

# Amazing! Mysterious! Ominous!

How does Contractor Fred Howland, a British subject, who hasn't thought enough of the U. S. in his 16 years of residence (and money-making) here to become an American citizen, rate three major federal jobs, one right after the other—while scores and scores of good American contractors, just as able, with reputations as good or better—some of them World War veterans—men who offered their lives in the belief that it was a war to preserve Democratic ideals!—are rejected, snubbed, ignored—and even now, in their honest resentment, refused any good explanation by official Washington? Are there any red-blooded senators and lower-house men with blood red enough to go to the bottom of this outrage? . . . Ugly stories are rife . . . MIAMI LIFE presents this picture: Our Scottish-born mayor (who also didn't become a citizen until he finally figured there was more money in it—for him—to be an American citizen!) represents only a tiny part of Miami's voting strength—6600 votes, as a matter of fact, out of more than 100,000!—a recall election manipulation engineered by the Power-Trust, whose willing stooge Orr is and always has been! Orr, used his office and Miami's reputation to put over the deal. Not until the contract was announced from Washington did local contractors wake up to the fact that Howland was STILL a British subject (he is an Australian by birth—and, after making a wad of money here, it is notable that his first vacation was spent, not in the new country that had treated him so royally—but in the British Isles!). Since then, the evidence on Howland's peculiar "in" with certain powers in Washington is growing. For Howland only lately had a huge federal housing project at Jacksonville. He had one of the huge federal housing projects at Liberty City, just north of Miami! And now a third—and still bigger one—and this time, an American defense project—to the exclusion of the best of American contractors, honest, red-blooded Americans, some of whom have already fought, offered up their lives, that Britain might win! . . . It is grotesque!



Vol. 14—No. 42

Miami, Florida, Saturday, August 3, 1940

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Reubin Clein, Publisher

10

CENTS A COPY IN GREATER MIAMI  
ELSEWHERE 15c  
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## GROCERY STRIKERS TELL HOW ROTTEN FOOD IS SOLD!

ALTHOUGH striking drivers won the first skirmish of the Chauffeurs Local Union No. 390's battle with the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company, with \$9,000 forked over to employees in back pay, the strike is still on. And now come some sensational developments!

Sensational disclosures and accusations are being made by union sympathizers. In MIAMI LIFE'S possession are signed affidavits from workers revealing sickening, almost unbelievable mercantile practices they encountered while working for the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company. We read of this concern palming off wormy food not only upon customers in this area but upon state institutions—for instance, the Florida Farm Colonies (for feeble-minded children)! This same concern makes shipments each month not only to this institution but to the state prison at Raiford and the University of Gainesville. We read with growing amazement of doctored eatables, doctored labels, frightful unsanitary conditions, lack of even ordinary cleanliness and honesty, and downright dangerous violations of laws that should, if found to be true, cause prosecution, to the fullest extent, of the principals!

Irving Applebaum, president of the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company, told union officials that 80 percent of his customers were indebted to him! . . . that he held "paper" of theirs—and they just couldn't boycott him! He declared he would "fight the unions to the finish."

Union officials in turn declared they were prepared to fight back—also to the limit—and would take special pains to apprise the public of the conditions existing at the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company.

MIAMI LIFE last week accused the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company of violating the Wages and Hours law—and their settlement this week substantiated our charges. They were also accused of sending employees off on three or four-week vacations—and firing them upon their return, however, informing them that there might be jobs found if they'd consent to less pay!

MIAMI LIFE offered President Applebaum (who called our office this week and waxed indignant over what he called "a pack of lies") the same space and courtesies given the union chauffeurs and warehouse men involved in the strike. He has not availed himself of this opportunity. Therefore, until he gives us a written statement, we must be forced to present, more or less, the one side—the strikers' side.

Elsewhere in this issue we are printing the names of concerns which the union officials handed MIAMI LIFE as places they intend picketing under the secondary rule of picketing of places "unfair to Labor."

In one of the affidavits in MIAMI LIFE'S possession, an employee tells of two occasions upon which "wormy prunes were taken from boxes and merely rubbed on a table and then wiped off with a cloth by both white and colored employees. When boxes of prunes would become spoiled and filled with worms and maggots they would be washed and dried in the truck yard and spread out on croker sacks on the cement floor. Some of these prunes were delivered to the Hollywood Hotel at Hollywood Beach, Fla. I personally saw the prunes being worked over and delivered same to the Hollywood Beach Hotel."

Another employee swore that, upon orders of an executive of the firm, he "took labels off of Libby's No. 10 cans of beets, peaches, peas, and string beans, and substituted Gold Banner Labels, the labels of a Standard Wholesale Grocery Company exclusive brand. I also changed labels on Dover and Apte brand tomatoes, which sell much cheaper than Libby's or cans on which Gold Banner labels appear?" This same employee is authority for the statement that "whenever the

### Customers Picketed

Standard Wholesale Grocery Company serves hundreds of firms in this area. Union officials informed MIAMI LIFE that the following places will be picketed immediately:

- Seven Seas Restaurant, N. E. First avenue.
- Trade Winds, at the City Docks.
- Woolworth's.
- Kress store.
- M & M Cafeteria, N. E. 2nd avenue.
- Joe's Market at Liberty City, 15th avenue and 65th street, N. W.; 1035 N. W. 3rd avenue; 1535 N. W. 3rd avenue and 478 N. W. 14th street.
- Brice Market, 5303 N. W. 2nd avenue.
- Eat-a-Bite, N. E. 2nd avenue and 12th street.

Standard Wholesale Grocery Company receives an order for vanilla extract, whether the order is for pure extract or imitation, they put a Silver Crest label on the bottle which is filled on the premises. There is absolutely no difference in the contents of the bottles, the only difference being in the labels as both are filled from the same container.

