

# CITY ATTORNEY PROTECTS SHORTWEIGHTERS



Vol. 14—No. 22

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"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Reubin Clein, Publisher

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## MOB TO TALK—IF CITY CLOSES 'EM!

Herald Top Editorial last Sunday: \* \* "Miami's contempt for the police force will continue to grow as long as criminals are allowed to escape incarceration for their depredations."

WHEN THE Herald's Biscayne Bill commended City Manager L. L. Lee for not waiting for the return of Sheriff D. C. Coleman before stopping the operation of slot machines throughout the city, the Herald ADMITTED PUBLICLY that it knows, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the city commission majority control our law enforcement agencies through the city manager, whom they can fire or hire at will!

Now the heads of the Mob, which has operated crooked gambling here for years, the last two years especially, at the Royal Palm Club, are notorious stool-pigeons and squealers. So, when the going became a little rough in the last week or two, and it began to look like they might be treated like other gambling casino operators, they—according to well-defined rumor—threatened to talk! . . . said yes, they'd go before the G-Men, if they had to—and they wouldn't hesitate to tell how much each city commissioner received for allowing them to run! . . . and added further, that if they did talk, indictments would come thick and fast! . . . they'd show that these so-and-so's who held themselves up as paragons of virtue were actually parties to the conspiracy to violate the gambling laws! . . . and threatened other things.

Now if anyone has any doubt as to the truth of this rumor, explain this: Why was the Royal Palm Club tipped off Tuesday afternoon to move their tools (gambling paraphernalia) and move it quickly—which they did? . . . and why was it restored there the same evening, and gambling resumed? . . .

and on the following day an injunction was sought for the second time to close the Sunny Isles Casino, prohibiting it from gambling—BUT NONE AGAINST THE ROYAL PALM CLUB?

Here's another clincher: The city has broken all records in fine and forfeiture collections in its last month's gambling

If anyone is foolish enough to risk his money over the crooked tables of Miami's Only Gang of Organized Criminals, he can't be said to deserve any sympathy. MIAMI LIFE has warned repeatedly their wheels are fixed, their dice crooked, the operators despised and distrusted by almost everyone, even members of the underworld.

If you must gamble, try to find an honest joint!

Although gambling reopened at the Royal Palm last Saturday night, no longer on the "sneak", but in the big room, the Herald failed to mention it—and has not mentioned it since—though that's bigger news than anything else in the Herald! Curiously enough, Inez Robb failed to mention it; likewise Winchell; likewise other Herald columnists! Talk about a "cover-up!"

arrests—BUT NOT ONCE HAS THE ROYAL PALM GAMBLERS BEEN ARRESTED—ALTHOUGH IT IS THE MOST CONSPICUOUS GAMBLING JOINT IN SOUTH-EAST FLORIDA! . . . Because with the first conviction the Royal Palm Club's lease can be cancelled!

AS LONG AS THE ROYAL PALM CLUB GAMBLERS

HAVE MONEY ENOUGH TO PAY OFF THEY WON'T BE ARRESTED AND ENJOINED!

Every time the Mob flagrantly violates the law at the Royal Palm Club, they make the critics of G-Man Hoover (who charged graft and corruption were rife here) look ridiculous—and those critics trying to burn Hoover's hide because he dares stop the golden flow of gambler money, look worse every time the Mob repeats.

The Mobsters unquestionably have proved they have great influence here. They especially have influence over everyone sent here to investigate gambling. It must be either by threats—or by huge payments of cash—or both—that they've staved off ultimate defeat.

But in the final analysis you're bound to point your finger accusingly at city hall—and to the city commission majority in control of the police. It is becoming clearer and clearer that the Mob has all of us in their clutches. From crooked gambling—and the huge fortune made this season at the Royal Palm Club (even after the huge pay-off!) it is only a step to crooked city management—and having become criminally identified with the city commission majority, the Mob will move in on the preserves hitherto the exclusive property of the Herald, the First National Bank, and their stooges! . . . In other words, dominion over all Miamians!

We're beginning to believe that Attorney General Gibbs understands the situation—maybe more clearly than we do! But anyway we're making sure he sees this—and we're sending it to him by registered mail! MIAMI LIFE wants to be able to say definitely that what is written above is no longer rumor, but fact!

### Frank Stoneman Whopper

By FATHER TIME  
IF OLD Frank B. Stoneman of the Herald wants to round out the remaining years of his extra-long life in peace, he'd better get somebody who knows better to edit his "Miami Memories" on Sundays—or discontinue them altogether. Otherwise, there are old-time residents in Miami who might forget his age and knock his block off. For the "Judge" is, in the language of the Westerners, "playing loose and fancy with words." Age certainly has not diluted the meanness and nastiness that characterized his writings of old.

If you have last Sunday's Herald handy, look up his piece in the editorial section. Read it—and then tell us if Stoneman doesn't, "with malice aforethought," give you the impression that the Herald has been anti-railroad and that the afternoon Metropolis, under the respected S. Bobo Dean (before he sold it in 1923 to James M. Cox to be converted into the Daily News), was a "powerful supporter of the so-called railroad faction"

Read it—and see for yourselves! . . . Now that "Judge" Stoneman has asked for it, let's see if he can take it. The Stoneman veracity has never been the best. But he reached unknown heights in falsification in last Sunday's paper. And there are men in Miami, as we've said before, who'd knock his block off—if they could find him . . . We quote in part:

... Then, in 1904, The Metropolis became an afternoon daily. S. Bobo Dean was called from West Palm Beach to take part in the management of the Metropolis and in a short time became its owner. For a time The Metropolis was a powerful supporter of the so-called railroad faction before factions

in Miami ceased to be. \* \* \* "The roots of the Miami Herald go back to the year 1900, and this is the story. \* \* \* Miami was becoming known as an up and coming little city. A group of Miami citizens then composing what was known as the Anti-Railroad faction (every new town had one in those days) wanted a newspaper to represent them. So, in 1903, the Evening Record made a move and came to Miami. \* \* \* Subsequently the Record became the News-Record . . . then went into the morning field. \* \* \*

There you are. As plain as the noses on your faces! . . . Out of a shadowy past a Miami Munchausen tries to picture for us a pro-F.E.C. Metropolis, and a people-loving, anti-railroad Herald. Bobo Dean, are you seething with rage?

