

A. & P. SHORTWEIGHTS WOMAN OUT OF \$55!



VOL. 14—No. 20

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

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Lure of Crooked Dough Too Much for Miami Officialdom

NOT a line about it in our dailies (because chain-store advertisers must be pampered!), but there was a case of A. & P. grocery frauds before City Judge Dunn this week that would have drawn thousands of listeners if it had been held in Bayfront Park and properly advertised. Mrs. T. E. Edwards, 1580 Collins avenue, Miami Beach, has the unique distinction of having been defrauded out of 9 pounds, 9 ounces in a single meat order of only 21 pounds, 7 ounces! Get out your pencils, you grownup boys and girls, and figure out what percentage that theft amounts to—and if you remember your arithmetic you'll find that the A. & P. shortweighted her nearly half—47 percent, to be precise!

It was so fantastic that Judge Dunn was flabbergasted. He said he couldn't believe it. And there not being any prosecution, owing to most peculiar circumstances which we shall relate in the next few paragraphs, he finally decided that the whole thing was obviously a mistake, and one that the store certainly couldn't make a general practice of—and he dismissed the case! . . . However, Mrs. Edwards pretty well proved her case! It concerns the A. & P. store on South Miami avenue and 7th street. She proved that store had not only returned the \$5 for the meat so purchased—but had reimbursed her \$50 for shortweights that she claimed existed in her meat orders for several months back!

We promised you peculiar circumstances. Well, here they are:

The A. & P. store was represented by the brother of City Attorney Lewis Twyman!

That's pretty bad—but as the trial progressed, matters became even worse. Because the assistant city attorney who is supposed to be prosecutor in such cases, did nothing but help the defense lawyer! Purposely. Eagerly. And why not? He works under City Attorney Twyman, doesn't he?

Mrs. Edwards appeared all by herself. The only questions tending to bring out the main features of the case were asked by Judge Dunn himself.

Mrs. Edwards used to trade at another store. Butcher Dave Newman of the A. & P. propositioned her. He told her he would sell her Sunnyfield bacon at 24 cents a pound. She asked her own butcher about it. He said he couldn't cut his price of 27 cents—because that was standard. So Mrs. Edwards transferred her trade to the S. Miami avenue A. & P.

She trusted this butcher for months. Then one day another butcher working in the place was fired. He called to Mrs. Edwards. He told her to check up on meat weights at the A. & P. He told her she was being cheated a half-pound in every two or three pounds of bacon.

Wasn't that interesting? It happened that she had just bought what was sup-

MIAMI can now murmur a "How true!" to the scathing indictment of the general run of newspapers in America, made some years ago by John Swinton, New York editor, speaking before a dinner of the New York Press Association:

"There is no such thing as an independent Press in America if we except that of the small papers. You know this and I know it. Not a man among you dares utter his honest opinion. Were you to utter it, you know beforehand it would never appear in print. I am paid one hundred and fifty dollars a week so that I may keep my honest opinion out of the paper for which I write. You, too are paid similar salaries for similar services. Were I to permit a single edition of my paper to contain an honest opinion, my occupation like Othello's would be gone in less than twenty-four hours. The man who would be so foolish as to write his honest opinion would soon be on the streets for another job. It is the duty of the journalist to lie, distort, revile, to toady at the feet of Mammon, to sell his city and country for his daily bread or what amounts to the same thing his salary. We are tools and vassals of the men behind the scenes. We are marionettes. These men pull the strings and we dance. Our time, our talents, our lives, our capacities are all the property of these men; we are intellectual prostitutes."

Phillip Francis, for years an editorial writer of great influence, says in his book "The Poison in America's Cup":—"With a few honorable exceptions the big papers and magazines of the United States are the most ignorant and gullible, as well as the most cowardly and controlled Press printed in any country of the world. The majority of the owners are mere financiers, who look upon their magazines and newspapers simply as money making mills, and who, when ever it is a question between more coin and good honest patriotic public service, will take the coin every time."

posed to be a 21-pound roast, still with original wrappings and seal on it. Mrs. Edwards took this package immediately to Harry's Market at Miami Beach and had it weighed. "I'd hate to believe anybody could take me for such a sucker," Mrs. Edwards told Judge Dunn. IT WEIGHED ELEVEN POUNDS SEVEN OUNCES! . . . Still thinking there might be some mistake, she took it to Ray's Market in Miami—and there it weighed the same. Whereupon she left it, wrapped and sealed, in Ray's ice box until the next day when she took it back to the A. & P. store on S. Miami avenue. There she ordered ten pounds of bacon—but when the butcher found she wanted to check the weight, he immediately began hemming and hawing—for he had only eight pounds in the package he was getting ready to sell her for ten pounds! "The seal is broken, ma'am," he said, "because I broke it to examine the bacon." It was then that she told the butcher about the 47 percent short weight he had given her the day before. The butcher then tried to tell her that the meat had first weighed 21 pounds—but lost nearly half its weight in being boned! . . . Then Mrs. Edwards be-

came indignant. It took her an entire day to get a warrant out against the butcher. And then, after she finally got it issued, there came to see her Mr. Martin, supervisor of the A. & P. Market. He asked her what she estimated her losses had been, due to shortweights—and she said about \$50. He then asked her if she would dismiss the action if he gave her that—and she said she would, provided that the store would get rid of such a cheating butcher. He promised that would be done, said the store wanted her trade—and handed her \$55 (which included \$5 for the 21-pound roast that lost half its weight upon leaving the A. & P. scales!).

But when she tried to withdraw the suit, Judge Dunn wouldn't stand for it. He insisted on airing it in his court. Whereupon Mrs. Edwards went back to the store—and found the butcher had not been fired—but was being praised by Supervisor Martin, who declared that he couldn't fire such a valuable man—because, said Martin, this manipulating butcher had increased the meat business from \$80 to \$500 a week!

