



# Miami Labor's Last Stand

IT APPEARS, to MIAMI LIFE, that Labor has been challenged this week. Its survival, so far as the Miami area is concerned, depends upon the way it meets the Tip Top Grocery's refusal to sign up again with Meat Cutter's Union. As Miami City Commissioner R. C. Gardner, who heads the Tip Top chain, intends seeking reelection eight months hence—and yet has nerve enough to come out anti-union at this time—Labor appears to be in a precarious condition, indeed. It becomes quite obvious that its enemies are convinced that Miami Labor won't present a solid front, that it can be fooled, that it can be manipulated to the satisfaction of employers, that it can be whipped.

The other side, far from being divided, is more

closely knit than ever. Only this week wholesalers and retailers amalgamated into a statewide Florida Merchants Association to fight for better legislation—and, though it's not written as a purpose, to fight unionization of employees. The Tip Top sides with Carl's, another local chain, now being picketed by the Meat Cutters' Union.

If this revolt against Labor is successful, Labor is whipped in Miami, we fear.

If Labor cannot fight back en masse, as it has successfully fought similar domineering attempts elsewhere, it's just too bad.

Miami Labor should learn, before it is too late, that this is not just a meat cutter local fight. It is Labor's fight for existence!

## Shots In The Dark

Good morning! Are you going to be just outside the five-cent fare zone too?

No matter what the thermometer registers, its getting along toward good old winter-time. The state racing commission has denied the usual request for another dog track, the Esquire Bar is having a major operation performed on it that looks like an appendectomy, and yesterday we saw two visitors staring at a Seminole Indian. Visitors staring at a Seminole Indian are the official opening-of-the-season sign, and we had to run to look at both the thermometer and the calendar to make sure we hadn't gone a little screwy with the neat, but we hadn't. The thermometer said the temperature was 88, as usual, and the calendar said the date was Thursday August 15. And a moment later we saw that the Seminole Indian was staring right back at the two visitors, which reassured us completely. In the season they don't bother to do that.

The first proposal for locating the hoped-for union station was what you might have expected: Put it on to the poor old Northwest section. Some day the Northwest section is going to meet on Mrs Woodson's lawn, summon up all its voting power, and start a municipal revolution which will result in transferring all the public nuisances, like the Stadium, the Incinerator and such, to the heart of Brickell avenue. If we are goaded far enough we may even throw in Gerue's place.

### FREE ADVICE

TO THE LOCAL WILL-KIE CLUBS: Get behind your candidate and tell him that with the world burning down around him, a presidential candidate ought to find bigger things to talk about than a \$640,000 advertising racket. If he is going to seek the general management of the greatest nation in the world at the time of greatest crisis he had better come out with some big-caliber ideas, instead of taking a few pot shots at his opponent's campaign methods. It makes you suspect that the Republicans might just as well have nominated Taft or Dewey.

There is something very rib-tickling about the two dozen Baltimore wives coming down here on a junket. Nobody ever seems to have as good a time as a mob of women out for a ladylike jamboree, and we sincerely hope that no member of the Put-the-Husbands-in-Their-Place Club will have her pleasure dimmed here by any fleeting worry as to whom her husband may have put in HER place while she is gone.

Miami's sailing book—making fra

This grease-smearing burglar they're hunting out in the Northwest section must have been reading Dickens. He's got a regular Olivoil Twist.

## OUR MIAMI???

HOW LONG will it be before the halls of Congress hear this: "Down in Miami the navy department's new airfield, to be constructed at a cost of millions, was awarded to a Britisher who didn't take out his naturalization papers until he got the contract!—although he had been in the country nearly a score of years, making money!"

"Here is an important Defense Measure project, jobs on which are being handled in typical Tammany manner, applicants being forced to run a gauntlet of Dade County politicians before being assigned to the cheapest kind of task at the airport!"

"That town has a naturalized citizen as mayor—like the airport contractor was a British subject before coming to America."

