



WHY EDITORS WENT BEFORE GRAND JURY

THE COUNTY Grand Jury wanted anything they could give it concerning the Waiters & Bartenders Union, their favorite target... that's why the editors of Miami's two daily papers were called before it, according to our investigation.

And the grand jury held its session, or sessions, at the Columbus Hotel... The papers said the meeting place of this secret body was itself a secret—whereupon every body immediately asked the same question: did Special State Attorney Dick Hunt tell 'em the secret?

We've always had the impression that ALL grand jury sessions were secret! Though, of course, the appointment of Dick Hunt, out-and-out Tammany man, should have made us know that this grand jury session wouldn't be a secret possibly to a sacred few—although it would, of course, be a big secret to State Attorney G. A. Worley and his assistants!... (When the state attorney's office was asked by MIAMI LIFE where and for what purpose this super-secret session was being held, we got the old FBI squelcher: "No Comment.")

THE GRAND JURY WON'T FIND ANYTHING! We betcha! They—we mean, of course, the papers—would like to prove that Worley has "whitewashed" the union. They won't do it. Worley's probed this case most thoroughly. There's simply no case to it; and we don't believe one can be "framed" even by Tammany masters!

One thing is very clear: the Herald is out to get Worley, whom it once supported staunchly. Although Worley is as he ever was—sterling, loyal, a gentleman, capable, conscientious, standing head and shoulders above any Little or Big Tammany officeholder we've yet observed—the papers have marked him for retirement from public life!

It's costing a lot of money to do it—but that doesn't matter to Big and Little Tammany. They've got their Dick Hunt in there, punching for 'em—and he's out to smear Worley, to smear Fred Pine, and anybody else his vixenish temper suggests... if Dick Hunt can turn the grand jury upon everybody he dislikes—or everybody who dislikes him!—our jails won't be big enough to hold his crop!

Now that the dailies have joined hands and brains—and hates—they can suppress what might hurt their empire or hurl printed word or radio bombardment at their enemies. They control everything important.

They make people's representatives in public office subservient, NOT to the public as our structure of government intends, but to the newspaper owners and editors (who, in this case, are Ohioans, not Floridians)!

This is the beginning of a Herald blitzkrieg. Hitler will appear a sister of mercy in comparison. With their little stooges out in front to absorb any unexpected shots in retaliation, we see them stalk Worley, as we've seen them stalk Fred Pine, or anybody who refuses to be a stooge for their perverted minds.

They'll have everybody goosestepping. They intend extracting the greatest possible profit from our people—and they'll smash all who will not applaud. Clip this editorial—and see how truly we have warned.

How Union Charity Works

THE Dailies that tried recently to blast the Musician's Union should be glad to print this: The Miami Federation of Musicians PAID bands to play for the Ambulance Fund, and for the Woman's Club Red Cross benefit at the Olympia Theater Saturday night, as well as donating quarters for rehearsals of worthy benefits. The Federation will pay for a band to help the city's Irene Rich Red Cross show on July 5. President Roy Singer can prove that the Miami local has never failed to give more than its share to every worthwhile civic or patriotic cause, digging into its treasury to see that the union musicians at the same time receive a man's pay for it!... Yet, because Rotary convention biggies tried to get a WPA orchestra to play FREE for them—and union heads said No—the Miami local got razed in print.

IF CRIMINAL Court Judge Ben Willard's face didn't burn secretly when a woman witness unceremoniously and unexpectedly threatened to slap his face for shushing her when she was talking out of turn? ... and hers, too, when she realized her error and what he could do to her? ... She averted a domestic tragedy by apologizing quickly, but very completely—although she did refuse to leave the courtroom, as the judge ordered, until she got her witness fees. Her name? If you must know, it was Miss Blanche Stedman, nurse, 4782 S. W. 5th Terrace, who told of a negro stealing jewelry.

The Age We're Living In . . .

THE MIAMI Herald, dominated by monopolistic forces, ruminates about the "history-making epoch" we've been living in for the last twenty-five years, impressed mainly by the changing of the face of the globe through wars and aggressions. We're making history, opined the Herald, and reviewed how modern warfare has made lightning changes in our calculations of national safety. We're in a history-making epoch, 'tis true. But the Herald has only touched upon surface events. Future historians won't care a hang about 'em... What future historians have to say about the Miami Herald and the monopolists controlling it and other American newspapers is going to be something awful—and it is just as well, for the peace of mind of the

"HOAX" WAS BYOIR STUNT!

Shots In The Dark

The Callahan quintuplet—an eight-pound girl—has been born at last under the auspices of the Miami Herald and it has been named Earlene Emory, a combination of the parent's names, which seems like downright ingratitude. The Herald paid dough on the line for a piece of the kid, and the least the Callahans could do, you'd think, would be to name it "Akron" or "Power-Trust." But maybe the Herald is glad enough to drop the whole matter. We understand the theme song up there from now on is going to be "I Can't Give You Anything But Love, Baby"

NOT TO MENTION HYGIENE

The following sign has been put up in the A. & P. market at S. W. First street and Twelfth avenue:

PLEASE Babies Not Allowed In Baskets SAFETY FIRST

War seems to touch off a hidden source of exhibitionism in Henry Ford. Back in 1915, you remember, this eminent mechanic chartered a boat, loaded it to the Pimssoll mark with serious thinkers, and set sail for the war zone with the idea that the presence, in one big gob, of so much brotherly love and idealism would make half a dozen great powers feel ashamed of themselves and suddenly abandon the world's greatest life-or-death struggle. The holy mission was, of course, promptly told to go climb an iceberg, and it furnished the only real laugh of the whole four-year war.

Now there is another war on, and Mr. Ford's ego, much riper than before, finds its peculiar satisfaction at this critical time in his refusal to build airplanes for the British—even though it is clear to everyone else in the country that America must help the British win if we are to escape war ourselves. Mr. Ford is

IRENE RICH is a very lovely lady, a star we used to admire very much—and she, in the last decade, has become one of the wealthiest and most successful realty operators in Los Angeles. We know she's going to get a grand reception in Miami, although her business is luring newcomers to Los Angeles, and therefore away from Miami. We know Miami-ans will respond to her appeal for the \$5,000 Mayor Alex Orr told her would be forthcoming from his fellow Miami-ans. For this money goes to the Red Cross. Although Miami has already subscribed, it'll subscribe again—out of regard for our fair visitor, if not for the Red Cross.