It was a great case—and had it been sincerely prose-

TOO MUCH money involved!—that explains why Royal Palm gambling is going again (it started last Monday night as you did NOT see in either daily paper!), in spite of America's top G-Man Edgar Hoover, in spite of the First Lady of the Land being here, in spite of a federal grand jury investigation in the offing, in spite of the unparalleled crookedness of the Mob in control, in spite of the official denials from General Gibbs on down, that there is any gambling here!

Too much money for the avaricious locals—and goodness knows how many others are grabbing the long green as long as any is available!

Uncle Sam is the only being who can stop it. That's certain.

Royal Palm club gambling isn't going on as publicly as it did up until ten days before—it's confined to the little room now, but that's plenty big! Here the Mob's clever crooks have done their big-time fleecing of suckers anyway. If your bankroll is big enough you'll find it easily at the Royal Palm!

Everything is exactly as the Mob wants it! All competitive gambling joints have been scared off by fear of Uncle Sam—and the Royal Palm can run in peace.

THE MIAMI CITY COMMISSION MAJORITY COULD STOP IT PRONTO.

BUT THE MIAMI COMMISSION MAJORITY WON'T EVEN MENTION THE ROYAL PALM—AND WON'T UNTIL THE MOB IS READY TO QUIT—WHICH WON'T BE UNTIL NEXT MONTH!

Remember this—because some day the public may find out WHERE EVERY CENT OF THE MONSTROUS PAY-OFF HAS GONE THIS MONTH! THIS VERY DAY, THIS VERY MINUTE, SOMEBODY IS BEING PAID OFF TO LET THE ROYAL PALM CLUB RUN, ADVERTISING TO THE WORLD THAT MIAMI IS IN THE CLUTCHES OF GAMBLING CROOKS!

Miami, the greatest show-window in the world, gave its filthiest display this week.

While several hundred thousand people, most of America's intelligensia, looked on, crooked gamblers reigned as kings of the Magic City—completely in charge of gambling in the most conspicuous part of Bayfront Park!

Poor people of Miami must pay a \$4-a-year gar-

bage tax—or be hauled into court! Poor people with cars not worth \$10 must pay the city \$1.50 for auto license and inspection—or be hauled into court! The per capita debt of Miami amounts to more than \$500. Miamians pay the highest electric rate of any city, also pay more for city-owned water than nearly any other city, while their taxes yearly go higher and higher—although improvements do not nearly keep up with increase in population! Nowhere, unless it be Atlantic City, are the people more oppressed—BUT THE ROYAL PALM CLUB GAMBLERS CAN MAKE A MILLION DOLLARS A WEEK WITHOUT PAYING A NICKLE INTO THE CITY TREASURY!

Not one cent of the monstrous pay-off at the Royal Palm will be applied to Miami's debt. The gamblers aren't even being arrested! No fines or forfeitures, even! The pay-off is huge—as everybody knows. THERE NEVER WAS GAMBLING IN ANY MUNICIPALITY WITHOUT A PAY-OFF—AS G-MAN HOOVER HAS PUBLICLY STATED! But the people don't have a look-in. And, unless Uncle Sam steps into this deplorable mess and tells them, they aren't likely to know how much that pay-off was—and to whom it went!

Did you read in the Herald and in the News this week those stirring editorials complimenting the people of Louisiana for overthrowing the Long machine?

How could those editors have written such stuff when they knew the Royal Palm Club was running (they couldn't help knowing it!) and the clutches of a vicious Mob was getting stronger in Miami?

The resuming of Royal Palm Club operations this week is conclusive evidence of what Edgar Hoover has been saying about the vicious entrenchment of crooks in this locality. They're even more firmly entrenched than he said they were!

We've got to admit that G-Man Hoover is the only man who can stop it! He'll be applauded by most of the people of Miami if he does.

Appearances may indicate otherwise, but we know that good people are in the majority. These people hate to see their city and their newspapers controlled by a vicious gambling Mob whose city hall stooges are oppressing honest citizens with taxes while depriving them of the benefits of a tax upon Mob gambling!

MR. TOURIST, MEET THE MOB!

BUNCO-Steering, as styled by the Royal Palm Gambling Mob:

A British visitor stopping at a Bayfront Hotel got a telephone call about 11 p. m. Thursday from a Beachite he knew to come over to the Royal Palm club to meet a couple of pretty girls. He hadn't been there 15 or 20 minutes when a man came over to the table and said to the Beachite, "We are ready now."

The four of them ((including the two pretty girls, of course) went up the balcony stairways, about thirty steps on the stairways that was kept pretty dark, and went into a room next to the Manager's office and just above the bar. In it was a crap table, a stick man, a banker, and a man at the table shooting dice . . . This man made several passes in a row, then sevened out, whereupon the

Beachite took the dice, made one pass, then also sevened out.

Then came the Britisher's turn.

By this time, the party had been informed that "out of deference" to them, the management was raising the limit from \$200 to \$500 . . . The Royal Palm club is so, so considerate of its guests!

Then the Britisher started to roll.

A seven on the first roll, of course! But after that—oh boy! these Chinese bust-out artists the Gambling Mob hires are clever. OUR BRITISH GUEST DIDN'T MAKE A PASS AFTER THAT! . . . And when he was \$2,000 hooked, he became conscious

that the game wasn't on the up-and-up. He decided to take his loss and quit—but was he mad!

Back downstairs he was met by Charlie Thomas, who professed surprise at seeing him coming down the steps. "Had I known you were here, I wouldn't have let you go up alone," said Thomas (a convicted felon, by the way).