"Is the same thing happening elsewhere—or is Miami an exception?"

## Herald Knows But Won't Tell!

IT'S pretty rich, this Herald moaning over the defeat so far of the protagonists in the "railroad station fight," as the Herald editorially calls it. . . . Did you notice how carefully the Herald avoided committing itself, in its attempt to make readers believe it was really interested in doing something for the public good?

"Something is lacking in every phase of the fight," groans the Herald piously.

The Herald is right. Something is lacking.

What's lacking is a strong morning paper sincerely fighting for the people of Miami and not for the special interests, including the F. E. C. railroad! A strong morn-

ing paper fighting for anything that will make Miami more attractive to potential residents.

What's lacking is a majority on the city commission in favor of the people, not in favor of the Herald and the News and their patron god, the Power Trust!

What's lacking is a city attorney not already sold out to the utilities!

But it all goes back to the initial big lack—a strongly humanitarian morning paper that would fight the people's battles in the secure knowledge that eventually Miami would become a much greater, much bigger city than it can possibly be under its present, strangling, monopolistic domination and control!

## Garbage Tax Reflections

THOUGHTS of a garbage-tax payer as he puts out \$4 a year for a service that he has already been taxed for: "Yes, the city commissioners will do this to me—but they won't make the Florida Light & Power Company remove their menace of overhead electric wires and wobbly, tottering poles that go down in the slightest storm and become a terrible menace during hurricanes."

"The city commissioners, because they think they can get by with it, assess me with a \$4-a-year tax to remove my garbage although I HAVEN'T GOT FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR EXTRA! But the Power Company, which has more than enough money to pay taxes with, gets not only its taxes cut but has its expenses reduced—as, for instance, in the matter of light poles and an overhead system that other American cities wouldn't tolerate! But we have to put up with an 'off again, on again,' Happy Hooligan sort of light and power system thirty years behind the styles!"

"That's how the city commissioners feel about me—and that's how the city commissioners feel about the Florida Power & Light Company. I'll rebel!"

This Week's Best Radio Joke (on Monday night's Showboat over WIOD): Master of Ceremonies to Dusky Female Singer: "You'd better get back on your basso profundo. . . . What are you doing? Hey, get up off that floor! Don't you know there's splinters in that floor?" "Not any mo', they ain't!"

ternity ought to feel a little bit revived. It is estimated that the Saturday Evening Post's recent article about Pittsburgh Phil, the man who made a million dollars just betting on the horses, has already created a couple of million new horse-players, not to mention a million or two defunct

ones, who, after reading how Phil did it, have gone out and gotten themselves refinanced. After all, the system is so simple—lose eight or nine races in a row, then win one at odds of ten to one. You can't miss if you stick to the system.

## WHEN Parachutists Drop Here!

Monday nights, 8 to 10 o'clock, Dade Armory.  
Wednesday nights, 8 to 10 o'clock, Veterans of Foreign Wars Post.

TWO companies of defense-minded Miamians, ranging from boys to World War veterans, twice a week are learning the latest army drill regulations under the auspices of Wm. A. McAllister Post No. 1608, Veterans of Foreign Wars—and a third company is about recruited to start immediately.

But there should be a dozen such companies.

And would be, if men and youths of Miami better understood the aims of Major C. L. Libby (probably better known locally as Capt. Libby), and his two assistants, Capt. James L. Thompson, who commands A Company, and Capt. A. L. Funk, in charge of Headquarters Company.

Joining these drill companies imposes no obligations. They are open to anyone. The only expense is \$3.50 for everything except shoes—cap, belt, shirt, trousers, tie—while serviceable barrack shoes are available at \$3.10 a pair. But if the joiners haven't the money to buy these, civic-spirited Miamians will provide them as they already have in many cases.