However, we can't take, lying down, such a stunt as that pulled by the daily newspapers and our foreign-born mayor who, at 65, is trying to pose as a great patriot—which he wasn't at 37, his age when he came to America just as his homeland was preparing for war with Germany. That so-called "hoax" message inviting Irene Rich to come to Miami to collect a donation from the city of Miami, which Orr denied having sent, is too serious to pass up.

The whole thing is apparently a Carl Byoir publicity stunt in behalf of Mayor Orr (we told you about the Orr-Byoir combination last week, remember, and this came a few hours after MIAMI LIFE appeared on the streets!), and served several other purposes.

In the first place it was a build-up for Mayor Orr—whose personal unpopularity, as evidenced in the recall election last year when he garnered only 36 percent of the vote, must be overcome next spring when he must run for reelection.

In the second place, because the papers made the original message appear to be a "hoax" message sent by "unknown enemies" of Orr, they succeeded in giving the public the impression that City Commissioner R. C. Gardner, the only anti-Power Trust man on the city commission, had sent it!

That's really killing two birds with one stone. The publicity angle was merely an excuse. Here's the way the whole thing will stack up, in final analysis:

The people of Miami, most likely the already hard-hit city employes whose jobs depend upon how well they lick Little Hitler's boots at city hall, will put up the money.

Commissioner Gardner, who is the people's bulwark on the commission, gets damned.

The worst enemy of the Power Trust's coming Steal will, it is hoped, be thoroughly discomfited.

Ernie Seiler, in whose lap Mayor Orr dumped the hard work of conducting the campaign and raising the money, will do all the work.

And Mayor Alex Orr, Power-Press stooge on the commission, will get all the credit.

(Continued on last page)

once more having his moment. His individual idealism transcends the safety of his country. He places himself, one man, athwart the path of national defense because he has the constitutional right to do so. But what of that? Does he not make America realize the importance now of the one-time bicycle repairman?

The preparedness news is not very encouraging to veterans of the last war. "Government Prepares to Train

New Officers" is a common enough headline from day to day, but upon reading the story you find that what the government wants for officers are young squirts from 21 to 30. No mention is made of anybody above 40. Men in this latter class are probably destined for the Home Guard, or maybe they'll be drafted as a last resort and made to serve as privates again, which would be too bad. Think of all that rich experience going to waste!

'WIDOWER' DAYS ARE HERE
New Circular Would List Exact Entertainment Offered by Abandoned Husbands and Thus Obviate All Misunderstandings.
By JOHN KIMBLE

SUMMER Widower time is here again and at Miami's soda fountains, lunch counters, and cocktail bars, you can see an unusually large proportion of baldish, middle-aged business men accompanied by starry-eyed young women who can't possibly be anything else than stenographers or receptionists. These fellows are the advance guard of the Summer widower colony. They are also its upper-crust, for a Summer Widower who has his own stenographer or receptionist can start in widowering five minutes after the Streamliner has carted off his wife and kids. The lower class Summer Widower, the poor, browbeaten chump who works for someone else, isn't so well off. He must forage around a little, trying to get hold of somebody else's stenographer or receptionist. So acutely do I feel for him I lay awake all last night trying to devise some method of easing his path, and the result is a plan which I confidently predict will revolutionize summer widowering in South Florida.

The plan is simplicity itself, and its big, exclusive feature is that it will fit any purse, automatically guarding against getting the widower tangled up with some youthful sharpshooter who hides a Surf Club appetite under the humble-looking apron of a dentist's assistant. There will be no more of this stuff of inviting the little girl to have a "bite to eat" and then finding her ordering everything except next Thanksgiving's dinner while you go crazy doing mental arithmetic. Under my scheme, all that is taken care of in advance.

You simply prepare a circular letter, a sample or suggestion of which will be found below. Then you go up to a public stenographer and have enough copies typed so that one may be sent to each of your female acquaintances. Then all you have to do is await results.

Here is a sample circular, as I have visualized it:

Dear Madam:
The summer season is now

(And think of how heavy that damn pack can be!)

Somehow we think that Commissioner Gardner is barking up the right tree when he asks a thorough investigation of the Orr-Red Cross hoax telegram. We think it for two reasons. One reason is the savage, knowing promptness with which Mr. Gardner hopped on to the issue. The other is that Irene Rich will get more out of the deal in publicity than the

here in earnest, and we wish to let you in on the ground floor of our Big New Entertainment Program. Never before have we been able to offer such a variety of day-and-night activities to the lonesome women of this city. Here are just a few samples of what we are doing for your sex during the dull days. Simply check service desired and return this letter (in plain (Continued on last page)

Red Cross will in money. Publicity men—particularly movie publicity men—are mighty devious performers, and there is a good chance that before long the whole puzzle will unfold, revealing Miss Rich as the star in a patriotic picture. If this turns out to be the case, we call it a pretty cheap kind of gag and we are not particularly struck by admiration for Mayor Orr's part in it, whether planned in advance or not.

The Difference Between the Dunn Bus Franchise Orr Now Offers and the Termite Administration's Dunn Bus Franchise He Opposed Three Years Ago Is That This One Will Cost the Bus-Riders \$500,000 More Annually . . . And Out Of the City's Share, the Power Company Gets More Than A Half Million Dollars!

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Miami Life

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"Cabbages and Kings"

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

—The Walrus and the Carpenter.

Most reporters like to brag about their "scoops" but few are willing to elaborate upon their blunders... The passing years soften the humiliation of being "scooped" somewhat but there never will be enough years to make a conscientious reporter forget a colossal blunder which might have elevated him to the hall of fame instead of relegating him to the "doghouse" forever... For instance, your's truly... Not once, but twice!