The Britisher left the bunco-steerer and the two pretty girls, returning to his hotel. Shortly later his Beach "friend" phoned him, and insisted on telling him how square the Royal Palm gamblers were, and kept assuring him that everything had been on the level . . . The peculiar part about this is that the Britisher had kept his

anger very secret, had mentioned to no one what he had lost, and in no way had let the Beachite know how mad he was going up against such a crooked game. And he will go on no more parties with his Beach friend—and has a pretty bad taste in his mouth about Miami's officials who will allow such a spot to operate in the heart of town!

This Britisher is the type of man Miamians are spending hundreds of thousands of advertising dollars annually to attract here. He is pretty wealthy—wealthy enough to bet up to \$5,000 a day at the Hialeah track and to live at the Waldorf-Astoria on his American trips, and stay at the highest-priced hotel on Bayshore drive.

TO SAFETY DIRECTOR DAN REYNOLDS:

You Clamped on the Lid, according to the Papers Recently . . . Did YOU Lift That Lid? . . . If you Didn't, Then WHO Did? . . . This'll Sound Funny in Court!

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.

THERE are 3,070 counties in the United States . . . Texas with 254 counties tops the list with Georgia, 159, in second place . . . Delaware has only 3 counties . . . The Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court receives \$20,500 per year . . . Associate justices receive \$20,000 per year . . . The clerk of the court draws down \$6,000 per year, the marshal \$5,500 and the court reporter \$8,000 . . . There is more actual water in a muskmelon than in a watermelon . . . Gooseberries contain almost as much water as a watermelon . . . The personnel of the Chicago police department consists of 6,690 officers and men including 59 policewomen and 26 matrons . . . Chicago has 50 aldermen 44 of whom are democrats and 6 republicans . . . Tom Mooney spent 22 years, 5 months and 11 days in prison . . . He was 33 years old at the time of the Preparedness Day Parade . . . The bomb, left in a suitcase, killed 10 persons and injured 40 . . . Mooney was first sentenced to be hanged and would have been except for President Woodrow Wilson interceding in his behalf with Gov. Stephens of California who commuted the sentence to life imprisonment . . . Warren Billings, who was convicted with Mooney, is still in prison because he was a former convict at the time of his second conviction and is, therefore, not eligible for a pardon . . . Mrs. Mooney was arrested with her husband but was found not guilty . . . She worked twenty-two years to help him gain a pardon and he booted her out within four months after his release.

The longest ski jump ever made in the United States was made by Bob Roecker, of Duluth Minn. at Ironwood Mich. in 1939 . . . He jumped 257 feet and landed on his feet . . . In 1909 the longest jump on record was 138 feet . . . The world's longest jump was made by Joseph Bradl, of Austria at Planica, Yugo-Slavia in 1938 when he sailed through the air for a distance of 350.96 feet to beat his own European record of 331.37 feet made in 1935 at the same place . . . Both Roecker's and Bradl's records are recognized by the National Ski Association . . . Retirement of Glenn Cunningham from the cinder path leaves Charles (Chuck) Fenske undisputed distance runner of the country . . . Fenske won the famous Princeton mile race last June defeating Cunningham, Archie San Romani, Blaine Rideout and Sydney Woodersen, British holder of the world's record . . . Fenske, former University of Wisconsin track star, led Cunningham to the wire by five yards . . . The time for the race was very slow, 4:11 . . . Woodersen's world record time was 4:6.4 . . . World's record for pole vaulting is held by Erle Meadows with a leap of 14 feet 3 1/4 inches . . . The running high jump record is 6 feet 7 inches and is held by Cornelius Johnson . . . The running broad jump record is 23 feet 6 inches and belongs to A. C. Kraenzlein . . . The world's record for women in the running broad jump is 19 feet 4 inches and is held by a Polish girl . . . The Jack Sharkey-Young Stribling fight held at Miami Beach, Feb., 27, 1929 drew a gate of \$395,369 which was a larger gate than Joe Louis and Primo Carnera drew when they clashed in New York City . . . The largest gate ever drawn for a prize fight was \$2,650,000 for the Dempsey-Tunney fight in Chicago in 1927 . . . Only five fights in history have drawn million dollar gates and Jack Dempsey was involved in all five of them . . . In addition to the Chicago fight other fights topping the million dollar mark were; Tunney-Dempsey, Philadelphia, \$1,895,723; Dempsey-Carpenter, Jersey City, \$1,626,580; Dempsey-Sharkey, New

THE SACRIFICE OF THE THRIFTY

By ALICE H. GRADY

Deputy Commissioner for Savings Bank Life Insurance in Massachusetts

(MIAMI LIFE is glad to present the most enlightening facts concerning insurance of all kinds—because Florida offers not one iota of protection to the buyers of insurance of any kind, and such enlightening information may lead to a reform . . . Florida has no insurance commission or adequate laws; insurance companies run rampant, paying next to nothing in licenses and taxes; fire insurance underwriters have become virtual dictators over municipalities, often forcing Miami and other municipalities, particularly Miami Beach, to spend much money needlessly; the companies generally hold over us the threat that they will All withdraw from the state if we make any attempt to regulate them! . . . MIAMI LIFE has already shown glaring overcharges in fire insurance, serious enough to make Miami business people demand relief. This week we touch upon another phase of insurance affecting thousands of Miami's, the weekly insurance plan or small policy system. Massachusetts thirty years ago instituted its famous saving bank life insurance to eliminate such chicanery as is still in vogue here! . . . Elihu Root, by the way, made his name through his insurance reforms in Massachusetts . . . In the following article MIAMI LIFE readers may readily see the advantages being enjoyed by policy buyers in such enlightened states such as Massachusetts, New York and Texas, where there are commissions and fine insurance restrictions to protect the gullible . . . "The Sacrifice of the Thrifty" was an address delivered before the Massachusetts State Branch of the American Federation of Labor at Worcester, Mass., about eight years ago, and has since been reprinted by the Massachusetts Savings Bank Insurance League. It is worth a few minutes of every insurance buyer's time. MIAMI LIFE was furnished this booklet by attorney Harry Gordon, local insurance reform advocate.)

