

"Professor" Seward Proved A Phoney Faker

The more we hear about this fellow, Prof. A. F. Seward, who swindles silly suckers by selling them horoscopes, the more obnoxious he becomes. Frankly we believed a new low had been established last week when Prof. Seward and his red-headed assistant, Leroy Howells, were sued because Howells struck a middle-aged woman over the head, but now we are aghast at the symposium of opinion and complaints which have poured into the office of MIAMI LIFE during the week.

Prof. Seward, who incidentally isn't a professor at all but an illiterate faker, is a

fixture on Biscayne Boulevard in the heart of downtown Miami. For season after season he has carried on daily "pitches" peddling his cheap horoscopes to gullible visitors and has done more than any other living person to turn Miami into a cheap street carnival. He waxed wealthy peddling his horoscopes, which cost him but a fraction of a cent, to the suckers for a dollar each. Not satisfied to rob his victims with his horoscope racket he has now added a "hand-writing" department and several other branches of occultism to gyp the public. It is high time that the citizens of Miami

and winter visitors become acquainted with "Professor" Seward and likewise familiar with his tactics.

As stated above he is not a professor of anything. His name does not appear in either the city directory or the telephone book and he is not a voter in Dade county—or at least not a registered voter.

Most of the dirty work is done by Leroy Howells, who incidentally is Seward's son-in-law. Both Seward and Howells, make a nightly practice of insulting visitors who are lured to their tawdry joint by hot-air, neon lights and ballyhoo. When they

warm up to their task they go off on a sex tangent.

And—speaking of sex we are reminded of the almost continuous advertisement, Seward runs in the daily newspapers for female "assistants". He wants them pretty and willing to travel but there is no record that he ever hired one for the \$25 per week he offers in the ad.

With his loot, stolen from suckers, Seward purchased a Miami Beach Hotel which he sold for a fancy figure last year. The man who purchased it turned around and sold it making \$100,000 profit. Evidently Seward neglected to consult his horoscope oth-

erwise he would have had the foresight to hang on and make the profit himself.

Prof. Seward is a big "spender." He pays a man twenty-five cents per day to clean up the mess he makes each night dealing with suckers.

On a recent trip to New York with one of his "assistants" he asked the "assistant" to sleep in his automobile to save \$3 for a hotel room. When the "assistant" refused Seward, himself, slept in the car and the "assistant" got the room.

When a local dog track started using a fortune teller to amuse patrons as an

added attraction, and without any fee being charged, Seward threatened to have her arrested for working without a license. Seward has a license to sell horoscopes but has no licenses for his handwriting division or any other parts of his medicine show.

Salesmen who work for him on a commission basis always take their commissions out before they turn in their receipts—they don't trust him.

Space prevents MIAMI LIFE from listing the dozens of other complaints which have come in since publication of last week's

story. There is no need to publicize this faker further but there is a pressing need of ridding this community of him. His sexy remarks and innuendos have no place in Miami. He and his red-headed son-in-law should not be permitted to insult winter visitors and attack them without provocation. There is room for anything in Miami which is honest, amusing, entertaining or decent but if Prof. Seward comes under any of these classifications the irate public doesn't think so, otherwise we would not have received such an avalanche of protests.



VOL. 14—No. 19

Miami, Florida, Saturday, February 17, 1940

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Reubin Clein, Publisher

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CENTS A COPY IN GREATER MIAMI ELSEWHERE 15c \$4.00 per year in U. S. A. \$7.50 in foreign countries

Taxpayers Must Be Bullied?

"Have you paid your garbage tax?" is being asked by the city tax assessor of all who apply for homestead exemption. Taxpayers are told they'll get no exemption unless they pay the iniquitous tax—whose legality would not survive a test in the courts! . . . It is also reported that people are being told they can't vote unless they have paid the garbage tax! . . . There's still another form of intimidation used, we hear: if you lie about having paid your garbage tax—and give a fictitious number—they'll not give you credit for your homestead exemption, on the grounds that you have perjured yourself!

Another form of blackjacking is to be found in the frantic statements and writings of Community Chest promoters, after the public has shown such a distaste for the drive. The Herald yesterday page-one'd that "three ways are open for winter visitors wishing to make contributions to the Dade County Community Chest." But visitors are NOT shown there is NO way for a visitor to be benefitted by this charity—no matter how much in need he might become! . . . The blackjack? Here it is: "Donn (general chairman) reminded the businessmen that a list of firms that have subscribed 100 per cent to the chest will be published in the newspapers and that he felt sure "YOU WILL NOT WANT YOUR NAME OMITTED!"

Cheaper Insurance Can Be Forced Here--

IN the next year we are going to hear a lot about insurance. It's time Florida did something about insurance sold within her borders—and Metropolitan Miami, in which probably a fourth of the state's insurance is sold, needs to be given the best information in the quickest possible time. We're already paying two or three times the fire insurance rates we should pay. But the evil isn't confined to fire insurance, wind-storm, or hurricane insurance, all out-of-proportion to the risk, but it is in life insurance that the people are being cheated out of the most money.

The outcome of all of this will probably be the formation of an Insurance Council, some sort of body which will work for the development of better insurance laws as affecting this community, reducing our rates not only on fire and hurricane insurance but life and accident and health policies.

Did you know THAT—

There are 128 fire insurance companies operating in Miami (there are more now as these figures were made up back in 1935)?

These 128 companies operate approximately 425 separate agencies?

The City of Miami receives a direct benefit of only \$12,000 annually, in mercantile licenses?

