



BILKING MIAMI'S HOMEOWNERS!

Aunt Bertha Goes To War

Strange Tale of a Nice Old Lady Who Reveals Her Hidden Personality Under the Stress of Radio News
By JOHN KIMBLE

THE war in Europe has now spread to my Aunt Bertha, right here in Miami, and there is no telling what will happen next. The whole family is very much worried, for it has suddenly become evident, after 84 years, that Aunt Bertha has a dual personality.

Aunt Bertha, until now, has always been one of those nice, timorous old ladies that everybody refers to as "sweet old things." She has been occupied most of her long life with bringing oranges and sticks of candy to other people's babies, performing quiet little acts of charity and benevolence, knitting tiny garments, and taking a personal motherly interest in taxi-drivers, waitresses, ex-convicts, traffic cops and all other hard-boiled individuals with whom she comes in contact from time to time. It is even said, with the proper touch of awe, that once during the boom she straightened Ed Romfh's necktie for him and immediately borrowed a thousand dollars on a lot in Fulford-by-the-Sea. You can therefore understand how upset all of us were last Tuesday during a news broadcast when Aunt Bertha abruptly threw her cane at the radio and began swearing volubly—not in her accustomed octogenarian treble, but in a deep, manly basso. It was like turning a corner and coming upon your minister shooting craps with a couple of newsboys. Nobody knew what to do, so nobody did anything, and then, to the relief of all, Aunt Bertha became perfectly calm.

"I must go upstairs now," she declared in her normal, quavering tones, quite as if nothing had happened, and without further word she retired. We heard her moving around a bit in her room, heard the scraping of a chair across the floor, and then there was complete silence. She came down to dinner that evening as usual and seemed her old serene, gentle, vaguely timid self—with a slight difference, however, in that her eyes had the dreamy look of preoccupation with an idea. After dinner instead of sitting on the verandah with us she returned at once to her room and remained there. At 3 a. m., through my open door, I could see light still shining under hers across the hall. At breakfast she did not appear, and everybody agreed that we must investigate.

I knocked gently at her door and, receiving no answer, opened it. Aunt Bertha, diminutive and dainty in her lavender robe, was seated at her desk writing rapidly with a pencil on a huge pad of scratch paper from which she lifted her eyes every moment or two to glare at twin photographs of Hitler and Mussolini, newly pasted on the wall above the desk. All about her the floor was littered ankle deep with sheets of paper, some of them bearing only a line or two of the old lady's meticulous, slanted handwriting, others filled

with it and slashed diagonally with pencil marks indicating them for the discard.

"Auntie," I began apologetically, "don't you—"

"Shut up!" she growled, her voice again that hoarse rumbling bass. "I've just about got it. I'll fix those — ! ! ? * — ! Who's winning on the radio? What's Weygand doing? Did that Dago attack yet or is he still trying to get up his nerve?" Then, suddenly, as I leaned against the wall weak with fright, she drew her hand across her brow in the manner of one coming out of a trance, looked at me dazedly for a minute, and smiled her sweet, tired, timid smile.

"Listen to this, John," she directed, beaming. "See if you don't think this might do." Then she began reading, (Continued on Page 4)

NEW TAX THREAT— At least one member of the city commission seen plenty of headaches ahead for the city commission and the taxpayers, too, if Commissioner Gardner's persistent stand for taking out of the debt service set-up about \$200,000 in items is successful. The items must be then paid out of the operating fund, which isn't so strong now, and this would necessitate another tax—possibly an amusement tax. On top of that, Gardner's success might mean a multiplicity of suits over titles to lands the city has in its possession or has sold.

BOTH Miami dailies purposely gumped up one of the most important stories to break in Miami official history. A new budget is about to be adopted. A tentative budget has been projected. Commissioner R. C. Gardner the people's bulwark against complete subjugation, merely asked how come homestead exemption, given Florida householders by the state, was being illegally, even criminally denied them because of improper shifting of operating expenses to debt service.

They're still throwing things at the old grocer. For he's uncovered a smelly mess that may wind up with somebody asking mercy of our courts! For taxpayers were obviously defrauded last year—and Commissioner Gardner merely wanted to be sure it wouldn't happen again this year.

MIAMI LIFE discovers that in the year just ending we folks entitled to homestead exemption paid an item of \$280,000 for fire hydrant charges (it, of course, went to the favored public utility that put Mayor Alex Orr and Vice-Stooge C. D. Van Orsdel upon the commission)—

because that item was paid under "debt service"—when it is certainly an "operating expense" item!

... This, by the way, is the item that peeved Orr so much last year when Gardner questioned him about it. ... Gardner asked how he knew the item would come to \$280,000, and Orr said he guessed at it—and Gardner cocked his eye at that in such a way that Orr got mad and wanted to fight!

The papers don't want the thing aired. That's the truth of the matter. That's why they talk vaguely of amusement taxes, and other possible nuisance taxes—if they're deprived of this crooked manipulating—and taxpayer-squeezing—and they are trying to make the people believe that if they are forced to put on these nuisance taxes, it will all be Commissioner Gardner's fault. That's why we print the little item from the News at the head of this article.

Now here's the truth about the matter:

Miami is a municipal corporation chartered by the state—in other words, a political subdivision of the state, allowed, in a restricted manner, to levy taxes for its upkeep. The state limits Miami to a 10-mill tax for operating expense. The state, recognizing that things must be built through bond issues, permits us to go into debt to the extent of something like 21 mills per annum tax. Added to these is a 2-mill tax for city publicity. Miami has long ago reached the 10-mill point (the limit allowed by law) in operating expense. But for their political machines, Big and Little Tammany need more money. So they start bilking the homeowners who are entitled to tax exemption up to \$5,000 valuation of their homes, except for debt service. For now there are items in the debt service

such as the one above mentioned for the current year; the \$280,000 fire hydrant charge is listed vaguely as "other contracts!" Only upon close perusal can it be found that it is a fire hydrant charge! Also, in debt service, we find that around \$60,000 city attorney fees comes under the debt service charge . . . for instance, to the A. & P. Store's attorney, Lewis Twyman (also city attorney) \$10,000 a year!