SAVINGS BANK Life Insurance in Massachusetts was established as a constructive protest against the high cost of life insurance furnished by the commercial life insurance companies—and more particularly that form of life insurance which is written on the weekly premium plan.

I hold in my hand a weekly premium policy issued to a woman 25 years of age. It is a 15-year endowment policy for \$480 insurance, calling for a weekly premium of 80 cents. She was induced to subscribe for this by the persuasive eloquence of the insurance agent, who said to her:—"It is exactly like putting your money in a savings bank. If anything happens, you can get your money back." As a matter of fact, something did happen. Her husband lost his job. She had paid 80 cents a week for 2 years. That is, she had paid \$83.20 on this policy, but when she explained the facts to the agent and tried to get her money back, she was informed that there would be no cash value unless and until premiums were paid in full for ten years, and that there was no equity of any kind until the end of three years, and she received back not one cent of the \$83.20 paid by her.

She is the mother of three children and she was also paying weekly premiums on eight other policies,—all of which had been in force for periods varying from 1 year and 4 months to 6 years and 11 months. On none of these eight policies was she able to get any cash value on surrender although she had paid during the 6 years and 11 months premiums

amounting to \$343.30. During that time she had received dividends on three of the older policies amounting to \$3.75. Thus the net cost to her had been \$339.55,—not one cent of which she was able to get back. The family has been desperately hard up during this period of unemployment. The sums paid by her for weekly premium insurance would have paid the rent for about seventeen months. As a matter of fact, the family is broken up, the father doing odd jobs in one place, the mother in another, and the children are being taken care of as a matter of charity by the grandparents, who themselves have barely enough to provide the meagre necessities of life. They are receiving aid from the Public Welfare Department.

Who got the \$422.75 paid by that family?

If there is an insurance agent in the audience, I think I hear him murmur:—"If the policyholder had died while her endowment policy was in force, her family would have received \$480." True. That unimportant fact is a very important part of my message to you this afternoon. Mark this:—The very same agent who sold her that endowment policy for a weekly premium of 80 cents could have sold her a straight life policy for a weekly premium of 25 cents which would have provided life insurance in the amount of \$480, so that if her death had occurred at any time while that policy was in force her family would have received \$480, and the cost to her would have been only 25 cents a week instead of 80 cents a week. It must therefore be clear to anyone that

55 cents a week, i. e. the difference between 25 cents and 80 cents, was money deposited by her with the insurance company purely and simply for investment purposes. In other words, she delivered to the agent each week the sum of 55 cents, no part of which was required to pay for her life insurance, but was merely to be invested for her and returned to her with interest, and that is doubtless what the agent meant her to understand when he said:—"If anything happens you can get your money back." During the two years she deposited with the life insurance company in this manner the sum of \$57.20 on a single policy, which should have been held by it as a sacred trust and invested for her benefit and returned to her at the end of the time with interest, instead of which she received back not a single penny.

If she had carried her 15-year endowment policy in the Whitman Savings Bank instead of in the life insurance company, and had paid for it an amount equal to 80 cents a week for two years, she would have been insured for \$682 instead of only \$480 and she would have received on surrender of her policy \$79.44; that is, a guaranteed cash value of \$67.39, and the additional sum of \$12.05 representing the two years' dividend accumulations.

The cost of her \$480 protection for two years in the life insurance company was \$83.20, as compared with only \$3.76 which it would have cost in the Whitman Savings Bank for \$682 protection. In other words, the cost in the life insurance company was twenty-two times as much as it would have been! The wage-earners of Massachusetts have a right to ask: "What became of that \$79.44?"

The case which I have cited is not an isolated one. We have on file at the State House a record of hundreds of cases. Here are a few examples:

1. A family consisting of a mother and six children. Twenty-three weekly premium policies are carried, calling for a weekly payment of \$4.85.
2. A family consisting of father, mother, and four children. Thirty weekly premium policies are carried, on which premiums amounting to \$4.90 weekly are paid.
3. A family consisting of father, mother and five children. Twenty-five weekly premium policies are carried, on which the weekly payment amounts to \$5.58. In this case the father's weekly wage is \$30.
4. A family consisting of father, mother, and seven children. Forty weekly premium policies are carried, on which \$11.50 a week is paid. The father's salary is \$35 a week.

(To be concluded next week)

GREEBY ATTENDS THE OPERA

Sees "Rose Marie" from limb of coconut tree; Says he was once a famous opera star.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who does his "bare" hunting at Minsky's and his snipe hunting on Flagler street, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter sitting in a coconut tree listening to the opera, "Rose Marie" at the Orange Bowl stadium.

"I do not desire no publicity," he shivered as the reporter shinned up the tree and occupied an adjoining limb. "Shut U p," blurted the scribe, "I ain't here to listen to you. I'm attending the opera."

"Have you got a seegar?", queried Greeby in a hoarse whisper.

"Yes," replied the reporter lighting the weed.

"I mean have you got a extra one?", pled Greeby.

"Be quiet," ordered the reporter, "I want to hear that soprano hit that high note."

"She ain't no good" grumbled Greeby, "This is just a one-suspender opry company. They ain't a good one in the whole bunch."

"What do you know about opera?", snapped the scribe, "You wouldn't know an aria from a kooch dance."

"I resent that," beefed Greeby, "And for your information you are lookin' at one of the greatest figgers the opry has ever knowned."

"Some figger," sneered the reporter, "Just what were some of your outstanding performances?"

"Huh," belched Greeby, "You think you are smart don't you. If I told you that I had sung in practically every opry ever wrote you wouldn't believe me would you?"

