety director is just one of the many who have special investigators. County Solicitor Bob Taylor has one; State Attorney Wexley has recently gotten a new model; Chief Quigg has one; Judge Beckham has just lost one while trying to get two more. About the only people of any importance who are without this symbol of rank and dignity are the writer and "Dutch Kirkland."

This special investigator gag seems to be part and parcel of the trend toward ritziness that began in the 1920's when theaters started rigging out their doormen and ushers like insane-asyum Napoleons. Before the special investigator became known as such he was just a cop or a constable or a deputy sheriff, content in the glory of his polished badge, the comfort of his holstered pistol, and the bright halo of authority. He could act mysterious about things, and he always had an ironclad excuse to spring on the wife when he stayed out all night. You'd think a man would be satisfied.

But times were changing, and he was caught in the irresistible sweep of the tide. His calling blossomed, as did many others, into a new grandeur, so now we've got him all dolled out in the slightly sinister, important-sounding title of "special investigator," just as we now have a secretary where we used to have a "stenographer," and a "receptionist" where it used to be "that dumb cluck in my outer office."

There was a time, you know, when any straggly, unintelligent, 18-year-old girl who had endured two months in a business college and then landed a job batting a typewriter at \$10 a week was simply a stenographer, even if she worked for Shutts & Bowen. She was a stenographer, and she knew it, and she liked it, and her boss thought of her as his stenographer, whether she sat on his knee or took dictation standing up. But then bosses began to get high-toned. The word "stenographer" began to have a homely, faintly common sound, the way "undertaker" did before they changed it to "mortician." Just having a "stenographer" didn't reflect any particular glory on the boss, and just being one didn't increase the social standing of the employe.

So, the stenographer became the secretary, and secretary she is this very day, even if she

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SO YOU SAY....

WHAT KIRKLAND SAID

January 30, 1940

Miami Life:

There are certain statements and parts of testimony that was brought out during the trial before Judge Paul Barnes of the Contempt proceedings against me and others, that none of the Newspapers around town have published or made reference to or comment about.

The first is the fact that the gamblers, according to Ernest Robert's testimony, paid for the installation of the dictaphone records to the tune of \$125.00 and that Worley knew that the gamblers were having them installed and received a daily report every day about the progress of the case after the so called records had been played before the gamblers.

The other thing is that by my testimony it was brought out that when the papers were signed, or were being signed, I made the statement that "Roberts is a crooked _____ of a lawyer, and you had all better watch him. I am warning you fellows that Roberts is a crooked _____."

Roberts was also asked on cross examination by Pace if that statement was not made, and Roberts said that he did not quite remember it. Sumner also testified that it was true that this statement was made by me. So did Pace. Yours truly, C. C. KIRKLAND

WE ALSO ASK WHY

February 2nd, 1940

Editor Miami Life:

We are pleading through your paper for support in our effort to have a place to dance for the Young People of Miami, a place where no gambling or liquors are allowed or sold.

We don't understand why we are denied this privilege only until eleven P. M.

PLEASE, we ask you, may we have the privileges others are granted.

We should not be molested at the Orange Bowl. We ask you, please to help us.

Respectfully yours,
INTER-SORORITY-FRATERNITY
COUNCIL OF GREATER MIAMI

(3,500 Members)

920 S. W. 9th street
Miami, Florida
January 22, 1940

"Ten Years Ago" column. If I am not mistaken, this professor, as he calls himself, is operating in the N. W. Section at present, or someone else is making the same claims as he.

Now, I do not say that all mediums are fakes or frauds, but I do say that I have never seen one operate that I could duplicate his feats by trickery and dexterity, and I

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have visited quite a few. If you ever run across a medium, a self-born psychic, or what have you, I certainly would appreciate your letting me know his whereabouts, and I would like you to go with me to visit him, and if I can not reproduce his effects mortally and soberly, I'll buy you a ten course dinner, and a chaser.

Keep up the good work. Sincerely, Yendis P. S. I am enclosing a few pictures to make myself clear.

