



# ORR GETS U. S. CONTRACT, FOR ALIEN--FOR PROFIT!

## Shots In The Dark

The Democrats aren't such smart politicians. At least the Republicans set their convention date so that it wouldn't interfere with the Jenkins - Armstrong fight.

It isn't hard to believe that the Hollywood film colony is supporting the Communists. Look at the way they pass their husbands and wives around among themselves.

The feuhrer idea, abroad in the world for many years now, comes to color the thinking and speech of certain Americans. An example is Paul V. McNutt, who said to the convention on Thursday:

"We have such a leader in Franklin D. Roosevelt. He is my commander-in-chief. I follow his wishes, and I am here to support his choice for vice president."

That language, glimpsed by itself, and with identifying words altered, could very easily have come from the speech of a Nazi Bund member and, if it had, it would have brought immediate wrathful comment from many American citizens, including Mr. McNutt, no doubt. Yet it is the language of Hitlerism, and conveys the psychology of Hitlerism. Perhaps a kinder word there would be "feuhrerism." We are not very quick to see that the evil of totalitarianism does not spring from the person or persons who happen to be exemplifying it; it springs from the psychology behind the practice, and the psychology is a real and great danger, especially when it crops out in the speech and actions of a substantial and ambitious American like McNutt.

We've got to sympathize with that New York cab-horse that bolted through a plate-glass window when an auto horn suddenly sounded off the opening bars of "East Side, West Side." Perhaps the horse had once worked for Al Smith's hauling company, or maybe it was just a maudlin sentimentalist, or maybe it was just plain startled. But these trick horns ought to be abolished. One day the truck of the Miami Diaper Service played a snatch of "Rockabye Baby" while we were standing on Seventh Avenue, and we went to sleep against a phone pole and plumb missed the bus. There ought to be a law—one for every tune in fact.

Up in Canada somebody's tooth powder blew up in the bathroom and the authorities are investigating. These Germans will do anything!

Confidential reports say that the circulation of the Miami Daily News has already taken a sudden upswing since Jack Bell's race-horse, County Bond, finally came through with a winning race Thursday, at the nice price of 7 to 1. Wild-eyed horse-players, grasping at straws, will now be searching Jack's column for a possible kind word about County Bond that might be twisted into a hint as to when he is going to win again. It's sort of nice and homey to know that we have a race-horse upholding the honor of Miami on distant tracks. It makes losing on him so much pleasanter than on a total stranger.

The Herald had a wirephoto

(MIAMI LIFE contacted Mr. Howland, just as we went to press. He said: "I am not an American citizen, although I have declared my intention of becoming one." He didn't say when he had applied—or whether he would become one eventually! . . . He also said Mayor Orr was "doing preliminary work at Opa-Locka now—and if I wish to give him a contract it is entirely within my rights—although no sub-contract has yet been provided—and there may not be any sub contract!" Howland said he came to America in 1926.)

THE United States government will pay upwards of \$3,500,000 for the building of the Opa-Locka naval air base to an alien. He is contractor Fred Howland, a British subject. Out of 130 contractors, many of them Miamians, and furthermore Miami contractors every bit as good as Mr. Howland—and all of them Americans—Mr. Howland gets the nod!

And he gets it, apparently, through the aid of Miami's mayor, Alex Orr, British-born himself!

And Mayor Alex Orr, we hear, is sub-contractor on the job! . . .

If we have not been grossly misinformed, Howland, who is well-known, and, we are sure, believed all along to have been an American citizen, is not registered or has not voted since 1920—which is as far back as could be checked on the registration books.

Some say that now, having received the three-and-a-half-million-dollar United States navy air station contract, he has, within the last week, applied for his first papers, declaring his intention of becoming (he doesn't have to become one, however!) an American citizen.

If this is the case it is even worse, because it appears certain that, although he has resided in this country for a score of years, he made no attempt to become a citizen until now—when he has in hand a \$3,500,000 contract from benevolent Uncle Sam, on which he can make a big profit—if he'll only take the trouble to take out first papers—to keep down any criticism!

If true, this contract should be cancelled! We hope it is not too late!