The first time it happened in Boston... I was covering the federal building for the Boston Record... Federal Building reporters were working the well known "syndicate", which means they clubbed together to cover the entire building, compared notes in the press room with each man dividing his news with the rest... Of course editors frowned upon the "syndicate" but it still exists in a big way... My predecessor on the federal building "run" had double-crossed the syndicate and naturally the Record was dealt out completely and I found myself a lone wolf expecting to be scooped... My expectations were correct but my city editor understanding the situation overlooked a majority of them... One day I roamed into the department of justice offices seeking a story... There was no news except one little item, the matter of some little "wop" being questioned about some sort of petty swindle... I didn't even bother to ask for details... Three weeks later—three weeks mind you—an alert Boston Post reporter "broke" the Ponzi story... Charles Ponzi was the little "wop" whose doing I hadn't bothered to investigate... The reporter who "broke" the story won the Pulitzer prize for his paper that year, drew a \$5,000 bonus and a promotion... Incidentally he double-crossed the syndicate with his story and they kicked him out and admitted me!

The next memorable time was right here in Miami... I was the Miami representative of the largest daily newspaper in the United States... I stood in Bayfront Park and saw Giuseppe Zangara shoot Mayor Anton Cermak of Chicago, four other persons and empty a flaming revolver at President-elect Roosevelt... There is a telephone beneath the bandshell of the Park and I could have reached it in one minute flat... In another minute I could have had New York on the wire with the biggest scoop in twenty years... Did I do it?... Hell no, I happened to have a girl with me and my first thought was to take her home, which I did... By that time the story had reached Europe and I was walking around with my hat in my hand... I wasn't the only one, however, who muffed a chance for fame and fortune on that story... Dale James, I believe it was Dale James, was handling the "mike" for station WQAM when the shooting started... He was standing on the side of President Roosevelt's car about seventeen feet from the murderer Zangara... The broadcast was a local one... Instead of screaming into the "mike" for a national hook-up, Dale calmly pulled the plug on the whole thing, cutting off even the local listeners... He said later he never knew why he did it.

Now for a "scoop"... I had the Broadway "trick" for the New York Tribune... It was my duty to wander around the "street" spotting anything worth recording and phoning it in to a rewrite man... Shortly after eight o'clock one warm summer evening I happened to duck into the subway station at Times Square... It was the theater hour and the platform between the Uptown and Downtown trains was jammed... One little knot of women appeared denser than the rest... I tried to fight my way through to the middle to find out what had happened but a matronly looking dame put a big hand in my face and pushed... "Get away," she growled, "can't a woman have a baby without all the men in New York sittin' in ringside seats..." It was a story... A child being born in the Times Square subway station at the busiest hour of the day... A Flower Hospital ambulance clanged up... The women maintained their human screen around the scene and a moment later a tiny wail was heard above the noise of the crowd... The woman was carted off on a stretcher... I hurried to a telephone and managed to keep the hospital on the wire until the ambulance arrived... I learned that the woman was an "Alice White" and that both she and the baby were doing well... I phoned the story in and scooped the entire city... The story received a big play on page one and the next day I found a \$50 bill and a note of thanks from Ogden Reid, publisher of

LOOKING BACK

Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

Just Between Friends It Isn't Always the Company One Keeps, That Counts, But When One Keeps It

(July 3, 1926)

GORDY, the gin bottle, raised a warning finger to his lips as the door of the cupboard flew open. Both he and the fat, pudgy John Haig with the three dimples, became silent and watched with keen interest as a stoop-shouldered individual entered their midst and the door of the cupboard slammed shut again. It was dark inside with the door shut, but the moment of light which had been afforded was enough for them to recognize the visitor as a Bacardi bottle.

"Howdy, stranger," ventured Gordy, the gin bottle, who had come from Homestead despite his resplendent foreign label, and who consequently spoke American without a trace of an accent. "Who are you, if you don't mind gittin' acquainted?"

The Bacardi bottle leaned weakly against the wall of the cupboard.

"Carramba" he cried with true Latin fervor. "I comm from Cooba just wan yik ago. Already you can see him, I am what you call?—all in. Nom de Dios!"

"Gee," muttered Gordy enviously, "y'all ben out in a pawty a'ready, have you?"

"Never do those bloody rapsallions geev us an airin' of the noo," growled John Haig discontentedly. "All ye can heer is 'Bacardi' these night."

The Cuban did not pay any attention to the Scot's complaint. He seemed totally absorbed by his own deplorable situation.

"Jus wan yik ago I comm here and the man who has brought me over, he sold all my brother and seester but leave me in another bunch. I could pop my cork out, I am so mad about him, but—" he shrugged his sloping shoulders eloquently—"what good it do? I am sold later, far from my family. I am a Gold Bacardi and yet I am put with all those swine of a Blanco family. They are nobody in Cooba ware I comm from. They are what you call—the trash? Over in la Cooba, my family is very high people. We are at all the banquets and all the "bailes" and even in the police stations we are the favorites. I do not spik very good Ingless—you will pardon, pleece."

Gordy, the gin bottle, turned to John Haig.

"These hyah damn foreigners is a-hurtin' us, John," he said in an undertone. "Take this fella fr'instance. Hyah you and me ben a settin' on this damn hawk sheff two weeks, jes' a-waitin' fer somebody to come an' empty us so's we could git back to home fer a few days before the nex' trip an' I'll be horn-swoggled ef ary a soul so much as given us a look. An' hyahs this knockkneed Spic

the Tribune, in my mail box... I wish the story ended here but it doesn't... It developed that "Alice White" was an unmarriaged negress... I hadn't bothered to check up... Boys on some of the other papers, sore about being scooped, did the checking up and the stories they published provided New York with comedy for days... Mr. Reid didn't ask for his \$50 back but the next note I found in my mail box was far from complimentary.

only ben in this country a week an' cain't speak English straight, comes along an' look at him now—he ain't got but one drink to go an' he'll be through. Durned ef I can see whar they git all this heah popolerity."

