

A Letter To The Publisher Of The Herald

Dear John S. Knight:

As I languish in jail (and the felons I have been fighting for months reopen the day after I go to jail) you gleefully welcome the fact. And you remind the public and the Supreme Court (knowing the case is yet to be decided before that court, according to your own news columns) that I'm a "character assassin", and tell them what you think should be my punishment.

You hope some more officials will try to "get me," thereby getting into the good graces of you, Mr. Knight—but I have one consolation: they can't put

me in jail now!

I have been carrying on a mythical conversation with you in my cell. Here are my thoughts to you:

If you were separated from your wife and caused her any suffering—and your freedom illegally taken from you, you couldn't take it! Because you're not of the common herd. Mr. and Mrs. Knight appear in the society columns as patronizing the Surf Club, the Brook Club, etc., where we people of the hoi polloi couldn't get in even through the servant's entrance.

Aren't you the same Mr. Knight who demanded an investigation into the bartenders and waiters

union because Pegler hinted that something might be wrong? (The union was investigated several years ago by Solicitor Bob Taylor and found to be o. k.) I ask, if you aren't the same Mr. Knight who tried to tell us what kind of milk to drink? And if you are not the same Mr. Knight who suppresses stories when they reflect upon the A. & P. stores that advertise in the Herald? And if you're not the same Mr. Knight who tries to get people to believe that the majority favor the garbage tax? If you are the same Mr. Knight that told the people the Water Deal was a good thing? If you are the same Mr. Knight who said "Print the news and people will

call you a scandal sheet?" If you are the same Mr. Knight who called me a "character-assassin" because I gave—AND WILL CONTINUE TO GIVE—the truth about everything, even if they are Mr. Knight's friends and big advertisers?

And, last but not least, are you the same Mr. Knight who is trying to malign every candidate for office who is for the masses? And telling us whom to vote for—when YOU ARE NOT EVEN REGISTERED HERE?

Regarding freedom of the press, as I get this off my chest, I feel better.

REUBIN J. CLEIN



Vol. 14—No. 28

Miami, Florida, Saturday, April 20, 1940

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Reubin Clein, Publisher

10

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

HERALD SMOKE COVERS UP EVIL

COLUMN after column of Miami newspaper space, news and editorial, has been wasted. The Miami Bartenders & Waiters Union can't be killed so easily! The papers, which in this instance only more clearly prove how anti-union they are at heart, thought it would be easy, however, this major offensive against Miami unionism, disguised as an effort to drive out a racket. It looked easy because Danny Coughlin, an Irish lad whose sister married Al Capone long before that ex-Brooklynite ever got mixed into rackets, was business agent for the union.

The Pegler article upon which the whole thing was built was in itself a rather inoffensive bit of journalism—a good reporter merely seeing what couldn't help being obvious. Miami from now on is going to have many such obvious combinations, which upon investigation, may not prove so odious, simply because Miami is so metropolitan that it draws from all stratas, and here blood enemies will live across the street from one another without thought of drawing guns. And many of the obvious and odious conclusions that will be drawn from inescapable associations will be proven false—just as this Capone-union angle was.

Meanwhile, the public has a right to ask why all the fuss?

Let the public give the papers a dose of their own medicine — and start looking for angles! . . . What is it the papers want more than anything else? You're right—the first thing that pops into your head—completion of the Water Deal, which would make Monopoly's grip on Miami almost unbreakable. Throw smoke in the public's eye, especially if in the throwing it might be possible to muss up union labor, which Monopoly always resents—that's the technique the Ohio-trained publishers are bringing down from the industrial north.

Then, too, the present administration's close—much too close—association with the Gambling Mob this winter in the operation of the Royal Palm Club still has a terrible smell, and it is not at all certain that Uncle Sam won't step in along some angle he might discover, and wreck the entire administration! . . . One can readily imagine the avidity with which the papers welcomed the Danny Coughlin incident, especially when it ties up with an American Federation of Labor union! With one blow the papers can accomplish so many things—throw dust into the eyes of the public and other forces interested in going to the heart of the Power-Trust deal, disconcert the forces that want to discover the "Pay-Off" in the gigantic Royal Palm gambling "exclusive" this winter,

SPIRIT OF SHUTTS

Do you remember Leo Reardon, who with Frank Fildes published the old afternoon Tribune in Miami, just before, during, and for a year or so after the Boom of '25? . . . Leo it was who devoted a first-page, column-long, intensely interesting editorial to Herald-Publisher Frank B. Shutts.

Among other things Leo wrote that Frank B. Shutts was "so small that he could look through a keyhole with both eyes."

Through his successor, Jack Knight of Akron, the spirit of Frank B. Shutts rides on, in the columns of the Herald. His stature is unchanged. Just a little smaller, a little meaner, a little more senile!

and do great damage to the cause of union labor!

Those people who have become Miamians only in the last ten years should understand that Al Capone lived here for three years previous to being sent to federal prison to serve nine years. That during that time he was an ordinary citizen, scarcely ever mentioned in print, except by the Daily News which carried on a continuous fight to editorialize him out of Miami. He spent lots of money in Miami, threw a big party or two at his house, and once in a while was seen driving somewhere in the Metropolitan area—but, as a matter of fact, was less ostentatious than most of our new visitors or residents. His home on Palm Island isn't the "high-walled fortress" that the Daily News (and now the Herald) has pictured; in fact, motorists with the News description in their hands complain they picked the wrong mansion on the island to be Capone's! A tall man can

(Continued on Page 4)

..POLITICS.. Hear B.F. Paty!

SOUTH Florida's Tallahassee-hope, B. F. Paty of Palm Beach county, will have a busy day today in Dade county and a week from today will of course, appear in Bayfront Park. At 8 p. m. tonight he speaks at Triangle Park

(Continued on Page 4)

STOPPED!

(OUR
PUBLISHER'S
STILL IN JAIL!)

MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT HERE WEDNESDAY TO TALK PEACE

Because of the versatility of her nature and her wide and varied interests, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, wife of the president, who comes to Miami to lecture on Peace on April 24 under the auspices of The Classroom Teachers Association is probably the best-known woman in America.