And it should by all means be given to a bona-fide American citizen—not a Miami Tammany's idea of what American citizenship is! . . . given to an American citizen who is an American because he wants to be one—not because it is politically or financially expedient to be one!

As we picture it, Commander Carter, located at Jacksonville, took the estimates of some of the 130 contractors, had conferences, so we hear, with Mayor Alex Orr, and then mailed the data to the Bureau of Yards & Docks at Washington, D. C., where qualifications and recommendations were

considered. That was some time ago.

Needless to say, the contract-letting has caused furore among other contractors. It's a juicy plum. Patriotic pride is at issue, moreover, native Americans can be pardoned for raising hell! . . . MIAMI LIFE has reviewed this strange Miami-British complex before, but in view of what has happened, it'll bear repeating: Alex Orr had lived in his native Scotland until he was 37—and war with Germany only a few months off in 1914—when he suddenly removed to Miami and took out first citizenship papers. However, he didn't become an American citizen for ten years—in fact, not until he had to, in order to get somewhere politically, as well as financially. But his frigid lack of patriotic ardor didn't prevent him from becoming mayor of Miami this year—for his boss, the Florida Power & Light Company, decided he had sufficiently demonstrated his servility to it to be elevated to No. 1 Stogie . . . That, of course, isn't all our story. Since he's become mayor, another British-born has been elevated at city hall—B. H. Hadley, who heads, of all things, the civil service! Just a few years ago Miami had as mayor A. D. H. Fossey, another British subject—and only recently his son was slated for a city job.

And now this new blow to Americanism!

There's something terribly rotten about the situation! There is no question but that the recommendation of the mayor of the city of Miami would go far in determining who should get such a contract as the Opa-Locka one.

Is it then strange that Alex Orr, former British subject, should turn to a son of his motherland and see that he receives a handsome contract, especially if the favored Britisher would return the favor by turning over a handsome plumbing sub-contract to former Britisher Orr?

Now let us quote from the Service & Labor Section 9 of the government contract covering the Opa-Locka air base:

"Except as may be authorized by the contracting officer, no person who is not a citizen of the United States or has not declared his intention of becoming a citizen shall be employed upon the work."

In times such as these—when our American boys, even girls—sons and daughters of Americans—are about to be called upon to sacrifice their lives for country—which they will gladly and proudly do, for the sake of their American democratic ideal—

we are somewhat horrified to see something like this happen! . . . To again see a most unnatural, a most suspicious un-American behavior at our city hall, a condition that has resulted in our national government turning down the staunchest and most patriotic of native American contractors to do homage to a group of mavericks whose conduct is a discredit to America and Britain alike!

trouble to choose up sides—and both came out for the same man, but really wasn't particular—because it made no difference

Then, too, we've seen the local Power-Trust succeed in getting three city commissioners, elected only a year before, charged with a crime—thereby, with the Power-Trust Herald and the Power-Trust News to help, thoroughly discrediting them with the people, and making them easy to beat in a recall election—in a frantic effort to defeat justice. . . . a justice that after a seven-year fight from a Miami court clear to the United States Supreme Court had begun to menace the well-being of the Power-Trust—FOR EVERY COURT WAS RULING AGAINST THE POWER-TRUST! . . . AND IT DREADED MIAMI ESTABLISHING AN ELECTRICITY YARDSTICK THAT MIGHT BE USED IN

(Continued on last page)

## RADIO ANGLES!

COMPLAINT has been made to Acton-Fisher Company of Louisville, makers of Twenty Grand cigarettes—the firm that capitalizes its union-made products—about its "scab radio announcer" in Miami, namely Frank Malone of the Daily News staff, who doesn't belong to AFRA, American Federation of Radio Artists, affiliate of the American Federation of Labor.

AFRA, after a long fight, triumphed at WIOD, the WIOD force being completely unionized. The particular program in question, however, employs Frank Malone, who makes his news comments at the same time.

Here's something the News hasn't explained; it's no longer the Isle of Dreams Broadcasting corporation—but simply Miami Daily

News, Inc., that is operating WIOD. In other words, the corporation that gave meaning to the call letters WIOD—"Wonderful Isle of Dreams"—is abandoned, and the paper's corporation takes over completely. When James M. Cox several years ago bought station WIOD he kept the two corporations separate. WIOD has been a great money-maker, almost to the point of monopoly.