The most sensational of all the affidavits is the rather lengthy one bearing the names of two drivers, each relating his most vivid experiences in Standard Wholesale Grocery Company maneuverings. For the sake of the employees MIAMI LIFE prints only portions of the affidavit, without disclosing their identities.

"No employees at the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company is required to have a health card," says the affidavit, "although they handle food and mix vinegars and extracts, and bottle olives, cherries, and Worcestershire sauce, and pack peppers, coconuts, and numerous other products. The reason employees handle food is because when many products such as prunes, figs, dried fruits, etc., go bad or mouldy, maggots and worms, they are taken out of the boxes and worked over. They are washed off and the worms extracted—and repacked, in the same boxes. Flour, when it becomes buggy, is put in a room with a certain chemical that gives off poison gases when evaporating—and the bugs crawl to the surface where they die. The bugs are then swept off, and the flour is then delivered to bakeries, restaurants, groceries, and other places that buy it in quantity.

"Two such sacks were delivered to the None-Such Pie Company, where the city inspector put red labels on them. The flour was sent back to the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company." The employee then relates how he took two more bags from the same stack—upon orders from a company executive—told the None-Such Pie Company they were from a new shipment, and the buggy flour was accepted!

It is then recorded that Meyer (Mike) Silverstein, shipping clerk and brother-in-law of President Applebaum, ordered one of his employees to pour out a fifty-five gallon barrel of hundred-grain white distilled vinegar into several other barrels, in order to dilute each with water. "In fact, I put more water than vinegar into all of them," says the affidavit. "In addition I added caramel coloring, so that the vinegar could be sold as pure cider vinegar, later being poured into gallon bottles and labeled 'Red Banner Pure Cider Vinegar,' an exclusive product of the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company. These gallon jugs are bought from restaurants and hotels, a nickel apiece being paid for them, and up until two months ago they had no facilities for washing these jugs except cold water and soap, using the same to rinse them. Since then the city inspector forced them to install hot water, but I have never seen any chemicals used for sterilization. Into these same jugs would go cherries taken from barrels and packed by hand, and a Silver Crest label (the M & M Cafeteria uses a lot of this brand) put on them. Olives, mustard, and

several other products using the Silver Crest trademark were packed in the same way. Red Banner vinegar and Silver Crest vinegar both come from the very same barrels!

"I . . . brought in a load of canned milk from the Bull Line (steamship company). I was ten cases over. I told Mike about it. He told me to keep my mouth shut if I wanted my job! I did—but I wouldn't have, if I had known that the checkers at the Bull Line would have to pay for the shortage, as I found out later they did!

"The most vicious thing perpetrated by the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company came when they would send wormy fruit, figs mostly, to the Florida Farm Colonies, a place where feeble-minded children are cared for. Here I delivered also cocoa, supposedly Hershey's in sealed cans—as the contract calls for—but which was cocoa taken from barrels and put into unsealed 25-pound coconut cans upon which Hershey labels were stuck on the outside. And flour was also delivered to this institution, in addition to the prison at Raiford and the University of Florida at Gainesville. These deliveries were made about once a month, and I believe the Standard Wholesale Grocery still has the contract.

"Up until recently I delivered to the six or seven CCC camps one item in particular, peanut butter, which was supposed to be sealed in five-pound cans, according to government specifications in the contract. This company, however, took all the old peanut butter from the "loose room" where all the broken cases, sizes, and odd jars accumulate, and mixed the various brands, putting the product into quart jars which bore the weight in poundage. The last shipment, about three months ago, was refused—and the company lost this CCC contract. Previous to this, the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company had to make good several spaghetti and macaroni shipments that were below U. S. standards.

"The Standard Wholesale Grocery Company has another scheme in selling soap powder which comes sealed in barrels, and for their Jewish trade, where it is demanded, they have a stencil with which to mark the packages or barrels "Kosher." In one case, I . . . delivered a 200-pound barrel of soap powder to the Tele-Viv Restaurant, Collins avenue and Fifth Street, Miami Beach, where Mrs. Schwartz, wife of the owner, refused to accept it, declaring she wanted "Kosher" soap powders. I took it back to the company, where, without bothering to take it off the truck, they stenciled it "Kosher." I took it back, and it was accepted. During Passover they have little stickers which they put on different items that are supposed to be especially packed for use during Passover.

"I . . . delivered to Louis Grille, Lincoln Road, spoiled canned goods, mashed cans, "swells" and otherwise-damaged, and billed to them as "special goods."

"I . . . delivered—and brought back—worked over prunes at Sunshine Kosher Market (he claimed the prunes were sour) and Wolfe's Market, 606 Collins avenue (who refused delivery because he could plainly see they had been worked over).

Philip Warshaw, uncle of Irving Applebaum, is chemist and "official mixer" for Standard Wholesale Grocery Company. He mixes the colorings and the extracts."

If these accusations are false the signers should be vigorously prosecuted and if found to be true the perpetrators of these crimes against the public should in turn be as vigorously prosecuted.

The truth can easily be determined by checking with Mrs. Schwartz, the checkers at the Bull Line, the ones in charge of the CCC camps who reputedly turned down shipments from the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company. If no action is taken the public is forced to believe that these affidavits are true and should get behind the strikers 100 percent.



# 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.

**MR. HOOVER'S** hired hands are all a dither over the case of a negro recently arrested for fleeing across a state line to avoid prosecution . . . The negro admitted the fleeing . . . As a matter of fact he confessed that he crossed the Virginia state line so fast that he skidded half way to Colorado when he tried to stop . . . He declares, however, that he wasn't running from the cops but from the large gathering of gentlemen wearing white robes and carrying a rope, a bucket of tar and a whole lot of nice fluffy feathers . . . The government contends the cops were in front of the mob . . . The negro's attorney contends that if the cops hadn't been in front of the mob the negro would have been in the middle . . . It the cops had caught the negro the mob would have caught the cops and the nigger would still have been in the middle . . . A very technical situation we call it . . . In Mississippi recently a negro was arrested for stealing chickens . . . When the case was called in court the defendant appeared wearing an old civil war uniform . . . His attorney informed the court that it had been whispered that the negro had once been the body guard of General Robert E. Lee . . . He then proceeded to prove that the owner of the stolen chickens was a "godomnyanke" . . . Just as the jury filed out a band under the courthouse windows broke into the blood stirring strains of "Dixie" . . . The jury not only freed the negro but fined the plaintiff \$5 on a "rooster crowing" charge.