Miami homesteaders, especially the little ones, whom the state tried to benefit with the homestead exemption law, are being cheated out of just that much in the debt service item that they find in their dums from the city tax assessor's office.

Mayor Alex Orr is probably the only commissioner who has known about this manipulation! . . . Commissioner Gardner is just getting wise to it.

It will be just too bad if this gets into circuit court—as it could, if taxpayers are inclined to fight about any such inclusion in the new budget (which is to be adopted by the first of July)—because the state no doubt would be forced to bear down upon the Miami city commission for illegally—it could be considered criminally—nullifying a state law in order to get funds for building up a political machine!

There's a pretty bad mess at city hall—as we've said before. There's more dead-heading than the politicians can afford to have made public. The 1939 budget called for \$4,146,230 expenditures, of which fully \$2,212,011 was for "debt service", not only on our \$29,000,000 bond issue but the fire hydrant payment, attorney fees, and the other items mentioned. The 1940 budget will, of course, be higher—for already the "debt service" is estimated at more than \$100,000 higher than last year's.

Cut-Throat Monopoly

THERE'S a lot of wiring in one part of the Liberty City federal housing project that the National Board of Fire Underwriters says is dangerous.

Excellent wiring, approved by the National Board of Fire Underwriters, had been put in the project by the contractor.

But it was ordered yanked out . . . because the contractor didn't belong . . . he didn't belong to the little but extremely wealthy and powerful oligarchy that seems to control the Miami situation—an oligarchy that has flourished all during the last decade . . . Belcher Oil, Mayor Alexander Orr, Jr., George LaVigne Electric Company, Plumbing Inspector Gardhouse, Maurice H. Connell & Associates, mechanical engineers—these are important cogs in its machinery.

Last August the Merritt Oil Burner Manufacturing Company, 87 S. W. Eighth street, of which Speers J. Kerr, Jr., is vice-president, was low bidder at \$3600 for ten oil-burning units in the Liberty Square development. Mayor Orr's Company and the Belcher company had competed, but the other company won.

Then things began to happen for young Kerr (who isn't the kind to take a fight like this lying down!)—And what did happen to him reveals a stinking condition in Miami's business life. Inspectors began assailing him from every angle. Various union business agents made this demand and that demand—although in this sort of installation there is no union classification because several unions are involved. The company is o. k. It has made WPA installations before, especially at the different Kendall projects.

Young Kerr, doubly anxious because in this sort of contract the contractor must guarantee his work for one year. was shunted from one engineer to another, from one inspector to another. He was asked to yank this or that installation, to make silly, arbitrary changes that rendered several installations imperfect. There was in evidence a conspiracy to "give him the works." The "gang"—this "gang", by the way, may be caught up with by independent investigators who are checking Miami corruption—probably went too far in this case, because it can be proved that in the same project Mayor Orr's company had an identical installation upon adjoining units—without any such harassment!—a circumstance that can be proved! . . . Mayor Orr, by the way, refuses to listen to young Kerr's complaint!

Furthermore, the manufacturers of the equipment, prominent nationally (the Oil-O-Matic Heating Corporation, for instance, is one of them) know, through this case, if they did not know it before, that Miami inspectors—throwing out tested-and-Underwriter-Approved equipment to be replaced by stuff not one-fifth as good! just to break a certain contractor who doesn't belong! . . . And they and other powerfully connected national manufacturers are learning that pretty dirty politics is played in Miami, and that the Belcher Oil Company seems to be the ringleader. One of Belcher's officials hee-hee'd sarcastically at young Kerr, who was smarting over the costly delays the "gang" had brought about for him: "You won't bid on any more government work, will you?"

THE CANDID FATHER!

(Herald Help Wanted)

YOUNG woman who understands children, must have strength of a horse, patience of a saint, agility of a jack-rabbit; ingenuity and no nerves. 907 S. W. 15th Ave.

Who'll Be Drafted?

Henry Ford says that he can turn out 1,000 warplanes a day. But, he adds, he will do it only if they are to be used for DEFENSE.

We're not so sure about that. We don't believe Mr. Ford, industrial giant though he is, holds such an exalted position in this country that he may tell the government whether he will turn out warplanes or not, or what they may be used for if he does turn them out.

It is admittedly possible, and many sober citizens believe it highly probable, that, if the Allies can manage to hold out after the present blitzkrieg, an American army will once more go to Europe to give the knockout blow to the dictators. In the minds of most thoughtful Americans, such an enterprise would be definitely in defense of the United

States, but suppose Mr. Ford's conception of "defense" means only actual defense on American soil—what then?

Ever since the first World War, there has been a growing determination throughout the country that, next time, ALL classes and categories of our citizens shall be made to share more equitably the burdens of the national effort. Industry, we have been told authoritatively, is to be drafted as it is needed. No longer is human flesh to be the sole material for conscription, with human greed allowed to run free. The next war is not to be "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight."

If this country decides on war abroad as essential to the preservation of itself as a world power, Mr. Henry Ford will manufacture airplanes at the rate of 1,000 a day—and like it. Meanwhile, he should get himself measured for a new hat, very quickly. He's just one of 140,000,000 other Americans.

Herald "Eats Dirt!"

Cone—and the Herald!

And the next day the Herald had to start backtracking in its dagger-thrust campaign against Pepper. Biscayne Bill on Friday addressed Col. Frank Knox of Chicago (whose toes the Knights of Akron had better not tread upon!) as follows: "Dear Frank: You wouldn't be trying to steal our Senator Claude Pepper's thunder, would you, by urging that we give up our whole national defense machinery to the Allies right now?"

On Saturday morning, however, the Herald is forced to chronicle the fact that the Allies are retreating—and that sentiment over the United States swings definitely toward Pepper's original proposal!

The Herald had to admit the people were heart and soul with the Allies—and that they favored giving them everything we could give them, except our lives.

But still the Herald had to have its mean, contemptible dig at Senator Pepper—through a stooge,

Biscayne Bill, who is seen addressing the following note to a virulent Italian editor: "Dear Ginny: Reading your stuff in our news columns leaves me wondering if you, perhaps, aren't the Claude Pepper of Italy."

Sunday morning's paper was too full of the heartening news of the greatest retreat of modern times—the French backing all along the great line. The Herald's editorial writers were struck dumb.