For the young man who is likely to be called into service, these drill companies of Major Libby and the "Vets" offer opportunities to do much better than the \$21-a-month buck-private pay they'll likely get if they go into service knowing no more than anyone else.

You know, jobs at \$157-a-month are available in the army—for men who are better than raw recruits—for men who have had good training.

That's the chance these companies afford to those likely to be called.

But to men who are not likely to be called, to fathers, to World War veterans who know nothing of the new army regulations (and they're tougher than you'd ever expect, buddy!) these companies offer an opportunity to learn home-defense work for instance, our home town certainly would be a first line of defense if America should become completely involved in the European mess! . . . We men should know what to do if parachutists suddenly started dropping in our yards!

Many business men in Miami are sponsoring one, two, even three men in the two drill companies already drilling. \$6.60 is a trifling sum, to many business men—and there are Miami business men who consider it a mighty cheap price to pay toward (Continued on last page)

# ROTTEN FOOD SOLD TO COUNTY JAIL!

WHERE is the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company going to wind up, as the strike of its employees continues, and accumulating evidence of company misdoings, involving not only local but federal law violations, has already become a great scandal?

MIAMI LIFE has new and startling affidavits. Even our local public institutions have been imposed upon, to say nothing of thousands of private individuals who have got hold of Standard's rotten, dangerous food products. How long can local, state, and federal authorities ignore these practices which the Standard Wholesale Grocery company virtually admits by failure to prosecute the signers of any of these affidavits? . . . These affidavits demand attention, action. There is nothing evasive about them. They are either true or false—a matter to be quickly proven, one way or the other—but the Standard evades it!

It will be noted that the local newspapers have refused to publicize these iniquities on the public—but at the same time give favorable comment to the wholly unwarranted open-shop policy adopted by heretofore union grocers! . . . If labor does nothing more, or never does anything else, for that matter, than exposing the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company's adulteration of food, its selling of rotten foods to inmates of our state institutions, selling meal which rats have nested in, allowing poisoned foodstuffs

to get into local retail commerce, selling buggy flour and macaroni, misrepresentation of extracts and vinegars and canned fruit, and scores of other vicious, fraudulent, and unlawful deeds that in any other country would cause some public hangings! . . . if Labor does nothing more, as we have said, than expose these outrages, then Labor has done an unrepayable service to this community—and deserves the sympathy and backing of every decent man and woman in Dade county!

MIAMI LIFE's new batch of affidavits are eye-openers. Exploding canned goods, rat-infested meal sacks, the wormy pumpernickle flour that Miami Beach Baker Sol Goldstrom rejected but later unwittingly accepted (the very same flour, with part of the bugs removed—by hand!), the gypping practiced against Libby's and Dole's and other nationally known concerns to say nothing of crooked rebates, well, these are a few of the headliners—and it's enough to make anyone ask his grocer for a sworn statement that the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company at no time came in contact with said purchased articles! . . . They'd be entirely within their right! You're actually taking your life in your hands when you eat in a restaurant serving these certain articles or buy groceries dealing in Standard Wholesale Grocery brands!

Read em—and weep!—or see a doctor, if you recognize any of the products!

### from Affidavit 20

The Standard sent Goldstrom Baking Company of Miami Beach some five bags of pumpernickle flour, which was sent back because it was wormy. This was spread out on paper on the ground floor of the Standard's three-story building. And all the help, including negroes and whites—a dozen or more—helped pick out the worms. The worms had gathered the flour into bunches, making it easier for the pickers to grab up a bunch and dissect the worms. I personally saw worms crawling in the flour—after this was done!

After all the bunches had been removed, this was then put in to a bag and sewn back up—and I delivered this flour—right back to Goldstrom's.

It was inspected there—and passed for good flour!

I also assisted in removing worms from barley in this same manner. This, however, was worked over before it was sent out. The worms were removed in the same manner as in the Goldstrom flour.