A plain old wooden barrel is more important than you might suspect, providing of course you are one of those suspicious minded persons who goes around suspecting barrels . . . One barrel can serve, in successive order, a dozen or more industries . . . For instance a barrel starting life proudly as a whiskey barrel may be used for vinegar, molasses, corn syrup, olive oil, turpentine, lubricating oil, kerosene, paint, disinfectant, embalming fluid, roofing cement and tar . . . The trick is to start the barrel at the right end of the line . . . A barrel started at the bottom and working it's way up to the high exalted whiskey container stage might produce something tasting like a mixture of mickey finn and bilge water.

In America we are turning out hospitals for crippled children . . . In Europe they are turning out cripples for hospitals . . . They call the Venetian causeway the "Shortway" to Miami Beach . . . Big signs on Biscayne Boulevard direct motorists to the span but neglect to inform him that it is a toll bridge. . . At night neon lights point the way but no where in sight is there a mention of the 15 cents he is expected to fork over before being permitted to make the short cut and he doesn't find it out until he is in a slot too narrow to turn around . . . If the city is willing to let the privately owned Venetian causeway company use the boulevard for its signs, it might, at least, order them to adhere to truthful advertising. . . The Miami public library has nearly 10,000 volumes on it's shelves . . . The problem is to get some of them off the shelves without accumulating a couple of parking tickets . . . The library is stuck right smack in the heart of the business district and is on the third floor of a building fitted with creepy elevators . . . Anytime there is a parking space within a mile of the place there is sure to be a beer truck already parked and a bakery truck waiting . . . We do our reading the hard way in Miami.

The Automobile Accident Prevention Bureau is preparing to resume weekly safety broadcasts providing a sponsor can be found . . . The program, a splendid piece of dramatization, offers some alert business concern a golden opportunity to get in on a swell 15 minute program at a surprisingly low cost. Capt. Fred B. Manning, of the traffic bureau, is about to make his debut into the ranks of the Fourth Estate . . . Capt. Manning is editor and publisher of the new Police Benevolent Association booklet which will be seen within a few days . . . Circulation will be confined to the ranks of the police department at first but distribution is certain because the blue coats will receive their papers when they get their pay checks . . . Capt. Manning expects to sell one advertisement in the publication each month to defray the printing bill . . . He hooked the printer for the first month's ad and is now in the market for an angel for number 2.

According to law a trade mark must first be

# - LOOKING BACK - Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

## By The Way Who Mentioned Cooperation?

(July 24, 1926)

**W**HEN we were youngsters, remember how we used to walk downtown, hand clasped firmly to mother's, and stare in awe at the policeman carelessly swinging his "billy-club" at the corner.

Remember how they used to dress them in those days —bright blue uniforms, long coats with big brass buttons, helmets, etc.

Ah, there was majesty, power and everything to impress greatness on a childish mind. Small wonder that we all wanted to grow up to become policemen and spend the rest of our days standing on the corner or going out after desperate criminals.

We've all put on a great many years since then and some of us have attained that boyish dream of being policemen, detectives and what not but it begins to look as though some of the enforcement officers have retained their childish ideal of all-powerful majesty.

The hurry and scurry of our federal, state, county, municipal, and township law enforcement bodies in the last few weeks remind us a great deal of how we would have acted if we had been invested with a badge and police authority at ten.

Not so long ago a grand jury requested that our various law enforcement officials get together, talk things over and work in unison toward what should be the common aim: sane law enforcement. Such a meeting was held and apparently any friction between various bodies was ironed out.

Apparently it all had the opposite effect, for now we have everyone at cross purposes. The sheriff invades another official's territory, reflecting on the enforcement work of one group of officials. Then someone hops in and closes up something the sheriff probably should have closed up and we have less cooperation than ever before.

Now really, you can't make us believe we are a bad community. In fact, considering everything, Miami and Miami Beach are remarkably good. Sure we have bootleggers. Sure we have some gambling. Sure we have some criminal souls who refuse to halt at stop signs. But if you really stop to figure it all out,

used before it can be registered . . . That law is similar to the famous law passed by the Texas state legislature a few years ago regarding railroad crossings. . . The law read; "When one train approaches another train at a crossing, both trains must come to a complete stop and neither train may proceed until the other has gone" . . . It is against the law in Oregon for two people to take a bath in the same tub at the same time . . . A California man sued the county school board in an attempt to make the board provide private booths in the school gymnasium girl's shower bath . . . He claimed his daughter was reluctant to parade her pulchritude before her sister student . . . He lost the suit and his daughter quit bathing . . . Two New Jersey detectives started chasing a gang of kids through a cat-tail swamp . . . As they crossed a small bridge it blew up under them . . . They swam the stream and started toward a small shack. . . The path blew up under their feet and skinned them considerably . . . By that time they were plenty mad . . . They reached the shack just as it blew up in their faces . . . One of them was hurled over a clump of trees and landed on his face in the mud . . . The kids had stolen 50 pounds of dynamite and had the whole swamp mined . . . The detectives lost so much skin and clothing they had to send for reinforcements before they could get back to the station house . . . P. S. They never did catch the kids . . . In Wheaton, Illinois, a constable apprehended a young lady crawling through the bedroom window of a darkened dwelling . . . He grabbed her by the ankle and hauled her out only to receive an old fashioned "cuspin" because it was her own home and she was merely trying to sneak in without waking her papa. . . The cop was so mad he arrested her on a charge of indecent exposure and told the judge she wasn't even wearing panties . . . She drew a suspended sentence.

these things effect a remarkably small percentage of our population.