Then big Republicans started following Pepper's lead. Vandenberg of Michigan favored aid—and the Herald was discomfited. Monday's Herald was full of this bad news (to Publisher Knight!)—but editorialized about other things.

Tuesday morning's Herald revealed the Paris area surrounded—and the Herald, feeling the mounting heat of American feeling rising all about it, hustled to climb aboard the Roosevelt sound-truck—and it hastily, fervently declared, applauding all it

could applaud in an entire column on the editorial page, "We are in the war now, to all practical purposes, short of manpower. Let us hope that our sons may not be called upon to go overseas to pursue it."

And then, through the pleasant stooge, Biscayne Bill, again, Publisher Knight writes Senator Vandenberg:

"Now that you have surrendered isolationism along with Co. Frank Knox, don't you honestly feel that our own Claude Pepper ought to sue both of you for infringement of his copyright? He started this rush to help the Allies, you know."

By Thursday, the Herald was a beaten old granny, trying desperately to appear youthful and jovial and witty. It heartily endorsed spending several billion more than necessary and said the people would stand for any old tax. And, believe it or not!—it actually congratulated Sen. Claude Pepper upon the appointment of his partner, Curt Waller, for the new Florida federal judgeship! That's capitulation for you! . . . And the Germans were only ten miles from Paris then!

SAID THE Miami Herald, Republican Power-Trust's "Fifth Column" general in Miami's Democratic stronghold: "We went to war twenty years ago. There is no cause for intervention now, wherever our sympathies lie.

"But our Senator Pepper thinks otherwise. Churchill's message Tuesday was an outright appeal for intervention.

"Yet Senator Pepper was not satisfied with its directness. He is working to have the Allies make a formal appeal to the United States government for airplanes, munitions and other war supplies. He would out-British the British prime minister.

"We can understand Churchill and his plea for the New World to range itself with the Allies to destroy Hitlerism.

"But who can understand Mr. Pepper?"

That, friends, was on Thursday a week ago, on June 5.

A majority of Florida Democrats understood Pepper well enough that day to elect him as alternate to the Chicago convention—and repudiate Gov.

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"Cabbages and Kings"

The time has come, the Walrus said,
To speak of many things;
Of ships and shoes and sealing wax,
And cabbages and kings.

—The Walrus and the Carpenter.

The famous Tombs prison, in New York City, is about ready to be torn down to make room for a new one . . . Before the electric chair was put into use in New York state it was customary to execute prisoners by hanging in the jail yard surrounding the Tombs . . . The hangings were public and more than 80 condemned murderers went through the trap doors in the old prison yard . . . James C. Colt, brother of Samuel Colt, famous maker of firearms and founder of the company which still bears his name, was one of the last to be hanged in the Tombs, or rather one of the last sentenced to be hanged because he managed to beat the noose at the last moment . . . As a matter of fact grave doubt exists that he spent the last moments of his life anywhere near the Tombs . . . Colt, a bosom pal of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home", was arrested for the murder of Samuel R. Adams, a printer . . . Adam's body was cut to pieces and stuffed in a trunk . . . Colt, when apprehended by the police, was in bed with his mistress, Caroline Henshaw, and denied the murder . . . He was convicted and sentenced to be hanged . . . The execution date was set for Nov. 18, 1842 . . . Three hours before the time scheduled for the hanging he married Caroline Henshaw in his jail cell . . . Four o'clock was the hour selected for the execution and more than 10,000 persons were assembled in the jail yard and surrounding streets . . . At 3:45 a mysterious fire broke out in the cupola of the jail and confusion reigned for several moments as the gates were thrown open to permit fire engines to enter the yard . . . When the fire had been subdued the sheriff went to Colt's cell to get him and found a man lying in the cell dead with a dagger plunged in his chest . . . The man was identified as Colt and hurriedly buried . . . Twenty years later a close friend claims he saw Colt and his wife, the former Caroline Henshaw in San Francisco and said Colt told him the body found in the jail cell was one supplied by medical students . . . A bribe did the rest—it was claimed.

San Francisco is not one of the ten largest cities in the United States . . . It is eleventh . . . The ten largest, in the order named, are: New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Detroit, Los Angeles, Cleveland, St. Louis, Baltimore, Boston and Pittsburgh . . . There are only 13 cities in the U. S. with a population of more than half a million . . . In addition to the ten largest the other three are San Francisco, Milwaukee and Buffalo . . . The feminine name, Raechel means, a ewe or a lamb, in Hebrew . . . The name Sophronia, from the Greek, means, "of sound mind" . . . In Hebrew, the name Aaron, means, "mountain-er"—otherwise a hill-billy . . . How's your French? . . . Better brush up on some of the old 1917-18 phrases—you never can tell . . . Cherchez la femme—Look for the woman . . . Caveat emptor—Let the purchaser buy at his own risk . . . The frogs probably won't take United coupons for dollar bills this time. . . Souvent femme varie, bien fol est qui s'y fie—Phew!—It means, Woman often changes, and very foolish is he who trusts her.

J. Edgar Hoover and his G-men regard the unsolved Charles Mattson kidnaping case as the one black spot on an otherwise unblemished record . . . They possess more clues and information regarding this particular kidnaping case than they ever had on any other . . . Three children, sixteen, fourteen and thirteen years old saw and talked to the unmasked kidnaper when he entered the home of William Mattson, prominent Tacoma, Washington, physician on the night of December 27, 1936 . . . They saw him grab 10 year old Charles and stalk away . . . The kidnaper left his fingerprints on a glass door. . . One of the children, an artist, was able to draw a picture of the kidnaper . . . The G-men have several ransom notes . . . More than 14,000 suspects have been questioned but the kidnaper is still at large . . . Here is an outstanding clue . . . The man is about five feet seven inches tall and weighs about 150 pounds . . . All three of the children noted in particular that he had long black hair on both hands extending down to his knuckles . . . His eyebrows were described as black and almost meeting above the bridge of his nose . . . In his many ransom notes he only mis-spelled one word, "connections" . . . Therefore he may be an educated man . . . The black hair on his hands may eventually trap him . . . Look out for him—he may be your next door neighbor . . . The Peter Levine kidnaping is the only other un-

GREEBY GETS PRESENT FOR LA RUTH

Uncle Sut Fuddle Greeby sends tub of butter from Georgia; Hammerhead discusses Sherman's march.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who claims to be a war victim because he was too young to go to France in 1917 to take care of the Germans and is now too old to stay at home to take care of the women, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter striding down Miami avenue with a small tub on his shoulder. Despite the heat he was wearing a brown derby hat and a leather jerkin.