These companies have collected in Miami, in the five years ending in 1935, in fire insurance premiums, \$11,675,844—or approximately \$2,000,000 per year?

Yet the fire losses during this period amounted to only \$479,387—or 4.1 percent of the premiums collected?

A company can successfully operate on a loss of 55 percent of the premiums collected?

IN THE CITY OF MIAMI THE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES HAVE TAKEN IN TWENTY TIMES WHAT THEY HAVE HAD TO PAY OUT IN LOSSES!

DON'T YOU THINK THEY OUGHT TO BE TAXED—AND TAXED PLENTY?

WHY SHOULD FOUR PEOPLE HAVE TO PAY \$4 A YEAR GARBAGE TAX WHEN THE RICH FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES GET BY WITH A STEAL LIKE THIS? . . .

Back in 1935 the commission and the city attorney studied a plan to impose a municipal tax upon fire insurance companies—and, after a time, evaded discussing it further. An insurance bill, setting up an insurance board whose duties would be lowering Florida insurance rates to conform with rates elsewhere, has been presented before the last three sessions of the legislature by a local group headed by Attorney Harry Gordon, but the insurance lobby against it has so far been too strong, mainly because of lack of publicity.

It is beginning to be evident that the same procedure as was followed by Ordinance 1066—the city commission ordinance that eventually led to reduction of our electric rates—would cause a 50 percent reduction in our fire insurance rates.

GAMBLING SCANDAL BREAKS AT ROYAL PALM CLUB

Flash (9:10 p. m. Friday) . . . Royal Palm gambling may be resumed within next hour or two. That's latest rumor. Watch for MIAMI LIFE Extra if it does!

THE publisher of MIAMI LIFE received a telephone call from Manager Arthur Childers of the Royal Palm Club this week. Childers did not say where he was calling from.

"Why," he asked, "did you print that statement?" He referred to the story in our Sunday extra which quoted Childers as having told this publisher that J. Edgar Hoover, FBI chief, himself had told him that gambling might be conducted at the Royal Palm—if northern racketeers were strictly kept out of the picture. "You know," Art went on, "that I made no such statement."

The publisher then declared emphatically that Childers had made such a statement—and said he would take a most sacred oath to that effect? Whereupon Childers declared almost as emphatically that he had not . . . but later in the telephonic conversation, Childers asked: "When do you say I made such a statement?"

When told it was about six weeks ago, Childers demanded, "Why didn't you run the story then?"

The publisher replied that at that time the FBI had taken no direct action in the local gambling set-up, or anywhere else in Florida. . . but when injunctions were taken out in Broward county signed by FBI agents, the publisher couldn't help remembering what the Royal Palm manager had told him.

Then Childers said—still talking over the phone—"The only reason you did, you saw that the other articles you had printed had done no harm to the place."

Then Childers said, "I must get that paper off the street! How can this be done?"

Whereupon the publisher remarked, "Get rid of the Mob—whom MIAMI LIFE is going to fight as long as they have the control over our entire city administration that they exercise today!"

This may not be the word-for-word telephonic conversation—but it is pretty correct, especially as to fact.

We read in the Herald later that, at just about the time he called this publisher, Art Childers was being questioned by the FBI agents!

The publisher of MIAMI LIFE wishes to reiterate that the Mob, all of whom were questioned with the exception of Yuke Byer by the FBI, will continue to be exposed by MIAMI LIFE until their control of the city is broken or the Mob is disbanded.

MIAMI LIFE last week had some strange visitors—and stranger telephone calls and propositions—all of which were obvious attempts to involve, in some way or other, this paper in the local gambling mess. . . Trying to trap us! . . . they were pretty lucky in not getting trapped themselves!

MIAMI LIFE will continue, regardless of threats against lives of members of its staff, regardless of the attempted buying off of our editorial policies, to give you next week any further developments along Miami's Mob-front!

Meanwhile, ask yourselves and your best friends these following important questions:

How Art Childers reconciles his denials of gambling activities with his friend, Walter Winchell, wrote in his column Thursday telling of Larry Fisher being a spectator, of Col. Kelly of New Jersey being there, of it being at the Club, and of it being at Ace-Deuce's place?

Though Sunday night witnessed the last gambling at the Royal Palm Club, why did not Monday morning's Herald (always dull from lack of news) not contain a line about this most important news of the winter season?

If it isn't a travesty of justice that Frank Hyde and Red Slaton should be serving four months jail sentences for gambling—that they should have been tried and convicted a couple of years after their place was closed—all because of the insistence of the Herald and the News—when here on our bayfront, in the most conspicuous place they could have found, two Miamians, one of the best-family connections, operate a crooked gambling palace, open to all with a few bucks—WITHOUT A SOUL ARRESTED. LET ALONE BEING FINED?

If the city commission majority hasn't been letting the Royal Palm club go of their own free will—then who has forced them into this position—and why?

MIAMI'S City Commission Majority wants to talk Water Deal, street car elimination, or anything that might divert attention from what appears to be the biggest scandal yet involving the self-styled "New Deal" commission.

Mob-controlled gambling at the bayfront Royal Palm Club—the most conspicuous gambling joint in North America—stopped suddenly Sunday night—when operators learned G-Man Hoover was returning. Everybody concerned quaked not a little.

Curiously, the Herald suddenly got anxious about completing the Water Deal . . . isn't it rather peculiar that during the entire run of the Royal Palm Club's exclusive gambling, the Herald forgets all about its very important Power-Trust Deal at city hall—and it isn't until the gambling rooms are darkened and the operators have gone that it suddenly

remembers its obligations to Little Nell?