We all believe in having an orderly community. But at the same time, with conditions as they are, we frankly believe it would be bad for the district if officials chartered with law enforcement did not make some allowances and permit of a liberality in line with the general tone of our Miami life.

When our law enforcement officials get to playing at their boyish games, they should stay in their own back yards, for when they wander elsewhere, they merely stir up friction, and their past records rob them of any claim that they are trying with any degree of sincerity to clean up things.

They aren't trying to enforce the law. They are just trying to embarrass one another.

### The Meanest Man In Town

**Y**ES, he's still at large, that meanest man in town about whom we have been talking of late, the one who tossed the hairpins in the Lack seats of all the automobiles, the one who wrote, "It Ain't Gonna Rain No More," and told his best friend that he had halitosis.

He started his latest siege by serving ematic sauce with a breakfast for his friends.

Then he took a bottle of Emulsified Coconut Oil and emptied it, refilling it with peroxide.

He got hold of a can of red paint and painted all the curbs in Miami.

He picked a quarrel with his girl just before Christmas.

He went on a hunger strike because Houghtaling's closed.

He called on an invalid and turned all the blades in her electric fan backwards on the hottest day of the year.

He turned out the headlight on his wife's car as she started over the causeway for Miami Beach.

### All Right Fer You, Cecil, But We May Bear Up

(July 24, 1926)

**W**ECIL WATSON, one of our county commissioners, got all steamed up

## GREEBY EATS BIRTHDAY CAKE

Nibbles Off Entire Twenty-Third Floor and Snatches A Couple of Hunks Off of Tax Collector's Office.

**R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY**, who says he is going to vote for Roosevelt this fall because he don't like the way the Republicans nominated Willie and then wound up their convention by singing, "God Save America," was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter loitering in front of the circuit clerk's office in the courthouse.

"I do not desire no publicity," he muttered as the reporter clambered up the steps and entered the lobby.

"Quit, fishface," grunted the reporter, "and if you are waiting around here for them to cut that birthday cake you are just wasting your time. They whacked it up down in the

park last night." "I know it," grunted Greeby, "I got me a hunk. I et off the twenty-third floor and a part of Hayes Wood's office. I don't want no more cake all summer but I could use a seegar if you've got one what ain't in use."

"If I had a cigar I'd smoke it myself," responded the scribe, "What are you hanging around here for?"

"I'm curious to know what all them wimmin and all them lawyers is doin' in the clerk's office. They must have a million of them paradin' in and out of there all morning. Are they givin' away samples of somethin'?"

"They are not," answered the reporter. They are filing divorce suits. Don't you know that Miami is now the nation's favorite place for cleaning up matrimonial mistakes?"

"How come?" queried Greeby, "Can't them squaws git divorces the same place they got their marriage licenses. What do they have to come to Miami to do it for?"

"Haven't you heard about Florida's ninety day divorce law?" queried the reporter.

at the Lions Club meeting in Miami Beach the other day, telling the boys that he considered MIAMI LIFE the most unfair paper published down here.

Now Cecil's a really nice chap even if he is a county commissioner and he brought out a very good—though very old—point saying that when roads are built they should be so constructed that they should last at least until the bonds are paid off. Cost Cecil \$30,000 of the county's money on the south side of the causeway to find out that basic economic law, but if he's learned and can make the other commissioners feel the same way about it, we won't begrudge it.

But we do take exception to Cecil's oft-repeated statement that he didn't go into office to be a road or bridge builder; he admits he didn't know anything about them and says he went in as an executive to hire others to build roads and bridges. He admits that he wasn't qualified to find the error in the bridges on the causeway viaducts.

If the commissioners aren't qualified to know how their roads are being built, how are we going to guard against more mistakes? Who is to know when the county is being cheated? None of these road or bridge companies is in the game for its health. That's one reason why the county has to have commissioners to see that the county gets its money's worth. What's the use of having the commissioners pass on the plans if they don't know what they are all about? Why have plans at all?

Now, Cecil, guess we'll just have to go on being unfair. We still think a man ought to know a little about what he is spending money for when that money runs into the millions, even if it isn't his own cash.

Seriously now though, who did make the mistake?

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"I heard a couple of bums talk'ing about it over at the feesh stand," answered Greeby, "and I was gonna ask someone about it. I sure would like to get rid of that old badger of mine if I could trade her in on a new model or somethin'. Does that ninety day business mean that you've only got to put up with 'em ninety days?"

"Hell, no," flared the reporter. "I didn't think so," muttered Greeby sadly, "I've had that wench on my hands for night onto fifteen years now and I'd hate to think I kept her fourteen years and nine months over time."

"You make me sick," thundered the reporter, "Talking about your wife like that. Don't you know that no man ever gets anywhere until he is married to some good woman?"

"Aw, I don't know," grinned Greeby, "The Pope is doin' right well by himself and Hitler ain't never smelled no tangarine blossom."

"You are no Pope and you are no Hitler," exploded the scribe.

"No," admitted Greeby, "and Mrs. Greeby ain't no Hedy Lamar neither. How can I go about gettin' a divorce from her. Do you suppose I could sneak in this here parade and snatch off one without no one seein' me?"

"You are crazy," snorted the scribe, "You can't get a divorce unless you have grounds. You can't just walk in and get a divorce because you are tired of your husband or wife."

"Has all them wimmin got grounds?" queried Greeby pausing to admire a petite brunette walking into the clerk's office.

"I suppose they have," answered the reporter, "Otherwise they wouldn't be here."

"What are some of the grounds?" insisted Greeby still keeping his eye on the brunette.