The truth of the matter is simply that Frank Stoneman is a liar. And a very ungraceful one.

It was the Herald—from time immemorial—that was, of course, the railroad paper. It was hated pretty intensely by a majority of the people of Miami, a situation that lasted clear until 1923 when James M. Cox purchased the afternoon Metropolis from Bobo Dean and proceeded to lose some of the good-will that the fearless Bobo Dean had won by unceasingly fighting for the common people of Miami against the ever-mean, ever-contemptible, ever-ruthless Florida East Coast Railroad.

Editor Stoneman deliberately misled the public in Sunday's paper in depicting even his personal situation at that time. As a matter of fact, the F. E. C. Railroad

OWNED THE HERALD—which, in those days, was the News-Record. The struggling paper couldn't pay its bills. The railroad foreclosed on it. Frank B. Shutts was made receiver for the tiny, struggling paper and Stoneman remained as editor . . . Shutts was not a munificent prince of finance seeing in it a nice journalistic proposition, as the senile Frank Stoneman tries to make one believe in his mischievous remembrances. He was a struggling Hoosier lawyer getting a great break, and not completely realizing it—for Miami was a tiny hamlet then.

The Herald's beginnings were the most sordid a newspaper ever had—if you want the truth about it. Directed by a corporation lawyer, owned by a railroad, the only railroad, which of course owned most of the Flagler Street stores! . . . the railroad practically owning the whole town, and most of the leading men . . . so much so that the Herald and the stores and the railroad once tried to boycott Bobo Dean and his Metropolis out of existence for telling the truth about the railroad's duplicity—and Bobo Dean whipped all three of them! . . . whipped them, with the people of Miami in back of him! The people of Miami, God bless 'em!—in turn boycotting every "railroad store" and the Herald, as we! . . . Those were stirring times in the early history of Miami that Frank Stoneman—if he were a square-shooter, and honest, and the God-fearing man he pretends to be—could have graphically written . . . that is, if he could ever write the truth . . . which, as everyone who knows him must admit, he can't!

### A. & P. PAYS TWYMAN RENT!

LAST WEEK—and the week before—MIAMI LIFE exposed A. & P. Super-Market frauds upon the public. City Hall was strangely silent, unresponsive. We just found out the reason.

The 12th avenue A. & P. Super-Market is on property leased them by the Miami city attorney himself—Attorney Lewis Twyman! No wonder Lewis Twyman's brother represented the A. & P. manager a couple of weeks back for shortweighting a

#### Arnold's Heaven

H. H. "Honk-Honk" Arnold, former Miami traffic director, now manager of Miami's Municipal Golf Course at Miami Springs, is paid \$180 by the city and gets \$40 a month car allowance, although he lives upstairs at the club house. It's very good for "Honk-Honk." He has practically no expense, out of his own pocket—lights, water, etc., all taken care of. "Honk-Honk" will be remembered as the man who apparently was letting so many play free on the course a year or two ago—although when a cash register was installed at the first tee, necessitating a good check-up system, the green fees increased hundreds of dollars a month! . . .

Now we find that the clubhouse operates under a beer and wine license, in the name of A. C. Sutton—although last year it was in the name of Sutton and Arnold. The license number is 299. Then they're selling whiskey there—under a club license much cheaper—in the name of Irving Martin. THE CITY GETS NONE OF THIS REVENUE.

Does the city know about this? We ask, knowing that the commission has refused to allow liquor to be sold at the Stadium. Let's have some explanation. Why is Arnold permitted to get by with this?

#### BLISSFUL SUGGESTIONS

THE HERALD Malnutrite, H. Bond (Where Ignorance Is) Bliss, whose column gives other crackpots something to point to defensively, wrote: "We buy poor oil stock because the representative says it is good. But we cannot see the gold mine next door." . . . Better be careful, Bondie, or your bosses will be yanking you off Page One. You shouldn't, even in the most indirect way, cast any reflections upon the Herald pet oil scheme promoter, Bankrupt Blanchard, whose Everglades oil promotion the Herald is fostering—yes, touting—maybe more slyly than a few months back, but nevertheless touting!

Just for the fun of it, we'd like to see Bondie allowed to turn his dyspepsia upon certain of the Herald's blood-sucking pets . . . not only Blanchard and his Tamiami Trail well . . . but the Gambling Mob and their crooked dice . . . the Florida Power & Loom Company . . . Little Nell's Yes-Men on the City Commission, domineered by the little Scotsman, Alex Orr . . . People might start reading his column if he'd only tell the people things about his bosses and their machinations!

woman eleven pounds on a piece of beef! And no wonder it was not prosecuted vigorously!

Court house records show that Attorney Twyman bought the property recently, because up to 1938 it was in the name of John H. McCarthy. This year Attorney Twyman is being billed for taxes. He has leased it to A. & P. for five years.

The A. & P. is one of the most flagrant violators of food laws not only in Miami but nationally. A. & P. brands are constantly being cited by federal inspectors for shortweights, adulterations, misbranding, and other violations of pure food codes.

### FAKER SEWARD'S MAN FRIDAY

HARRY Latainer, associate of Faker Seward, bayfront astrologer who has skipped town with his son-in-law, Red Howells, since our expose, is a frequent visitor at the offices of MIAMI LIFE. He comes asking mercy. Then he entertains audiences at night by telling them how MIAMI LIFE is trying to blackmail Seward, Howells, himself!

It's all right. Latainer is small-fry. He's one of the best con men it has even been our privilege to hear and see. It's amusing to us to hear him in private, bewailing his fate and begging us not to put him on the spot—and then hear him in public, telling the people that Seward is a much-maligned man, just because he refused to be blackmailed by MIAMI LIFE!