Coal miners in Western Pennsylvania and share-croppers in Georgia know her warm smile and keen interest in their welfare almost as well as official Washington knows her in the gracious fulfillment of the role of the nation's First Lady and leading hostess.

Mrs. Roosevelt's amazing energy is a constant source of national wonder. She attributes her ability to get so many and such varied things done to organization.

Besides presiding at all of the manifold traditional social functions - dinners, receptions, teas, luncheons, etc.—and what is virtually an unprecedented number of other so-

cial functions at the White House, Mrs. Roosevelt finds time to be an author, to conduct a daily newspaper column, to lecture and to be wife, mother and grandmother.

Her autobiography, "This is My Story," and her "My Day," a compilation of some of her newspaper columns, and "It's Up to the Women," a commentary of matters of current interest, have had a wide reading. She also collected and edited her father's papers under the title, "Hunting Game in India in the Eighties." Her other writings include articles for various magazines.

Since she began writing her newspaper column more than three years ago her copy has arrived late at her syndicate's office only three times. On one of these a terrific thunderstorm broke down temporarily telegraphic communication at Hyde Park. On another Miss Malvina Thompson, her secretary, gave the copy to a third person who forgot

it while Miss Thompson herself forgot it on the third. The copy has always been ready on time.

Mrs. Roosevelt dictates the column as Miss Thompson types it. Many times this dictation is done en route, in trains, in airplanes, on boats, in hotel rooms, and even in moving automobiles with the typewriter resting on Miss Thompson's knees.

As a lecturer, Mrs. Roosevelt is a model of punctuality. She fills between thirty and forty lecture engagements a season, sometimes lecturing as many as six times a week, and she has never yet been known to miss a train or to be late. Nor is she impatient with questions from her audience so long as they evince a genuine desire for information or opinions.

Those who know of the trying time she had when she nursed the future president of the United States through an

attack of infantile paralysis can not doubt her wifely devotion. Headlines tell almost daily of her treks north, south and west ministering to her farflung brood. Serious illness in her daughter's Seattle home or a son's home in Texas or Boston is just as certain to bring a visit from the First Lady of the Land as it is from the mother of any other family in the nation to the stricken home of a child.

The activities that have most endeared Mrs. Roosevelt to the nation, however, and made her well known among all classes of its people are her seemingly tireless investigations of social conditions and her genuine desire to alleviate suffering and hardship among the unfortunate. On her tours about the country she is able to accept few purely social engagements, but any new project designed to make life easier and more comfortable for those she feels to be down-trodden or handicapped by circumstances is assured of her interest.

MONEY THAT SHOULD HAVE GONE TO FLORIDA SCHOOL TEACHERS WENT INTO HOLLAND-FOR-GOVERNOR SANDWICHES IN BAYFRONT PARK AND ELSEWHERE! IT WAS STATE SENATOR HOLLAND, FRIEND OF THE CHAINSTORE (BIG CHAINS ESPECIALLY), WHO KEPT THE TAX FROM OPERATING AGAINST THE CHAINSTORES GAINING A REFUND FOR THEM—WHICH THEY ARE NOW SPENDING TO PUT HIM OVER AS GOVERNOR!

16
36

Miami Life

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

R. J. CLEIN, PRES.

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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 personal opinions that persist upon lingering . . . Some person connected with the Lindbergh household was the master-mind in the famous kidnapping . . . Wall Street was not blown up in 1921 by an anarchist . . . The explosion was accidental and concerned the sale of stolen dynamite to be used for excavating purposes . . . Judge Crater is not dead but hiding from matrimonial discontent . . . Sacco and Vanzetti were as guilty as hell . . . Tommy Mansville should be examined by a lunacy commission . . . President Harding would have been impeached had he lived . . . Winnie Ruth Judd is not insane and has never been insane . . . She should have been hanged for carving her two best friends and stuffing them in a trunk . . . The death of Thelma Todd was murder and not an accident . . . Tom Mooney was NOT framed . . . America will be involved in the world war before Christmas . . . Hitler will be assassinated by one of his own countrymen, possibly one of his nearest aides . . . Miami, in 1950 will be among the five largest cities in the United States . . . In 1965 Miami will be the largest city in the world.

One of the strangest cases in Florida's legal history was witnessed this week in Judge Beckham's court . . . A man who lived with a married woman ten years went into court to try to establish claim on a daughter . . . He told the court the woman hadn't seen her husband for 13 years although as far as she knew the husband was still living . . . He also sought to establish a common law marriage . . . The court naturally denied his petition . . . No man can establish claim to the parentage of a child born to a married woman unless he happens to be the husband and if the court had recognized the common-law marriage status the woman would have become a bigamist . . . Funny people, these romanticists.

The county jail on visitors day . . . The corridor is jammed with jabbering relatives and friends talking through a half inch plate of steel to the prisoners . . . About as much privacy as a gold fish . . . Nearly every visitor has a bar of candy, a package of cigarettes or a bundle of food which cannot be passed through the steel plate . . . The prisoners all appear cheerful and there is never a tear in sight among the visitors . . . It might easily be a picnic, unless you happen to be the one in the cage and then it isn't.

Wonder why some sob sister on one of the local dailies doesn't visit the colored section and write a story titled, "Black Grapes of Wrath" . . . Some of those old fashioned out houses so prominent from Pullman windows on F.E.C. trains should make interesting narrations . . . Harry Tammen, one of the founders of the Denver Post, paid half a million dollars for a circus because he liked the name of the man who owned it—Otto Flotto . . . Tammen said the name Otto Flotto carried more poetry than all of Shakespeare's works combined . . . When Tammen bought the circus the Denver Post had a slogan over its door which read "The Denver Post, The Paper with a Soul" . . . Some wag came along with a bucket of red paint and wrote, "And a Circus," after the inscription . . . Tammen squandered another quarter of a million dollars trying to breed elephants in California . . . He managed to usher five baby pachyderms into the world and every one of them was crushed to death by its mother . . . He never quit trying but he never produced an elephant.