"I do not desire no publicity," he perspired when he spotted the reporter sneaking out of the Manhattan Hotel.

"Pipe down," blurted the scribe, "and be on your way with that bucket."

"This ain't no bucket," yammered Greeby carefully depositing it on the sidewalk, "and besides I'm tired. I'm gonna rest a while."

"If it isn't a bucket what in the hell do you call it?" queried the reporter, more to make conversation than anything else.

"I'm takin' it over to the La Ruth Hotel," said Greeby.

"What's in it?" asked the reporter.

"Butter," replied Greeby keeping his eye on an inquisitive dog who paused to sniff at the pail.

"It just come in by express from Chittlin Switch. It's from my uncle, Sut Fuddle Greeby. He met Madame La Ruth when he was down here last winter and told her he would send her a firkin by express when he got back to Georgia."

"Oh," sighed the reporter neglecting to inform Greeby that the dog had satisfied himself as far as the firkin was concerned and was placidly trotting away.

"Yeah," agreed Greeby, "But she ain't gonna like it when I tell her there is a 53 cent express charge on it."

"That isn't all that is on it," grinned the reporter, "But let's skip the firkin. I want to know what you think about Italy joining the war."

"Bah," zelched Greeby, "That there Mussel-insky is just like the bottom end of his country."

"What do you mean, just like the bottom end of his country?" asked the scribe.

"Well," said Greeby, "Italy is shaped like a boot and all boots have got heels, ain't they?"

"Oh," smiled the reporter, "You think Mussolini is a boot heel, eh?"

"Gosh, I never thought of that," beamed Greeby, "Here, hold my firkin while I take my jerkin off will ya?"

"Go to hell," shouted the reporter as he departed on the run mumbling to himself.

"Naw," retorted Greeby, "They is two kinds of heels and Il Douche don't bounce."

"Maybe you are right," agreed the reporter, "But Sherman was right when he said, 'War is hell.'"

"Sherman who?" queried Greeby.

"General Sherman, stupid," snorted the reporter, "Do you mean to tell me you never heard of Sherman's march from Atlanta to the sea?"

"You mean Atlanta, Georgia?" asked Greeby, "Was he hitch-hikin'?"

"No, he wasn't hitch-hikin'," thundered the reporter, "He was fighting rebels. He marched all the way from Atlanta to the ocean."

"Did he go through Chittlin Switch?" persisted Greeby.

"I don't know?" roared the reporter, "Maybe he did and maybe he didn't. He had 50,000 Yankee soldiers with him. If he went through Chittlin Switch it is highly probable that some of the natives noticed the sudden increase in the population. They tell me they catch on quick up around that vicinity."

"Was there a big increase in population?" asked Greeby innocently.

"There probably was, later," sneered the reporter, "but get out of my way. I have something important to do."

"Are you goin' over toward the La Ruth Hotel?" queried Greeby stooping to pick up his tub.

"No, why?" snapped the reporter.

"I just thought you could help me take this here firkin over to Madame La Ruth," grunted Greeby.

"No thanks," muttered the reporter "take it yourself, but don't you think you would be cooler if you took off that heavy leather jerkin?"

"Gosh, I never thought of that," beamed Greeby, "Here, hold my firkin while I take my jerkin off will ya?"

"Go to hell," shouted the reporter as he departed on the run mumbling to himself.

solved mystery but in that case no one saw and talked to the kidnaper and he left no fingerprints.

Calamity Jane was a woman named Mary Burke, a fearless gal of the old west who was a clever horsewoman and a dead shot . . . The word "doll" descended from the Greek word, "eidolon" which means little image . . . The phrase "watered stock" originated when Daniel Drew sold Henry Astor a herd of cattle for beef . . . Before the sale Daniel fed the cattle salt and then gave them all the water they could drink . . . Poor Henry took an awful shellacking on the deal . . . It is against the law to sleep in a hotel in North Dakota . . . The legislature, in 1929, passed a law reading, "No hotel, restaurant, dining room or kitchen shall be used as a sleeping or dressing room by an employee or other persons" . . . The comma after "hotel" was inserted by mistake and it will take a legislative amendment to rectify the mistake.

THIS helps L-O-O-S-E-N
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It is the tickling phlegm that causes the cough impulse from your cold. That is why Menth-Mulsion is made to loosen phlegm and give you expected relief. Menth-Mulsion contains nine ingredients scientifically compounded and is guaranteed to stop coughing with the very first spoonful—or your druggist will return your money. Menth-Mulsion contains no narcotics nor opiates. Children like its taste. 48 doses—Now only 75c.
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— LOOKING BACK —
Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

What Miami Doesn't Need

(April 24, 1926)

A VERITABLE Niagara of printer's ink has been poured out in listing the pressing needs of the Magic City of Miami. Editors, chambers of commerce, realtors, boosters, city fathers, ministers of the gospel, visitors of more or less prominence—amateur and professional soothsayers of a thousand and one varieties—have rushed into print with statements setting forth the necessity for this or that improvement if the phenomenal growth of the town is to continue. Only in the incessant hymning of the wonders and marvels of the city do we find the more luxuriant mass of verbiage; it appears that the things we need are only exceeded in number by the blessings already showered upon us.

Thus it is that even the varietal infant in arms, the latest newspaper in our midst, knows that Miami needs more railroads, a real harbor and better port facilities, more bridges over the river, better highways, cheaper living costs, fewer heavy rains, lower cover charges, more competition among our bootleggers, a solution of the traffic problem, better postal service, etc., etc.