Let no one be fooled! And, for once, let us not be diverted from the burning question of today: WHAT WAS THE ROYAL PALM PAY-OFF, and whom to? . . . Don't let the city hall majority and the Herald "tout" us off the subject. It's the most important thing in Miami right now. If J. Edgar Hoover gets to the bottom of it, it'll be No.1 story in the U. S.!

MIAMI LIFE can't help pointing out an apparent connection between several apparently unrelated things that have happened of late. The commission majority in January bowed abjectly before the Power-Trust, put an illegal ordinance before the voters at a time when it was deemed most expedient for the Power-Trust to succeed with it, and with

(Continued on Back Page.)

Mike Jacobs

By LEFT HOOK (Round Three)

MIKE Jacobs, the toothless czar of the fistie world, a chiseling ticket-scalper who turned the sale of choice seats for practically every big New York event into a rotten racket, is put on a pedestal by Miami bigwigs.

If Jacobs was actually putting the fight on for the sake of sweet charity, he would demand box-car headlines to tell the world that ALL the profits derived from this forthcoming BUSINESS venture of his would be used to fight infantile paralysis!

But we do see him asking the city for the \$500 it would receive for the use of the Stadium to be turned over to the infantile paralysis fund! . . . it would swell the sum, and increase the amount of the small percentage Jacobs is going to turn over for charitable purposes.

No mention has been made in either newspaper as to the percentage of the gate which is to be diverted to charity—for fear some charity-minded persons might start thinking about it too deeply!

It is hard to believe that a man of this type has the entire boxing game in his grasp!

Why, he's the type of man a City of Miami ordinance prohibits! He can't legally do business in Miami!

Yes, we have a ticket-scalping ordinance on our books.

However, it seems that anybody with money is vested with a halo in the eyes of our boot-licking, publicity-seeking officials—who have given toothless Mike permission to violate our laws . . . For violation of law it is to stage this fight! . . . Florida laws specifically ban championship fights!

Of course, there is no more harm in a championship fight than in a non-championship fight—for a contestant will be knocked just as punch drunk in a non-championship bout as he will in a championship fight.

But as long as it is a law, our commission should not be a party to a conspiracy to violate it!

This might be a good time to enforce this law. The Conn-Lesvanich fight is immaterial. Stopping it won't hurt us. Holding it might—for Mike Jacobs smells very bad . . . stinks, we believe, is the proper word.

And now that he asks the joint free for Feb. 28, it would be most timely to invoke the State law. Mike, the ticket-scalper, controller of referees and judges, and larcenist of bad reputation, should not be permitted to give us any more blots. (Next week Round 4)

Miami Life

"Florida's Most Influential Weekly"
Published on Saturday by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
(A FLORIDA CORPORATION)

R. J. CLEIN, PRES.

Executive Offices: 110 W. Flagler Street, Miami, Florida
TELEPHONE 2-2681

All Checks should be made payable to Life Pub. Co., and not to individuals.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: in the United States, \$4.00 per year in advance; \$2.00 for six months; in foreign countries \$7.50 per year in advance; \$4.00 for six months.

VOL. 14 Miami, Fla., Saturday, February 17, 1940 No. 19

Entered as Second-class Matter, May 25, 1934, at the Post Office at Miami, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

"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.

WHERE does slang originate? . . . Suppose you were told you were going to be "bushwhacked" what would you expect? . . . Australian footpads are responsible for the phrase . . . They used to hide behind bushes waiting for victims . . . When the unfortunate victim approached, the thugs merely popped out from behind the bushes and "whacked" him over the cranium with a club . . . Hence, "bushwhackers."

TAKING a "potshot" at someone, too, is another quaint old slang phrase which comes down from "Gone With The Wind" days . . . When Confederate cannon balls became scarce the laddies in gray stuffed their cannon with scrap iron, horseshoes, door-knobs or even old fashioned dornicks . . . Old iron "pots" were especially in demand and when broken up and stuffed into a cannon, caused heavy casualties if any Union soldiers happened to be lurking within three or four miles of the place where the gun was aimed . . . Of course the cannon frequently "back-fired" killing more men behind them than in front but "pot-shooting" still retains its modern meaning . . . While on the subject it might be said that the Union soldiers looked with extreme disfavor upon being "potshotted" and retaliated by introducing the "grapeshot" . . . A "grapeshot" was a couple of cannon balls fastened together with a ten or twelve foot chain and fired from the same cannon at the same time . . . The balls upon leaving the cannon would spread out leaving the chain to mow down anything in their path.

THE new electric camera eye employed at race tracks eliminates all guess work and "dead heats" occur quite frequently . . . There was no camera at the famous Kentucky horseman's private training farm but the finish was a thrilling one just the same . . . It seems the horseman had thirteen horses ready to ship to a southern race track but was informed that only twelve of them could be taken care of . . . Lining up the thirteen horses at the barrier the horse owner addressed the thirteen negro boys who were to ride them . . . "The twelve who come in first go with me to Miami. The last one in, together with his horse, gets shot." . . . The race resulted in a thirteen horse dead-heat. . . A negro jockey once won the Kentucky derby, did you know that? . . . Man o'War only ran 21 races in his notable career . . . He won 20 of them.