The word monopoly suggests something, too. Isn't Frank Katzentine, head of the Miami Beach Station WKAT, which only this week took over NBC Blue network (which WIOD had), still attorney for WIOD? In fact, wasn't it while he was attorney for WIOD that he acquired WKAT, getting the permit mysteriously and quickly although other local

## CONVENTION LOWDOWN

Democrats Lead Republicans on All Fronts as Reports on Silverware Losses at Chicago Pour In

By JOHN KIMBLE

IT IS a great pleasure to return to Miami after having spent the past four days in Chicago covering the Democratic National convention exclusively for the readers of MIAMI LIFE. Not only does your sky-line remind me of New York but there is no place like Miami in the summertime. (And that's a FACT!)

But to tell you about the convention—the really significant news of it is not that Franklin D. Roosevelt was renominated. You learned all that in your newspapers and over your radios. The important lowdown on this historical gathering is that the Democrats are already evidencing a marked superiority over the Republicans in virtually every department, as certain confidential and unofficial figures, which I shall give you in just a minute, will show. On the basis of these reports, which I am able to obtain through my wide political connections exclusively, the Democrats are a cinch to win in November. Let us look at the record.

The first unofficial returns, drifting in late Thursday, showed that in the number of Coca-Colas consumed during the two conventions, Democratic and Republican, the Democrats outguzzled their adversaries by three to one. This, obviously, is a reflection of the strength of the Solid South, where the mere mention of Coca-Cola is popular with everybody except the Candler family. The gallant southerners, traditionally used to anywhere from five to fourteen Coca-Colas per working day in their home towns, drank 785,087 bottles to the Republican's 260,189 at Philadelphia. That means something more than 2,000,000 Democratic belches—an impressive total in any public hall, especially if you synchronize them.

Furthermore, the Democrats showed a comfortable lead in the matter of hot-dogs and hamburgers digested, consuming 392,543 such sandwiches which, as you will readily note, is at the rate of one sandwich to every two bottles of Coca-Cola consumed and still leaves one bottle of Coca-Cola over, which the sergeant-at-arms probably got. The Republicans at Philadelphia, on the other hand, ate only 350,002 such sandwiches, the 002 being the ones Taft and Dewey bought to eat on the train going home.

But in my opinion, based on long years of political observation, the most interesting and significant figures came from the hotels and restaurants, which, in reporting their losses of table silver, towels, and Gideon Bibles, indicated an overwhelming and revolutionary preference among the Democrats for forks. Let me show you the figures, briefly, so that you may analyze for yourself this astonishing intra-party trend. Hotel and restaurant losses during four days of this Democratic convention were as follows:

Forks ..... 297  
Knives ..... 5  
Spoons (gravy)..... 302  
Towels ..... 604  
Gideon Bibles..... 0

Let us contrast these figures with a similar set reported at the Democratic convention of 1932, before the New Deal:

Forks ..... 5  
Knives ..... 297  
Spoons (gravy)..... 0  
Towels ..... 6  
Gideon Bibles..... 302

The above figures indicate, inevitably, how eight years of power have improved the party of the common people. Clearly, they have abandoned their old custom of eating with their knives and are almost unanimously eating with forks, a skill at which they are outshining the silk-stocking Republicans who, perhaps in an attempt to influence the common people's vote, took only 84 forks from Philadelphia this year, 190 knives, and no towels or Bibles. The Republicans did, however, lead the Democrats in one department—and only one. At Philadelphia, the hotels reported 200 electric light bulbs missing after the convention.

On the basis of the foregoing figures, therefore, unhesitatingly predict an overwhelming Democratic victory at the polls in November. Only one factor can stop the Democrats now. That's Willie.

POWER-PRESS Herald (& News) had a "revolt" putting Willie over in the Republican convention. Now, it reports a "revolt" almost successful against Wallace for vice-president, Roosevelt choice. Both "revolts" were gallery demonstrations.

Investigation would probably reveal the "revolutions" in both conventions were paid for from the same till. The only folk wealthy enough to hire "revolutionists" are the Power-Trust clique!

applications had been in for years? Why, of course. And WIOD has cheerfully given up some of its best programs to the new station, cheerfully joining in the WKAT premier this week.