He doesn't, of course, give his hearers a chance to ask why Seward couldn't prosecute MIAMI LIFE for criminal libel if our statements were false. As we've said before, Latainer is a good con man. He doesn't tell, for instance, about his visits here, . . . only yesterday afternoon,

for example, when he asked the publisher if he'd be a good sport and not get mad at being accused of being a blackmailer! Latainer tells us privately he doesn't give a damn what we say about Seward—but please lay off Harry Latainer! He admits freely he's in a racket—to turn a dollar whenever he can—and believes that to be his inalienable right. He's a good con man, as we've said. He admits to us that he was in no way connected in any official capacity with the State of California, although he tells the crowds that. He doesn't tell the crowds a lot of facts, of course . . . That his only job is prying dollars, quarters, even pennies from them as long as his gift of gab holds out. That he has offered our newsboys money if they'd take a walk while he was on the platform.

And, of course, he never mentioned to his audience what he was told on his first visit to MIAMI LIFE office—that we weren't interested in Seward's money! But in ridding our Bayfront of a nuisance.



# 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.

A few hours before the mighty Seabiscuit thundered across the finish line to become the world's leading money winning horse at Santa Anita last Saturday another race had already been run at another race track, far, far, away... At the other track there wasn't a pot of gold and a horseshoe of roses awaiting the winner... It was just a cheap claiming race for selling platers... Entered in that other race was a horse named Wae Hae, entered by an obscure owner and ridden by an unknown jockey... Wae Hae finished sixth, badly beaten and never a factor in competition for the \$750 purse hung up for the winner... As a matter of fact any other owner having a horse in the race could have claimed Wae Hae for \$1,250... But no one wanted him even at that price... Now— we turn back the clock to still another race... A race at Hialeah five years ago... It was the first race on the card and "a goodly crowd" was there... Entered in this Miami race were, among other horses, a pair of thoroughbreds—namely, Seabiscuit and Wae Hae... It was Seabiscuit's first race but not Wae Hae's... Wae Hae had been to the post before and had even felt the glory of the winner's circle... The starter sprung the barrier and Wae Hae leaped forth like an arrow... Seabiscuit, a scared and sorry-looking colt, dashed away from the starting gate completely bewildered and tried to follow Wae Hae... Seabiscuit made a sorry job of the chore, running all over the track and never even reaching contention... Wae Hae coasted across the finish line, a winner and Seabiscuit staggered in a badly beaten fourth... The owner of Seabiscuit would have been eager to trade his colt for the impressive-looking Wae Hae and might have been willing to "give something to boot"... Wae Hae had his day in the sun and the obscure Seabiscuit slunk back to his stall in disgrace... Last Saturday, just a few hours before Seabiscuit became the most famous horse in all the world, Wae Hae ran in a \$1,200 claiming race at Hot Springs and finished sixth... Do horses believe in fate?

Somehow many of us have been led to believe, from time to time, that American motion picture actors and actresses are the best in the world... At least we have been given this impression as we hear of the achievements of Barrymore, Power, Gable, Muni, Norma Shearer, Claudette Colbert, Bette Davis and others... We have even been informed that Joan Crawford and Katherine Hepburn were supposed to be great actresses... Evidently we have been sadly misinformed... Either that or those who pass out Academy Awards are all wrong... An English actress and an English actor walked off with the two top awards and the award for the best supporting role went to a negress... True, she was an American negress which alleviates the pain somewhat—she could have been a Nassau negress which would have made it a clean sweep for Johnny Bull... We rather imagine there are a lot of red faces in Hollywood these days and the "scarlet" was not caused by Old Sol.

Elaborately infolded upon themselves to provide the greatest possible surface for picking up oxygen, the lungs represent an area greater than 100 square yards... A Flagler street leather goods concern sold more than 100 buggy whips in Miami last year but seldom sells a dog whip... As Confucius say; More people whip buggies than dogs... It cost nearly \$4,000,000 to produce GWTW but less than a quarter of a million to turn out "Grapes of Wrath"... Every producer in Hollywood except Hal Roach turned "Grapes of Wrath" down because they did not believe it would get by the Hays office... Why all the dither because Greta Garbo refused to talk while in Miami?... If she had talked she probably would not have said anything worth while... She never has yet... John L. Lewis' refusal to talk is really something to get excited about... He has talked himself into the millionaire class... It must have been talk; he never worked... Wisconsin cheese manufacturers turn out better Swiss cheese than the Swiss... As a matter of fact the Swiss are so sore about it they have changed the name of their cheese to "Switzerland" cheese... The "Lum 'n Abner" program is scheduled to leave the air soon... Likewise Milton Berle...

# Miamians Can Demand-- and Get-- Cheaper Fire and Life Insurance

THE MORE MIAMI LIFE delves into the insurance situation as affecting Miami in particular and Florida in general, the more we are convinced that the intelligent folk of the Metropolitan area should league themselves in some manner to obtain the cheap protection to property and life they're entitled to—but which powerful insurance lobbies have so far withheld from them. Florida has less fire loss, and it is very much out of proportion to the loss in the four southeastern states with which Florida is linked by fire insurance underwriters—and Metropolitan Miami's fire

loss is infinitesimal compared with the rest of the state—actually about one-twentieth of what this region pays out in fire insurance premiums!...

And speaking of life insurance—  
How would you like a life insurance policy that costs only a half to three-quarters what you're paying now—and yet one upon which you could borrow money after one year? That is what the Massachusetts Savings Bank Insurance League accomplished back in 1907, whipping the powerful insurance lobby in the legislature, and providing a form of "over-the-

counter" insurance that survived every economic seige, most dramatically weathering the worst insurance year on record—1931; that year Savings Bank Insurance lapse policies amounted to only 1.24 per cent, while the lapse ratio on the most popular style of poor folks insurance, known as weekly premium amounted to 76.18!... This type of insurance could be available in Florida with the proper political management and exploitation throughout the state, and, of course, proper action by the legislature and governor... By the way, the great supreme court justice, the late Louis D. Brandeis, got his start to fame by prosecuting the fight for cheaper insurance in Massachusetts and exposing corruption, excessive profits, and abuses connected with insurance in the east. Likewise did Chief Justice Hughes win his spurs by fighting New York insurance czars.