"Oh, there are dozens of things that a man can do to a woman which causes grounds for divorce," said the reporter, "A man who stays drunk all the time or a fellow who beats his wife's ears down every time he comes home is a swell candidate."

"Don't it work the other way around?" inquired Greeby, "Suppose a wife gives her husband

a shellacking every time he pokes his puss in the house ain't he got grounds for divorce?"

"Perhaps," replied the news hawk, "But remember this is the good old south and chivalry means a lot."

"Does that mean makin' a date with some other gal?" asked Greeby.

"Bah," thurbered the scribe, "You are the dumbest man I ever saw. Chivalry is something all men practice in the south. In a few simple words that you can understand chivalry means respect for womanhood."

"Oh," beamed Greeby, "Then I don't need to bother about it on account I ain't got no respect for that old battle axe of mine. No sir, none a tall. Any woman what hits her legally married husband on the head with a pick handle and pushes a goobon down over his ears so he has to be led to a lumber to get it off don't deserve none of this here shivalry you are talkin' about."

"Shut up," blurted the news hound, "and don't start something you can't stop. If anyone in the Greeby family deserves a divorce I am sure it is Mrs. Greeby. I'll bet she has more grounds for divorce than any one of that gang in there. I wonder what that little brunette is charging in her suit?"

"Do you mean the one what just winked at me when she went in?" asked Greeby peering around the corner of the door.

"I didn't see any winking," snorted the reporter. "Gee, I wish I knew what grounds she is using."

"Maybe her husband beat her," surmised Greeby.

"Don't be silly," snarled the reporter, "How could any man beat a cute little bundle like that. I think I'll just stroll in and look around."

"And you mean you'll just stroll in and try to make 'er," retorted Greeby.

"I don't mean anything of the sort," defended the reporter, "Can't you see she is too cultured and refined to be picked up by a common reporter. Ah, well I may as well forget all about it. Well, so long," he said strolling away.

"Goodbye," shouted Greeby still holding his place near the clerk's door, "I'll see you next week."

Half an hour later the reporter happened to be passing the fish-stand. Greeby and the brunette were munching fish sandwiches and she was reaching for the check. When he hit the hay he would have been drowned, without a doubt, if the tide hadn't been out.

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# MATRIMONY R-O-W

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

Does continue to lead the Bucks approximately ten to one as Miami's big divorce parade continues with unabating fervor. The above mentioned Boats arriving by every train, boat and plane to take advantage of Florida's ninety day divorce law and we learn that a majority of Reno's lawyers have decided to go in the hardware business or some other vocation to make a living. On the other hand Miami's barristers are enjoying one of the best summers on record and declare the best is yet to come because hundreds of freedom seeking ladies are merely postponing their suits until winter when they can kill two birds with one stone—enjoy the climate as well as break matrimonial chains.

Of course Reno isn't entirely out of the picture because it still has California and the movie colony to draw from but Miami is getting the cream of the Eastern seaboard especially from the section around Washington and Philadelphia.

"He thought it would be cheaper to marry a nurse than hire one," protests Mrs. Sophie K. Goodman in her suit for divorce from Adolph Goodman. Mrs. Goodman says the ink was barely dry on her marriage certificate when Adolph settled down to enjoy a lengthy illness which she claims he knew was just around the corner when he marched her to the altar in 1939. She says he led her to believe he was a healthy, peppy Romeo during his courtship when he knew all the time he was "fixin'" to take to the old mattress just as soon as he could get home from the church and that he just married her to get nursing service. She declares, however, that she pitched in with a right good will but the more she nursed the ornerier he became. After a hard day among the hypodermics, thermometers, hot water bottles, etc., she says when she finally did get to sleep Adolph would awaken her at odd hours and demand more attention and when it wasn't forthcoming he would arise from his sick couch and start turning on lights all over the house just to annoy her. She finally inveigled him to go to the hospital where she declares he continued to make a nuisance out of himself by creating scenes and spending money out of a "joint" account to procure special favors from hospital attendants. She fears the account will soon be exhausted if he remains in the "joint" and says she wants her freedom pronto.

A nagging wife is bad enough but when a mother-in-law stands by continually to take up the argument when the wife runs out of breath or in other words a man has a right to stand up on his hind legs and protest avers Colon Odell Bostick in his suit against Joann Bostick. Colon says he left his

wife for a period of five months on account of her nagging tongue but finally relented and went back to her only to find that she had moved her mother in. After that it was two against one, asserts Colon, and he just can't take it. He says he makes \$18 per week and is willing to give his wife \$8 of it. He makes no offer to provide for his mother-in-law.

Some men are so absent minded. Willard Cook is evidently one of them because he hauled off and got himself married a couple of months ago forgetting, completely, that he already had a wife. So says Mrs. Nell V. Cook in her annulment suit against Willard. Mrs. Cook recites that she and Willard were married in Hollywood, Florida, May 27 and that five weeks later she discovered he had another legally married frau. When she confronted him with the result of her inquiry she says she admitted his blunder and that she hauled out with no lost motions. In an answer to the bill of complaint Willard admits that his allegations are true and opines that she is entitled to her freedom.

His habit of running around with other women made her nervous and impaired her health asserts Mrs. Helen Cecelia Edmunds in suit for divorce from Robert Greer Edmunds. The Edmunds were married in College Park, Maryland in 1936. In addition to his tomcat ideas, Mrs. Edmunds says he checked out anyway more than a year ago and she doesn't even know where he is. She throws in the desertion clause just to clinch her case.

# Thom McAnn Shoes, Hosiery Fraud

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

FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION, Washington (Stipulation 02540)

Melville Shoe Corporation, 553 Fifth Ave., New York, trading as Thom McAnn and selling shoes and hosiery designated "Thom McAnn Shoes" and "Thom McAnn Hosiery," has entered into a stipulation with the Federal Trade Commission to cease certain representations in the sale of such products.