At the premier, by the way, Dan Mahoney was introduced as "president of WKAT!" Mistake, of course—for Dan is president of WIOD . . .

There was a loud laugh went up when a WKAT announcer referred to Thomas

Pancoast as president of the JUNIOR Chamber of Commerce—when it's the Pancoast pride and joy that he's the only president the Miami Beach Senior Chamber of Commerce ever had!

Radio fans, by the way, are still grumbling over Breakfast Club being off the air. WIOD turned it over to WKAT along with the rest of the Blue network programs—but WKAT promptly ditched it in favor of phonograph records . . .



# MATRIMONY R-O-W!

## America's Biggest, Loudest, and Most Interesting Divorce Mill Right Here In Miami, Our Major Industry

IT IS difficult to understand why 130 Miami lawyers are delinquent in their occupational tax in view of the bumper crop of matrimonial tangles being run through local divorce mills. Separating the bucks from the lambs, or vice versa, is easily one of the city's major industries and it would seem that the barristers should be reaping the golden harvest made possible by Florida's ninety day residence clause which has caused Miami to replace Reno as the nation's divorce capitol.

Wandering along matrimony row this week we find a number of unusual suits including just about everything in the line of charges from plain and fancy wife beating to a husband who caused his wife to lose weight because he wouldn't speak to her. A common law divorce suit struggles for the spotlight against one of a housefrau who complains that hubby refused to bill and coo and another of a gal who married a bozo to keep him from committing suicide. Here are a few, just a few mind you, of the many suits filed during the first three days of the week.

She just married him to spite another man and gave him the bum's rush before the ink dried on the marriage certificate declares Edgar Boyd Roebke in his suit for an annulment of his marriage to Ida Grace Roebke. Edgar says the nuptial knot was tied in Jacksonville, June 4th, and that when he sought to avail himself of marital privileges Ida Grace slipped him a good old-fashioned horse laugh and told him she didn't love him and had only married him to spite another man. She refused to see him and barricaded herself behind parental doors. He says he tried for ten days to smoke her out but failed to make the grade. He asks the court to call the marriage null and void—especially void.

A man who mopes around the house for weeks at a time without speaking or even grunting when spoken to is no bargain and only receives his just deserts when he gets a divorce suit draped around his neck avers Mrs. Seabelle

Stribling in her divorce suit filed against Herbert G. Stribling. Mrs. Stribling says Herbert frequently stayed away from home for days at a time and when he finally did get around to dropping in he was generally oiled to the gills. She says she lost a lot of weight over Herbert and asks the court to toss him back into the discard as far as she is concerned.

He had her between the devil and the deep blue sea, intimates Betty Conahay Redhammer. Betty says Albert, who was wooing her, picked her up one silvery summer evening last August ostensibly for the purpose of taking her for a cooling drive. During the ride the moon got in Albert's eyes and he popped the question. When Betty refused he became violent and threatened to wreck the car in his determination to commit suicide. Betty wasn't so much opposed to the suicide clause in the proposal as she was to the thought of how he could wreck the car and kill himself without also scattering her all over the landscape. To avoid embarrassment, to say nothing of possible mutilation she agreed to marry him on the spot. Immediately after the ceremony he took her to her home which was a fatal mistake on his part because when he called for her the next day all he got was a cold shoulder to say nothing about dirty looks and a solid oak door slammed in his face. Mrs. Redhammer says that in so far as the marriage was never consummated an annulment is in order.

Exactly three months after she landed in Miami from her New York home, Mrs. Hermie Waller took advantage of Florida's ninety day divorce law by hanging a divorce suit on Adolph Waller. Mrs. Waller says Adolph was drunk during a large part of their married life and that he touched off the final spark one night when he came home soused to the ears and threw an alarm clock at her. She fails to say, in her bill of complaint, whether his aim was good or not but contends that the intent was there just the same.