"Ay mon," agreed John Haig, who had remained in Nassau so long on his way across that he frequently fell into the Bahaman dialect, "you hovven't missed it, I tellin' you, mon. I come across from Nos-saw in a wessel t'ree month gone by an' nobody never touch at me until jus' lahst week. Mon, I tellin' you, it's toff on a mon."

Gordy turned his attention once more to the foreigner. "Stranger, ef you don't mind my askin' it of you," he said in his rich Homestead drawl, "whar'd you git that thar scar across yo' label?"

The Bacardi bottle shuddered as if at a most unpleasant memory.

"Nom de hijo!" he replied. "When I am in Keyo Weso, you comprende—I am cut by a hombre there. It is terrible. Sacramento! And I—I am a Spanish war veteran, too. Si!

Yes! I am Spanish war veteran—see these gold medals which I have had pinned to my label! Ah, yes, I am veteran, and I am seek to death of thees bootlegger bizness, but I am not dead soldier yet! Ha! ha! I make—what you call it?—wise split? I am not dead soldier yet!"

He chuckled at length at what was probably his first joke in English and seemed pleased with himself, although neither Gordy nor John cracked a smile. Just then the cupboard door flashed open and a hand reached inside tentatively. It passed over the sloping shoulders of the Cuban and felt about, touching both Gordy and John.

"Johnny, I bet it's for one of us!" whispered Gordy excitedly, nudging his stable-mate.

"Ay mon, it sure look like it," answered the fat, dimpled bottle by his side. "Maybe he lookin' for you, Gordy. Luck to you, mon!"

Then there came a deep, masculine voice from without the cupboard—a voice they recognized as that of their master.

"Better take 'em both," it said. "Those Swigglesbys will probably be there and you know what hogs they are about somebody else's liquor. The missus particularly. That woman has a thirst like a circus elephant. Wish we didn't have to go."

He drew Gordy and John from the cupboard and closed the door, but not before the two happy excursionists had been able to fling a parting shot at their Latin friend.

"Shut up and put your shoes on," snapped the scribe. "Huh," ejaculated the negro porter halting abruptly and paying no further attention to a vagrant tomcat he had seen stalking with a mop, "So dat's it?"

Greeby took the hint and pulled on his shoes, favoring the reporter with a dirty look. "Why don't you mind your own business," he belched, "and don't be botherin' a patriot what is figurin' on settin' off some fireworks on the glorious Fourth."

"There is one big cracker I'd like to see some one touch off," sneered the reporter, "and it isn't a fire cracker either."

"I resent that," yammered Greeby, "You are just sore on account you ain't no descendent from a long line of patriots."

"I suppose you are a genuine green blood," snorted the scribe.

"Certainly," explained Greeby, "My Uncle Whoosh McFuddle Greeby started the line in this here country and they has been a Greeby mixed up in every war and everything what has happened since."

"I do not remember finding anything in my history book about any Greebies at Bunker Hill and I am quite sure it wasn't General Greeby who led the charge at the battle of Bull Run."

"Was you at either place?" queried Greeby.

"Certainly not," thundered the scribe.

"I thought not," yelled Greeby triumphantly, "Otherwise you would know that another one of my uncles, Elmo Goosegrease Greeby, was the owner of Ye Olde

jeered Gordy. "We're going out on a pawty an' then I'm a-go in' back to Homestead an' see mah folks. Whee!"

"Ay, ye scrawny Spic," supplemented John Haig, lapsing back into his native burr, "ye'll ken the noo what it means to wait in the darkness all through the night w'out a soul to mak' merry w' ya. Aweel, goo'by, lad."

And then the door closed on the Cuban, leaving him with the almost certain knowledge that he would be shot at sunrise to make an eye-opener for someone.

GREEBY TRACES FAMILY TREE

Finds so many patriots he decides to celebrate July Fourth in big way.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who claims to be a patriot of the first water and points proudly to his ancestral uncle, Whoosh McFuddle Greeby, whose cattle boat was hitched onto the back end of the Mayflower, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter conning a fireworks advertisement.

"I do not desire no publicity," he yammered when the reporter arrived at the fish stand and plopped down on a stool beside him.

"Shut up and put your shoes on," snapped the scribe.

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THEY TELL ME

THAT the reason Lonnie didn't go by boat wasn't his fear of submarines—but his fear of a certain person

!!!
THAT a lot of people wouldn't like County Commissioner Charlie Crandon any more if City Commissioner R. C. Gardner showed the letter Charlie sent him...
Charlie shouldn't try to make out that other people are crazy

!!!
THAT already little signs signifying they have already subscribed "100 percent" to the Red Cross drive are hanging up in various departments at City Hall...
but 'tis announced that Mayor Alex Orr will address the various city hall employes next week, anent subscribing still more to make up the \$5,000 promised Movie Actress Irene Rich of Los Angeles for the Red Cross...
so the little "100 percent" signs may as well be taken down...
cause they won't dare turn down the mayor—who has the papers (Big and Little Tammany) back of him

!!!
THAT since Dan Dunellon has blossomed out with an auto of his own, he is being accused of getting Fifth Column funds from somewhere...
he always wanted to be a columnist

Pulverized soil \$1 yd. Cow manure, 2 bags \$1 Kante Nursery, 2155 S. W. 2d St. Ph. 4-4804.

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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
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\$25.00
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Phone 4-1484

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DRUG STORE

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Orange State Oil Co.
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CLEAN
Well-Flavored
GOAT MILK
Delivered 40c qt.
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Authorized AAA Service
Day and Night Service
General Repairing
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BRING YOUR OWN CONTAINERS TO
Miami Home Milk Producers Assn.
769 NORTHWEST 18th TERRACE
For The Finest
Golden Flake Buttermilk you ever tasted, 25c Gal.

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.

More for your Money...
Sears, Roebuck and Co.
BISCAYNE BOULEVARD AT 13th ST.
A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE

THIS helps L-O-O-S-E-N
COUGH SYRUP PHLEGM
It is the tickling phlegm that causes the cough impulse from your cold. That is why Mentho-Mulsion is made to loosen phlegm and give you expected relief. Mentho-Mulsion contains nine ingredients scientifically compounded and is guaranteed to stop coughing with the very first spoonful—or your druggist will return your money. Mentho-Mulsion contains no narcotics nor opiates. Children like its taste. 48 doses—Now only 75c.
FOR COUGHS FROM COLDS
MENTHO-MULSION
"ONE DOSE" RELIEF

SO YOU SAY...