I also assisted in changing labels on well-known standard syrup. I took red labels off Red Karo syrup, and replaced Karo Green Waffle Syrup labels on them—the waffle syrup being more expensive than the Red Karo. The green labels were handed to me by Mike (brother-in-

law of Irving Applebaum), acting as shipping clerk. Where they came from I don't know, but I presume there are extra green labels in the Karo packages to replace labels that are damaged in freighting.

And, of course, I helped prepare a lot of the Silver Crest—Standard Wholesale company label—products, such as olives, cherries, vinegar, caramel coloring—also switching pure for imitation labels on vinegar and other extracts sold, all of them, under the Silver Crest label. I filled pints and half-pints—and gallons and half-gallons OUT OF THE SAME FIVE-GALLON JUG—AND HALF WERE LABELED "IMITATION" AND HALF "PURE!"

On one occasion, the utili-

### Monthly Utility Comparisons

For Family of Five:

Water.....	\$1.25 per month
Telephone .....	2.75 " "
Lights .....	3.00 " "
*Bus Transp. 30.00 " "	
Total	\$37.00 per month

\*Allows one trip per day each member of family.

The proposed Dunn Bus franchise therefore is more important than it at first seemed—because transportation costs might be doubled!

ty man slid about twenty-five boxes of wormy prunes down the chute. These boxes had been opened, and half the prunes were scattered over the platform. These I picked up and put back into the boxes, then took them next door to the second floor where they were to be worked over and laid out to dry on the third floor and then re-boxed and sold.

### from Affidavit 21

Quite a while ago pineapple juice took quite a drop. And the brokers allowed the wholesalers 50 cents a case, or something like that, rebate on all they had in stock. Irving Applebaum, president of Standard Wholesale Grocery Company, told me I was to count the cases when representatives of Libby's, and Dole's came to check the stock. They could count the number of cases in a stack, but were unable to tell how deep the stacks were, so I climbed the top of the stacks and counted the base number.

When Applebaum gave me my instructions he said, "Goddam you, I want to make some money on this now!"

I told him that I had shorted the Libby representative around a hundred and fifty cases.

He replied, "You should have gotten the sunuvabitchers for more than that!"

The Dole representative I (Continued on last page)



# Miami Life

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

R. J. CLEIN, PRES.

Executive Offices: 110 W. Flagler Street, Miami, Florida  
TELEPHONE 2-2681

AL Checks should be made payable to Life Pub. Co., and not to individuals.  
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: in the United States, \$4.00 per year in advance; \$2.00 for six months; in foreign countries \$7.50 per year in advance; \$4.00 for six months.

Vol. 14 Miami, Fla., Saturday, August 17, 1940 No. 44

Entered as Second-class Matter, May 25, 1924 at the Post Office at Miami, Florida, under the Act of March 3, 1879.