For a few days after their wedding everything was just lovely states Mrs. Georgia Warren Peacock in her bill of divorce against Henry B. Peacock, but in less than a month Henry suddenly assumed a standoffish attitude and utterly refused to cohabit with her in any manner or form. Despite the fact that they continued to live in the same house and despite all her efforts to make Henry bill and coo he still held out, declares Mrs. Peacock and as a result her health was seriously impaired. Henry, it appears will not contest the suit because a stipulation was filed with it whereby Mrs. Peacock is to receive \$3,500 in cash when the final decree is granted and is to receive payments of \$1,285.72 on Oct. 15, 1940; Jan. 15, 1941; April 15, 1941; July 15, 1941; October 15, 1941; Jan.

15, 1942 and the final payment of \$1,285.72 on April 15, 1942—a total of \$9,000.04 in addition to the first \$3,500. The Peacocks were married in Virginia

Mrs. Lillie Mae Mims, newest member of the divorce colony whose membership was made possible by her suit against Andrew M. Mims, should always steer clear of the number "20" because it certainly appears to be her unlucky number. Mrs. Mims, who admits that she was never married to Andrew in the customary manner but entered into a common law agreement with him on March 20, 1937, seeks her freedom and custody of her daughter. She says the common law business was started March 20, 1937 and that Andrew sold out on her on August 20th, 1938. A daughter was born November 20th, 1938 and Andrew is still missing. She charges desertion.

He was jealous of her girl friends and frequently shellacked her for talking to them declares Annie Hodges Conger in her suit against Jimmie D. Conger. Mrs. Conger says that upon one occasion when she left her place of employment at Miami Beach in company of a male employee of the same place that Jimmie suddenly appeared on the scene and pulled a knife on her escort. After the knife episode she says they patched up their quarrel and Jimmie induced her to accompany him upon an automobile ride which culminated in another brawl which became so violent that she jumped out of the car while it was travelling 45 miles an hour causing her to become a hospital case. The Congers were married March 24, 1940.

A few days after their marriage his wife, Virginia Wade Coleman Knowles, appeared at the place where he worked and borrowed money to purchase "medicine," asserts Clyde F. Knowles in his suit for divorce. Instead of buying medicine she bought wine and proceeded to go on a delightful bat, declares Knowles. She followed up the money borrowing spree by going back to his place of employment and cursing his employers, says Knowles and then tried to commit suicide by turning on the gas. Knowles says in his bill of complaint that he earns \$120 per month and has to pay \$40 out of that to a former wife and then has to fork over \$7 per month to hold his job. He fails to state just who receives the \$7 bucks but does declare that he is in no position to pay alimony to the second Mrs. Knowles in event she contests the suit and demands it.

The Daily News raised dough for the ambulance? BUT—

### EQUIPPED AMBULANCE

Through the effort of the Miami Herald and Radio Station WIOD, \$2,600, of \$800 more than the required \$1,800 needed to buy, equip and maintain a field ambulance for the British-American Ambulance Corps for a year, was raised on June 30. Using a Florida National Guard field ambulance, the "Buy an Ambulance" campaign which lasted six days followed a "blueprint" plan devised by Hal Leyshon, editor of the News. The daily, according to Kenneth Burgher, promotion manager, on request, will send to any authorized organization or newspaper, a set of plans outlining the activities that resulted in their successful campaign.

(Clipping is from EDITOR AND PUBLISHER, July 13, 1940.)

Yah! Yah! The News went to a lot of blather to get the ambulance—but the Herald appropriated the credit in the Editor and Publisher.

Well, the News got a Pulitzer Prize by mistake! So what!

### Round The Town

## Tom Williams' Epic

Tom Williams, likeable proprietor of the Paddock Club, 7th at Washington Avenue, Miami Beach, has taken an official and solemn oath on a stack of chorus girls that his new Paddock production, opening Thursday, July 25, will be the super colossal bistro epic of the summer. Everything will be new—new gags, dancers, singers and chorus. And talking about the chorus, Williams avers that they will be hand picked Broadway lasses, beautiful of both body and kisser. What more could a mortal want? Okay, okay, we weren't thinking about that.

With this peak show, price policy at the Paddock will reach a new low. There will be no cover or minimum charge and you can definitely "spend what you like."

There'll be continuous music by two bands with shows at 11:30, 1:30 and 3:30. The Paddock, needless to say, remains open all night.