Sir: Soft picking for Rev. Brady. \$5,000 from the Chest in the name of Seaman. Try to name one in the joint. What a story. This should be looked into. I. S. LEWIS.

Dept. of Comm. Book 181025 Sir: In the name of seamen the Rub a Dubs of Miami get 5 grand from the Chest. What a story there. Visit the joint some night about midnight. Try to hire an A. B. seaman out of there. Look up there papers. JOHN J. HARE.

Sir: See where Chest has given \$5000.00 to Seamen's Institute? A good story there. The town is getting good, 5 grand to stew huns. Check how many sailors there by papers. When sailors are sick they are admitted to U. S. Marine Hospitals.

Seamen don't drink Alky rag. Look that joint over see for yourself. 5 grand for broken jaw Bradley. Very nice. 22 years a seaman. W. A. D.

"BLOSSOM TIME"
Feb. 9

The opening operetta in the series to be presented by the Miami Municipal Opera Company at Burdine Stadium Feb. 9, has been announced by Fortune Gallo, who is personally directing the productions here. It will be the romantic musical hit, Sigmund Romberg's "Blossom Time". Everett Marshall, baritone will star in the production, with Ruby Mercer as Mitzi, surrounded by a stellar cast of more than two hundred people, brought directly from New York City. In addition will be presented the Fokine Ballet.

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A TRIBUTE TO JACK MOSELEY

BY D. A. REIDY (Adv. Mgr. Dixie Tire Co.)

A GALLANT soul has entered on the Great Beyond. Gallant, indeed, Gallant beyond words. Brave, generous, kind hearted, a devoted husband and father, a dynamo for work, a loyal friend and helper to all who looked to him for help, Jack Moseley was one man in a million. He gave of himself unsparingly and unstintedly to any cause or any project that appealed to him as being for the betterment of Miami and beyond that for the betterment of all mankind. Jack Moseley was no small-visioned man. He knew no petty boundaries to the things that his great heart prompted him to do. Always he was reaching out for more work to do, more kindness to give, more love to bestow, more causes large or small to which he could lend a helping hand. I can speak with some authority about this aspect of Jack Moseley's mind. For five years I have been closely associated with him as one of his DIXIE BOYS and nobody except his family will miss his inspiring presence more than myself. This one thing I want to say in tribute to his memory. Notwithstanding his many activities, notwithstanding the great variety of outside interests he lent himself to, his first and chief and main interest was his business. It was his hope as it will be its fruition that the foundation he built will erect itself into an enduring monument to his memory. And so it will. We of Dixie Tire Co. will greatly miss our grand friend and leader Jack Moseley, but we will carry on. His memory will be our inspiration and our help. He is taking with him on his new journey, the heartfelt good wishes of a thousand friends. Men like Jack Moseley are few and far between.

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WHY didn't somebody do this before? If you're a golfer, that's what you're going to exclaim when you see "Groove Your Golf," by Ralph Gudahl at your favorite sports shop—a moving picture in book form of the proper way to drive, to mashie, to pitch, to putt, or to blast out of a sand-trap—in a size convenient enough to carry in your pocket to the golf course! It is published by International Sports, Indianapolis, publishers of the Cine-Sports Library, and in addition to a complete analysis, in word and picture, of every shot a good golfer is called upon to make, contains a foreword by the great Bobby Jones.

It's a "flip book" like you've never seen before!

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DECENT BURIALS

January 29, 1940

Mr. Reubin J. Clein, Pres. Life Publishing Co. 110 West Flagler Street Miami, Florida

Dear Sir:

It might be interesting for you to know that the Philbrick organization hold the contract with Dade County to take care of all deaths occurring in the County that might be without funds (not in the incorporated limits of the city of Miami).

It was our belief over two years ago, and still is, that every person buried in the county cemetery should have a christian burial. Every person should be buried in a cloth-covered casket.

It never has been said and it never will be said that the Philbrick organization ever buried anyone in the county cemetery without an officiating minister and in most cases so far a local florist has furnished some flowers even though the deceased did not have any relatives.

The Philbrick organization are anxious to keep the records straight.

Very truly yours, (signed) W. L. Philbrick WLP:CP

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