## "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.

Anyone who rides a bus from Jacksonville to Miami or from Miami to Jacksonville is a sucker . . . Of course anyone who rides anything to Jacksonville is a poor mental risk but that is beside the point . . . With sincere apologies for springing an Ernie Pyle travelogue I hereby recite a harrowing experience of last week end . . . I happened to be in Jacksonville very anxious to get back to Miami in the quickest and most comfortable manner . . . Being one of those goons who thought railroading passed into the limbo of lost arts with advent of the gasoline buggy I naturally hied myself to the Florida Motor Lines bus depot . . . The ticket window was plainly marked but all similarity to a ducat dispensary stopped right there . . . The ticket agent, a surly, sleepy looking individual was engaged in a spasmodic telephone conversation . . . Half a dozen prospective passengers were lined up before the window but the agent didn't seem interested . . . The telephone conversation went on and on . . . When he finally hung up the receiver he disappeared behind a partition and didn't show up for five minutes . . . The line was longer by that time so he proceeded to show his contempt by filing a couple of telegrams . . . He also acts as agent for the Postal Telegraph company and probably has a couple of more jobs on the side . . . At last, however, he did get round to peddling a few tickets and I congratulated myself when I reached the barrier and plunked down \$4.80 for a ticket which I thought entitled me to ride the 7 o'clock bus to Miami . . . That's just what I thought, . . . A wheezy loud speaker announced that the Miami bus was loading on platform No. 2 and I was nearly killed in the rush . . . At least 100 ticket holders were trying to get on the bus but not a single one of them was successful . . . The driver blocked the doorway and bellowed to all and sundry "reserved seat" ticket holders would be recognized first . . . It was the first time I knew there were any reserved seats, but evidently I was about the only one who didn't because they all started pushing forward waving the favored stubs . . . Some chap who was doing his sweating fifty-fifty (half on himself and the other half on me) told me that reserved seats cost a dollar extra . . . Well the bus was finally loaded and no less than thirty of us were still on the ground . . . A lot of the unfortunates had "reserved" seats and no place to put them . . . There was one little brunette—excuse please that is another story . . . I was mad . . . As a matter of fact I was damn mad . . . I hustled back to the ticket window . . . This time I only had to wait about fifteen minutes to get an interview and I made it a good one . . . I demanded, in no uncertain manner, my \$4.80 and absolutely refused to listen to the agent's attempt to sell me on the idea of waiting until 9 o'clock and starting all over again. . . I hoped inwardly that he wouldn't be on duty in event I was unable to catch a train or a hitch hike to Miami because it would have been most humiliating to have had to give him my \$4.80 again.

A negro porter told me where I could find the railroad depot . . . I arrived there about a quarter to eight and was quickly and courteously informed that the streamliner, Henry M. Flagler, was leaving for Miami at 8 o'clock . . . The fare, I was informed was \$5.50 and the train arrived in Miami at 1:59 p. m., just five hours and fifty-nine minutes actual running time or exactly two hours faster than the bus. . . "All right," I said, "Give me a ticket and I also want a seat reservation." . . . "The \$5.50 includes your reservation," the agent advised me—and it did . . . It has been ten years since I was on a train of any kind and it will be another ten before I ever find anything as luxurious and comfortable as that one . . . To say that I was amazed would be putting it mildly . . . I still retained, in my memories, nightmares of huge wheezing, jolting, puffing locomotives, stuffy coaches, jerking and shrieking, cinders, smoke, stifling heat and lengthy delays on remote sidings . . . This was different . . . The entire train was air conditioned . . . The seats were adjustable by merely pressing a little knob and there wasn't the least bit of noise . . . At exactly eight o'clock the train glided out of the station, and I mean glided because there wasn't the least sign of a jerk . . . I dozed off to sleep immediately and it seemed only a matter of minutes until I looked out of the window and saw we were in Daytona Beach . . . It was by far the most pleasant and comfortable trip I ever made in my life . . . Somewhere between Daytona Beach and Melbourne the railroad runs beside the highway . . . I happened

## LOOKING BACK

### Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

## Bank, Banker, Bankrupt

(August 11, 1928)

HOW local bankers help out the town in the next four months is going to determine largely the future of Miami Business, if not the future of the city itself. Judging from the past, and speaking frankly, the outlook isn't so good.

These "Have-Faith-in-Miami" articles in the Daily News would be much better if they were directed solely to the banker. The man on the street, the Miami home-owner, the developer, the business man the contractor and all other people we come in contact with do have faith in Miami and express it continually. The only pessimists are the bankers. And if you read the history of Miami, you'll find that they all not long ago were grocery clerks, whose idea of financing at that time was getting ten or fifteen cents out of the cash drawer to buy a sandwich or persuade a cab-driver to take them home. The sparkling tinkle of the modern cash register, with its various checking up devices, probably scared them into the banking business.

Folks, it's serious. We're not banking experts, but we've got a lot of expert banker friends—who, by the way, achieved their success through long years of study and practical experience and not through a succession of booms that still leave our local executives in a sort of daze. And these experts tell us that money is tighter in Miami than in any other place in the country—and at a time, mind you, when money is most needed to prevent us, individually and municipally, from going bankrupt.