Greatest situations from the magic lanterns . . . In "The Birth of a Nation", the ride of the klux-klan . . . In "Gone with The Wind," Scarlett O'Hara shooting the Union soldier on the stairway . . . In "The Jazz Singer," the first all talking picture,

GREEBY ATTENDS POLITICAL BARBECUE

Says his uncle Rufus Cheever Greeby was one of Georgia's greatest politician and statesmen—before they hung him.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who asserts that he is the only living native of Chittlin Switch, Georgia, ever kicked in the face twice by the same mule on Groundhog Day, was found this week at the Spessard Holland clam-bake in Bayfront Park. He had just been thrown out for repeating four times on the barbecue-beef line and was removing a piece of bed slat from his rear housing.

"I do not desire no publicity," he yammered when he saw the reporter galloping toward the free feed bag.

"One side, wart hog," bellowed the reporter as he hurdled over Greeby and extended his hand for a free helping of cooked cow meat only to have the lunch hook rudely slapped with a cake turner.

"Haw, haw," guffawed Greeby as the reporter tumbled his burning hand, "I coulda told you better than that."

"Better than what?" exploded the scribe.

"Better than to try to crash the gate at this here shindig wearin' a button what says 'Paty for Governor,'" cackled Greeby.

"Is that why they threw you out?" asked the reporter, "Is that a Paty button you have there in what is left of the lapel of your coat?"

"Naw," sighed Greeby, "That's a Bryan for President badge. My Uncle Rufus Cheever Greeby wore it for sixteen years. He give it to me just before they sprung the trap, er, er, I mean before he died."

"I suppose your uncle Rufus Cheever was an ardent free-silver man," sneered the reporter.

"He wasn't free with nothin'," defended Greeby, "He was a politician."

"Oh," sighed the scribe, "I suppose you are going to tell me he was also a statesman and a jurist."

"He was more than that," answered Greeby proudly, "He was a squire."

"A squire," exploded the reporter, "What in the hell is a squire?"

"I guess you don't know nothin' about politics," grunted Greeby scornfully, "A squire up there in Georgia is a man what hold the same high office as a justice of the peace down here in Florida. Uncle Rufus Cheever was called 'Honest Rufus' by all who knowed and loved him."

"Honest Rufus," snapped the reporter, "If he was anything like any other Greeby I have ever seen I'll bet they had the room clerk go up and count the rooms before they would let him check out of a hotel."

"I resent that," shouted Greeby, "Did you ever hear tell of any

Greeby stealing anything?"

"Yes," thundered the reporter, "You. Didn't they catch you stealing a steam shovel and a suspension bridge about two years ago. Weren't you making off with Sam McCreary's solar system when a couple of cops—"

"It's a lie," yammered Greeby, "and you know it."

"It's the truth and you know it," blurted the reporter, "But skip it and tell me more about this famous uncle Rufus Cheever who gave his everything to good old Georgia and served as a squire."

"Well," beamed Greeby drawing himself up proudly, "uncle Rufus Cheever would be squire yet if they hadn't framed him. He—"

"How did they frame him?" queried the reporter.

"They did it on election day," mourned Greeby, "Them dumb voters what was gettin' paid two bucks per head for their votes by Uncle Rufus Cheever couldn't write and when they went into the bars, er er, I mean votin' places the election clerks, which was bein' paid by the other feller had them put their marks on the wrong lines. When they counted the votes uncle Rufus Cheever was nosed out."

"What was the score?" queried the scribe.

"They was 11 votes for uncle Rufus Cheever and 1,786 for Bigamist B. Beetle, the candidate what was runnin' against him," answered Greeby.

"A photo finish I call it," muttered the reporter, "Did uncle Rufus Cheever yield gracefully?"

"Sure," chuckled Greeby, "and it didn't do Bigamist B. Beetle a bit of good to get elected."

"Why not, didn't he get the office?" asked the reporter.

"Naw," explained Greeby, "When he started to take office he couldn't even find the court house. Uncle Rufus Cheever had took it clean out of Hog Waller county and hid it over near Possum Gulch where he was usin' it for a silo."

"Is that why they hung him?" asked the scribe innocently.

"Naw, that was for horse steal—Hey! who in the hell said they hung him," shouted Greeby.

"He couldn't miss," gulped the reporter gleefully as he started to depart, "Hanging Greebies is largely responsible for the anti-lynch bill only I think they overlooked the best prospect of all when they didn't get you."

Greeby was preparing to do some of his best resenting as the reporter spotted a candidate and dashed away to try to add a couple of lettuce leaves to his bank roll in exchange for a vote.

Al Jolson singing in the synagogue and May McAvoy saying, "A jazz singer singing to his God" . . . In "Rebecca", the word "End" at the finish was best of all . . . Only trouble being the end was entirely too far away from the start.

A few pertinent questions . . . How do the theater ushers manage to keep those razor like creases in their pants . . . Why do some waitresses look so trim and neat and others so sloppy . . . How do the men sitting behind those gleaming desks in banks know whether the checks they O. K. are good . . . How does a voter know who to favor when all of the candidates promise practically everything . . . How does a policeman know a drunken woman driver from any other kind of a woman driver . . . What happens at a Drive-In-Theater when it rains so hard customers in parked cars cannot see the screen . . . Does the picture stop until the rain is over . . . How do deaf persons obtain automobile drivers licenses . . . A number of dummies are using the streets of Miami.

SLEEPLESS-NERVOUS-UPSET-SORE?

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MENTHO-MULSION

Round the Town

Edith Herlong Barfield, the Miami girl who bore the distinction of being the youngest delegate to the National Democratic Convention in Philadelphia in 1936, is again a candidate for delegate-at-large to the 1940 convention. Mrs. Barfield, the former "Topsy" Herlong was just 22 years old when she voted for Roosevelt with the Florida delegation in 1936 and if she attains victory again this year will have reached the ripe old age of 26 by the time she reaches the convention hall.