WHEREVER horsemen meet they still declare that Man o' War was "pulled" in the one race he did lose, otherwise he would never have been beaten . . . There is some question about this popular belief . . . Man o' War ran his first race, as a two year old, at Belmont Park in 1919 and won easily . . . He followed by winning his next five races, each time increasing the distance until he was running in six furlong events . . . His seventh race was against a horse named John P. Grier at Saratoga . . . Man o' War finished second with John P. Grier turning the six furlongs in 1:11 1-5 . . . Previous to that ace Man o' War's best time for the same distance was 1:12 2-5 and the best he ever did for six furlongs after the race was 1:11 3-5 which indicates that as a sprinter John P. Grier might have been the best horse after all . . . As a three year old Man o' War won eleven straight races and was retired to stud . . . His total track earnings were \$166,140 . . . His largest purse was earned at Kenilworth Park in Canada in a match race which he won from Sir Barton . . . The purse was \$80,000 . . . His smallest purse was in his second race as a two year old when he drew down exactly \$200 . . . Although Man o' War won the Preakness, Withers, Belmont, Dwyer, Travers and Laurence Realization stakes he never won a Kentucky Derby . . . Man o' War, owned by Samuel D. Riddle, was retired to stud at Faraway Farms and has earned more than \$1,000,000 for his owner in prize money and through sale of foals . . . Approximately 50,000 persons visit the farm each year . . . The famous horse is 23 years old.

GREEBY QUESTIONED BY G-MAN

Says only time he gambled was by eating hamburger in Walgreens and trying to cross boulevard

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who denies that he has protruding teeth despite the fact that he can eat corn off the cob through a knot hole in a fence, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter emerging from the F. B. I. offices.

"I do not desire no publicity", perspired Greeby as he sought to adjust a wilted collar. "Ah-ha", sneered the reporter, "So Mr. Hoover got you too eh? What was the charge, mopery with intent to gawk or was it because you forgot to pay income tax on that jack-pot you won back in 1837?"

"I resent that," yapped Greeby, "and I also resent this business of the G-Men buttin' in on local pinchin'. Our own cops is bad enough without no interference from Washington."

"Don't quibble," barked the reporter, "Why were you on the carpet?"

"I wasn't on no carpet," defended Greeby stoutly, "I was sittin' on a chair."

"Sitting on an electric chair would be an excellent idea in your case," replied the reporter, "I suppose they were questioning you about the gambling situation."

"I don't know nothin' about gambling," grumbled Greeby, "The only gamblin' I've been doin' is eatin' hamburgers in Walgreens and tryin' to get across the boulevard durin' the rush hour."

"Who else was up there for questioning?" asked the reporter.

"No one except some respectable citizens," answered Greeby.

"Such as?" continued the reporter.

"Gimmie a seegar and I'll tell you the name of everyone what I saw," beamed Greeby.

The reporter parted with the bribe reluctantly and Greeby jumped right off into his story.

"Well," he started, "They was that there feller 'Ace' Deuce and Charlie Thomas and Paul Green and also a feller named Childers what runs some kind of a barbecue stand and then they was some society wimmin. I think one of them was named Gertie Walsh and another was called Bessie Gordon."

"Were they talking?", queried the scribe anxiously.

"No," replied Greeby, "They was listenin'. Mr. Hoover was doin' most of the talkin'."

"What were they doing while Mr. Hoover was questioning you?", asked the reporter.

"They was just amusin' themselves," said Greeby. "You see I was in the private office with Mr. Hoover and they was waitin' out in the ante room."

"How were they amusin' themselves?" persisted the reporter.

"Oh," said Greeby, "Just kiddin' around with each other. Paul Green was givin' Charlie Thomas a phoney marker and 'Ace' Deuce

was welchin' on a tab cheek with Gertie Walsh. Bessie was pickin' the office boy's pocket and when that got tiresome 'Ace' Deuce and Charlie Thomas started rafflin' off a dead horse. Paul Green pulled out a punch board and was sellin' punches to a gang of G-Men what was hangin' around."

"Was there anyone else of importance there," inquired the scribe.

"No one except some feller from the Sunny Isles Club at Miami Beach but he wasn't doin' nothin' except tryin' to bribe the office stenographer not to start yappin' just because he won her week's salary with a pair of phoney dice."

"What was Mr. Childers doing while all of this was coming off?" asked the reporter.

"He was sittin' in a corner poutin'," said Greeby.

"What do you mean pouting?", asked the reporter.

"Just poutin'," said Greeby, "He was wearin' a dunce cap which Mr. Hoover stuck on his head and was writin' on a black-board."

"What was he writing?", snapped the reporter.

"He was writin' the same thing over and over. It was a sentence which said somethin' about tellin' a falsehood."

"Is that all he was doing?"

"Well he was sweatin' if that is what you mean," explained Greeby. "Every once in a while the porter would come in with a mop and clean up the place but it didn't do no good he just wet it all up again."

"I wonder why," mused the reporter as he strolled away before Greeby put the bite on him for lunch.

We Pay One Fourth of State GAS TAX

LAST October, Dade County, the big sucker county of Florida, was paying a sixth of all the gasoline taxes collected in Florida. In December it was paying nearly a fifth. Although no figures are available yet for January, it is probable, at the present time, that fully a fourth of the huge taxes made possible by the state tax of 7 cents a gallon, plus the 1-cent federal levy and an additional inspection tax—a total of 8 1/2 cents—is being collected in this grand county whose back is big enough and broad enough to carry the other 66 counties on it!

MIAMI LIFE doesn't know of any better way to show interested folk what's happening than the tables printed herewith.

With only an elementary knowledge of figures you can see what's happening.