It is not our purpose here to deny that these needs are real. On the contrary, we admit their importance and intend at some more convenient time to devote our best efforts toward a solution of problems they present. In the meantime why not give a little more attention to the things that Miami doesn't need? Surely there are features of life here, perhaps petty in themselves but in the aggregate, very important, which should be eliminated if Miami is to become a better city—a pleasanter place in which to live. Forgetting for a time the things we need but haven't got, let us consider a few of the things we have that we could readily do without!

- (1) The carnivals and tent shows that have given many neighborhoods the appearance of a hick town during the county fair.
- (2) Itinerant evangelists and professional soulsavers of all kinds who sell God by high-pressure methods and yearn to save the city from the devil for a mere 40% of the gross receipts.
- (3) Salesmen who wave pamphlets in the faces of passersby and urge boat-trips to this or that subdivision.
- (4) Salesmen who begin calling on hotel guests at 7 o'clock in the morning.
- (5) Mechanical pianos and calliopes which parade the streets advertising God-forsaken subdivisions and setting teeth on edge with their jangling discords.
- (6) Policemen just in from the sticks, unused to authority, and hence domineering and discourteous.
- (7) Newsboys whose raucous bellowing nearly bursts the eardrums.
- (8) Salesmen who have borrowed the technique of street walkers.
- (9) Apartment-house owners who let their rooms stand empty rather than cut their prices in half and thus make only 400% profit.
- (10) Realtors whose obvious exaggerations and over-statements make intelligent investors skeptical of all real estate developments.
- (11) Night clubs which charge a dollar for ice and add \$6.50 to the bill in case the victim appears woozy enough to stand for it.
- (12) Politicians who insist upon either having their own way or kicking over the playhouse.
- (13) The fifty-seven varieties of grafters and crooks who have found their happy hunting ground here. Ad infinitum.

Bedtime Story

In Which the Rabbit Gentlemen Hinders the House-Cleaning

"Spring has come," chortled Aunt Molly.

"I know it—I saw a man, not a real estate man, but a man—wearing white knickers yesterday," merrily bubbled Uncle Wobbly.

"Yes, Spring has come. And I do believe"—Aunt Molly looked slyly at Uncle Wobbly—"that it's a good day to clean house."

"Oh," said the rabbit gentleman, looking as cheerful as a realtor. "Ah, yes, that reminds me—egad, Molly, I must run down this afternoon to Key Bozo and look up the man who was going to take over some of my mortgages."

"Well," remarked Aunt Molly, who was neither taken in nor aback, "you'd better run down to the corner grocery first, and get me some Sapolio, and a can of Dutch Cleanser, and a mop, and a rug-beater, and a carpet-sweeper, and a large scrub-brush, and a couple of pails, and a can of paint for the wall, and some black stove-

polish, and some wax for the floors, and you'd better get some stain to do over the dining room floor. Now have you got all that? You never do remember things; just like a man! And oh, yea, you want some silver polish to do all the silver—"

"Oh, do I?" inquired Aunt Molly's husband with appropriate sarcasm. Aunt Molly, naturally, paid as much attention to him as a Dade county judge pays to a grand jury recommendation.

"I want you to go all over the rugs with the vacuum cleaner, and especially in the fourth nursery, where Wobbly Junior Eight tried to build a mountain range with a pailful of sand."

"Two pailfuls," objected the bunny.

"You mean two pails-ful," corrected the lady rabbit.

"No, two failpills!"

"Two fullpails!"

"Two pullfais, I tell you!"

"Wobbly, don't you think I know what's right? And you can't even say puffails—I

mean pailfulls—I mean flullpails—oh, take that silly grin off your face and go out and beat the carpets!"

Uncle Wobbly took the grin off his face without half trying. He started in on the carpets the same way.

"Oh, Wobbly," Aunt Molly called from an upstairs window, wiping her little pink face with her apron, "when you get through with that you'd better make that trellis for the bougainvillea. And don't forget to water the plants tonight . . ."

Late that night Uncle Wobbly sneaked into the living-room of the hollow-stump bungalow and slumped wearily into a chair. Listlessly he picked up a copy of Bloody Stories and started a story of the great open space of the west, where bunnies are jack-rabbits and never do clean house.

Aunt Molly came in from the kitchen, mop in hand. Seeing the rabbit gentleman sitting there she opened up both barrels.

"There's the man of it. Sit there and let your wife do all the work! We women have a terrible time of it in this world. And—"

Uncle Wobbly looked up sadly. "Yes, yea, my dear. But then there's one thing you women don't have to put up with—"

"Well? What's that?"

Uncle Wobbly looked around and saw that the door was open behind him. "You don't have wives!" he chuckled, running for all his little life was worth.

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SO YOU SAY . . .

Reader Urges MIAMI LIFE to Defeat Herald's "5th Column" Political Treachery

Dear MIAMI LIFE:

Your frequent disputes with perpetrators of iniquity and your unrestrained violent impulses to expose offenses against righteousness and abuse of public trust evidently qualify you for a certain journalistic undertaking which appears to have the merit of answering a crying need in this democratic cosmopolis.

Careful and competent scrutiny followed by analysis performed with deliberate detachment to insure judicious conclusions have induced this attempt to induce you into a righteous civic endeavor.

It is suggested for the edification of your readers that a column be featured regularly under a title conveying some such appropriate intimation like this for instance: "How the Democrats fared this week in the Miami Herald!"

It should list accurately . . . all pro-Democratic main items of an editorial nature, all columnists evident endorsements of the party, all specific features of a favorable nature . . . and then in the next half of the column, contrasted against this, an accurate enumeration of all the similar items . . . but of a distinct pro-Republican leaning; sort of a weekly balance sheet, and as all sound bookkeeping demands, it must be done with painstaking efforts to adhere very strictly to accuracy.

Thus you are actually carrying on a dignified, conservative edification campaign for the benefits of the true Democratic residents of Dade County. In round approximate figures it appears that (when due consideration is given to the probability that thousands of qualified voters somehow or other did not get to the registrar in time) we have in Dade County some such proportions as these:

90,000 Democrats vs. 10,000 Republicans.

We are here in overwhelming numbers members of the party traditionally regarded as that of the common people, of the worker, of the majority.