A number of gold lettered doors in the DuPont Building carry the names of individuals and following the names are the letters "C. S. B." A puzzled elevator passenger, the other day, asked the operator what the initials stood for. The girl didn't know. "It can't be what I think," mused the passenger, "So it must be something else."

An advertising solicitor for a rather obscure weekly newspaper approached one of the candidates for the legislature for a political ad.

"I'm not spending a dime," shouted the candidate, "If any of my friends want to spend money that will be all right."

"What is the name of your friend?" snorted the advertiser as he hastily departed.

Mrs. Florence C. Blakely, wife of former Municipal Judge Norman Blakely, has tossed her pretty bonnet into the political ring and is a candidate for delegate to the National Convention from the Fourth District. Mrs. Blakely has always taken an active interest in politics and is campaigning furiously among her friends. Norman says if he ever decides to run for office he will install her as his campaign manager.

What is a fellow supposed to do when he has a building lot surveyed and finds eleven feet of his property out in the river? A certain filling station operator is confronted with just such a problem. He owns a lot adjoining Little River on Biscayne Boulevard and has discovered that eleven feet on the north side of the property in the river. It will cost him more to reclaim it than it is worth.

Most daily newspapers forbid reporters and editors too accept "side-line" jobs, especially political ones. Evidently one Miami daily does not enforce the rule because one of its desk men is handling publicity for a candidate for the State senate. Best joke of the thing, however, is the fact that his wife is handling local publicity for a gubernatorial candidate and his newspaper isn't supporting that particular candidate.

No one can deny that the humane society is a noble institution and deserves the fullest of support, but dragging mangy, dirty cats and dogs down to Flagler street and exhibiting them in unsanitary cages to induce ped-

estrians to contribute funds seems a little out of order. Naturally we couldn't expect to find the cages filled with pedigreed animals (those animals have homes) but nearly everyone is willing to take the humane society's word for it that funds are needed and will contribute just as freely without such repulsive evidence.

Resumption of complete wire service in bookie joints has met with wild acclaim from the horse followers. For nearly a year the wire service consisted merely of results and prices with no final "run-downs" and no descriptions. Local board rooms have the wall sheets up and although the service is sketchy at times, are giving complete descriptions of races at four tracks.

Pretty girls cluttering up Western Union and Postal Telegraph offices, all at once, caused many Miamians to wonder what it was all about. Casual inquiry brought forth the information that sudden closing of a number of night clubs and "hot spots" caught several of the lassies with their scanties at half mast and that they had to appeal to friends in the north for funds for transportation. After sending out the S. O. S. wires they camp in the telegraph offices and wait for the answer—and most of them get it pronto.

Voters who flocked to Bayfront Park Monday night to participate in the big free barbecue made no effort to register disappointment when they discovered that lemonade was the only available liquid with which to wash down the cow meat. Sponsors of the barbecue originally intended to furnish free beer and even went so far as to make arrangements to have one concern deliver 100 cases but at the last moment it was discovered that there is an ordinance against serving beer on city owned, or leased, property and the citrus fruit came into its own. Lemonade and barbecued beef make poor table companions, as many who attended can tell you.

A local ambulance driver is being kidded by his fellow employees for a "boner" pulled Monday morning. A white woman walking on Biscayne Boulevard near 10th street was

struck by an automobile and the ambulance was called. While the ambulance was making the run two negro stevedores staged a fight at 9th and the Boulevard and one of them stabbed the other. The ambulance driver seeing the crowd around the injured negro naturally stopped there and got himself a charity case while another driver from an opposition company picked up the white woman.

It cost the county nearly \$100 to investigate Westbrook Pegler's tirade about Miami's alleged labor racket and would have cost considerable more if all the witnesses summoned by State Attorney G. A. Worley had been smart. Any witness called by the state attorney is entitled to a \$2 witness fee. Approximately 40 of the witnesses stopped by E. B. Leatherman's office and collected their two frog skins after telling the state attorney they didn't know 'fron nothin'. Result of the investigation resulted in exactly nothing except another whack at the county coffers.

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LOOKING BACK Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

Things We'd All Like To Know

(Jan. 23, 1926)

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

A FEW "OVERLOOKED" DETAILS ABOUT MIAMI

By FATHER TIME

MIAMI has always grown in spite of its town leaders! Scarcely a week passes that this isn't proved. It's been so from the beginning—when the townsite was laid out by men who forgot alleys! . . . if it hadn't been for the "Great-I-Am" Sewell, Miami Beach could have been part of the municipality of Miami, and so could several other healthy communities about the city! . . . If it hadn't been for Sewell and a few other leaders working for the F.E.C. R. instead of working for the community, the town wouldn't have been bottled up so that its downtown section can't possibly go northward from Flagler street more than six blocks, or southward more than two blocks—while it can't possibly extend beyond the railroad tracks westward on Flagler street—because of the F.E.C. railroad bottling it up at all these points.

But in spite of these handicaps—all man-made—Miami grows.

And Miami will continue to grow in spite of the fact that the Herald continues giving the town the worst journalistic breaks anybody ever heard of. This week, for example . . . "The largest crowd that ever witnessed an out-of-season boxing show in Miami," wrote Sports Editor Clay in Wednesday's paper. Out-of-season? Certainly, out-of-season. Ever since the Royal Palm Club closed the Herald has curiously considered the "season" officially ended in Miami!

And the day before that Ohio-owned and Ohio-dictated newspaper gave wide circulation to a WPA declaration that 651,000 tourists visited Miami during the season up to February 29! . . . Outside of declaring that the figures were based upon gas receipts, the newspaper article did not disclose how such statistics were compiled. It was silly and malicious. Miami is entitled to a better break than that from its leading newspaper.

Even before the boom, Ev Sewell, then president of the Chamber of Commerce, estimated that a million tourists visited Miami every winter and spent \$80,000,000. Ev and his brother John then ran the leading gents' furnishing store in Miami, though it is sometimes humorously recalled these days that they used to advertise nothing but winter hats and suits and for a time had our natives decked out in furs while our visitors delighted in palmbeaches! Anyway, Ev knew what he was talking about. In the season just ended we had three times as many visitors as we had in the days when Ev headed the chamber of commerce. For transportation has changed the whole conception of tourist business, people being able to drive to Miami for weekends during winter from points as far away as Pennsylvania and Ohio.