Although there are several classifications used by Florida underwriters (there are four classifications in Miami proper), the average rate of premiums is figured by dividing the amount of premiums received by the amount of risks written on state-wide business covering all classifications, that is, all types of property insured under fire insurance contracts. The average rate or premium given is in terms of \$100 of insurance. Florida is grouped with four other states in the Southeastern Underwriters' Association, Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina. Florida's rate is 99 cents, with a loss ratio (loss paid as compared to premium received) of 28.7. The table follows:

	Rate of Premium (per 100) for 1938	% Loss Ratio for 1938
Alabama	\$.96	38.2
FLORIDA	.99	28.7
Georgia	.92	39.2
North Carolina	.75	34.8
South Carolina	.95	38.1
New York	.55	37.9

Some idea of the discrimination against Floridians is given in the comparison for 1938 with New York State, which maintains its own rating bureau:  
To state it plainly, Florida has a loss ratio of only three-fourths of what New York's is, and yet its people pay an 80% higher price for fire insurance than do New Yorkers!

But when you consider that the Metropolitan Miami section has an extremely small fire loss in comparison to the rest of the state, the injustice of Miami's fire insurance rate—costing our public more than \$2,000,000 annually in premiums—becomes appalling!

lies that have successfully resisted attempts in the last three sessions of the legislature, by a Miami group headed by Attorney Harry Gordon, to bring about insurance reforms.

Miami has never officially "gone after" the local insurance companies. The belief is growing, however, that the city commission would be within its rights in adopting an insurance ordinance patterned after the famous Ordinance 1066 that resulted in lower electric rates for Miami. This may be tried.

For years Miami business people have complained of our excessive fire insurance rates, but ears of officials and the press have been deaf. The fire insurance game in Miami is too richly lucrative to permit disturbing. Since the 1926 hurricane the profits made by wind-and-wave insurance peddlers have become scandalous! They've taken in more than \$300,000 a year since 1926—and have paid out practically nothing! At last count, 128 fire insurance companies were operating in Miami, with 425 separate agencies, from which Miami was receiving a direct benefit of only \$12,000, all from licenses. These companies take in more than \$2,000,000 a year from this area in premiums! Yet the fire losses in this vicinity have amounted to not more than 4 or 5 percent of that amount!... In the entire state the fire losses run between 35 and 40 percent... But fire insurance companies can make good profits, even if the loss runs up to 55 percent!

These are just a few of the many instances of wrongs permissible under the present method of handling insurance in Florida and in Miami. Florida has no adequate insurance laws. There is just an insurance bureau of the state treasury department, which is concerned only with seeing that a relatively small fee is collected from the insurance companies. The insurance companies of course, maintain powerful lobbies at Tallahassee, lob-

## GREEBY BECOMES RABBIT RAISER

Refuses to talk until bribed with "seegar"; Says rabbit raising has its difficulties

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, whose woodshed home was recently threatened with padlock proceedings by the board of health, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter stalking down



Flagler street with a gunny sack over his shoulder. The famous dope was mumbling to himself as the reporter approached.

"I do not desire no publicity," he snarled switching the sack from one shoulder to the other.

"Ah, ha, been shoplifting again," chortled the scribe eyeing the bag.

"That's a lie," barked Greeby. "Then what have you in that gunny sack?" queried the reporter.

"It's none of your business," whinned Greeby stooping to retrieve a half smoked cigar from the gutter, "Do I have to learn you all of my private business?"

"Would a cigar loosen you up a bit?", suggested the reporter attempting to tempt Greeby.

"What kind of a cigar is it?", asked Greeby eyeing the weed anxiously.

"Two for a quarter kind," replied the scribe sniffing the weed and neglecting to inform Greeby that the one offered represented the nicker, the twenty cent one having been smoked.

"What is it you want to know?" growled Greeby reaching for the cigar and searching himself for a match.

"The same thing," answered the reporter, "What's in the sack?"

"Rabbits," belched Greeby, "Two rabbits."

"Rabbits," ejaculated the reporter, "Have you been hunting?"

"No," wheezed Greeby, "I ain't been huntin'. I'm in the rabbit raisin' business. Did you ever stop to figger out how fast rabbits increase and how much—"

"Stop," shouted the reporter, "Don't tell me you have fallen for that old gag. Say on paper anyone can make a fortune raising rabbits, bull-frogs, chickens, pigs or almost anything but it don't work out right when you actually try it."

"I'll say it don't," almost wept Greeby, "That's why I'm on my way over to see the feller what sold me these here rabbits."

"What happened in your case?" inquired the scribe, "Did the rabbits attack you with a blunt in-

strument?"

"Don't be sarcastic," roared Greeby, "You know I ain't afraid of no rabbit what ever walked."

"Then why are you in an uproar?" persisted the scribe.

"On account of the way he took advantage of my ignorance," said Greeby.

"No," whistled the reporter, "Don't tell me that anyone could possibly take advantage of your ignorance. Why I thought your ignorance was developed to such a high state of perfection that no one could take advantage of you. This fellow must have been a slicker."

"He was a bum," yiddled Greeby taking a firm grip on the top of his sack, "and I'm gonna get my money back or else there is gonna be a red hot fight."

"Listen stupid," flared the reporter, "I've been trying for ten minutes to find out what happened. Some fellow sold you some rabbits and induced you to become a rabbit breeder. What happened, what happened. How many rabbits have you got in that sack?"

"Two," whined Greeby, "but —"

"Two," snarled the reporter, "Well for crying out loud how many does it take to start a rabbit ranch. Were you trying to start an eternal triangle. All you need to start a rabbit ranch is one good healthy buck and one equally healthy doe and that's all there is to it."

"I know that," yelled Greeby. "Oh, then they are not healthy, is that it?" interrupted the scribe.

"Hell, yes," answered Greeby, "They et up more than six-bits worth of cabbage and lettuce during the two months what I had them in my livin' room. They are plenty healthy."

"For Cripes sake," almost screamed the reporter, "Then what else could possibly be wrong?"

"One of them is a possum, that's what," explained Greeby hotly, "and I think the other one is a raccoon."

"Oh," moaned the reporter. "Yes and furthermore," wheezed Greeby preparing to continue his pilgrimage, "Both of them is named Bernice."

The reporter fainted and Greeby hastily chucked him into the sack and sauntered away.