There are ten top counties among the state's 67. Most of the rest political subdivisions, financial set-ups so laid out as to strengthen certain powers at the state capital, facilitating crooked maneuvers that have made this state's political corruption almost proverbial. Under our archaic constitution, which makes the governor almost a complete dictator for four years and which combines

the executive and judicial branches of government to a large extent, each county is limited to one senator and even the extremely large counties one to three lower house men. But through the creation of a new county another senator and another lower house representative can be effected; hence the many, many, parasitical counties in the state who do not contribute enough taxes in the state to pay the salaries of tax collectors—but which divide up enough funds collected in other counties to build handsome county buildings, beautiful highways that lead nowhere, and big schools that will never be filled with pupils!

The figures tell the story.

You'll note that during last December the top ten counties contributed nearly twice as much gas tax money as did the other 57 counties. You'll also note that the top ten counties showed a healthy increase over December of 1938, but the "other 57" gained only slightly. You'll see that during the entire year of 1939 forty-seven counties of Florida (the parasitical ones) scarcely made a gain, but the top 20 counties showed a gain of around seven percent, many of the bigger

ones ten percent, and only one a very slight decrease!

Here are the top-heaviness of the financial structure is striking. Dade county is shown as carrying the rest of the state—for, remember, a good part of the gas taxes collected in those counties is from motorists traveling to or from Miami! It is only since Miami came into existence at the turn of the century that Florida started emerging from oblivion. The state's phenomenal growth since 1912 is almost completely due to Miami, Miami Beach, Coral Gables, or the other live parts of Dade county.

Many readers will be surprised to see that the gas taxes collected in Dade county is very near that collected in BOTH Duval and Hillsborough counties—although either Jacksonville or Tampa is popularly supposed to be just as big as Miami is. Right now Miami is larger than both of them put together, meaning, of course, that Dade county is a bigger county in mid-season than are Duval and Hillsborough counties—and before another year has passed will probably be able to boast a permanent population as much as both of them put together! . . . anyway, in white population!

Top Ten Counties

FOR MONTH OF DECEMBER

	December, 1939	December, 1938
DADE (Miami)	\$438,797	\$382,910
DUVAL (Jacksonville)	256,940	239,391
HILLSBOROUGH (Tampa)	199,694	198,039
PINELLAS (St. Petersburg)	126,672	116,325
PALM BEACH (West Palm Beach)	122,434	112,875
POLK (Lakeland)	119,064	111,747
ORANGE (Orlando)	110,409	98,680
VOLUSIA (Daytona)	79,154	73,031
BROWARD (Ft. Lauderdale)	68,368	61,996
ESCAMBIA (Pensacola)	58,449	55,574
TOP TEN COUNTIES FOR DECEMBER	\$1,579,981	\$1,450,568
OTHER 57 COUNTIES	\$814,973	\$761,055
ALL 67 COUNTIES	\$2,394,954	\$2,211,623

1939 GAS TAXES-- and 1938

	1939 TAX	1938 TAX	Allocator to Counties
DADE (Miami)	\$4,102,638	\$3,764,868	\$603,473
DUVAL (Jacksonville)	2,748,843	2,558,224	593,621
HILLSBORO (Tampa)	2,221,405	2,038,688	516,594
PINELLAS (St. Petersburg)	1,264,067	1,188,743	329,436
POLK (Lakeland)	1,216,567	1,108,419	412,999
PALM BEACH	1,134,532	1,090,801	422,913
ORANGE (Orlando)	1,067,729	1,006,788	288,727
VOLUSIA (Daytona)	810,988	778,268	334,085
ESCAMBIA (Pensacola)	679,783	615,391	250,420
BROWARD (Ft. Lauderdale)	615,256	560,106	179,325
ALACHUA (Gainesville)	493,410	430,695	226,331
MARION (Ocala)	451,614	445,143	274,552
LAKE (Leesburg)	411,003	375,155	310,161
LEON (Tallahassee)	386,251	353,329	152,363
BREVARD (Cocoa)	363,591	273,290	182,509
MANATEE (Bradenton)	279,706	253,537	153,774
ST. JOHNS (St. Augustine)	3,912,832	260,418	154,551
LEE (Ft. Myers)	3,831,991	268,815	142,771
SARASOTA	3,813,845	236,176	166,601
BAY (Panama City)	3,559,357		
TOP 20 COUNTIES	275,795,044	\$17,981,709	\$5,838,155
OTHER 47	71,601,829	4,819,124	
ALL COUNTIES	347,396,873	\$22,800,833	\$10,369,839

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MIAMI BEACH

LOOKING BACK Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

This Is Good for What Ails You--Sprint on the Beach, Dash in the Surf

(February 2, 1924)

FLORIDA has more seacoast than any other State—enough for every resident and visitor to have a piece without crowding.

Remember Robinson Crusoe. He had a whole island to himself and was not happy.

This simple reference explains Miami Beach. Starting at Smith's pavilion on the south and extending to the Pan-coast hotel on the north, Miami Beach is lined daily with a continuous aggregation and assortment of idlers in bathing suits.

Though Miami Beach affords many modes and methods of entertainment there is not one which is more stimulating to the physical constitution or cheaper to indulge than this half-clad communion with nature close to the sight and the sound of the sad sea waves.

The pictorial weeklies lead the outside world to think that Miami Beach is a resort for the wealthy and fashionable. Maybe this is true, but nobody is debarred by poverty of the lack of stunning sport clothes.

Yet there is that interesting variety which causes Miami Beach to be the greatest resort in Florida. Nowhere else in the state can such a scene be pictured, running the gamut of human grace, notes, and semi-tones.