Since the women of the working class secured franchise and after the necessary few years to become better acquainted with political activities and affairs of state, it soon became evident that the Democratic party was indeed the party of the common people, for every year since has revealed a rising tendency to irresistible advance and more effective expression of democratic principles. The movement gained momentum as more actual representation was thus secured. More and more individuals formerly deprived of their voting privileges regained that power of popular expression at the polls. Then the people were blessed with a militant humanitarian leadership which enabled Democratic progress by leaps and bounds, and indeed to catch up, we actually had to make several ten-year leaps to bring Democratic legislation up to date.

That became possible when the greatest humanitarian of modern times was chosen to lift the oppressed from out of the deep economic mire in which they had been bogged by deliberate obstruction to workers' progress and social emancipation. The great genius of that titan of humanitarians for maneuvering through the obstructing political and other tactics resorted to by those who had lost control and had been swept aside by the surging, rising tide of righteous Democracy—that genius contributed a measure of emancipation from exploitation which is now threatened.

Tens of millions are being spent throughout the whole nation to flood every community with insidious writings conceived by the shrewdest brains, experienced in the devious ways of

misleading people.

A rapidly growing center, expanding so fast with exceptional construction and prospering into the phase of a sizeable metropolis, naturally attracts the attention of those traditionally representing high finance. That seems to become increasingly evident here. That is why it is timely, in fact imperative, that someone with a genuine desire to help preserve the progress achieved through exceptionally able leadership, and who has the medium of expression, such as you have, reach the public in large numbers . . . that is why it is necessary to focus the Democrats attention first upon the local 90,000 vs. status; and second, to keep track of the editorial nourishment that is being fed to this community in order to see whether it does not develop a deficiency in vitamin D (for Democracy).

So give your readers the competent presentation of the components parts of their journalistic nourishment. Notice if they receive enough calories to maintain a healthy social body in condition. It means work of course. For it means keeping files with classified clippings of every columnist, every editorial, every special feature, underscored at significant places where the tell-tale passages occur; the blue pencil work. It requires painstaking and meticulous efforts. It demands avoidance of harsh treatment, the deliberate exclusion of exaggerations, of even a suspicion of exaggeration. It must be work performed in a dignified atmosphere with an unwavering regard for ethics, even in the face of the most unethical villainy. Just cite them. Stick to facts, be truthful and express only judicious remarks carefully made on the basis of facts, irrefutable facts, documentary evidence.

An accurate listing of authentic facts, of writings with unmistakable leaning either one way or the other (leaving systematically out all doubtful items) will be startling enough by itself and quite an eye-opener if my own past scrutiny is of any value.

There are many people interested in truth, but they are of a kind (that is a large percentage of them) who will not read the sensational type of exposure. They will insist always on poised, composed, dignified treatment even of the worst criminal. That is as you know an old American tradition of sportsmanship.

They will soon begin to read that column though, if you treat it in the manner they prefer by force of habit. You need not make an announcement. Just begin the column. Your present readers will talk about. That kind of publicity is the best assurance of a growing circulation. You can enjoy the benefits of such an increase if you present that suggested feature competently . . . very accurately . . . and with an evident desire to protect righteous people against the threat of insidious work aimed at the Democratic citizenry to shake their belief in the best friend the people ever had. You have a wife and children. That was stressed dramatically not so long ago. They, too, should be protected so that Democratic New Deal progress secured thus far will remain at their disposal and insure a better future for them. Through increased circulation in defense of righteousness, dignified defense of the genuine Democracy as we enjoy it under President Roosevelt, you will contribute to the future welfare of your own flesh and blood as well as that of the Dade County true Democrats.

Thus you will prosper, and prosper rapidly I am quite sure, in the loyal service of Democracy and protect it against its enemies from within. You will render your community a signal service.

Maintenance of a policy unwaivering in defense of righteousness will make many additional friends for you and bring together the genuine Democrats of Dade County. While there is really nothing new in the journalistic feature of a "consensus of public opinion," there is something "different" in the balance-sheet presentation of "editorial and columnists' opinion" consensus. Be sure never to overlook the scientifically concocted, sugar-coated cyanide-of-potassium editorial pills the local readers are expected to swallow.

His June 9 "Defense Program" is a masterpiece in deliberate and cunning villainy. It denotes the type that smiles at you, shakes hands with you, even invites you to dinner, and yet all the time merely studies you at close range in order to devise means to hit you in your weak spots while you are not looking. Cal Tinney's . . . "purely coincidental" . . . ? ? ? . . . boost of WW of Wall street, notorious member of the Power Trust . . . somehow happened along on the same page. Notice the space given in the "Voice of the People" to Claude Ashbrook . . . who refers to the New Deal anti-trust, pro-labor and social security legislation as . . . "These nuisance laws which obstruct free enterprise . . . etc."

Notice the Whitewash article below. Keep on, and make the balance sheet of that particular section of forum activity . . . figure the space devoted to pro-Democratic letters vs. that of the other kind . . . Your eyes will stand wide open in amazement from the analysis of only one and a half pages of that issue. You see what I mean? You in turn can open good Miami's eyes and keep them open . . . and you cannot fail to be rewarded for dignified, accurate revelations for which you want to get credit! That reward will be a growing public appreciation of a needed and outstanding service to Democracy.

That growing public appreciation will be interestingly reflected in an equally growing circulation, for people are bound to seek that which more genuinely reflects sincere Democratic ideas and evolution.

A READER

Miami, Fla.

Dear Mr Clein:
(Re: Garbage Tax Suit).
In my opinion the legal reasons you have for forcing garbage collection is:

- 1st. The garbage tax is only against those able to pay (the city is not collecting from those who CLAIM they are too poor to pay). In law, that makes the tax unconstitutional, and
- 2nd. It is alleged that the city included in their budget until June, 1940, taxes upon the public to pay for garbage collection.
- 3rd. It is a tax designed to defeat the Homestead Exemption, upon the home owner.
- 4th. The Law is not enforced and garbage is spread over vacant lots.
- 5th. The tax is a "liar-tax"—revenue NOT going for collection but for recreation.

Respectfully yours,
Mrs. John W. Watson, Sr.
1498 S. Bayshore Drive
Editor's note: J. W. Watson is defending this case in court for the city.

XTRA! HERALD REMODELS!