The respondent corporation agrees to cease representing that only the top grade of calf skin is used in the manufacture of its shoes, when in fact other grades are used; that its shoes will fit perfectly or afford immediate comfort for everyone without breaking-in, eliminate or correct foot troubles, and prevent foot burning which is not due to ill fitting shoes.

A further representation which the respondent agrees to discontinue is that any specific numbers of persons purchase the respondent's shoes or hosiery, or that all of its stores in the aggregate or otherwise sell more hosiery than any single department store, when statistics to verify these representations are not available.

The respondent also agrees to cease advertising that its women's hose are made from pure thread silk, when they contain any material other than silk, even when such other material is used as reinforcement only, in the foot and the garter top, and is plainly visible.

### LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. A-4686 Chapter 17457—Acts of 1935 Notice is hereby given that Raymond H. Brock, holder of State and County Tax Certificate No. 42, issued the 5th day of June, A. D. 1938, has filed same in my office, and has made application for a tax deed to be issued thereon. Said Certificate embraces the following described property in the County of Dade, State of Florida, to-wit: Lot 3, Block 24, Brickell Estates, a Sub., Plat Book 17, Page 50, in the County of Dade, State of Florida. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate was in the name of: John S. Fox. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, the property described therein will be sold to the highest bidder at the Court house door on the first Monday in the month of September, 1940, which is the 2nd day of September, 1940.

Dated this 31st day of July, 1940. E. B. LEATHERMAN, Clerk of Circuit Court, Dade County, Florida By N. C. STERRETT, D.C. Circuit Court Seal 8-3-40

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. A-4685 Chapter 17457—Acts of 1935 Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders of State and County Tax Certificate No. 62, issued the 5th day of July, A. D. 1937, has filed same in my office, and has made application for a tax deed to be issued thereon. Said Certificate embraces the following described property in the County of Dade, State of Florida, to-wit: Lots 1 to 4 inc., Block 3, Hallendale Park, Corrected Plat, 24, Subdiv., Plat Book 29, Page 16, in the County of Dade, State of Florida. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate was in the name of: Miami Corp. Service Co. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, the property described therein will be sold to the highest bidder at the Court house door on the first Monday in the month of September, 1940, which is the 2nd day of September, 1940.

Dated this 30th day of July, 1940. E. B. LEATHERMAN, Clerk of Circuit Court, Dade County, Florida By N. C. STERRETT, D.C. Circuit Court Seal 8-3-40

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. A-4688 Chapter 17457—Acts of 1935 Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders of State and County Tax Certificate No. 24, issued the 6th day of June, A. D. 1938, has filed same in my office, and has made application for a tax deed to be issued thereon. Said Certificate embraces the following described property in the County of Dade, State of Florida, to-wit: Lots 1 to 8 and 10 to 23 inclusive, Block 36, Brandon Park, Sec. A, a Sub., Plat Book 31, Page 17, in the County of Dade, State of Florida. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate was in the name of: Unknown. Unless said certificate shall be redeemed according to law, the property described therein will be sold to the highest bidder at the Court house door on the first Monday in the month of September, 1940, which is the 2nd day of September, 1940.

Dated this 30th day of July, 1940. E. B. LEATHERMAN, Clerk of Circuit Court, Dade County, Florida By N. C. STERRETT, D.C. Circuit Court Seal 8-3-40

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. 33710 Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders as assignee of Southern Drainage District Tax Certificates Numbered 52, 54, 55 and 56, dated the 5th day of August, A. D. 1929, has filed said Certificates 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: Lot 118, Flagler Highlands, Plat Book 17, page 33, Section 31, Township 53 South, Range 41 East, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 52. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.

Lot 180, Flagler Highlands, Plat Book 17, page 33, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 54. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.

Lot 349, Flagler Highlands, Plat Book 17, page 33, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 55. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.

Lot 507, Flagler Highlands, Plat Book 17, page 33, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 56. 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 5th day of September, A. D. 1940.

Dated this 30th day of July, 1940. E. B. LEATHERMAN, Clerk of Circuit Court, Dade County, Florida By N. C. STERRETT, D.C. Circuit Court Seal 8-3-40

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. 33710 Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders as assignee of Southern Drainage District Tax Certificates Numbered 288 and 1838, dated the 1st day of August, A. D. 1927, has filed said Certificates 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: NW 1/4 of NW 1/4 of SE 1/4 Section 2, Township 54 South, Range 39 East, containing 10 acres more or less, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 288. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.

SE 1/4 of NE 1/4 Section 14, Township 55 South, Range 32 East, containing 40 acres more or less, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 1838. 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 5th day of September, A. D. 1940.

Dated this 31st day of July, A. D. 1940. E. B. LEATHERMAN, Clerk of Circuit Court, Dade County, Florida By N. C. STERRETT, D.C. Circuit Court Seal 8-3-40

# Shots In The Dark

Postmaster Merrick wants to beautify the rural mail boxes in the Miami area, and perhaps if the plan goes through his next step will be to beautify the mail carriers themselves. In the meantime, we suggest that, since Mr. Merrick is showing signs of becoming again a Man of Vision, he might do something about his mail collection trucks. He might paint a big American flag on the sides and back of each truck, the way seagoing vessels are identified these days. It would serve as a final, emphatic warning to irritable motorists to control themselves.

The sanctimonious Herald may or not have intended to bring on a bookie shutdown when it printed Bob Fredericks' story about the horse-player and the traffic cop, but at any rate the shutdown is here—or was here at the time this was written—and the Herald has followed it up with a leering note to Sheriff Coleman, hinting that he could close up the bookies elsewhere in the county as easily as they were closed in town. This gives the matter the earmarks of a Herald campaign which is all right and brands the Herald once more as a Fearless & Upright Journal. But, just the same, the Herald goes on printing every day the racing entries and results at four distant race-tracks, with, additionally, three or four sets of selections for each track so that the betting public may make its choices more easily.