"Hell no," grunted the reporter, "But if you told me you played the part of the "wind" in "Gone With The Wind" I wouldn't doubt it."

"I resent that," yapped Greeby. "They are still talkin' about my great part in "The Barber of

AT LA PALOMA



Suzanne Day shows all—at all shows at La Paloma Club nightly!

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1145 S. W. 8th St.

Seville," then———"
"Sure, sure," snapped the reporter, "I've heard about that part. You took the role of "next" in the big barber shop scene didn't you?"

"Then I'll always remember "Carmen" and the "Toreador" song. That was a night I'll———"

"Quiet," thundered the scribe, "I suppose in "Carmen" you were the guy who threw the bull."

"I sung it," defended Greeby.

"Sung what, the bull?", sneered the reporter.

"No, the song," belched Greeby.

"I'll bet you stopped the show didn't you," remarked the reporter.

"Not exactly," started Greeby, "But I slowed it down, er, er, I mean, I almost did."

"Go on, go on," egged the reporter, "Tell me about some more of your famous singing. Did you ever try light opera?"

"Sure," replied Greeby, "I was in light opera for two years when I was sick. I couldn't carry them heavy operies."

"You make me sick right now," snorted the reporter, "Do you always have to lie about everything. You don't know A flat from B major."

"The hell I don't," flared Greeby, "A flat is a place where a feller lives and it ain't B. Major at all. It's Major B, I've seen him run at Hialeah four times. Once he finished second and———"

"Does this go on forever?"

"Now I'll ask you one?", yiddled Greeby, "since you brung up this riddle business. What is the difference between a backhouse and a dining room?"

"No I don't," barked the reporter leaving his perch and starting down the tree.

"Haw, haw," giggled Greeby, "I'd sure hate to come over to your house for dinner. Why———"

"Good-bye," yelped the reporter as he hit the ground running.

"Wait a minute," shouted Greeby, "I was just kiddin' about hatin' to come to your house for dinner. What are you gonna be doin' tomorrow night?"

"Cutting my throat," shouted the scribe as he turned the corner of the stadium and lit out for Timbucktoo.

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CLAYTON'S
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IT MAY BE GOOD AND NOT BE OURS—BUT IT CAN'T BE OURS AND NOT BE GOOD.
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— LOOKING BACK —
Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

'RED' SHANNON'S DEATH

(Feb., 27, 1926)

THE GREAT Prohibition farce, with its sudden and meaningless flashes of tragedy, has claimed another victim. He is "Red" Shannon, world war veteran and master whisky smuggler, who was fatally shot by United States Coast Guardsmen Wednesday—at a distance of 10 feet, and in a channel filled with pleasure boats.

Today his body, with a bullet hole in the back, is riding northward in a rough pine box, for burial in Nova Scotia, his home. Red Shannon, the fearless one, with a bullet in his back! And the well-known and overworked "official probe" is under way.

Eye-witness statements regarding the shooting have filled the air ever since the ambulance took big Red, helpless for the first time in his active existence, to the Allison hospital. Indignant witnesses, at and near the Flamingo hotel, in front of which the Coast Guard cornered its prey and shot him down, came to the front with flat statements that the shooting was unjustified, reckless and highly dangerous to persons aboard nearby craft.

Their names include some of the most prominent in the country. Carl Fisher, Otto Sovereign and Jack Delany are among those who were on the ground. They probably will have something to tell when and if the "official probe" reaches them.

Capt. J. W. Giffon, in command of the yacht Rascal, was on board the vessel when the shooting took place, and is quoted as saying that a stray bullet from a coast guard gun went through the yacht and knocked out a port light, also tearing a hole through the side of the boat. The Rascal is chartered by Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Swindell of New York. Mrs. Swindell was also on the yacht and was almost hit by a bullet.

Forty yachts are registered in the Flamingo basin, and nearly every one was occupied at that hour, 6:45 p. m. The shooting took place about 200 yards from the hotel. Guests of the cottages, claim bullets passed over the roofs of their homes.

The rum-runners had no ammunition, and hotel guests say Shannon and his two assistants had their hands in the air when the shooting began. They declare that Shannon could not possibly have gotten away, claiming the coast guard boat was much the faster.

According to opinions expressed by certain prohibition officials and police, the man who did the firing upon Shannon's boat did it a little too fast—leaving the impression that the men in charge of the coast guard boat were inexperienced and possibly just a bit "skept."

That is some of the dope on the actual occurrence. And it makes out a case that fairly shrieks to be looked into.

Shannon's undeniable popularity around Miami and Miami Beach is one factor which probably will cause a full investigation of his death. He had an enviable reputation for daring, gameness, and fundamental honesty. He never carried a gun, never camouflaged the fact that he was a rum-runner, and he never gave trouble to the Beach police.

Even as he lay dying in Allison hospital he ran true to form. Regaining consciousness a short while before the end came, Red turned to Tom Farley, who was at the bedside, and said:

"Well, Tom, I guess I'm done." He smiled and tapped Farley on the back of the hand, and added: "But Tom, look at the good-looking nurse I've got to watch me die!"

He was that kind of man. He played the whisky business as a game, smiling whether he won or lost, and showing a daring in eluding the coast guard and federal prohibition men that made him a thorn in their side for years. It was not inappropriate that these men he had shown such a supreme contempt for should be the ones—instead of county or city men—to finally get him.

MIAMI LIFE does not wish to make a hero of Red Shannon, but he was a picturesque and dominant figure in Florida's liquor business, the central character of countless anecdotes of bravery and craftiness, a universally popular roughneck, with the free-handedness, warm-heartedness and courage that all men admire in another, even though they condemn him. As the master rum-runner of these parts, the "game guy" of the so-called underworld, Red is entitled to plenty of obituary notice.