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**-- LOOKING BACK --**  
Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

**GREEBY TO ATTEND OPERA**

**Former Star Who Lost Voice In Hog-Calling Contest To Patronize Art At Coral Gables**

(March 6, 1926)

**D.** HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, whose rendition of the Lucia Sextette on the mouth organ several years ago attracted international attention and resulted in the establishment by Greeby of a new world's record—nine seconds flat—for the 100-yard dash, will be among those attending the performances of the Chicago Civic Opera Company at the Miami Coliseum during the coming week.

Greeby will wear evening clothes which he picked up in his travels, and hopes to witness every performance of the week, although the condition of his dress shirt probably will prevent him from being present on the last two evenings.

Before his voice failed him in the finals of the twenty-first annual Georgia hog-calling contest three years ago, Greeby was known as the Dixieland Canary, and sang in such noted organizations as the Metropolitan Opera Company, Boston Opera Company, and Hurtig & Seamon's Gayety Girl Revue. He played a number of important roles, including the handkerchief in Othello, the fly in Madame Butterfly, the leading temptation in Thais and the motor-man in Carmen. His greatest success was attained in the Barber of Seville, in which Greeby interpreted the difficult role of Next. Critics of the higher music, place the achievement among Greeby's most magnificent performances, although there is a minority which insists that his portrayal of the Cincinnati brewer in the Prince of Pilsen is entitled to greater recognition. This question will probably not be settled in this generation, posterity being assigned the difficult task of placing Greeby in his proper niche among the great artists of the world.

Greeby's favorite piece of dramatic work, he told a MIAMI LIFE reporter yesterday, is, strangely enough, not opera, but Shakespeare's famous tragedy, Hamlet.

"I don't know just why," Greeby declared, "but possibly because I came from a small town myself."

Mrs. Greeby and the twins, Absolutely and Positively, will occupy a box at the Coliseum. They will be permitted to enter by the front door, it was announced, although no explanation was vouchsafed.

**IT MIGHT HAPPEN**

**(The Girl Reporter Who Has Been Making the Races Every Day Attempts to Describe a Social Function)**

(March 13, 1926)

Bridge Tea Stakes, claiming, for maiden fillies and mares; given by Mrs. Archibald Bumps for Miss Ruthie Muggs; four tables; purse \$9.98; refreshments added; weather, terribly warm; track, all wet.

Mrs. G. Archibald Bumps entertained with a bridge tea at her attractive Miami Beach plant yesterday afternoon in honor of Miss Ruthie Muggs, one of Atlanta's most charming fillies.

The lower floor of the Bumps residence was thrown open across the board for the occasion and decorated with Beautiful Flowers from Chesterbrook, Shining Lights and Sealing Wax. The general color motif was Swenke blue, sprinkled with Beacom black in an oval design, with two clay-colored chutes at each end.

The hostess wore pink, blue stripes, and blue cap, while the guest of honor was charmingly arrayed in white, green hoops and corse cap, and carried the colors of L. T. Cooper's stables which were nearby.

Refreshments consisted of Nabiscos and Hot Pepper and were capably served by Sturdy Stella, Mrs. Bumps' maid of all work, and Dizzy Blonde, Mr. Bumps' secretary.

Miss Muggs, a fast sprinter, got away to a good start, leading at the first rubber. She was faltering toward the end, but managed to outlast Mrs. Bumps who made a successful bid to take the place away from Mrs. G. Finklewitz who nosed out Miss Marilyn Mumble for show money. Miss Mumble was interfered with while in a contending position.

Mutuels paid: Miss Muggs (Callahan), 156, \$5 handkerchief, won; Mrs. Bumps (G. Bumps), 132, \$3 hose; Mrs. Finklewitz (R. Isenstein), 180 \$1.98 bet, third; Time, 3 hours. All the rest ran.

**GOLF**

**FLORIDA'S SPORTIEST LINKS**  
18 HOLES - NO WAITING - OPEN TO PUBLIC  
GREEN FEES \$1.00 Per Day  
GOOD GREENS AND BROAD FAIRWAYS  
**FLAGLER COUNTRY CLUB**  
West Flagler St. & 37th Ave. — End of Car Line

**BEFORE AND AFTER THE RACES AT HIALEAH**  
STOP IN AT DADE COUNTY'S SWANKIEST BAR

**Seminole Bar**

STEAKS — CHOPS and SEA FOOD  
Package Store  
Okechobee Road, at the Bridge  
PHONE 8-2142 HIALEAH  
WALTER B. CAREY

**THE COLONEL'S BIG PUSH**

In order to take time by the forelock and get his full program before the country as soon as possible, and to get the jump on all the other candidates, Colonel Williams and his Miami Military Academy "brain trust" are making their "whirl-wind finish" in this final plea to the American people.

It has been shown in these articles how even a group of school boys can and do conduct their own self-government, when their best and most patriotic ideals are kept in mind. They do use the teaching staff now and then as their police force and court of last resort, just as all political bodies maintain police and judicial machinery of some kind.

If young boys can appreciate and enjoy the values of self-government, the logical assumption is that adult people, knowing more of the machinery of democracy as built up much more completely in this country, could do a much better job. This is not to say that these adults will not do a better job little by little. We are confident that they will. But we are equally confident that they will have to make greater progress in the early future in reviewing, understanding and then, LIVING and ENFORCING the fundamental principles of democracy.

It seems proper in closing, then, to review briefly the American problem in the light of what has been said. This problem needs no tall vocabulary nor any transcendental philosophy to explain and solve it. It is so simple that any normal twelve year old mind can and does understand it. I am sometimes of the opinion that many people in the most humble walks of life are the best exponents of true democracy. I know people of this calibre that you and I cannot corrupt. And you and I are totally unable to swerve them from what they think is right. It must be said, however, that these people for the most part are products of the old-fashioned notions that used to predominate here. They are not vaccinated with this foolish virus of recent years leading even fools to believe that we can each and all deceive, whipsaw and "gyp" everybody else, and that we should do so.