That old horse-player money is good stuff—when it flows into a newspaper's till! Fighting gambling in one part of the paper and nourishing it in another is on exactly the same plane as renting your property to a bawdy-house madam and then buying a stained-glass

window for the church.

The birthday party Monday night in Bayfront Park was a success. Miami looked and acted its steady-going middle age. It did no more capering and cutting-up than you would expect a person of 44 to do on a gala occasion, and this was both reassuring and disappointing because, while it reflected the sober spirit of maturity, it also reminded us that we can no longer stand off to one side and view ourselves, with pleased conceit as a child prodigy among the cities. It struck this observer that Miami now is in the same fix Jackie Coogan must have been in after he quit being a kid star.

In 1912, Miami celebrated its sixteenth birthday, and it was a much more boisterous affair than that of last Monday. Flagler street (then called Twelfth) was a glaring, white rock road and there was chiefly palmetto scrub west of the river. Down that hot, dusty strip marched this town's most pretentious parade up to that time. The floats were crude and there was no American Legion drum corps in those days, but it was a fine parade and the feature of it that lingers in our memory, for no good reason, was some fellow—the late Billy McAllister, we believe—standing in a barrel atop one of the trucks to advertise a pressing club. There was a ball game in the park between Ft. Lauderdale and Miami and everybody was vastly pleased with himself and the town and the general satisfaction of being sixteen years old and ready for the first long pants.

Thomas Ashwell, having somehow escaped the notice of the State Pardon Board, is no longer a member of the community and his passing was unattended by the cus-

tomary maudlin efforts of women's groups and other sentimentalists to save his life. It must be a horrible thing to go to the electric chair knowing that not one tear is being shed for you anywhere; realizing that even the sob sister who walks the last mile with you is doing it simply because it's her job, but even so, Ashwell was spared the worst part of it. He could not have known that down here in Miami, a few hours after he had been buried in Raiford's prison cemetery, Stephen Trumbull's story of the electrocution would be continued from Page One of the Herald to an inside page under the blunt, bold line "TRUMBULL," instead of "ASHWELL." Ye gods, whose electrocution was it anyhow?

**POLITICAL NOTE**  
There is nothing to the report that Mr. Roosevelt will wait until the election is over before stating his preference for president.

# THEY TELL ME

THAT Chester Alexander, those humorous blitzkriegs are legion in these parts, is heard to wonder whether the Germans really have the Russians by the Baltics, or vice versa

!!!  
THAT the Herald dates back almost to the beginning of Miami, but its heads have a very confused idea about Miami's history—if that history goes back more than five or six years . . . for instance, in Ellis Hollums' column Wednesday, I read that (wonder if Ellis was trying to make Capt. Jaudon turn over in his grave?) "Tamiami Trail, as most of you will remember, was born in the Herald office back in 1919" . . .

Now in 1919, there weren't more than 14,000 people in Miami, and a good many of them have died since—so "most of you" simply another Herald editorial slip

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# ORR--GAMBLING!

THE HERALD and Mayor Orr are both smart alecks but not so smart, after all. They miscued this week—and now Mayor Alex is revealed (as we revealed him many moons ago) as the actual manipulator of gambling in this territory! Too late the Herald, through its Biscayne Bill, tried to shut off some of the responsibility upon Chief Quigg and Sheriff Coleman—but it was a fizzle. Chief Quigg was at the Ashwell electrocution (which the Herald purposely failed to mention in its frantic endeavor to make a smokescreen) and has nothing to do with what has happened and Sheriff Coleman isn't poking into Miami affairs—until asked to!

So it is Mayor Orr who controls Miami gambling! Don't you good people forget that fact for a moment!

Of course, back of Mayor Orr is the Herald—but the Herald, being a private enterprise, is not our immediate concern. Mayor Orr, sworn to do certain things—MORE-UNDERTOOK TO AN ALIEN WHO SWEAR SOLEMN OATHS AS TO HIS ALLEGIANCE TO THE U. S. AND ITS LAWS—is our concern! He is a public concern in this case.

Mayor Orr has stated publicly that when this gambling matter was called to his attention by the Herald, he took action.

Such a condition was called to Mayor Orr's attention nine months ago—and he did nothing about gambling—for then, it was height of season, money was rolling into the gamblers' pockets at the rate of thousands of dollars a minute—and he paid no attention to conditions called to his attention!

Let's see just what kind of a liar or knave Alex Orr is:

He clearly states that it wasn't until the Herald mentioned it (through a stooge columnist) that he knew there was such gambling in Miami.

## HE ANTICIPATED THAT GAMBLING IN HIS BUDGET!

That budget establishes his guilt. It would establish his guilt before any competent court. And, for that matter, involves any of the other four city commissioners, (because at any open commission meeting a mere protest from anyone of them would have instantly stopped gambling). THEY FIGURED UPON A HUNDRED THOUSAND DOLLAR CITY INCOME FROM FINES AND FORFEITURES ON VICE—AN INCREASE OF \$30,000 THIS YEAR, OVER LAST! . . . The proof is in the budget as compared with last year's fines and forfeitures on vice—when only enough arrests were made to keep the industry going smoothly—never to stop it.

And now the "calling attention" to 239 N. E. First street. How many times did you read that address in MIAMI LIFE last winter, Mayor Orr—and how many times did you utterly refuse to do anything about it? . . .

Although every visiting newspaperman knew that more money was passing into the hands of the officially approved gambling crowd than ever before in Miami's history—without an arrest ordered from Miami's city hall! And if the bookies are forced to keep closed you can rest assured that Mayor Orr does not want them to run; and if they reopen you can bet that the little Scot Dictator has relented and given orders to "lift the gambling lid."

The gambling situation has been thrown squarely into Mr. Orr's lap, and he can do naught but rock it.