But that, after all, is not the main purpose of this editorial. MIAMI LIFE particularly wishes to call public attention once more to the gory farce of prohibition enforcement as it is practiced today; to cry out again in protest against the promiscuous gun-play in which officers indulge at the risk of innocent lives, in enforcing a law that has become a national joke.

POLITICS AT MIAMI MILITARY ACADEMY

After the cadets have been drilled into a fairly law-abiding unit under the watchful eyes of the staff, they begin to ask when there is going to be a "let up." "Gee! a fellow can't even look cross-eyed around here! Have I got to walk a tight rope all my life?" The answer is, YES! "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty." No one can be a good American citizen who is not constantly watchful of his every movement, and who does not govern himself correctly all the time, and who does not see to it that others do the same.

"Well, Colonel, we have been reading all about how the Constitution gives everybody the right to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. How about it? When do we get ours?" "Whenever you qualify as good American citizens," replied the Colonel. "And, moreover," he continues, "neither the Constitution nor anything else can guarantee life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness to the unworthy."

"All right, Colonel, shoot! How can we get a break? This kind of life is hard on old clothes."

"You can get a 'break', as you call it, by taking a certain point of view and maintaining it. You can quit being bossed and go to bossing yourselves."

"Wow! That's what I want," said one. "I'm tired of having to jump every time some teacher hollers at me. But wait a minute, Colonel what's th' catch?"

"The 'catch', said the Colonel, "is that you have to govern yourselves properly, fairly and honestly. You have to follow the Golden Rule and do it first." (murmurings in the far corner "Golden Rule, Golden Rule. Has he went nuts? Don't he know nothing but the Golden Rule? How about the Gold Standard?")

"Did some gentleman say something?" mildly enquired the Colonel.

"N-no, s-sir— Y-yes, Sir, we're all for it, sir," replied the leader loudly.

"Very well, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "If you are sure you feel that way about it, I see no reason why we cannot proceed, provided we can agree on some further details."

"Hold on now, Colonel, sir. Wait a minute. You are not getting ready to slip a few more 'catches' into this thing, are you?"

"Well now, gentlemen, this word 'catch' you use so often is not good english I am afraid, and I am not sure that it appears in the dictionary in the sense in which you seem to use it. I shall not go so far as to deny that I may have apprehended your present meaning of it once or twice in my long and che— (commotion in the far corner again. Heavy whisperings: "Now see what you've started, simp. Can't ya let well enough alone? Ya git him started on good English and we'll be here till sundown.")

"Does some gentleman desire the floor?" queried the Colonel. "N-no sir, Colonel sir, one of the boys just swallowed a button, sir."

"Well, well, well. That is unfortunate. How often have I told you to keep buttons and other foreign articles out of your mouths? Shall we rush him to the infirmary, or shall we let him 'walk post' for a while?"

"No-no, sir, Colonel, sir. He's all right now, sir. We'll see that he doesn't do it again, sir, Let's go on."

"Very well, gentlemen. I merely wish to emphasize the fact in several ways that proper student government cannot be a system of getting something for yourselves alone. A good citizen must believe and PRACTICE the theory that honesty pays, here and now, for each and all. It is not just something for the other fellow, while we, ourselves, 'bore from within.' We must each play fairly and do it first. I think we should adopt existing rules of law and order and the regulations of M. Military Academy, with the privilege of amending these as you

find it necessary after the most careful and honest consideration. And you must enforce the aforesaid regulations completely until such time as they may be amended, and then enforce the amendments.

There will probably have to be some electioneering for and against proposed amendments and for and against different candidates for your officers. Now there is one thing I will not have in the school, and that is 'dirty politics', as it is often practiced among adults. Think your civic problems over clearly and honestly. Then, if you decide that you have an important opinion or point of view, you have the right and the DUTY to try to convince others of it. But you must tell the truth about it. Try to find out the full truth first then talk. But if you do not know the truth and cannot find out, keep still and vote your own opinion. There must be no besmirching of opposing candidates, no mud-slinging; the folly that keeps many of the very best American citizens out of public affairs for fear of contamination, while the thick-skinned and vulgar-minded glory in it and get the offices. And when some fellow tries to electioneer you, listen to him patiently, and think. He may have something you had not thought of. If so, he has done you a favor. Several heads are better than one in that they can come nearer to thinking out all the details. Try to find out the truth for yourself in the light of what you know. Then vote your calm and considered opinion regardless of whether anyone else votes your way or not. Don't vote just to be with the crowd. The crowd is often wrong, just because the wrong idea has got their attention. Don't be sheep, as many of our present citizens now are at election time. Sheep are eventually slaughtered, you know; just as our thoughtless, careless and ignorant adult citizens often lead us all to political folly.

"Now a word as to your formal organization. I am not so much interested in the details of it, the officers you elect and what you call them, as I am in the spirit behind it all and that should animate every one of you. If your spirit is right all will go well, and if not, it will not, regardless of organization. I suggest that the organization include you all and even us staff men, if you like. We are people, too, you know. The question of punishment will eventually come up. We are all human and subject to error. Punishment, in the correct sense, aids us to rectify our mistakes. It seems to be a part of life. There is to be no hazing or rough stuff. We are not to become a mob or cruel judges. If any fellow violates good citizenship, give him a black mark and advise him. If he repeats, expel him from your organization and bring him to the civic 'hospital', the school office. There the staff men will try to convince him of his mistake and sell him on the idea of doing his proper duty. With the vast majority of you working actively in the right direction and the staff using its persuasive influence, the delinquent will probably see his way to cooperate and you may be willing to readmit him to your society. Thus our community can be conducted as a good and intelligent democracy should be.

"Gentlemen, I wish you every success."