The troubles we are now experiencing in our great country did not originate in the golden hearts of these humble and old-fashioned people. These troubles have sprung from the minds of certain groups and individuals of dishonest tendencies, some of whom are always present everywhere. These wolves have detected the temporary functional weakness of our present democracy; namely, that our citizens are not vigorously exercising at all times that POLICE DUTY is such an important element in a true and successful democracy. These miscreants have misused so many of our great social agencies to forward their selfish purposes and have achieved so great an apparent temporary success, that their glitter and parade have for a time dazzled the minds of us who are not too level-headed. Many of us have thus been led astray from fundamental facts. But this hysterical tendency cannot continue; at least it had better not continue.

Some day, and may it be soon, we are going to see our great American citizenry in old-time action again. We are going to see each worthy citizen planning out his duty completely with all the mentality and honest heart that he can command, and then doing it as inevitably and refreshingly as the cool night-fall soothes the heat of noon tide. This will be another high mark in our history to match the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers, the great struggle against pioneer hardship and dan-

ger, the founder of the Land of Liberty, the forlorn hopes of Bunker Hill and Valley Forge, the westward march of a great civilization, the freeing of the slaves and that great struggle that determined us one nation, indivisible.

And what a glorious incentive do we have to wake up! The most wonderful heritage of all time to preserve, protect and defend against the most dangerous threat that has yet confronted us.

There are just two fundamental principles that underlie a real democracy, both necessary, "useless one without the other." With both these principles fully practiced we have nothing to fear. The more abstruse questions that are bound to arise will always be manageable from the basis of these concepts. There is and always will be plenty of room for specialized knowledge and action, but these must and always will be controlled by these two great principles of democracy.

The first of the two great duties of a real democrat is to be just as sure as possible that he himself is right. That he knows his own duty fully and that he be more critical of himself than of others. That he not only knows his own duty but that he does it unflinchingly, relentlessly, ceaselessly, and with all the sublime self-sacrifice of a religious devotee. He must practice at all times the essence of all great religions embodied in the Golden Rule and supplement it by David Harum's injunction to "do it first." He must keep a mind of his own and keep from coming under the sway of mob psychology. He must do his duty as he best sees it, regardless of what others do or say. Listen to all, but make his own fair choice of the very best course of action.

The other great duty of a real democrat is POLICE DUTY. The hard fact is that discordant elements seem always to be present. They cannot and must not be ignored. We hire and pay tremendous sums to our official police and law-enforcing agencies, and then turn around and obstruct them in all too many ways. This is highly illogical. The old saying, "If you want a thing well done, do it yourself," applies here. No body of police in a democracy can quite enforce the law if the democrats themselves do not play fair. On the other hand, no evil tendencies can find a foothold if a majority of real democrats are determined to preserve law and order. And the latter is so much more economical, since we object so loudly to high and wasteful taxation.

Yes, we must take a look at what the neighbor is doing. It cannot be his business alone, as is sometimes mistakenly claimed, since what each one does affects us all finally. If he is honest and doing right, he will be glad for us to know what he is doing. He will appreciate the approval we bestow on him for doing right. It is only human. If he is doing wrong, he must quit it, since wrong is injurious by its very definition. If he will change his ways, all is well. If he will not change, then he is offering us a fight which we cannot avoid. Think clearly. Give him the benefit of fair doubt. Then require him to do right. He will be glad to do so if there is no other way. Oh, it is all so simple. A normal twelve year old child knows all about it.

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Station No. 2—2644 S. W. EIGHTH STREET—Phone 4-9220  
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COMPLETE AUTO REPAIR DEPARTMENT  
PHONE 3-1661 or 4-9220 FOR ROAD SERVICE

**SQUARE DEAL CLUB**

GOOD FOOD—CLEAN SPORTS  
Budweiser on Draught  
1227-29-31-W. Flagler St.

**Shots In The Dark**

Everybody was glad to learn that Congressman Dies and his family finally got settled in some rooms and some baths at \$6 a day per room. Not only was this homely economical touch a good ad for the congressman, but it was also a good ad for our local prices. With the "Smear Hoover" boys and the "Smear Lewis" boys filling the press with stories of the costly luxury in which the big G-man and the big L-man lived while in our midst, lots of people in the North must have gotten the idea that unless you had \$38 in your pants pocket every morning there was no place for you in Miami. That, of course, is the bunk. Lots of winter visitors get by with only \$30 in their pants pockets every morning.

But about that seven hundred and fifty smackers that those filthy plutocrats, the Committee of One Hundred, are reported as paying the Texas red-hunter for his address before them, there can be a division of opinion. Most people are willing for a hard-working congressman, who has a wife and two kids in the background, to pick up a little extra change giving a lecture now and then. They no doubt have the feeling that if a congressman can get anybody to pay to listen to him, it's a lucky break, in the same class as owning a winning sweepstakes ticket or finding a ten-dollar bill loose on Flagler street, and the fellow ought to be allowed his good fortune.

Of course there are always crabs who might remark that a congressman engaged in what is presumably a patriotic duty, the funds for which are supplied by the government, has no business setting himself up as a lecturer-for-profit on the details of the very business which the government employs him to perform.

We can't see what the hurry is about closing up the newly installed slot machines throughout the county. Why don't they wait till one of them pays off.

**THE POETRY CORNER**  
There's many a slip  
Twixt cup and lip,  
But the BIGGEST gyp  
Is an owner's tip.

The New York Herald-Tribune

**SMOKER'S GARAGE**  
Authorized AAA Service  
Day and Night Service  
General Repairing  
127 N. E. 7th St. Ph. 3-8740

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**MARINE BAR & GRILLE**  
C. C. MICKLES, Prop.  
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208 N. E. 2nd AVE.  
MIAMI FLA.

**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

**Eddie's Tire Shop**  
Super Retreading, Recapping  
1501 N. MIAMI AVE.  
PHONE 2-0673  
Road Service Anywhere in Greater Miami

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

**KOOL MOTOR**  
Gasoline and Oils



CITIES SERVICE PRODUCTS  
Orange State Oil Co. Distributors

man whose car fatally injured a Beach woman of high social standing was released pending the inquest in custody of the Beach publicity chief, which sounds like a case of out-of-the-frying-pan-into-the-fire. First Beach cops got him, then the Beach Cops got him. (Four lines of typewriting for one lousy pun—Hugh Hough does 'em in three and a half.)