'Twon't Be Sissy--This Compulsory Training!

Dear MIAMI LIFE:

President Roosevelt's proposal for compulsory training of young Americans has about it the pleasant, soothing vagueness that one might expect in an election year from a master statesman who is also a master politician.

In outlining his plan, the President steered nicely around the ugly aspects of emergency conscription, managing to give the general impression that the training would be more along semi-military than active military lines—the youngsters would be taught discipline, cooperation, and certain refined, behind-the-lines activities of modern war. Such harsh facts of life as the proper way to shoot a Springfield, what to do with a hand grenade full of TNT, the least messy technique of withdrawing a bayonet from a punctured enemy would be left, one gathered, to the future—of which we seem always to have a plentiful supply.

But this genteel, almost sissy way of preparing for an imminent life-or-death struggle need not be taken too seriously. President Roosevelt is probably the smartest man who ever sat in the White House. His sense of political timing is perfect. His ability to gain a statesman's end through a politician's cunning is already a legend. Franklin D. Roosevelt will not throw away the Democratic party's chance of victory in November by making sudden blood-and-thunder threats to tear our 20-year-old youngsters from their mothers' bosoms to become disciples of brute force and canned willie. President Roosevelt knows only too well that this nation's future policy will be decided, not by political platitudes or wishful thinking, but by the brassy, insistent day-by-day demands of circumstances. He knows also, however, that the public—a perennial sucker—will never, never believe this until after it has happened. He has not forgotten that Woodrow Wilson was re-elected in 1916 under the battle-cry: "He kept us out of war!" And he knows, finally, that, as far as the teaching of discipline is concerned, a good tough army sergeant with a curdled soul and plenty of chewing tobacco can do a better job in three months than any paternalistic, politically-controlled government agency such as the CCC can do in a year or in two years.

This is not to snap at the President; it is not even to faintly criticize his program; it is simply to reassure those who may regard it as weak and inadequate under the mounting torrent of world events. It is to point out that though the program right now has only one real tooth—the COMPULSORY angle—there is nothing to prevent its sprouting many more teeth, of dragon calibre, as rapidly as changing circumstances dictate the need for them.

So sleep well tonight. No one realizes better than President Roosevelt that the way to train a potential army is to teach it the use of rifle, airplane, tank, and bomb, rather than how to conserve a forest or deal out Size Seven shoes for Size Ten feet over a supply sergeant's counter.

J. K.

Editor MIAMI LIFE:

By 1945 out of the 500,000 planes of every description in use in the whole world, 400,000 of them will be used by Americans. By then, because of the mass production adequacy that will have been developed at Dearborn, Mich., the Stout "sky-car" a wonderful mechanical device will then be available to the 2 or 3 millions of well trained individuals at an average price of \$100 according to a recent announcement. The sky-car will eventually evolve into a land-and-air combination. That is Inventor Stout's objective.

In this land of great distances, and with such distant outposts as Alaska, Hawaii, Porto Rico and the Panama Canal . . . that natural handicap will soon be fully under control. With a Pan-American Airway system almost spanning the globe, domestic commercial lines growing steadily every year, and the present phase of national preparedness scheduled to employ millions of people in that industry and the allied airport and other activities, we shall indeed develop as absolute a mastery and supremacy in aviation as we have achieved in the automotive field.

Because of its peculiar geographic situation, the strategic importance of Dade County both from a commercial viewpoint and from that of national defense will cause this area to witness a progress in aviation that will astonish even the most enthusiastic here. Therefore Col. Gimbel's idea to create adequate training facilities miles west of Miami is excellent and should be materialized.

It also means that in all our local high-schools special courses in aviation mechanics, navigation ought to be given so that our Dade County youth has an opportunity to compete for the numerous jobs, which are going to be available here because of our certain expansion, in piloting and navigating as well as in ground crew demands.

When aviation will thus have been stimulated, trading with all the islands in the Caribbean Sea will be equally stimulated and most of the countries of Central America will naturally come within the natural geographic trading radius of Dade County. That is going to mean local trade expansion well beyond the hopes of even the most enthusiastic of those impractical and political Chamber of Commerce leeches, for they only parrot some of the things they overhear, whereas intelligent people see things for themselves and have what it takes to make sensible conclusions.

In order to prepare for those days of certain aviation expansion, we must give our children here a chance to be thoroughly trained and fully equipped with the special technical knowledge essential in aviation. MIAMI LIFE should arouse public opinion and induce every PTA in the county to the necessity of giving the local youngsters what they will need to take full advantage of those certain days of rapid expansion in Dade County aviation growth.

I would like to know where John Knight got those 650,000 smackers for the new republican stronghold in this democratic county? Could it be that the so very much criticized WPA money found its way through merchants and their advertising expenses into the coffers of the republican financial war chest. The irony of it! Money secured for humanitarian purposes finding its way into the hands of such soulless people; the traditional fiendish enemies of Democracy!

It is said that the progress secured for workers through New Deal legislation will have to be defended and guarded with unusual vigilance and determination. On all sides already appears evidence of the old timers getting set to try and abolish the 40 hour week. The desperate efforts now being made, before Congress adjourns, to alter drastically the NLRA provisions ought to be a signal to workers that now more than ever it behooves them to keep in the White House the best friend Labor ever had.

It is rumored that because of the danger, ominously lurking on the workers' path, the CIO chieftains are ready to sign a peace pact with the AFL. The danger to them is so

TOOTH PASTE RACKET

Scientists Have Not Yet Discovered "Liquid, Powder, or Paste That Will Prevent or Cure Pyorrhea or Decaying Teeth!"