"Now what do you know about that?" exclaimed a cadet outside the hall. "It looks like the Colonel has sold us a bill of goods. Here we have got to go worrying all the time whether we are doing right or not, whether a teacher is looking or not. It is so much easier to dodge when being watched and then take it easy when no one is around. Me, I dunno. 'Aw, stow the gab! Ya asked for it, didn't ya? What's bitin ya? It ain't all over yet. Maybe there's a way out.'



JUDGE HENDRY TO RUN

Judge Norman Hendry of the Civil Court of Record has announced that he will be a candidate to succeed himself in the May Democratic primary. Judge Hendry was appointed on January 4th, 1940, to fill a term expiring in August, 1941.

Judge Hendry is the y-five years of age, is a native of Georgia and is a member of a pioneer family, his father and grandfather having been natives of Florida. Hendry County, Florida took its name from his family. He has lived in Miami since 1921 and has been active in the Young Democratic Clubs, both in Florida and the nation. He was elected president of the Dade County Club of Young Democrats for three successive terms and has been influential in the state and national affairs of the Young Democratic Clubs of America.

Judge Hendry is married, his wife, formerly Miss Elsie Davison, being a native of New Jersey. He is a steward of the Trinity Methodist Church, an officer of the James Carnell Masonic Lodge, associate patron of the Eastern Star, a member of the Scottish Rite, of the Elks, of the Dade County and Florida State Bar Associations and of the Exchange Club.

EVANGELIST WILLITTS

FIVE-THOUSAND free seats are available at the newly constructed wooden Tabernacle, N. W. 7th avenue and Thirty-fourth street, since Sunday afternoon, Feb. 18th, when Miss Ethel R. Willitts, nationally known Bible Expositor and Evangelist, opened a series of meetings.

Miss Willitts, who is the founder and pastor of Everybody's Tabernacle in Detroit, will be heard over radio stations WIOD and WQAM daily and Sunday during the meetings and has issued special invitations to Miami ministers to attend the services. She conducted continuous revival services for 17 weeks at the Century of Progress World's Fair in Chi-

cago in 1933 and is well known for her radio ministry. She held a nine month revival meeting in Detroit where fifty-seven thousand answered the altar call and 956 were baptized by water immersion. During her notable career Miss Willitts has conducted meetings in Hamilton, Ohio, Terre Haute, Indiana, San Diego, Cal., Muskegon, Saginaw and Flint Mich., Cleveland and dozens of other cities. Associated with Miss Willitts are Kathryn Stephens, radio singer, Pearl Thompson, pianist, Doris Herman, violinist, organist and also singer, Laura Plambeck, Mrs. Katherine Bachant and Mr. Fred Thompson. A choir of 300 voices will sing night-

payer. The wholesale issuance of tax warrants for the collection of personal property taxes is in my opinion unnecessary, particularly when it adds to the hardships of the taxpayer with unnecessary and excessive fees being charged in addition to taxes. It is my opinion that most of such taxes can and should be collected without resorting to such harsh measures.

"We spend huge sums publicizing the attractions of Dade County. While other harbors are filled with palatial yachts, Biscayne Bay in comparison looks like the Dead Sea. Much of the good done by the money we spend to attract visitors can be nullified by public officials who offend the visitor.

"While it is true that a Tax Collector's job is to collect taxes, it is also true that a friendly and cooperative attitude on the part of the tax collector would be most beneficial to our people."

KELLY TO MAKE HOT CAMPAIGN

THOMAS J. KELLY, twice commander of Harvey Seeds Post, American Legion, captain of the Greater Miami Boys' Drum & Bugle Corps, president of Dade County School Children's Milk Fund, and Past Exalted Ruler of Miami Elks, is going to give County Tax Collector Hayes Wood a run for his job in the coming Democratic primary elections. Kelly's business is insurance. He threw his hat in the ring this week, with the written announcement that "the tax situation in Dade County has been giving resident businessmen the jitters for the past three years, and I have entered the race only at the insistence of many of my friends who are of the opinion that I could bring about a desired change in the situation." The statement continued:

"It is my belief that a Tax Collector's office should function with smooth efficiency and with courteous treatment to the tax-



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A. and P. Short-weights Woman

(Continued from Front Page.)

cutted would have been a sensation. But it was not. Judge Dunn could scarcely do anything but what he did—

And besides, Mrs. Edwards had her money back! . . . Of course, it's too bad that there wasn't somebody in the New Deal administration to worry about other A. & P. customers not so lucky in discovering short-weights or short-changing, two of the A. & P. Company's stocks-in-trade, which along with adulteration, and other chain-store manipulations make it one of Miami's most profitable businesses (for its out-of-town owners).

MIAMI LIFE thinks a good grand jury investigation might develop some things the public has a right to know about. Whether the Twyman's are regular attorneys for the A. & P.—or if this was the first time Lewis Twyman's brother has appeared for that chainstore concern. If it is the first time, then the grand jury has something definite to work upon—for it may be this lawyer is capitalizing upon the fact that his brother is city attorney (and prosecutor)—and it might pay crooks to hire him!

THEY FORGOT THE FLAG

Evidently Miamians have decided to help Walter Winchell become Public Flag Waver No. 1. In any event there was very little, if any, flag waving noticeable Thursday despite the fact that Washington's Birthday is generally recognized as one of our leading national holidays. Many public institutions and private business concerns were too busy reaping tourist dollars to be bothered with patriotism.

The American Legion, however, wasn't too busy to make a survey of the sorry situation and noted at the very beginning that the Miami Chamber of Commerce was very conspicuous among institutions NOT displaying a flag. Further along the line of neglect they discovered the Y. M. C. A. and the Miami Daily News without starry banners on display. Other institutions and business concerns reported by the Legion committee were Police headquarters, fire headquarters, the Paramount theater, Seybold building, Huntington building, Ingraham building, Alcazar Hotel, Marine Grille, Miami Colonial Hotel and the Plaza Hotel. The only flag prominently displayed between Flagler street and the Sears-Roebuck store on Biscayne boulevard was at Manning's Seafood Grill and not a single flag was visible on S. E. First street between the Boulevard and the railroad.