The veil of mystery has been torn from the "on again, off again" policy that has prevailed here in the gambling industry since the invocation of our "Good Government" City Commission.

Hail to our mighty gambling Czar!

# TOUGH COPS!

A one act drama.  
Scene: Inspector Wm. J. McCarthy's office at police headquarters.  
Time: 4:30 p. m. Wednesday afternoon.  
Characters: Inspector Wm. J. McCarthy; Captain Fred J. Manning and a fifteen year old boy.

### CURTAIN.

(As the curtain rises a traffic officer is seen leading a slender, curly haired boy into Inspector McCarthy's office. The boy's clothes are ragged, but clean. He is trembling with fright).

INSPECTOR MCCARTHY: Son, you were given a ticket for speeding across the county causeway. You were driving a truck 60 miles an hour. The time expired on your ticket and you didn't come in. Why?

THE BOY: I didn't have any money to pay a fine. My boss told me to hurry up and make a delivery. I work—

INSPECTOR MCCARTHY: You work for \$5 a week, we know that. We have investigated you. Your mother is dead and you haven't seen your father for eight years. You are a good boy. You have no bad habits, but whenever a policeman gives you a ticket you must obey the law.

THE BOY: Yes, sir.

CAPT. MANNING: Don't you know that all policemen are your friends?

THE BOY: Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR MCCARTHY: Son, we aren't going to hurt you, we want to help you. We want you to be a law abiding citizen but you must work with us. There is nothing we can do about this ticket right now but I am not going to put you in jail. You must go before the judge tomorrow and I know if you give me your word that you will be there, you will keep your word, won't you?

THE BOY: (With tears in his eyes) Yes, sir.

INSPECTOR MCCARTHY: When you get before the judge you tell him about your mother being dead and that your father left you and your sister alone eight years ago. You also tell him that you work for \$5 a week. After this when your boss, or anyone else tells you to hurry don't you violate the law. Little fellows like you will be big fellows of the community tomorrow and no matter what anyone ever tells you don't forget that the policeman is your friend and will help you anytime you need him. Run along now and see the judge tomorrow.

THE BOY: Thank you, sir.

CAPTAIN MANNING: The little shaver had tears in his eyes.

INSPECTOR MCCARTHY: (Wiping the corner of his eye with a handkerchief and glancing at a bunch of sniffing reporters) I guess he wasn't the only one, dang his little hide.

### CURTAIN.

# Phoney Polls!

ANYONE WHO has had any doubts about the Gallup Poll being anything but a Literary Digest "Beat Roosevelt" Poll, disguised elaborately to keep the public from seeing a connection between it and that ill-fated propaganda of four years ago, must be convinced by now. It is definitely Republican (Big Business, or Power-Trust), definitely Willkie, and, like the Literary Digest Poll of four years ago, attempting to high-pressure Big Business's stooge into the presidency.

To refresh your memory: spending a prodigious amount of money, the Literary Digest blanketed the nation with propaganda showing that Roosevelt was anathema to most everybody in the nation and that he would be badly whipped—the time-honored "Climb-On-The-Bandwagon" propaganda device. But in the vote only Maine and Vermont went Republican, actually four states less than in 1932!

The economic Royalists who want Roosevelt out—who never wanted him in in the first place—had four years in which to build up another propaganda device of the same order—but this time with more background and color, proving its accuracy on a widely diversified pattern, pretending to be pro-Roosevelt even, until public confidence was complete—then to swing the multitudes (the 12-year-old intelligents, as the economic royalists classify most Americans) slowly but surely to the Republican (Monopoly) party.

Doesn't the Gallup Poll measure up to all expectations?

Before anyone has definitely figured out what to do, isn't it already, in its enthusiasm, overplaying its hand—as the Literary Digest Poll did four years ago?

## THEY TELL ME

THAT Miamians become apoplectic, when they learn that Tampa's airport makes Tampa's official temperature much lower than Miami's—while Miami is given ratings close to 100 degrees! . . .

MIAMI LIFE pointed out some time ago that our daily papers, owned by Ohioans didn't give a tinker's damn about Miami, except to gouge it and its people—and such a ten-strike on the part of Tampa only proves what MIAMI LIFE said: they don't give a tinker's damn about Miami—or they'd do something about it! . . . You'd think they cared

that much about their newspaper ventures here to force the government to rectify this harmful blunder—to



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show the world that the temperature in which more than a quarter million people here live is never warmer than 90 degrees.

!!!

THAT Sweet Charity lost one of her most ardent disciples in Miami this week—Mrs. Rose McBride (McBride Hotel), killed in an auto accident, whose funeral took place Thursday . . .

Mrs. McBride (born in Ireland) and her husband, Matthew McBride, who survives her, came originally from Gary, Indiana—20 years ago . . .

the Gesu Church was filled at the services

!!!

THAT Firman Wilson (who handled Howie-for-Governor Republican publicity in a previous election, as well as real estate editor of the Daily News, is starting "Firman Wilson's Willkie Weekly" soon . . .

by the way, Harry Spach (Consumers Bakery) and Bob Grant (Ev Sewell's man) were schoolmates of Willkie at Elwood, Ind.

!!!

THAT the best thing the Progressive says about the coming campaign is: "He (Willkie) will probably be heralded as a friend of the farmer—the farmer's candidate. There is one thing about it, if he should be nominated and elected, the country would then have a President who can teach the American farmers how to water their stock and shear the sheep"

!!!

The next time Gertrude rushes out of her apartment in her bath robe to join a motorcade, she'd better put on her bathing suit under it—as she evidently intended doing the other night

!!!

THAT Mrs. Jim Eviston's latest diagnosis for hubby's sometimes indispositions is "Calvert pleurisy" . . .

Jim (stage star of the glorious 20's) is crack salesman for the celebrated whisky

!!!

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