The noted ones of earth foregather here with the humblest, and it may be that those who attract attention elsewhere like it because they are permitted to take their places with other folks in any ordinary way and are not hounded by curiosity seekers and news hunters.

For example, there is Mr. Jack Dempsey, the man who has made a million with his fists. He was lying on the sand there absolutely unnoticed. It would not be possible to pick him out from the others except for the remarkable likeness he bears to his photographs.

Not far from Jack is a writer of distinction, who has made a comfortable fortune with his pen, or perhaps it was his trusty typewriter. He is hardly recognizable in his rented bathing suit.

A society dame is seated on a rock busy with a notebook, probably her social calendar. She looks the part, even on the sun-searching beach, but is not a social queen here—just an individual intent upon pursuing her inclinations in her own way.

Everybody's happy at Miami Beach. If anybody is not happy the best prescription for it is a morning on the beach in a bathing suit.

That's the stuff!

SWEEPSTAKES CLUB 1452 N. W. 79th St. DANCING 6 FLOOR SHOWS BEAUTIFUL GIRLS GALORE NO COVER NO MINIMUM

EDWARDS FOOD STORE 2700 N. W. 27th Ave. When you crave good FRYERS DRIVE OUT We kill and DRESS nothing but Home Raised Chickens Also cut up FRYERS

STUDENT GOVERNMENT AT MIAMI MILITARY ACADEMY

We have recalled how every American that wishes to do so may be and should be a governor in his own right. We have intimated that he MUST resume actively his constitutional privilege and quickly be joined by a vigorous majority, on the assumption that a governor must govern actively, positively and constantly, or else lose his power to some one else who will do it.

Some great forces move periodically and not constantly. This is one of the times when American civic consciousness seems to be in eclipse. "How oft hereafter shall it wax and wane?" We believe that this proper civic consciousness is about to bloom and bear fruit again.

Well, anyhow, the program at Miami Military Academy produces some wear and tear. Occasionally boys enroll who cannot or will not harmonize and they are allowed to go elsewhere. Surprising as it may seem, some of these are from unusually good homes, so far as our information goes.

Thus, for a long time, it is each one for himself and the devil take the hindmost, just as it seems to be right now with many American people.

BRING YOUR OWN CONTAINERS TO Miami Home Milk Producers Assn. 769 NORTHWEST 18th TERRACE For The Finest Golden Flake Buttermilk you ever tasted, 25c Gal.

UMBRELLA SERVICE STATION Est. 1926 COMPLETE REPAIR SERVICE BODY & FENDER WORK WASHING POLISHING SIMONIZING SUNOCO SPECIALIZED LUBRICATION 1205 - 20th St. MIAMI BEACH Chas. A. Pelton, Owner Phone 5-7707

So You Say...

Editor MIAMI LIFE:

Things That I Still Don't Like About Raido

Sing song newscaster WQAM who insists in using cockney pronunciations. . . . We are in the United States, Boy!

His preceding Edwin C. Hill . . . Then Hill gives us fifty percent of the same stuff.

The long drawn-out build up by Bill Hay over a lousey can of soup.

The word man who mispronounces fifty percent of the words when he is not trying to be letter perfect.

All electrical transcription programs. The Sleepy-Town guy who announces on WQAM. The boy with the long last syllable on WKAT.

Jack Bell refusing to have anything to do with the English language other than kick it around. . . . To him it's still My Am-er, not My-Am-E.

Dinty Dennis, the world's worst . . . pronunciation . . . articulation all gone with wind. . . . How in Hell do they ever write a story? . . . But then they still have rewrite men.

Bill Hightower. . . . Mighty good announcer at dog track. . . . But when he changes his voice to nasal sotto. . . . Off the list!

The Vaga bond Mike WIOD, about the worst of its kind ever heard in America, not one whit of originality in a year of broadcasting.

The interviews at the West Flagler Kennel Club. The way Jack Bell enjoys his own program.

Announcers who constantly say "and now . . ." The utter disregard shown by nearly everyone on the air locally regarding the correct pronunciation of words in our language. . . . Can't they realize that thousands of children are listening to them and are willing to accept them as criterions? . . . Why isn't corrected may be due to the fact that no one connected with the station knows any more about it than the announcers, but it does seem as if the name of our city should be pronounced correctly. . . . And others, too, such as Missouri. . . . It's Miss-zoo-ri, not Miss-zoo-ra, it's nat-ure-ally, not natch-rely, en-vel-lope, not on-vel-lope, it's par-tick-you-lar, not per-tick-you-lar and certainly not per-tick-you-ler, it's re-frij-er-a-ter and not re-frij-er-a-tor—and so on till morning! . . .

A LISTENER WHO HATES TO LISTEN.

They Tell Me . . .

THAT even Walter Winchell is calling it "Ace-Deuce's place" (as you might have noticed in his Hicktown notes in Thursday's Herald) . . .

and also recorded the play of Col. Kelly of New Jersey (he's the one who got trimmed out of a wad of dough, as MIAMI LIFE told you last week) . . .

THAT the handsome broker from Philadelphia is in town with a new wife—and hoping no nite-club singer looks at him again when singing, "The Man I Love" . . .

THAT Tony Martin is torching more than ever . . . but loves a beautiful ear to be listening to him, just the same . . .

THAT the Mob ought to be allowed to reopen their gambling at the Royal Palm Club on the afternoon of February 21 so that the Dade County Federation of Women's Clubs and the rest participating in the Annual Fiesta of . . .