The irony of it is the fact that from 1920 to this year we had a banker-commission composed of the presidents of five big banks (remember how they were publicized and given credit for having saved the city from ruin?), that piled up the most staggering debt that any city of this size in the world ever stood—and now refuse to take their medicine along with their victims whose taxes are eating up their property. Their medicine should be loaning at least one per cent of the value of the property to their client in need instead of playing the deposits of their more-well-to-do clients in Wall street call money. But, like all bad boys in the banking game, they won't take their medicine.

We'd like to see a bunch of public-spirited business men get together and start an investigation into the manner that these big bond issues of the last four years have been handled for the benefit of the banks. We'd like to know why big issues were sold months and even years before actual construction was started. We'd like to know the amount of interest money on these vast deposits, and who got it, and in what proportion. We'd like to be able to show to just what extent the banks have "saved" Miami, their connection with the loan sharks they recommend to you when you try to borrow on a perfectly good mortgage at actually but not technically illegal rates of interest, and their political connections that are apparently draining the life blood of the community.

The vice president of one of the largest banks in Atlanta said his bank would be glad to loan money to Miamians if the local banks would only do their stuff. "I have faith," he said, "in Miami property, at present values, and in businesses that have weathered the storms of the last few years. But we can not very well sell the idea to our board when the home-town bankers themselves don't show faith enough to let their money loose at home."

Folks, this banking proposition isn't the involved thing that your banker leads you to believe. If it weren't awfully simple, these ex-grocery clerks couldn't have so suddenly attained the presidencies of our Miami banks, which for a time were the biggest in the South. It's really too simple for the imagination—rather, the lack of imagination—of these boys we so trustingly have handed over our funds to, both financially and municipally.

Everybody has "Faith in Greater Miami" except, apparently, the local bankers. And how funny that statement is! For it hasn't been but a few months ago that we home-folks came forth one hundred per cent in showing our faith in the local bankers, and probably keeping all of them from going broke before they could recall those millions from

to be looking out of the window and so help me I saw the bus I hadn't been able to get on in Jacksonville ambling along . . . It was loaded to the doors . . . Poor Boobs! I thought . . . For only seventy cents additional here I am riding in an air conditioned dream cloud and there you are sweltering and stewing waiting for the next rest room stop . . . And—so saying I ambled back to the train's bar where a radio was playing softly and where a uniformed bartender served ice cold beer at the same price I pay in Tony's in Miami . . . There is only one objectionable feature to riding a streamlined train—you have to get off when you get to your destination otherwise I would bundle up my wife, the bird cage and the dog and move in . . . And I still say anyone who rides a bus when there is a streamliner handy, is a sucker.

## GREEBY IS NOW A BRAIN TRUST

Has Oscar Levant, President Roosevelt, Albert Einstein and Wendell Willkie for Customers.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who spent nine of the happiest years of his life in the third grade of Chittlin Switch Public School No. 4,563,129,871½, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter clambering down a step ladder in front of the La Ruth Hotel. He was standing on the sidewalk admiring a sign which read, "R. Hammerhead Greeby, Brain Trust, Inc."

"I do not desire no publicity," he yammered when he heard the reporter's gasp of amazement behind him.

"Brain Trust!" snorted the reporter.

"Yeah Brain Trust," responded Greeby with considerable force, and that there sign means exactly what it says. Are you in the market for a little plain or fancy brain work?"

"I should be," snarled the scribe, "If I had any brains I wouldn't be standing here talking to you in this hot sun."

"Ah, my friend," beamed Greeby, "I am glad that you mentioned it. Just step into my office where it is much cooler and where we can enjoy your seegars to-

gether."

Bah, blurted the reporter permitting Greeby to steer him inside.