Did the Herald take to heart our sarcasm about its proposed \$20,000 remodeling—remarking that it would be the first time the building had been remodeled since the turn of the century? If we could make the Herald owners ashamed, that's really something! Anyway, we now read that they've become extravagant, aiming to spend \$650,000 on A-1 quarters. Glory be! . . . But the architect is still NOT a Miamian, but a New Yorker, Mr. William Ginsberg—an architect, so the Herald took pains to inform us after we had squawked about it, has planned buildings for many newspapers over the United States.

against both Germany and Italy, or, at the very least, should sever diplomatic relations with them. We would gain much and we have nothing to lose.

In the first place, we could rid ourselves immediately of the German and Italian embassies and consulates, which we know from past bitter experience to be the most effective fountainheads of sabotage and espionage in the Western Hemisphere. In our role as supplier of arms and munitions and airplanes to the Allies, enemy sabotage and espionage are much more formidable to us than enemy troops or ships, which at present could do us no harm. By declaring the truth, that we are Germany's enemy regardless of a technical position of neutrality, we could intern all enemy aliens, we could break up the Bunds and other Fifth Column organizations which still are brazenly praising totalitarianism under the protection of a democratic constitution; we could throw Hitler sympathizers in jail, whether they are naturalized citizens or not, and we could keep close watch on the others suspected of Hitler sympathies. But as the technical situation stands right now we can do none of these things effectively. We are wide open to wholesale sabotage—the blowing up of munitions depots, as Black Tom was blown up in the last war, the manufacture of defective airplanes, the destruction of strategic defense works, the dissemination of propagand-

da and the stirring-up of domestic unrest.

Insisting that the United States is not a participant in the war while at the same time openly doing everything in our power to bolster the Allies materially is a fiction too cheaply ridiculous for a great nation like the United States to employ. We ARE at war with Germany; 95 percent of us detest everything that Germany stands for; we hold a profound contempt for Italy that would be hatred if we did not regard Italy as an obscene joke; most of us feel apart from the merits of the war, a kinship with the Allies; why then should we not FORMALLY declare our stand and begin at once clearing out the potential saboteurs and spies that are in our midst before they can reach the point of greatest effectiveness?

A declaration of war need not mean the sending of troops to Europe. A score of little nations declared war on Germany in 1918 without sending a single soldier across their boundaries. And as for unduly antagonizing Hitler by now declaring war, it is to laugh. The public utterances of our President and congressional leaders, as well as our frankly admitted aid to and support of the Allies, have already furnished him with enough legitimate cause of action against the United States to last him a century if he should win in Europe.

We're in the war anyway—let's go the whole hog.

J. K.

Band School Worries

MIAMI LIFE:

Don't know whether you are interested in an article of this discrimination or not—but I ran into it a short time ago and I think it is well worth a paragraph in some corner of your paper. You may check it for its authenticity.

UNDER YOUR NOSE

A short time ago I had the privilege of occupying my Aunt and Uncle's home in the little village of El Portal. This Village is adjacent to Miami on the South and Miami Shores on the North and is no more than a half mile in distance, but it is an incorporated Village, has a Mayor, and all the Executive positions that go with such a set up. The village is restricted to residents only.

In this Village there is a man, who runs a Band School. This noise starts at eight in the morning and continues through the day periodically, but the big hours come between 3 P. M. and 5 P. M. There are a dozen or more students, all small children, that play different instruments, one playing in the key of E, one in the key of F, another in the key of G, one beating a drum, the other blowing a horn, others playing different scales and different pieces of music.

After a few days in the Village, I gave up writing, it was too much for me, the only noise I had been used to was the noise of a typewriter, and at times trying to concentrate, that was superfluous.

I talked to some of the people in the Village to see how they felt about this school, and I asked why the man didn't run it on the inside of the house, which apparently had been built for such a purpose—instead of on the lawn—and I might say, I have seen those children out there in the worst kind of rain and wind . . . to my surprise, I was informed that the reason was: the children just ruined the hardwood floors in the house!

I talked to many other neighbors and most of them gave me the same information, "We don't like it, but being neighbors, we have to try to live with each other." But there was one party who wasn't afraid to say what the community thought. "You know," he said, "We're all beginning to think that somebody in El Portal is getting their palm greased."

My Aunt and Uncle at last returned and I was more than glad to get back to my hotel. I told her never again to ask me to keep her home open while it was in El Portal and that school continued, and she said, "I know, we've tried to rent and move elsewhere; we've even tried to sell—but it looks like we're stuck until some one is big enough to get to the bottom of this thing!"

Very sincerely yours,
KING COLP

WhyNotAdmit We're At War

Editor MIAMI LIFE:

THE galloping war situation has reached a point at which the United States should abandon subterfuge and realistically admit itself to be an active participant in the Battle of France. The United States should make a formal declaration of war

LIFE INSURANCE TOO COSTLY!

WHEN MIAMI LIFE three months ago was revealing the monstrous, entirely unwarranted prices Dade county property owners were being charged for fire and wind insurance, did the Herald or the News or the Chamber of Commerce show any interest whatever in the people's plight? They did not. And even now, though they have been forced to display some sympathy because of the intensity of the protest, it looks to us like the great insurance monopolists are still sitting in the saddle.

They've forced a truce. Ninety days, with nothing being done about it. They wanted a year's truce—upon their airy promise that they were already working on a plan to reduce rates. IF FLORIDA HAD MODERNIZED ITS INSURANCE SUPERVISION AS HAVE NEW YORK, TEXAS, CALIFORNIA, VIRGINIA, ETC., OUR RATES WOULD AUTOMATICALLY BE REDUCED PROBABLY A HALF!

An attack on the insurance rates would "wreck the chamber of commerce," warned FHA Administrator M. M. Parish.

So we get nearer and nearer to the real, secret functions of a chamber of commerce. We in Miami know that its primary function is to protect the Florida Power & Light Company, which constantly "picks" its directorship and dominates its voting upon all subjects. Florida insurance moguls, who always dominate legislatures, are strong enough in the chamber of commerce to wreck it, we now learn!