Papers Deride Friend of Poor

OUR Dailies, instead of benefiting the public by demanding repeal of garbage tax, auto drivers' tax, or other iniquities of a city administration that has become part of the Royal Palm Club's gambling set-up, now deride anybody who dares to fight for the poorer folk, for the underprivileged of Miami. Mrs. A. B. Woodson, for instance . . . a woman who sees abject poverty

about her every day; a woman who knows that while the paying out of \$6 a year for garbage disposal and needless driver licenses doesn't hurt the John M. Knights and James M. Coxes of our community, there are Miami families who simply don't get that much ahead in the course of a year!

The dailies persecute her—for giving the commission majority a piece of her mind. The people, however, feel grateful to Mrs. Woodson. Bless her! We wish there were more like her . . . it wouldn't take many more like her to drag the high and mighty down from their usurped perches!

Mike Jacobs

ROUND FOUR

MIKE JACOBS is using his usual tactics, showing his control over referees, judges, boxing commissions from any city, by importing his own referee Arthur Donovan, and at least one judge.

It can be taken for granted that this referee and judge imported by Mike Jacobs, will lean toward his wishes . . . which may be the reason for the lack of interest shown in the coming fight, although it is supposed to be a charity affair. If this is not the case, then Mike Jacobs, in effect is calling the city of Miami boxing commission incompetent dishonest and untrustworthy.

The Miami boxing commission has always been in favor of using local referees and judges, but Mike Jacobs is taking no chances. Miami does not like the importation of outsiders, which cast reflections upon the ability of the citizens of Miami.

We venture to say that this will be Mike Jacobs' last promotion here, because his tactics are certain to be resented, and without the good will and the cooperation

tion of the public, no event can be a financial success, which according to past performances is all that Money Monger Michael is interested in.

They Tell Me . . .

THAT there isn't enough money in the crooked gambling syndicate's pot to buy off everybody—hence it's likely somebody's going to suffer

THAT for a town containing the big percentage of Georgians that Miami does, the newspapers last week fell down miserably in pronouncing Albany, Ga., where the cyclone struck . . . it is not pronounced like, for instance, Albany, N. Y. . . . but ALL-BEN-y

THAT through Kay Kyser's local broadcasting quiz the other night, we and other radio listeners throughout the country heard a University of Miami student place among the "great lovers in history" Samson and Goliath

THAT six members of the Terry family are drawing money from the school board—although there are widows and their daughters still on the waiting list

THAT the Herald has just about cornered all the literary egocentrics hereabouts—unless you remember that the News has a couple or three

THAT Jay could be No. 1 Man with the Palm Beach Mrs. Midas—if he'd give the little Miami gold-digger the go-by . . . here's a case of two very poor, but very good-looking young folks passing up great opportunities for something that really can't be called love

THAT beautiful Dorothy had better stay away from drunks

Faker Seward Has Few Friends Here

Prof. A. F. Seward's luck is running out at last. Unless the authorities put a sudden stop to his quackery he stands in grave danger of having his cars knocked off almost any time now and his red-headed son-in-law, whose foul mouth has insulted too many decent women, likewise is a splendid prospect for mayhem. At least that is the impression MIAMI LIFE has derived from the many complaints which have come in, in a never-ending stream since we first exposed these charlatans two weeks ago.

For the benefit and enlightenment of newly arrived visitors the above-mentioned Prof. Seward is the voluble faker who helps give downtown Miami its cheap, tawdry, street-carnival appearance. For several years he has maintained his horoscope joint on Biscayne boulevard at the foot of Flagler street and has waxed wealthy as a result of connivance practiced in selling cheap horoscopes to gullible suckers. Most of the mouth work is done by Leroy Howells, Seward's son-in-law, and day and night the joint is surrounded by suckers lured there by Seward and Howells' balmy. Both delight in suggestive

insults for those who stop and listen. Howell especially likes to turn the trend of his ballyhoo into sex channels. Whenever a patron objects to shelling out a dollar for a horoscope the patron is openly insulted, especially if said patron happens to be a defenseless woman. Upon one occasion Howell struck a middle-aged woman over the head because he did not like her remarks; he has been sued for damages.

"Only fear of resultant publicity kept me from going down there and beating Seward and Howells to a pulp!" said one man who came into MIAMI LIFE office this week. "My wife, accompanied by our young daughter, happened to stop in front of the dump one afternoon and Howells' smutty remarks are too indecent to print. At first I thought of appealing to the police to stop such flagrant violation of the law and then I just thought I would take things in my own hands and clean house. My wife begged me to refrain from either on account of publicity."

"They rooked my aged mother out of \$1.50," said another man. "They sold her a two-cent horoscope and pretended to analyze her handwriting. I had given her the money to get a prescription filled. I am still debating whether

to file a complaint against them." "I only wish to God I had been there when Howells hit my mother over the head," said the husky son of the woman who has filed suit against Seward and Howells. "If I had been there I would probably be the one facing the courts now."

"I am amazed that the authorities of Miami tolerate such a thing," said a winter visitor. "It makes downtown Miami look like the worst part of Coney Island. I used to think Miami was a pretty clean city but I think next year we will go to St. Petersburg because if this sort of thing gets by now I wouldn't be surprised to come back next year and find bawdy houses with neon signs on Biscayne boulevard."

"I answered one of Prof. Seward's advertisements for an assistant," blushed a young woman who stopped at MIAMI LIFE'S office to add her complaint to

the dozens of others, "but I didn't get to first base. As a matter of fact I didn't even get to Seward. His son-in-law interviewed me and from his smutty remarks I readily learned that I didn't care to 'assist' anyone connected with the outfit."

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