### MIAMI LIFE IS READ,

Not SKIMMED!

NEWS society page) "... Mr. Davis, it seems, is employed by Combs. The gifts were packed in large grocery store cartons, Carnation milk, Heinz 47 Varieties, Campbell's baked beans, etc., etc. This in honor of Miss Watkins who is employed by a large grocery distributor!"

We've always thought that Heinz was distinguished for its 57, not 47, Varieties, and Campbell's soups, not baked beans!

## Homes, After All, Are To Live In! Even Here!

They always say it is hard to tell about people's character in a frontier city, meaning Miami, because nobody has any background any more. If everyone, people inquire, speaks reasonably good English, plays good bridge, dances well, drives a car, wears diamonds and does not absolutely bathe in the soup plates, what more can you possibly find out about anyone, outside of having a check returned for insufficient funds or reading some morning that he or she has been arrested for murder. But there is one way, absolutely, finally and completely, to determine just exactly the sort of people your new friends are. Get invited to their new house and take a good look at the living room. By their interior decoration you may know them. And they can't escape you.

Whether they have employed an interior decorator or not, whether they have furnished their new house in one day ready made out of a furniture store, whether everything is epic and span as may be, the interior decorating method will give them away. Because, after all, people's surroundings get to be like themselves.

When you see a living room with a clock and two ornaments on the mantel piece, a set of velvet furniture, a refectory table, a Chinese rug, a tall electric lamp all fussed up with pink silk and gilt roses, a victrola, a radio set, two hand painted photographs on the walls and no books, how many guesses do you have to have before you know that those people are more or less floaters, have no real tastes of their own, are satisfied to take their furniture, their jazz and their cocktails standardized, are making money for the first time and are not quite sure how to spend it, are perfectly good sports, probably honest but in the end likely to be wearing?

When you see a living room with heavy rough walls, massive imitation Spanish furniture with very uncomfortable chairs, huge Chinese vases either on the mantel piece or standing uselessly in a corner, enormous

# GENERAL ELECTRIC ON UNCLE SAM'S CARPET

(From AMERICAN BIZARRE, Published at 110 Smithfield St., Pittsburgh, Pa.)

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION, Washington  
General Electric Company, 570 Lexington Ave., New York, is charged with misrepresentation in the sale of electric light bulbs, in a complaint issued by the Federal Trade Commission

It is alleged that in newspaper and other periodical advertising the respondent company made representations implying that all or substantially all competitive products are inferior in quality to the respondent's "G-E" bulbs; that by purchasing any bulbs other than "G-E" the purchasing public will or is likely to get inferior products the use of which will result in a 30 percent loss of light and a 30 percent wastage of the electricity consumed, and that a purchaser is likely to obtain bulbs that will not burn as brightly or as long as the respondent's "G-E" lamps and cost more to operate.

Among representations allegedly made in the respondent's advertising were: "Why risk 30 percent loss of light \* \* \* when G-E bulbs

cost so little?" . . . "Thousands of New York factories, offices, stores, homes lose 30 percent of light. Beware of inferior bulbs! Buy G-E bulbs from your reliable neighborhood store. \* \* \*"

It is alleged that the respondent corporation's representations are misleading and unfairly disparaging of the products of its competitors; that not all or substantially all competitive products are inferior in quality to the respondent's "G-E" bulbs, and that a person buying other than "G-E" will not in most instances obtain lamps of lower quality than "G-E" or bulbs that will result in a 30 percent loss of light or 30 percent waste of the electricity used. The complaint alleges that many competing manufacturers sell products equal in quality to the respondent's "G-E" bulb,

and that only a small percentage of the bulbs being sold to the public are of such low quality that their use will result in a 30 percent loss of light or waste of current.

The complaint points out that approximately 80 percent of the incandescent electric light bulbs sold in the United States for general lighting service are manufactured by the respondent and its licensees who manufacture bulbs under patents controlled by the respondent, and that of the total amount of general lighting service bulbs sold by the respondent and its licensees, about 25 percent are products of the licensees not branded "G-E".

Alleging violation of the Federal Trade Commission Act, the complaint grants the respondent 20 days for filing answers.

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