Gasoline statistics may be used, as MIAMI LIFE has attempted in the past to use them, merely as an indicator of the business growth in the community—but they are scarcely a fair guide to our winter population, when such a vast proportion of our winter visitors don't wander four or five blocks from where they live in winter—and then only on foot! It must be remembered that only a relatively small percentage of our winter tourist "crop" is composed of jitters and therefore using any means of transportation—and fewer still bring automobiles!

No, gasoline figures have thrown the WPA completely off—and the Herald, being a supposedly able metropolitan paper, should have, out of fairness to the business folk who make it a very profitable newspaper, corrected the WPA report.

For instance, this talk of 651,000 tourists visiting us up to the last of February. Why, there were 150,000 here every day from the fourth week in January to the second week in March! Would this WPA outfit have nerve enough to say that the turnover amounted to only 250,000 in the course of several weeks?

Had a check been maintained on the highways entering Dade county during that entire period (even this wouldn't be accurate as so many visitors have Florida license plates), and if, at the same time, a positive check had been maintained on all highways leading into Florida!—then we would know pretty definitely how many different people visited Miami. But it won't be until this is done competently that we shall know how big our tourist crop is! The Herald owners should know this.

The WPA's estimate of 651,000 tourists doesn't come anywhere near the actual total of tourists this winter. IT IS PROBABLY TWO MILLION SHY! . . . Yes, with an actual total population of 400,000 at height of season, the turnover in the course of six months would easily go three millions of people! For you must remember that virtually every tourist who visits Florida visits Miami—even if for only a quick sightseeing trip through the city! . . . Where has the politically minded WPA any facilities to check these people—who spend money in Miami, may stop over a night or two—never using any gasoline, or causing anyone else to use any—in fact, not driving their cars?

This WPA tourist survey business was a good deal of a joke, anyway. I can't find any householder who was interviewed as to people he had visiting him or people he had renting his rooms! Were there any interviewed at all? I happened to have had ten people visit me this winter—and outside of an increased grocery bill and light bill and some extra admissions to theaters and sports exhibitions, there would be no way for WPA to know they had been here—for certainly no WPA scout came around to ask! . . . And they didn't use a gallon of extra gas!

Back in 1923 and 1925—when roads were still bad coming into Florida, and when there wasn't anything like the railroad and steamship service we have now—it was

estimated that at least a million people visited Miami, spending all the way from a day to six months. Those figures issued by the chamber of commerce weren't disputed—in fact, were borne out by Columnist Brisbane and other authorities.

We easily are 300 percent ahead of 1924. Our gas tax receipts show that.

Of course, we have very little civic consciousness left. We've lost a competitive daily that used to give us an idea of the truth, anyway, and now have two papers run primarily to reap as much money and political power for their owners as possible, so that those owners and the corporations in which those owners and their closest friends are interested can also make more money than they'd ordinarily be entitled to make.

But, even so, those papers—for their own benefit, if not the city's—should try to keep from hurting this grand city that is so nice supporting their papers and their corporations. Such publicity as the above-mentioned is very hurtful. Radio sponsors might see it and figure that the Miami stations aren't worth including in their set-ups, if only 651,000 people visit this place in winter-time! . . . And national advertisers might not be so easy to sell on Herald and News advertising space.

A little probing by either Herald or News, after that WPA story had been handed over to the city desk, would have immediately revealed that back in 1924—when Ev Sewell, president of the chamber of commerce, was proving that a million people visited Miami in winter—gasoline gallonage totaled 16,085,000 gallons. That's how many gallons of gas were sold that year—the year before the boom. While in 1939 the Dade County total for the year was 58,609,116 gallons.

JUST THREE TIMES BIGGER!

So if the WPA wants to do some figuring on the basis of gallonage, why didn't they take such figures as these?

SO YOU SAY...

Dry Cleaner Replies

April 15, 1940

To The Miami Life:

In Answer to Mrs. V. A. Morris' Complaint of Knit Dress: Mrs. Morris admitted that she spilled clorox on the two-piece suit and she was not promised anything except that we would do our best. When the garment was dyed the desired color of blue the place where the clorox was spilled took a black. After waiting for some time and Mrs. Morris did not come in, and realizing the dress was unwearable with the black spot where the clorox was, the dyer was advised to dye it black. All who saw the dress agreed it looked beautiful, but Mrs. Morris would not accept it. In an effort to remove the black dye, holes came where the clorox was on the garment.

The Morris Family has been customers of the Bon Ton for years and we regret very much losing them. We ask Mrs. Morris to carry the garment to the Fair Practice Bureau, the Better Business Bureau or the Cleaning and Laundry Board and we would abide by their decision.

BON TON CLEANERS AND LAUNDRY By R. L. DOUGHERTY, Pres.

From Frank Gough

HOTEL CHARLOTTE CHARLOTTE NORTH CAROLINA

April 12, 1940

Dear Mr. Clein:

Please change the address on Frank Gough's "MIAMI LIFE" from Hotel Alcazar, Miami, Fla., to Hotel Charlotte, Charlotte, N. C. Guess you know before now that he was fired on the 24th of January with no excuse except that he brow beat his employees! Really, Mr. Clein, that's so much scum it's funny. Both Frank and I are so glad he's out of the DuPont's organization. No one will ever know the dirty deals he got from them the last year. Wish I could write all the things they really did do to him. There's one thing we can say, they certainly gave him a boost instead of the kick they thought they were handing him.

Thanking you for all the NEWS and regards from Frank and myself.

Very truly yours, THE MRS. P. S. Frank is manager of this hotel since Feb. 20th.