"Just make yourself right at home," wheezed Greeby, "but be careful of that hooked rug. The floor is a little slippery."

"Did you hook the desk and these two chairs, too?" blurted the reporter.

"I resent that and—"

"Pardon me," exclaimed Greeby as a telephone on the desk rang.

"Oh, hello Oscar," beamed Greeby as he held the receiver to his ear. "What's that? Oh, sure anything for an old pal like you. The Photoblepharon palpebratus is a species found near the Banda Islands. It's eyes are powered by luminous bacteria with an arranged symbiosis. It does not, however, belong to the luciferase group. The elimination of light is similar to that omitted by crusta-



the Wall street "call money" market. During boom and collapse, good times and bad, we know of no time when the Miami bankers have tangibly expressed their faith in Greater Miami—except possibly in their advertising—and they don't write that themselves but hire enterprising New York journalists, as a rule, to exploit their civic blah. At heart, inspite of the euconiums heaped upon them by lurid propagandists, they still seem to retain their inherent grocer-clerk instinct to "take out" every time they ring "No Sale" on the municipal cash register.

STOP IN AT DADE COUNTY'S SWANKIEST BAR

## Seminole Bar

STEAKS — CHOPS and SEA FOOD

Package Store

Okechohee Road, at the Bridge

PHONE 8-2142 HIALEAH

WALTER B. CAREY

## GOLF

FLORIDA'S SPORTIEST LINKS

18 HOLES - NO WAITING - OPEN TO PUBLIC

GREEN FEES 50c Per Day

GOOD GREENS AND BROAD FAIRWAYS

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WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY REPAIRING

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52 S. E. 1st Street, Miami, Florida

NOW OPEN

### BERNER'S DINING ROOM

HOME COOKING

276 S. W. First Street, Miami, Florida

PHONE 2-1197

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 PHLEGM SYRUP

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

FOR COUGHS FROM COLDS

### MENTH-MULSION

ONE DOSE RELIEF

ceans, molluscs, hydrooids, siphonophores, myriapods and balanoglossids. Oh that's all right just call me anytime goodbye."

"Now where were we when Mr. Levant called?" smiled Greeby turning toward the reporter who sat open mouthed unable to speak.

"Wh-e-e-n who called?" finally gasped the scribe.

"Why, Mr. Oscar Levant," explained Greeby, "he always calls on me—"

"Excuse me again," said Greeby as the telephone rang for the second time. "Why, Hello Frank how's the old kid. What's that your fireside chat. No, I wouldn't say that, if I were you. I believe it would sound better if you said it like this: "If the offensive which Hitler has now launched succeeds, we shall know no peace in our lifetime. Our duty is to begin acting at once upon the assumption that the allies may lose the war and that before the snow flies we may stand alone and isolated, the last great Democracy on earth." I think that is the way you should say it. Oh you are quite welcome. How is Eleanor? That's fine. Goodbye, Frank old boy just call me anytime."

"That was Mr. Roosevelt," explained Greeby turning to the reporter, "He's a card ain't he?"

"Listen you," bellowed the reporter, "What kind of a racket is this. I don't—"

"Pardon me again," beamed Greeby as the phone bell tinkled, "This seems to be my busy day. Oh, hello there Al, haven't heard from you for several days. What's on your mind? Hmm, hmm, no. I wouldn't suggest that. Drastic dehydration might be dangerous. You can achieve the same result with hypertonic injections which relieve the esmotic pressure. Oh, don't mention it. Oh, sure I received your last check Mr. Einstein. Thanks just give me a buzz any old time. Goodbye."