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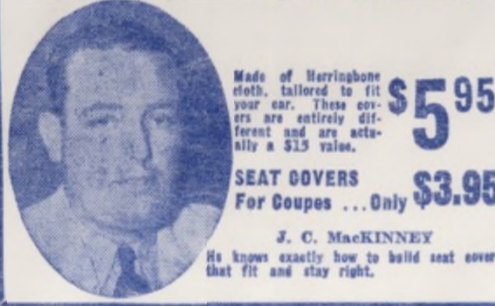
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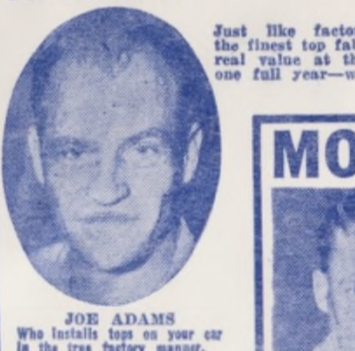
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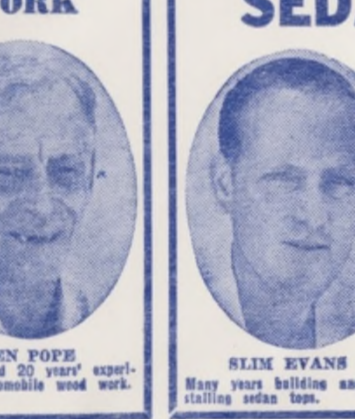
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Aunt Bertha

Continued from Page 1)

quietly and tremulously:

"For Hitler, when captured: That he be placed in a leather collar, with an iron chain attached, and that a bridle be placed over his head to hold it upright, and that he then be ordered to walk on his hands and knees in charge of one French and one British soldier, both of whom shall be of Jewish race and religion, and that thereafter he be taken into Germany from one town to another and exhibited ten hours daily, free of charge to the public, all members of which shall be ordered to view the exhibition; and further, that after he shall have been thus exhibited for a period sufficient to permit every resident of Ger-

many to so view him, he be transferred to a point, later to be designated, in the interior of Brazil and be there tied by stakes and chains to a South American ant-hill for a period of one hour per day until such time as the ant's can't stand him any longer."

Aunt Bertha paused, a beatific smile on her fine old features, and looked in my direction hopefully.

"I think that covers it, don't you?" she asked. "I worked on it all night, and I'm rather tired now, but I have to finish those socks for Lucy's twins and the Ladies' Aid is meeting this afternoon, too. And there's prayer-meeting tonight! My goodness me! I'm a very busy old lady, indeed." She began to nod at her desk and was asleep in an instant. Gently I carried her to her bed. She started to snore—a deep bass snore—and I knew she must be dreaming this time of

Mussolini and what she would do to him when she got through with Hitler. I tiptoed out of the room, closing the door very quietly, but not before I heard her mutter in her sleep:

"That louse!"

I made up my mind to let her miss the Ladies' Aid and to wake her up only in time for prayer-meeting, bless her soul!

But we all fear Aunt Bertha is going to be a problem.

A Salute to "Pop"

They've set aside Sunday for "Pop". Of course "Pop" thinks it is a lot of foolishness and doesn't see why he should be so honored. "Pop", in case you've forgotten, is that meek little guy who drops in about supper time each evening. If Janet, who has spent the afternoon in a picture show, happens to be taking her bath "Pop," just grins and waits in the kitchen until she is through be-

fore he gets the grim and sweat off.

"Pop" is the fellow who never notices a frayed shirt cuff or a shiny spot on his only blue serge suit but feels mighty bad if his wife isn't as well dressed as Mrs. Jones when they go to church on Sunday. He doesn't mind if his socks are darned so long as the little woman and Janet have new nylon stockings and he can always look over the want ads until the rest of the family is through with the more interesting section of the paper.

He wouldn't sneak a dime out of his pay envelope for a couple of aspirin tablets if his head pounded his ears off but he willingly uses the whole envelope if the twins need calcium tablets to strengthen their teeth or the baby needs expensive baby food. He winds the clock and puts the cat out. He rolls and tosses until Janet finally gets home at midnight instead of at 10 o'clock as expected. He never complains when the

family insists upon hearing Rudy Vallee and he wants to hear Major Bowes and he has never been known to refuse when the little woman needs a glass of water in the middle of the night. Every time the fire engines pass, at night, "Pop" always wakes up and smells for smoke. He never pokes fun at the new hat which looks like an inverted pickle dish and he cheerfully dons "campus togs" when the time finally comes for that new suit because "she" thinks the suit makes him look younger.

His top may be thin and his bottom shiny but he never patronizes a beauty parlor. He watches the nickles and dimes carefully and does all the worrying when they do not come out even with the budget. Instead of chopping off a picture show or a box of candy he makes up the deficit by skipping a few cigars and maybe a lunch or two.

Don't pamper "Pop" too much on Sunday. He isn't

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE NO. 31365

Notice is hereby given that Arthur Blatt, holder as assignee of Southern Drainage District Tax Sale Certificates Numbered 1034, 1035, 1066, 1300 and 1321, dated the 5th day of August, A. D. 1929, has filed said Certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue thereon in accordance with law. Said Certificates embrace the following described property, situated in Dade County, Florida, to-wit:

Lots 13-14, Block 13, Bird Road Estates, Sec. 2, Plat Book 21, page 61, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1034. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.

Lot 2, Block 16, Bird Road Estates, Sec. 2, Plat Book 21, page 61, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1035. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.

Lots 5 and 6, Block 23, Bird Road Estates, Sec. 2, Plat Book 21, page 61, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1066. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.

W-one-half of SE-one-quarter of SE-one-quarter Section 13, Township 55 South, Range 39 East, containing 5 acres more or less, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1300. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued in the name of Unknown.

Lot 5 in NW-one-quarter Miami Home Development Co.'s Subdiv., Plat Book 2, page 57, in Section 35, Township 55 South, Range 39 East, containing 10.36 acres more or less, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1321. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.

Unless said Certificates shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 18th day of July, A. D. 1940.

Dated this 14th day of June, A. D. 1940.

E. B. LEATHERMAN,
Clerk of Circuit Court,
Dade County, Florida.
By N. C. STERRETT, D. C.
Circuit Court Seal
6-15-40

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