THEY TELL ME

THAT WQAM's chief pain-in-the-neck (the announcer who tries to talk like Kaltenborn—but, according to his version, Kaltenborn tries to talk like him!) amused listeners (if any, besides us), by doing a builder's commercial the other afternoon. . . . that clipped Oxford take-off of his sounded so funny saying "concrete blocks" . . .

THAT it doesn't require much searching to get a laugh out of the telephone book, if you're so minded . . . for instance, you want to phone the sheriff—and, not be-

FOR SALE USED SELECTIVE COIN PHONOGRAPHS Prices: \$30.00 to \$60.00 Deale Automatic Music Co. 1600 S. W. 1st St. Ph. 2-6932

in Dade, One Broward operator, they say, controls more than 100 machines

THAT a very pretty, and very stupid, young stenographer who has walked on crutches for two weeks has finally thrown them away and has changed her mind about suing the bus company . . .

She claims she was injured by a door and used the crutches as if in great agony. . . .

She made the mistake of going to a dance three days after the alleged accident and didn't know an investigator saw her until he met her on Flagler street a week later and laughingly advised her to throw away the crutches

THAT the "no truck" rule on Biscayne boulevard isn't being enforced as rigidly as it should be. Truck drivers are becoming bolder and bolder as they muddle up traffic

THAT alert daily newspaper reporters could spring a big "scoop" by ascertaining the name of the occupant of the Collins avenue pent house. She is using her own name in her divorce suit which is pending in court here, but her stage and movie name is good for the front page

THAT a certain politician is hurting his chances by the "clique" he carries around with him to various meetings. Several members of this clique have been previously identified with putrid messes and aren't doing him a bit of good

THAT three married female employees of a downtown store applied for leave of absence on the same day last week and all three gave "expectancy" as reason for requesting leave. Of course it was a coincidence but it's funny just the same

THAT a certain chain store outfit would do better financially by removing a small sign from the front of the cash register. The lad who runs the register is doing fine for himself—thank you

THAT a fairly well known shoe clerk had his face slapped by an irate brunette one day this week when he became careless with his hands. She wasn't trying on a pair of wading boots

THAT Kenneth Ballinger and Charles Frances ("Socker") Coe will form a law partnership when the latter is defeated for the U. S. Senate. Ballinger will manage his campaign against Senator Andrews

KOOL MOTOR Gasoline and Oils CITIES SERVICE PRODUCTS Orange State Oil Co Distributors

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

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.

FLASH BONDED STORAGE CO. Inc. HOUSEHOLD GOODS STORAGE LOCAL AND LONG DISTANCE MOVING FREIGHTING, SHIPPING, CRATING PACKING MOTH PROOFING 60,000 Sq. Ft. of SAFE STORAGE PHONES 3-5323 - 2-3723 1916 N. E. MIAMI COURT MIAMI, FLORIDA

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

AARON DRUG STORE Owned by a Registered Pharmacist 400 N. W. 2nd Ave., Ph. 2-8995

JEFF'S NITE CLUB Flagler At 12th Ave. Attraction Extraordinary Frank Murtha Betty Burns EDDIE PEYTON AND AN ALL-STAR SHOW Johnny Silvers Music 3 SHOWS NIGHTLY NO COVER CHARGE NEW LOW PRICES Phone 2-4094

MOUNT THAT SAILFISH! A Complete Taxidermist Service Anything from a humming-bird to a whale! W. W. Worth 1213 N. W. Miami Court Nite or Day Phone 2-4066 MIAMI, FLORIDA

Chinatown Charlie's 1720 Alton Road—(One Block North of Lincoln Road) LUNCHEONS — DINNERS — SUPPER

STOP IN AT DADE COUNTY'S SWANKIEST BAR Seminole Bar STEAKS — CHOPS and SEA FOOD Package Store Okeechobee Road, at the Bridge PHONE 8-2142 HIALEAH WALTER B. CAREY

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

HERALD SMOKE COVERS UP EVIL

(Continued from Page 1)

climb the stone fence encircling the place pretty easily. And in the old days there was never a guard at the not-too-big gateway and anyone was free to enter. It was the scare-stories that the News carried that forced Capone to take means to protect himself from crackpots who might take the News seriously.

In all that time he lived in Miami his brother-in-law, Danny Coughlin, did not live with him—or live in Miami. Danny came after Al had taken up residence with Uncle Sam—in order to comfort his sister, who, with her young son, was very much alone after Al's departure. A very friendly sort of fellow, with nothing even remotely resembling gangster about him (nor does his sister look like a gangster's wife!), he has a capacity for making friends. He saw an opportunity here to get a better deal for a class of people constantly trampled upon by employers—the lowly waiter and lowly bartender—and he was smart enough to turn his capacity for friendship into something good, not only for himself but for the waiters and bartenders of the Great Miami area whom he helped elevate to a more respectable status. . . . The "evidence" State Investigator G. A. Worley "unearthed," at the instance of the papers, was only that kind that can be found accompanying any union movement: the ire of disgruntled labor politicians who happen to be on the losing side. Every union has 'em.

The Herald said Thursday morning—in its first—page editorial:

Far from having written—"without proper regard to either truth or accuracy," the fact is that Pegler knew whereof he spoke. . . . Pegler's charges cannot be brushed aside or disproved with a sweep of the hand. . . . There is no middle ground when mob rule threatens. Its destruction is the only decent and honorable end.

This is the Herald in a typically vicious, vindictive mood. The Herald editorial mind forgets yesterday's, or last week's paper; it can't think ahead. It's an amateur at sophistry. Any grammar-school debater with Heralds a week old to confound them could run Herald editors into a storm-cellar.

For instance, remembering what the Herald said above with reference to Pegler's truth and accuracy, have you found anywhere in the Herald for the last week any refutation of the following statements made by Pegler and printed in the Herald on Thursday of last week (Apr. 11):

(Pegler was writing about policing "the two Miami's, correctly described as the winter quarters of the criminal scum.") Of course, I am being naive about this, for I am assuming that the state and local politicians, including the judges and enforcement officers, are clean and conscientious—which is absurd. When a community has to resort to injunctions to forbid criminals to engage in crime, as Miami did this winter, it is obvious that the elected officials are not trying . . .