YOU'LL SPLIT IN HALF FROM LAUGHING

NOW OPEN Hot-Brau FAMOUS for FOODS AND A GOOD TIME Imported Amstel Holland Beer on Draft—Choice Liquors SMILING FRITZ, M. C. 221 N. E. 2nd Street

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Stars for the benefit of the University Scholarship fund could see what an asset such an institution as Mob-run gambling is to Miami . . .

THAT Joan has some beautiful new purple "unmentionables"—as neighbors on both sides of her and across the street from her can testify—from personal observations the last two nights . . .

FREE Delivery Ph. 4-9266 Never Undersold! CORAL WAY SUNDRIES Cigarettes \$1.16 Carton 17th Ave. S. W. & Coral Way

PAUL'S BEER 5 WINE Hot Dog 5 Hamburger Sandwiches of all kinds 431 N. E. Second Ave.

NIGHT BEGINS At WINNIE'S When the Hot Spots fold for the evening—Here's where the fun carries on. 233 - 23rd St. 1449 Wash. Ave. MIAMI BEACH GOOD FOOD - GOOD FUN

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

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

her nocturnal bathings and undressings have broken up at least one couple . . .

THAT Eloise is the name of the brunette who has turned a little portion of S. W. 6th street topsy-turvy . . .

THAT I. T. Pearson is not "it" in the school world any more . . .

THAT there is likely to be more trouble when Grace's real age is disclosed—as it will be if the divorce suit is filed . . .

HARDY'S NIGHT CLUB FLOOR SHOW Friday, Saturday, Sunday Nights Featuring JIMMY HUNT Black Face Tap Artist and Other Acts Music By CZARS OF SWING Gaily and Laughter Galore EVERY NIGHT 1690 N. W. 62nd Street MIAMI, FLA.

Hot Point Water Heaters Hot Point Refrigerators Hot Point Ranges R. E. LOWRY ELECTRIC CO. 2103 Ponce De Leon Blvd. CORAL GABLES THIS AD IS WORTH \$5.00 on purchase of major appliances

Miami Poultry & Egg Co. Quality Tennessee Poultry 1145 S. W. 8th St.

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PLEASURE ISLES CLUB 2403 N. W. 79th St. (La Paloma Club's former Location) JERRY REO, M. C. VIOLET CLEMONS "Songbird girl of 1,500 Songs" VICKY JOYCE-VIVIAN RAE "Daring Dynamic Oriental Dance" "BUBBLES" "Electric-Veil Dance" "OH, JOHNNY!" "Sophisticated Strip Tease" Leroy O'Berry, Manager and Producer "Pleasure Isle Shows" 25c Admission

WEIDENHOFF EQUIPMENT A COMPLETE MOTOR ANALYSIS FREE! WALDRON'S SERVICE STATION Factory Trained Mechanics 27th and Flagler

GAMBLING SCANDAL

(Continued from Front Page.)

the aid of the newspapers got 227 more ayes than no's out of more than 9,000 votes. The same commission majority let the Mob open up gambling in the Royal Palm Club.

Both these were multi-million dollar propositions.

There are several big-sized gambling syndicates in the United States that would pay a million-dollars for the gambling concession that Miami's Mob had at the Royal Palm—and undoubtedly a great deal more if assured of a monopoly—such as the Mob exercised!

The Power-Trust Deal means an immediate profit of more than \$4,000,000 in cash for the Power-Trust—and the chance for local banks and their financial connections to make several millions more profit in revenue and refunding bonds.

A height-of-season exclusive gambling concession at the Royal Palm Club means a multi-million dollar profit to the so-called Local Mob.

The Power-Trust is controlled by the Electric Bond & Share Company in Wall Street, New York—while the connections of the local Gambling Mob reached into several northern centers.

Victimizing the public is the objective of both these companies. All the courts from here to the U. S. Supreme Court found, in effect, that that is what the Power-Trust had been doing to Miamians ever since 1925—when the courts ordered a drastic reduction of electric light and power rates in this vicinity . . . the Power-Trust had lied about its initial investment.

MIAMI LIFE has already informed the public about three of the Mob's head-men—Charlie Thomas, Ace-Deuce Jake Solomon, and Eddie Padgett being convicted felons.

Peculiarly enough, for each of these syndicates—the Power-Trust and the Mob—to accomplish their respective purposes—which in the present case prove to be identical: victimizing the public—all that was really needed was the support of at least three members of the city commission!

As stated before, each got not only a majority—but a four-to-one support!

THE outstanding fact that cannot be denied or satisfactorily explained is that the city commission could have stopped the Royal Palm gambling—indeed, could have kept it from ever starting.

BUT the commission didn't! (Meaning that the majority of the five commissioners favored Royal Palm gambling—more than that, they approved the Mob having exclusive right to gamble in the Miami area!)

How can Alex Orr deny that he himself was chief sinner—for he runs the Miami police department . . . which did not make ONE arrest at the Royal Palm club—although everybody knew they were gambling . . . and what is worse, conducting crooked gambling!

Now Van Orsdel, the undertaker has never been anything but a "Yes-man for Orr since he has been on the commission. As for Mayor Ev Sewell, the Royal Palm is located on Florida East Coast railroad property, and Art Childers' father-in law and gambling concession partner is the railroad's land company agent. . . and Ev Sewell's affection for the railroad has always amounted to infatuation—for it is to the railroad that the whole Sewell family owes its existence in this area!

The good people of Miami not only want the truth, but they want the whole mess aired—and cleaned up before another season rolls along. Are the people going to run Miami—or will the Gambling Mob and the Power-Trust continue to rule—but making the people pay. The good people demand the whole story . . . it's still time to make investments elsewhere—because taxpayers surely can't feel safe with a commission that will "sell them down the river" to gamblers as well as Power-Trust slickers!