(From AMERICAN BIZARRE, published at 110 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.--Foremost Consumer Monthly)

DENTIFRICES are prepared in two forms: powder and paste. The powdered form consists essentially of a polishing agent such as chalk, and a flavoring agent to popularize the product by giving it an agreeable flavor and scent. Various ingredients, such as astringents, antiseptics, oxygen liberators, or any of a dozen or more other agents, represented as being effective in preventing or curing dental diseases, are generally incorporated merely to provide a basis for "selling points."

Tooth pastes are, in many instances, just a means for creating a broader outlet for the products of manufacturers whose prime interest is in another field. For instance, soap manufacturers load their tooth pastes with soap. Chemical houses specializing more or less in the production of milk of magnesia find that a tooth paste is an excellent vehicle for the sale of more of their product. Salt manufacturers, by cramming their tooth pastes full of salt, increase the sale of their extremely cheap product at a price that would pay for moderately expensive chemicals.

It has been well said that "the dentifrice problem as it exists today is largely advertising license run amuck." In other chapters will appear much evidence supporting this opinion.

The best-qualified members of the dental profession frankly state that they do not know what the ideal dentifrice should contain. Manufacturers, however, maintain that they know, and yet strangely enough each produces a different type of dentifrice. Obviously, not all the manufacturers can be telling the truth, and a detailed examination of their claims indicates that most of them do not hesitate to resort to white lies, or even more colorful ones, to stimulate sales.

Some of the dentifrice-makers boast that their products contain "fruit-acids", while others who use milk of magnesia brag about the remarkable anti-acid properties of their products—again someone is wrong. The producers of the powders brazenly claim that dentists use only powder in cleaning teeth, and that therefore powder is the best form of a dentifrice for the public to use. The tooth paste makers, while arguing for the superiority of their form of dentifrice, immediately meet the competition by bringing out powders of their own. In recent months three of the national advertisers of tooth pastes have resorted to this means of meeting the competition of the powder firms. Those manufacturers who resort to the inclusion of drugs of various kinds in their dentifrices, alas, do not agree as to which is the best drug. One uses potassium chlorate as the cure-all in his dentifrice; another uses hexylresorcinol; still another, zinc chloride. Then, of course, each manufacturer of a patent-medicine "antiseptic" prefers to consider that only by the inclusion of that particular agent in a dentifrice can the ideal product be formulated.

These various inconsistencies are presented to indicate that, although most of the makers of dentifrices claim the ultimate in perfection for their products, they all use different ingredients. Does it not seem a reasonable de-

duction from this that the makers of many dentifrices are more interested in selling the principal ingredients than they are in selling the public a safe and truthfully represented tooth paste or tooth powder? The situation also lends itself to another logical conclusion: If these manufacturers disagree so widely as to the essentials of a dentifrice, might it not be preferable for the public to take its advice from the dental profession regarding the desirable ingredients of tooth-cleansing agents?

Let it be understood that neither the dental profession, the medical profession, nor the best-qualified scientists in either field have discovered any liquid, powder, or

paste that will prevent or cure pyorrhea or decaying of teeth. When a manufacturer of dentifrices asserts that his company has the secret, the statement may be ignored as so much sales bunk. Much of the dentifrice advertising is untruthful and misleading and is on the sordid level reached by the cancer and tuberculosis "cures" a generation ago. The public is defrauded in the purchase of many of these preparations, and there is often the intention to make dentists "accessories before the fact" by mentioning in the dentifrice advertisements the obvious desirability of visits to dentists.

(Read the book, "Paying Thru the Teeth!")

THEY TELL ME...

!!! THAT Davies will be off his vacation next week . . . which means a New-Deal for the little bungalow that's the talk of the Shenandoah neighborhood

!!! THAT Kathryn has just discovered she has an inferiority complex—but she won't tell you the unusual circumstances under which she found it out

!!! THAT newspaper editors should know what the customers are saying about the lousy sheets they are turning out these days

!!! THAT Fifth Column snoopers are so disappointed at dearth of clues in this area . . . they reported that people just don't seem to give a damn, one way or the other—and won't argue, under any circumstances

!!! THAT Gerald has erased a circle around the June 24 date on his calendar but won't tell anybody why . . . although he continues to look happier and happier

!!! THAT Florence isn't any too sure he'll ever come back

!!! THAT the party who called upon Paul the other night are still conjecturing over why he was so long opening the door, and why he appeared so ill at ease when they said they were going to stay

!!! THAT Helen is still delighting folks (secretly) in bragging about her aristocratic relatives back in Georgia . . . one joker swears he's going to kidnap her old man and confront her with him some night when she's going full-blast

!!! THAT Janet's orchids come from—but no, that'd be really mean to disclose

!!! THAT the gorgeous sub-deb who awakened early the next morning and looked out onto Biscayne Bay instead of the Atlantic Ocean hasn't

evidently threatening that it has the beneficial effect of tending at last to a House of Labor strongly united. The indications point very strongly toward an unqualified endorsement of President Roosevelt for a third term, endorsement which may emanate from the CIO Washington office shortly. From the same cause springs the rumor that Tobin, vice-president of AFL is being considered as the possible new Secretary of Labor when the imminent Cabinet shake-up occurs in Washington.

READER

thought up a good excuse yet to tell her folks . . . or to satisfy her conscience

!!! THAT guys who get about say the defeatist attitude they encounter on their rounds is alarming . . . folks out of fair jobs so long that they are willing to be shoved into military service so the worry of next week's existence will be removed

!!! THAT the Grand Rapids girl isn't coming back this summer — which should please a North Beach wife or two

!!! THAT the latest peeping Tom in the Coconut Grove neighborhood is suspected of having one of the super-sensitive cameras that take pictures at night—which might explain the dithers in a certain locality

!!! THAT out West Flagler street folks are still laughing about the good husband who came home unexpectedly the other night and found not only another man there—but two of 'em . . . One of 'em had caught up with the other one just before the husband caught up on the two of them . . . after which, the three of 'em made a few passes at one another, the wife ran out screaming—and everything was in darkness when the cops finally came to the house

!!! THAT Kenneth's a little too young for the dashing widow from upstate, but he's making a good try

!!! THAT the schoolteachers are coming in, for their annual vacations . . . and hail from many parts of the south . . . the Chambers of Commerce of this area ought to go in for some advertising that would bring more of 'em here—for there are still comparatively few people who know how fine are our summers

!!! THAT those who claim there is something in a name after all, point to the fact that a Myrtle Outhouse got a divorce in Miami this week

!!! THAT the Daily News conscientiously and laboriously explaining what constitutes contempt of court is the source of a lot of secret laughs among Dade county judges

Huddleston's Views On Budget Irregularities Impress Commissioner

Following is a letter handed the Miami city commission by Commissioner R. C. Gardner, notifying them of his intention to refuse to vote for the ratification of the present budget if figures furnished by Clarence Huddleston, former finance director, are correct.