**Theater Is Mad About Opera**

OUR glee is somewhat fiendish when we hear Paramount Theaters, and Manager Lynch in particular, squawking about Bayfront Park being thrown open to the very fine San Carlos Opera Company at POPULAR PRICES—which naturally is likely to cause fewer people to go to the higher-priced Paramount movie-chain theaters.

This Lynch concern is one of several that have been allowed to make entirely too much money in Miami. It rates next to the banks and power-trust in being the least taxed among the heaviest money-makers.

Yet making more per dollar invested than any theater concern in America isn't enough for this Lynch-operated enterprise. The Lynches have been notorious in two states (here and Georgia) for getting most out of tiniest investments—but nowhere have they done as well as in Miami. Here the Paramount chain of theatres is their greatest pride. So fearful are they of giving up a possible dollar needlessly that their theater advertising in Miami is almost nothing in comparison to their take-in! They would like to make their hand-out programs suffice . . . but the newspapers might start taking pot-shots at them; hence a few crumbs are tossed to the daily newspaper—and a few passes for the bosses.

But, as said before, this velvety going is not enough. There are other businesses in Miami making money—and this hurts the Lynches. They cry to see dollars in others' pockets, especially through rival entertainment . . . So no other attraction will there be, if Paramount can help it—if Paramount can pull political strings—if Paramount can properly influence enough city officials!

The Lynches, of course, can point to local precedent. The F. E. C. Railroad, for instance. And the Florida Power and Light Company And the newspapers themselves. . . . There are plenty of other monopolies in Miami! So why shouldn't Paramount, which pretty well controls the downtown section, beef about the people's own park, where good music and good shows might too easily divert Paramount trade?

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

5¢ allowance on any used record in our store at 109 W. FLAGLER ST. Bring this coupon with you

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Owned by a Registered Pharmacist  
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**WALDRON'S SERVICE STATION**  
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2229 Collins Ave. MIAMI BEACH

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3604 S. W. 8th St. on the Trail  
DANCE EVERY NITE  
2 — BANDS — 2  
Piper MANNING ORCH. — Charlie MOORE'S HAWAIIANS  
ADM. Men 40c — Ladies 25c Wed. Nite Ladies FREE

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Italian Cooking At It's Best  
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**MORE FOR YOUR MONEY**  
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Florida's Most Beautiful Display of  
**Pottery and China**  
for HOME, GARDEN, ART.  
**Williams Coral Way Pottery**  
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OPEN EVENINGS & SUNDAYS MAILING DEPT.  
A Fairyland Of Color

**Capri RESTAURANT**  
on MIAMI BEACH  
SPAGHETTI  
STEAKS and CHOPS — OYSTER BAR  
CHARCOAL BROILER  
"Custom-Made Foods"  
Cor. Fifth Street and Washington Ave.  
... The Beach's Foremost Italian Restaurant ...



# "The Wind" and W. E. Garrison Pit Whites Against Blacks

# So You Say...

## MASS MEETING

To be held on  
**Mon. Night, Feb. 26, '40**  
 A Mass Meeting to be Held at  
**FRIENDSHIP BAPT. CHURCH**  
 For the Negro Republican Club  
 of Dade County, at 8:30 P. M.  
 Located at 1375 N.W. 6th Ave.

### THE FOLLOWING PROGRAM WILL BE RENDERED

Mr. Elliott J. Pieze Master of Ceremonies  
 Mr. Wesley E. Garrison, Chairman of the  
 Dade County Executive Committee, Talk  
 Dr. A. J. Kershaw Principal Speaker  
 Mrs. Ed. Shumaker Vocal Solo  
 Mrs. Carr Reading  
 Mocking Bird of Mt. Sinai Vocal Solo  
 Mrs. Cooke, St. Paul A.M.E. Church, Reading  
 Mrs. A. Brannon, Mt. Calvary, Vocal Solo

The Public is Cordially Invited

THE MAN who easily qualifies as Miami's No. 1 Villain, the tax shark who tricked thousands of negroes as well as whites out of their property before the slow-moving legislature could protect property owners from such vultures—Wesley E. Garrison—starts a new chapter in perfidy. "Gone With the Wind" must have given him the idea. His technic's the same as the carpet baggers. "Mister" the negroes to distraction! . . . poses as their kind brother . . . pretends to be showing them the light, the way not only to equality but to dominance! . . . work up a reputation as a big power in Darktown . . . so that if, and when, a Republican is elected president, Wesley E. Garrison may get somewhere!

Note the circular we reproduce on this page. It's "Mister" Garrison along with the colored "Misters"—and the magnanimous Garrison even allows one of his colored "brethren to have top "Mister" billing!

Up north, even among negroes, such things are recognized as cheap artifices of politicians who don't hesitate to sell the negroes down the river once they're in. Up north Republican spellbinders no longer are able to enslave the colored race by "mistering" them, such servile hypocrisy immediately arousing suspicions.

When the depression was worse, Garrison, with a little cash, and colossal trickery and deception and hard-heartedness, made tax-deed buying a horrible curse, turning thousands of negroes and whites out of their homes and off their land. He acquired a fortune before the slow-moving legislature could stop him and his ilk and give Floridians some sort of protection upon their homesteads.

He even got hold of an entire block of land the late D. A. Dorsey, negro banker and philanthropist, had given the school board for a negro park!

Frankly, Garrison can't produce what he promises. His record is too black. Even if the country went Republican—and there isn't a chance of it this year!—the tainted Garrison money would go begging; no politician in either party would dare touch it!

Maybe we're giving him more prominence than he deserves. Maybe the Miami negro is already wise to him—and playing him for a sucker, instead of vice versa.

Maybe, over in Darktown, the people don't have illusions of black supremacy and maybe they appreciate the fact that they constitute less than one-fifth of Miami's, or Dade county's population.

Those who read know that it was the carpetbagger who caused their ancestors much misery in the reconstruction era over the South. They won't forgive this greedy schemer for putting Miami colored folk on the spot at this particular time when "Gone With the Wind" is stirring up many vivid memories among Southerners!