There's an old Hebrew saying, "commit a sin thrice and

you will think it allowable."

That applies to the Miami city commission majority, to Manager Arthur Childers of the Royal Palm club, to the Mob—and to several otherwise well-meaning business men of our town!

The city commission majority has sown the wind. Now let them reap the whirlwind!

The same crowd that forced a recall election a year ago, took advantage of defects in our charter laws, trumped up bribery charges (later disproved in court) and succeeded in installing their own commission majority although only a small percent of the qualified voters voted—this same crowd, mind you, has now turned over \$5,000,000 in public funds to the Power-Trust, arranged to give the Power-Trust and their banker friends many millions more—and now stands convicted, before the Bar of Public Opinion, of having conspired with the Gambling Mob to operate public (and crooked) gambling in the most conspicuous spot in Miami's winter show window! . . . To sicken prospective investors in Miami!

This is past the stage where it can be dismissed with an airy, "Don't believe MIAMI LIFE—it's a scandal sheet!" . . . or a vague "MIAMI LIFE is trying to shake us down!"

Miamians are to smart to be fooled by such artifices again—not this season, anyway!

To those who make such statements, ask—as Commissioner R. C. Gardner (whose rugged honesty has withstood the savage attacks of THE OTHER COMMISSIONERS—AND HERALD PUBLISHER KNIGHT!) is asking—why the Royal Palm Club gamblers weren't arrested and fined in the weeks they operated—so that those fines would help defray some of the city's expense—and decrease the burdens of the Miami taxpayer?—already the most over-burdened city-dweller in the United States!

A strictly honest city commission—believing simply that tourists should be treated to gambling if they want it—would not have given the Mob exclusive in the first place; and in the second place, would have directed police to make sure that a place doing the million-dollar business that the Royal Palm Club has been doing the last few weeks, paid plenty into the city treasury in the way of fines and forfeitures! . . . But no, they would rather collect a garbage tax!

But this was NOT done—and now the lid is on, apparently for good, it's too late for the commission majority to cover up, to even make a gesture in that direction.

That there was a pay-off can scarcely be denied. According to G-Man Hoover's own words, made in magazine and in press within the last two years, there never was gambling in any municipality without a pay-off.

We want to know how much that pay-off was. To whom it went! . . . The whole truth about the "New Deal Commission's deal with the Royal Palm club!

If J. Edgar Hoover, who has uncovered more rottenness in city government than any man since the turn of the century, can help us find that out, the good people of Miami will bless him—no matter how much confusion, no matter how much havoc it creates among the big-wigs of the town.

We're the hub of a community that is some day going to be as big as New York City—in wintertime, anyway. We'd rather get to the bottom of this mess right now, while we're small enough to "take it!"—and so we may get well quickly and get on a firmer foundation.

We can assure Mr. Hoover that only a minority is condemning him for digging into Miami's innards. The majority of the people in Miami are good people!—and we want Mr. Hoover to find it out—and then tell the nation about it! We repeat, the people of Miami are in the majority law-abiding and good. Their daily newspapers have simply refused to acquaint them with what's been happening because the gang in power is the gang chosen by the daily papers, who in turn get their orders from—

Mr. Hoover, that's for you to find out!—and in trying to find out you may be able to solve some baffling civic problems.

Orr Secret Dictator of Police

Commissioner Alex Orr (who very secretly runs the Miami police department) is the man who put through the iniquitous city garbage tax to oppress the poor. He is the man responsible for the Mob having exclusive on big-time gambling at the Royal Palm Club without paying a nickel into the city treasury for this rare privilege!

Commissioner R. C. Gardner doesn't favor a closed town—but he does NOT favor any city commissioner or city official—in fact, any public official—receiving any remuneration from gambling. He believes that if gambling is permitted, the gamblers should be fined as often as the traffic will bear—so that the city may, in a measure, receive some benefit—and taxpayers' burdens be lessened!

Gardner thinks in terms of people. Orr in terms of rich corporations or money syndicates.

Alex Orr can always be found on the side of the oppressor, however, be it Power-Trust or Gambling Syndicate.

For the past month—while gambling has flourished at the Royal Palm (on F.E.C. Railroad property!)—city police have passed it up. Orr's secret boss—as in the days of Kavanaugh.

WHERE WAS THE PAY-OFF?

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LOTTERY AT WALGREEN'S

EXTRA! Extra! Walgreens, East Flagler street and S. E. Second avenue, conducts a lottery! It's the oyster racket. There's a clever barker with oysters before him—and, listening, you learn how pearls are cultivated in these oysters by a particle of dirt or dust, which causes an irritation, which in time becomes a pearl—which, if it happens to be perfectly round and of sufficient size, is worth a lot of money.

There are hundreds of oysters—all tiny—which tinniness the barker explains is also caused by this irritation. Want to go a dollar that the next pearl found in one of the oysters will be yours? Step up lively, gentlemen and ladies! . . . You put up a buck—and after a few jabs at oysters without discovering the precious formations, the man with the knife finds one with a pearl in it. It's yours—for the buck. But what a pearl! It is what is known as a "scab." Misshapen, ugly—not worth a penny!

This is the second season this oyster lottery has been going on—and we've watched

and questioned many folks—and no one has ever heard of anybody recovering a pearl that is worth a dime—although the dollar bills taken in run into the thousands! It is probably the only lottery in the U. S. in which no customer gets anything!

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