His letter follows:

Miami, Fla. June 20, 1940

Hon. City Commissioners:

In view of the fact that there has been considerable rumor that our City budgets recently have not been conforming to legal limitations, I decided to ask some capable accountant outside of the influence of any political alignment or financial expectation to go over them and submit what he considered to be irregularities, with sufficient comment.

In looking about for such a person I know of no more capable and honest person to do that than our boom-time City Finance Director Charles L. Huddleston.

I want to say in all sincerity there are times when I have almost decided to "give the battle up" in fighting for the little tax-payers, for their apathetic attitude gives little incentive to "carry-on" but when I observe and receive the confidence of a few friends I have, who without thought of "Gold or Glory" enthusiastically come to my aid in times of uncertainty I again have the initiative "to fight ahead" despite my handicaps that are unprecedented in the history of our City.

There is not a better man known in the City Hall than Clarence Huddleston among the older department heads, and you will never hear from any of them one word against his sincerity, honesty and integrity. He is of the type of true Americans that are fast disappearing; the type who believe their elevation to official life is a sacred trust and beyond the influence of any selfish interest, however powerful they may be.

He proved that when he resigned his office rather than sacrifice his honor and principle to the Disciple of Greed.

In the comment submitted herewith, Mr. Huddleston was told to feel free to say what he believed was evident, but I wish to suggest that they are Mr. Huddleston's views. Whether he is correct in his contention I cannot say. It is his word against City department heads. I have referred his summing up to different friends of mine, accountants and attorneys and if they so advise me, that Mr. Huddleston's figures are comparatively correct, and his reference to Charter provisions justified, then I will refuse to vote for the ratification of our present budget unless it conforms to the law.

Sincerely, R. C. GARDNER, Commissioner

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GOLF
FLORIDA'S SPORTIEST LINKS
18 HOLES - NO WAITING - OPEN TO PUBLIC
GREEN FEES 50c Per Day
GOOD GREENS AND BROAD FAIRWAYS
FLAGLER COUNTRY CLUB
West Flagler St. & 37th Ave. — End of Car Lane

OPEN NIGHTLY — 9 P. M.
TRIANON DANCE PAVILION
61st Ave. and Tamiami Trail

DANCE TO THE MUSIC OF
MANNIE GATES
And His 16 Piece Band
Terraced Refreshment Promenade
Spacious Club House
Admission 10 Cents 5 Cents Per Couple Per Dance

Pure, Delicious . . .
And Refreshing
dolly madison
ice cream
SEVEN STORES IN GREATER MIAMI

JALOPY
AUTO RACES
THRILLS — SPILLS — CHILLS
ENTER YOUR OWN CAR
Every Sunday Afternoon, 2:30 P. M.
N. W. 7th Ave. & 89th St., Sunny South Airport
For Entry Blanks, See H. Stringfellow, 2222 N. E. 2nd Ave.
CHILDREN FREE ADMISSION 25c
NOT RESPONSIBLE IN CASE OF ACCIDENTS

"Hoax" Was Byoir Stunt

(Continued from first page)

WHY? ONLY CARL BYOIR'S INTRIGUING BRAIN, WHICH HAS SERVED MACHADO AND HITLER, COULD CONCOCT SUCH AN ALL-PURPOSE PLOT!

Was it not Carl Byoir, when he assumed a publicity contract with the late old fraud, Henry L. Doherty, who immediately tied in the old skinflint with Roosevelt's Warm Springs, Ga., project, with the president's Birthday dinner, with other charity projects . . . to lead the public into thinking of Doherty as a benefactor and friend of Roosevelt, instead of a master crook . . .

And right now, with another World War looming and attention focused upon individual records in the last war, the promoters of the little plumber, Orr, are using every power at their command to make the people think of Orr as a Great Patriot, Great American Warrior, the Fighter.

How many times have you noticed the News (which always has shown a partiality toward Orr and Byoir) loses no opportunity to refer to him as the "doughty commissioner," "the fighting mayor." Last Monday it was "fighting Scotchman" in the News.

Catch the propaganda idea? . . . Trouble is, too many people personally know differently, because this is the most gossipy town in the country!

But even the Byoir brain slips sometimes. Or else his instructions miscarry.

See how the conspirators bungled in the following clippings (note the dates):

(Monday's HERALD)

Questioned about the matter, Mayor Orr told The Herald he had sent no such message and knew nothing about it.

An investigation brought the disclosure by Western Union Telegraph officials that someone had telephoned Saturday night and dictated the message containing the hoax offer. The mysterious caller instructed the Western Union clerk to charge the message to Orr's home telephone number.

Orr's comment was brief. "That's just another one of the contemptible tricks by the groups that are working to destroy me."

(Monday's NEWS)

Miss Rich telephoned the mayor Saturday she would come for the money. Out of that conversation grew the mayor's determination to make a reality out of the hoax.

Early this morning, Orr, the "fighting Scotchman," communicated with the Orange Bowl committee which staged Miami's successful week-long fete last winter. Ernie Seiler, executive secretary, was immediately put in charge of a benefit show which will be staged in Burdine Stadium the night of July 5, at which Miss Rich will make appearance.

Meanwhile, Mayor Orr asked a score or more of business and civic leaders in the following wire, to meet with him tomorrow afternoon to plan the event: "I want your help to call the bluff of the practical joker who sought to embarrass Miami by forging my name to a wire Sunday to Miss Irene Rich stating that Miami had \$5,000 for the Red Cross war relief provided she would fly here to receive it. . . ."