MIAMI, FLORIDA  
 March 6, 1940

After several weeks of driving in Miami traffic I am forced to compile this letter since your paper seems to be the most effect-medium thru which to offer constructive criticism—upon the suggestion of several friends.

If you will pardon the ego, I have had traffic experience in several cities. This is my first visit to Miami in quite a few years and I was surprised to see the city virtually forfeited with traffic lights—set for such unnecessary stop periods.

Although Baltimore has approximately three times the population of Miami, and in a more concentrated area, with far more commercial traffic, I believe there are about the same number of lights in both cities. However, and this is my most serious criticism, the lights in Baltimore are synchronized so that traffic flows along at 22 1/2 m.p.h. without serious interruption in the downtown—and "feeder" streets—during the rush hours. This is a very effective accident deterrent, for drivers do not try to "jockey" nor attempt "to beat" the lights if they are half way sensible.

This system is also employed in other cities at various speeds, but there seems to be no connotation of the local lights. To substantiate the above, I suggest that you try to drive along Flagler, Miami, First or Second N. E., or Biscayne Blvd., as late as 2 A. M. and see if you can "click" two lights consecutively; also take a clocker along to determine if more time (and gasoline) aren't spent in waiting than in transit—I've done it, unsuccessfully.

Miami blocks are about the average in length, and so it is aggravating to be stopped from light to light for unwarranted periods of time. The secret of efficient traffic control is "speed at a safe rate," and elimination of congestions. It might be very lucrative business for "feeder hospitals" and the filling stations, but most trying on the nerves of visitors, who constitute the majority of the traffic trade—and who are mostly accustomed to more regulated conditions.

Furthermore, if this comment

will assist you in the campaign you are conducting for reduced taxes, it is ludicrous to have one and two traffic officers trying to speed (?) up traffic while attempting to "work under" one of those ridiculous lights, especially during the rush hours when the lights could be cut off after having had to make as many as three stops before passing a certain light. I have talked with a captain and several officers whose views coincide with the above observations. They have told me that, "Inspector McCarthy is a fiend for lights" (If such is the case why doesn't he have one at 17th and Flagler instead of a blinker, which I consider one of the most dangerous intersections in Miami?)"

I've never laid eyes on him; so this isn't any personal grievance. For after all I'm just a "snow dodger," but I suggest that the City of Miami send the Inspector on a trip to N. Y. C., Phila., Baltimore, Newark, N. J. and Boston on a survey of traffic conditions (and revolutions) for a better Miami.

From an ex-cop who has taken such a trip, and consequently

found that elimination of the above conditions resulted in a reduction of traffic fatalities and accidents in another city—Ordinarily I do not subscribe to anonymous letters, but I believe the foregoing is more important than a signature—other than a well wisher for a better Miami,  
 W. L. B.

## Why We Burn More Gas!

TWO subscribers wrote in this week suggesting the same line of thought—i. e., that the reason Dade county leads the state in gasoline consumption is because Miami's traffic system stops cars at every intersection, and the F. E. C. railroad devotes nine-tenths of every daylight hour in blocking every crossing.

Thus forcing motorists to burn two and three times the gasoline they'd ordinarily burn!

Sounds pretty reasonable. We don't ever recall when the traffic lights were so destasteful or the railroad so monopolizing as right now.

The man who controls the red-green light system along West Flagler street, or S. W. First street, or Tamiami Trail, doesn't motor over those thoroughfares himself—or he'd notice that the timing is so spaced as to stop the majority of cars at each traffic light. Unless the motorist at the head of the line breaks speed laws, he can't make it to the next light before a red signal halts him!

There is a law against blocking railroad crossings more than five minutes. The F. E. C. has been fined before on that law—years back and only one time, if we remember correctly. It breaks the law scores of times a day.



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BEAUTIFUL  
EVELYN CLARKE**

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3 — SHOWS NIGHTLY — 3

GIRLS OF THE HOUR  
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 Songbird  
 Geo. Gregory, M. C.

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"You Never Ate Chicken unless you tried our special"  
**BAR-B-QUED CHICKEN**  
**THREE GABLES**  
 1772 N. W. 79th Street  
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**TROPICAL GRILL**  
 114th St. N. E. 2nd Ave.  
 PORK - RIBS - BEER  
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**HA-HA**

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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.

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DINE IN THE PATIO  
 129 N. E. 1st St.

Soup or Salad, Three Vegetables & Drink	30c
Soup or Salad, Entree, Two Veg. Drink & Dessert	40c
Choice of Soup, Salad, Entree, Three Veg. Drink & Dessert	55c

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**Ease COUGH**  
 FROM COLDS  
 IN ONE DOSE

Thousands have turned to Mentho-Mulsion because of its fast, soothing relief. It brings YOU expected relief the first dose, or your druggist will return your money. Mentho-Mulsion is a scientific compound of nine different ingredients and does its work without narcotics or opiates. Children like its taste, and you too will enjoy its fast, soothing action, and the way it puts medicated vapors in the bronchial and nasal passages to relieve that stuffed up feeling immediately.

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 With  
**ALL-STAR SHOW**  
 ADDED ATTRACTION  
**BERLE BURKE**  
 The Boy With the Golden Voice

JOHNNY SILVERS MUSIC  
 3 Shows Nightly 3 FREE PARKING  
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 Visit Jeff's For a Million Lafts  
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 Exclusively!  
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FULL COURSE  
**DINNER**  
**DeLUXE \$1.50**  
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**DINNERS by**  
**BERT of Blossom Health Inn**  
 3 SHOWS  
 Phone Hollywood 9230

# Dixie Marches On



Friends of DIXIE TIRE CO. will be pleased to know that the business carries on under the direction of E. E. PRICE, as Executive Manager. Mr. Price has been connected with DIXIE since its infancy and has been an active factor in its continued growth and success.

Under his management the same high principles of business ethics and the same liberal methods of fair dealing with the public, established by its founder 16 years ago, will be continued and maintained without any change of policy or personnel.

**DIXIE TIRE Co.**  
 101 S. W. FIRST ST. PHONE 2-6133

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in his only night club appearance in Miami for 1940

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SISTERS**

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**LEON AND MACE**

"The Dance Supreme"

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