No, you haven't read any comment on that—AND YOU WON'T! It brings up a ticklish point with the Herald. The Herald and Publisher Knight want the season forgotten;—especially would they hate Pegler on THEIR TAIL!

The Herald in the entire winter past never once took any of our public officials to task for the unbridled lawlessness that prevailed all winter long, and in the most crowded and public part of Miami. Apparently the Herald was under the thumb of the Organized Mob controlling the Miami gambling set-up.

Everybody has gradually become conscious of the fact that the Herald is making city hall goose-step. Everybody saw the Herald browbeat and humiliate the late Ev Sewell into obedience. We've seen it lash everybody who dared to openly oppose it. We saw the Herald go after men who dared to peek into our gambling mess. We've watched it intimidate the courts, even the highest. The Herald denounced Hoover.

We have seen the Herald set up its own majority on the city commission. There is no argument at City Hall as to the Real Boss of Miami.

Right now that Real Boss—the Herald—not only knows how much lawlessness there is in Miami, but counts upon it, reckons its earnings a year hence! As proof of this, look in the new budget for the city of Miami: here is disclosed a big sum of money to be gained from "fines and forfeitures." The Herald counts upon a certain revenue—a big revenue—for the city out of the gamblers, pimps, and prostitutes WHOM THE HERALD HAS ALREADY DECIDED TO LET OPERATE DURING THE COMING YEAR!...The proof is there—in the budget, adopted by the Herald's own stooges controlling the commission table!

CLEAN Well-Flavored GOAT MILK Delivered 40c qt. Phone 4-5520 LAST DAY To Register!

Brand New! Garage Apt. (Unfurn.) \$40-month, year round Screened porch, living room, kitchen, 2 bedrooms, all tiled bath. (Garage space, however, not available). Inq. 1760 S. W. 14th Ave.

.POLITICS. CHAPPELL'S PAST IS HAUNTING HIM

(Continued from Page 1)

in Hialeah, and at 9 p. m. at Andrew Jackson high school. And plans were in the making at the time of going to press for a meeting in the south part of Miami later on in the evening.

Sheriff Coleman, seeking reelection, has a pretty snappy campaign folder—one of the few a fellow wants to put in his pocket. "If You're Old Enough to Vote—You're Too Old for Fairy Tales," and "You Have the Best; Ignore the Rest," are two of its catch-lines. Coleman has two opponents, both vigorously slam-banging him—and the booklet is a pretty good defense—and somewhat of an offense too. "Most political speeches have a happy ending—everybody is glad when it's over," is one Coleman gem. Another: "Many good flivers, like good people, get cussed by someone who doesn't understand them," here's a pretty good finale: "Friendly tip to an opponent: Down in Mexico spectators stoned a tereador because they didn't like the bull he selected. American political spell-binders, please note!"

J. Law Davis, candidate for county commissioner District 2, came to Dade county from Citrus County in 1918 and has been a resident of Little River since 1923, first as grocer, then as real estate man and developer, putting on Home Acres, Davis Heights and other subdivisions. Mr. Davis as chairman of the Dade County Zoning commission was selected little more than a year ago to become County Zoning Director, which position he still holds.

He is one of the organizers and directors of the Little River Bank & Trust company, member of First Christian Church of Miami; Miami Kiwanis Club, Little River Businessmen's association, and the Masonic order; is married, lives with his wife at 883 N. E. 84th street, and they have a daughter, Mrs. D. F. Mendenhall of Thomasville, N. C.

CIRCUIT Judge Worth W. Trammell, brother of the late U. S. Senator Park Trammell and himself a candidate for governor sixteen years ago, is one of the best known men in Florida, coming from a highly respected Florida family. Judge Trammell came to Miami from Gadsden county where, when a young man, he was a state legislator and also member of the State Democratic Executive committee. He has twice been endorsed by the local bar to fill vacancies in the office of circuit judge and took his present post on Dec. 1, 1931. He is married, is father of five, a member of the Young Democratic Club of Florida and also of Dade county, a Delta Tau Delta, a member of the Presbyterian church, and the state and local bar associations.

Constable Jim Hickland comes up again for reelection—thus proving how time flies at Miami Beach. It doesn't seem four years have passed since Jim was last reelected! Jim has been with Miami Beach a long, long time, going from motorcycle man to assistant chief on the Miami Beach police force back in the early 1920's. In fact it was 19 years ago, that Jim went on the force. He was assistant chief when he resigned to become deputy sheriff, serving under Henry Chase. Upon creation of the Miami Beach district, Governor John W. Martin appointed Jim constable in 1928. He was elected in 1932, and reelected again in 1936.

We like the expression, "streamlining Florida court procedure," being used by Attorney Irving Renno in his campaign for state representative, Group 2. He sees the moment near at hand when our solons are going to welcome a remedial change in our "horse-and-buggy laws governing courts," and a revamping of the whole legal process to conform with a federal court procedure.

R. B. (Reggie) Chastain, for eight years constable in the First district, is again seeking election. Reggie, who is prominently identified with the Young Democratic Club, has been one of the most popular law enforcement officers in the county during his regime and should have little or no trouble retaining his present post. He is married to the former Dixie Herlong, attorney and associate of Judge Thomas S. Ferguson, and has two children.

Justice of the Peace Henry L. Oppenborn, of 4000 Northeast 2nd Avenue, candidate for re-election, has been a resident of the district for twenty-three years, and has been identified with every worthy cause for the betterment of the people of his community.

He was appointed Justice in 1926 by Governor John W. Martin, to fill a vacancy of District No. 8, then created by the Board of County Commissioners. He had been a student of law for many years, and in June 1929 was admitted to practice before all the Courts of the State of Florida. In 1932, after the re-districting of Justice Districts, he became a candidate and was elected in District No. 1, which he has held continuously, without opposition. He is an active member of many fraternal and service organizations and has devoted his time to the teaching of universal fraternity. While Governor of the 4th District of Optimist International, he founded and sponsored a boys' work program in Dade County, which has developed into the formation of two Junior Optimist Clubs. He is also Chairman of the Advisory Council of the Order of DeMolay for boys. He resides with his family at No. 130 Northeast 50th Terrace, and there are three children: Fred, a former Marine, now in Business in Coral Gables; Catherine Alford, Secretary to Congressman Pat Cannon in Washington, D. C., and Henry, Jr., a student of Miami Edison High.