(Tuesday's HERALD)

Receiving a telegram signed with Mayor Orr's name and asking her to come here for \$5,000, she telephoned Orr, who explained in bewilderment he had sent no such message. . . .

(Tuesday's NEWS)

News behind the news is how Mayor Orr became so impressed, even over the long distance telephone, with the patriotic fervor of Irene Rich, that he began toying, even then, with the idea of accepting her offer to assist in turning the tables on the hoaxer. It was only a matter of a few hours and a couple of telephone calls between Miami and Hollywood, and the whole thing was fixed. . . .

OH, MR BYOIR, WILL YOU PLEASE STEP IN AND UNTANGLE THE MESS! . . .

'Widower' Days

(Continued from first page)

sealed envelope). Our representative will call at once to arrange a suitable date.

NOON-DAY FANTASY—A cool, breezy drive to Miami Beach and return, starting from your residence at 10:30 a. m. Includes 1 ten-cent beer, 1 fish sandwich with coffee, tea, or milk, 1 musical selection on mechanical victrola. Returning to your home, or to point just around corner, at 1 p. m. Your choice of conversation. Ideal get-acquainted service and especially suited to women who are by nature timid—or, suspicious.

2. MATINEE IDYLL—Three gorgeous, carefree hours in comfortable new sedan, leaving downtown Miami just after the third race at Boston. Includes ride up Beach to Hollywood, returning by U. S. 1 and N. E. Second Avenue; full discussion of Pan-American defense program; 3 musical selections, 6 ten-cent beers or 4 fifteen-cent beers. Your choice of restrooms (Gulf, Atlantic, Standard Oil or Shell).

3. PARFUM DE NUIT—Most popular of all our services among women under 35 years of age. A complete evening date, starting at one dark corner near your home at 8 p. m.; passing all famous night clubs, such as Bali, Belmont, La Paloma, close enough so you can actually hear the orchestras; exploring Greynolds Park, Maule rock-pits, Ives Dairy Road. Refreshments include four Tom Collinses or other 25-cent drinks. Four musical selections only 2 "I Sigh For You Selections). Your choice of parking sites. My choice of conversatoin. Returning to your residence at 12 midnight, probably.

4. SMALL-BEER JUBILEE—For older women. . . . A pleasant three hours, from 8 to 11, with or without automobile. Includes tour of Miami Avenue bars; also county bars on N. W. 27th Avenue. Refreshments: 12 small beers. Client is allowed 4 musical selections as desired (limit of 2 "I Sigh For You" recordings.)

5. GAY-NIGHTLY SPECIAL—The finest nocturnal outing ever offered in Miami. Starting at 8:30 p. m., visiting four downtown bars; free tour of the Herald mechanical and editorial departments; your choice of bondsman; thence west on S. W. Eighth street to Tampa, south to Ft. Myers and back to Miami by way of Tamiami Trail and Flagler street. This trip includes 9 musical selections of your own choice, or 2 of "I Sigh For You," 38 twenty-five cent drinks, 3 new jokes, singing laughing, etc., as desired. Return by 3 a. m. day after next to your

BALL CHAIN BAR

Dance to JACK MIDDLETON'S Orchestra

Opposite Tower Theatre
1518 S. W. 8th Street

Radio Immunity

WE HAD to read it twice before we'd believe our eyes . . . Actually, the last Florida legislature slipped through a bill giving radio stations virtual immunity from libel suits, criminal or civil—unless they agreed to be sued! To state it la d y, it gave radio stations in Florida carte blanche to libel their foes—or blackmail, whichever you please.

A circuit court judge in Jacksonville, in ruling the act unconstitutional last week, exposed the pernicious piece of Florida legislating.

With such a bill what wouldn't happen in the Miami Metropolitan area, where the station owners are too interlocked, intertwined, and close now for the good of the community. A small group of men, apparently in complete accord with one another, has entirely too much air power here. We're glad they stand to be curtailed, even if only slightly.

Lyn Laurence, one of Major Bowes touring amateurs, was on his Sunday morning program, telling of delightful experiences on the road for a year or more. In one hall in which he sang a stage had been built of dry-good boxes, put closely together to form a platform. While she was on it, singing, there came a crackling—the boxes broke—and she hit the floor, sitting, but still singing her song. "And was your face red?" ejaculated Major Bowes. "More than my face was red," said Lyn.

It just can't be done. We can't picture the downtown army of panhandlers saying, "Brother, can you spare a dime—and a penny beside!" Or, "Brother, I need a dime for the feedbag, plus an extra penny to pay the bottled beer tax!"

That new federal defense tax is going to spoil the liquor solicitation along Miami's Rialto.

OUR GROWING TAX

WE'RE NOT surprised that there is a boost of 2-mill tax forecast in Dade county tax rate. We'd be surprised if there weren't. America is probably the only place in the world where the cost of cooperative government goes up as the community grows larger, instead of downward; any good economist could tell you that the more people are cooperative, the less the individual expense should be. But in Miami the taxpayer pays through the nose—for every new inhabitant!

Our budget board has decided to make things higher than even the office-holders are asking. They're putting aside a half-million dollars in an item entitled "unbudgeted cash"—and naively tell the taxpayers that "there's a war on, you know—and there's no telling, etc., etc!"

The guy who can't pass his taxes onto anybody else gets sicker every time he picks up a Miami paper these days!

residence—or to mine, if you feel like it. Please order by number only.—SUMMER WIDOWER, INC.

A circularized offer of this type ought to fetch enough answers to keep a Summer Widower busy for several weeks. And maybe for several years—if his wife should ever find out about it.

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NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. 33365
Notice is hereby given that Arthur Blatt, holder as assignee of Southern Drainage District Tax Sale Certificates Numbered 1024, 1025, 1026, 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 12-14, 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. 1054. 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. 1058. 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 15, 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 3 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 6-29-40

AUTO BRAKE and SERVICE. General Auto Repairs, Battery and Electrical Service, 1731 W. Flagler St., Phone 2-1638. Dave Tomberlin, Miami, Florida

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