WASHINGTON DRUG COMPANY 244 5th St. - Miami Beach Phone 5-1064

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

VOTE FOR J. LAW DAVIS



FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER District No. 2 DADE COUNTY 100% For Townsend Plan A Native Floridian 20 Years in Dade County 17 Years in District 2 Subject to Democratic Primary, May, 1940 (Paid Political Adv.)

DAN Chappell! And now he would be state senator from Dade! Dan has tried since 1926. State attorney's office intrigued him—but he couldn't make it. He did make representative later—and served while the racing bill was being put through, which whetted his appetite for more political power—but the Dade voters turned a deaf ear when he tried to unseat State Senator John W. Watson. Dan's tried since—but can't make the grade. He's even run for governor! Now he's dropped to running for state senator. The truth is, Dan couldn't win as precinct committeeman in Dade county!

As Dan goes down the street, he's patted on the back—because people know he "eats it up"—and, concealing grins, they pat him on the back—and laugh uproariously afterwards.

His direct connections with the racing interests had their first expose back in 1937 when C. H. Robertson flashed a letter apparently signed by Chappell, addressed to the manager of Tropical Park, instructing him to give Robertson a job. Readers may recall that Robertson boasted to Eddie Harper and Dave Yeomans, both then employed by the morning Tribune, that he worked for Chappell and Dwight Rogers, state representative from Broward county, and that they could fix anything between Miami and Tallahassee—and that as long as they try Judge Collins in the State of Florida, and Dan Chappell is a friend of his, they will never convict him, Robertson also boasted of the fact that "we fixed four jurors for the first Collins trial" and that he had personally fixed five on the list for

the second trial. During the racing investigation at Tallahassee in the last session of the legislature, while Parks Glover, then secretary of the racing commission, was on the stand, Glover said that Jake "Ace Deuce" Solomon, reputed king of Miami bookmakers, was reinstated at Hialeah Park after Dan Chappell went to Joseph Widener, Hialeah Park owner, and agreed to be "personally responsible for Solomon!"



Mrs. Ted, who specializes in fine shoe repairing, is located at 1060 W. Flagler, where for nine years she has steadily added new customers, and she will shortly remodel to care for the increased trade. There will be no interruption to business during alterations.

Pulverized soil \$1 yd. Cow manure, 3 bags \$1 Kanro Nursery, 2155 S. W. 23 St. Ph. 4-4804.

CHARLOTTE MAY'S Whole Country Fried Chicken Sealed Hot in a box—12 pieces Will serve Four—including Salad, Potatoes and Toasted French Loaf—All for \$1.25 or Half, 75c 330 N. E. Second Ave. PHONE 2-7465

APARTMENTS NICELY FURNISHED Hot Water — Frigidaires Electric and Gas ON BUS LINES Monthly Payments from \$25.00 744 S. W. 47th Ave. Phone 4-1484



LET'S RE-ELECT R. B. CHASTAIN CONSTABLE DISTRICT NO. ONE He has served faithfully. Why should we change? (Paid Political Adv.)



Advocates Creation of Poor Man's Court and Public Defender ELECT IRVING RENNO Your Representative Group 2 STATE LEGISLATURE DADE COUNTY Courteous — Progressive Experienced in Law Democratic Primary, May, 1940 (Paid Political Adv.)

RE-ELECT D. C. COLEMAN DADE COUNTY'S CHOICE SHERIFF "The Best Sheriff Dade County Ever Had..." YOU HAVE THE BEST Ignore the Rest (Paid Political Adv. by his Friends.



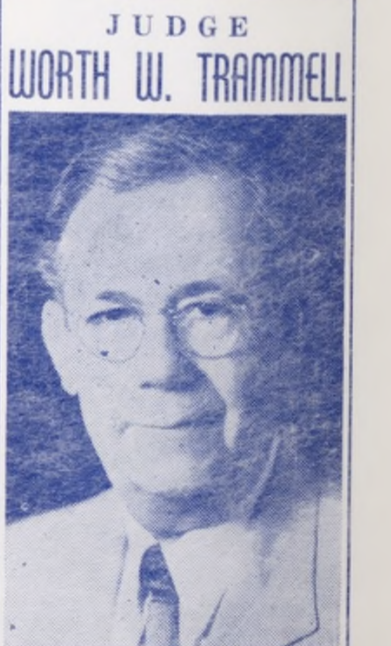
Clinic—Complete—Modern LATEST METHODS—POPULAR PRICES Physical and Laboratory Examinations. Blood and Urine Tests, Blood Pressure, Diseases of Women, Prostates Reduced, X-Ray, Colonics, Gall Bladder Drainage, Arthritis, Sinuses, Ulcers and Diet, Tonsils, Hemorrhoids, Warts Removed. PHYSIO-THERAPY, including Fever and Ultra-Violet, Sun-Lamp Rays, Infra-Red, Short Wave, Diathermy, Sine, Galvanism, Spinal, Muscle and Foot Adjustments, HOLLAND CLINIC, 28 S. W. 8th AVE.



YOUR VOTE WILL BE APPRECIATED REELECT HENRY L. OPPENBORN JUSTICE OF THE PEACE District No. 1 (Paid Political Adv.)



John J. Lindsey CANDIDATE For JUDGE OF THE CIVIL COURT OF RECORD "Served you faithfully in two sessions of the Legislature. Offers twenty-five years experience in the making and interpretation of the law." Democratic Primary May 7, 1940 (Paid Political Adv.)



JUDGE WORTH W. TRAMMELL Candidate For Renomination To Succeed Himself—As CIRCUIT JUDGE (Group 3) He Will Appreciate Your Support (Paid Political Adv.)