The reporter had fire in his eyes as he staggered out of his seat toward Greeby. "Listen," he bellowed, "For the last time are—"

"There it goes again," smirked Greeby as the bell rang for the fourth time, "Maybe this is someone important. Hello, hello. Well, well, well Wendell it sure sounds good to hear your voice again. How's everything in Colorado? Say that's swell. What's that? Oh, your acceptance speech. Sure I'll knock it out this afternoon and mail it tonight. No, not at all, it will take fifteen or twenty minutes. I'll get right to work on it as soon as I finish up a little job for King George. Sure—"

The office door opened abruptly and a husky chap wearing overalls and carrying a big black bag pushed around the reporter toward Greeby's desk.

"I'm from the telephone company," he announced, "Is this the dump where you want the telephone connected up?"

The reporter made a wild leap toward Greeby but Greeby was too quick for him. He beat him to the punch by a good two feet as he dived out of a side window. The hooked rug and the disconnected telephone which the scribe hurled after him missed by a good two yards and landed squarely on Madame La Ruth who was sunning herself on an empty beer barrel.

SEE MIAMI'S

## CHAMPION JITTERBUGS

"CRACK THE TERRAZZO" TO THE DANCE-COMPELLING MUSIC OF

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TERRACED TABLES DELIGHTFULLY COOL

## TRIANON

DANCE PATIO

"MIAMI'S NEWEST FUN SPOT"

TAMIAMI TRAIL AT 61st AVENUE



# Radio Monopolys "Blitz" Power Trust Drive

WITH Radio Monopoly rearing its ugly, despicable, un-American head in our community, whose growth is already seriously menaced by its overburden of journalism, politics, utilities and general business, we should be extremely interested in the fight American composers are putting up against National Association of Broadcasters, who'd like to increase profits by eliminating the organized composers and having their own stooges do all the musical composition, at so much per.

The papers haven't given a very clear picture of the situation.

The general public merely knows—from reading the local prints—that ASCAP (American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers) is a monopolistic group (hasn't Uncle Sam supposed attempted to prosecute it seeking to dictate to the great unselfish, humanitarian (and very, very wealthy) organization of American station owners (not all of them, however!) who own newspapers, banks, utilities, and other Big Business enterprises, and therefore should not be forced to pay Irving Berlin for scores of Berlin melodies they play from morning until midnight every day over their stations—or some other Tom, Dick and Harry, who happen to write things that millions of Americans love.

This organization, formed by the great Victor Herbert many years ago to protect, should be better understood by the people. For the people, after all, are the final arbiters in a condition such as this.

Earl Barr Hanson, Miami pianist and vice president of the Miami Musician's Union, furnishes MIAMI LIFE with an all-revealing document that ASCAP has placed before radio advertisers of the land. Perhaps you noticed a story in one of the papers this week to the effect that Bing Crosby will quit radio rather than knuckle down to the music provided next year by Broadcast Music, Inc., the stooge organization by which the radio monopolists figure on crushing individualistic music-makers out of existence, providing in its place a dime-store, machine-shop sort of music that may be turned out with as little originality as one of the Power-Trust's tailor-made cigars!

Bing doesn't like it. Neither will the people when they understand it better.

Before ASCAP came into being, music was stolen. The composer more often than not was cheated out of his rightful earnings. A few made big money, because it was still possible, when sheet-music enjoyed tremendous sales for a comparative newcomer to make a fortune. When radio came into being the radio owners, insisting they should be given back a break in pioneering a new craft, stole music right and left. In fact, the networks then and now couldn't get along without music.

So far they've been defeated in all the courts! So

a monopoly, as before mentioned . . . (We still haven't heard from Fred Borten, owner of WQAM, on this score yet!)

Before radio became authorized, with the power to kill the best of songs within two or three weeks of the incessant overworking you hear every time you tune in your radio, the writer of a good song could realize a handsome profit out of his song through the sale of sheet-music, if he managed to keep somebody from stealing the tune before he got it sold. It was possible for a song to make a million dollars.

But radio killed such opportunities. The best of songs doesn't make \$10,000 for its composer, or composers, these days—if he depends solely upon sheet-music sales. Here is where ASCAP comes in. Every time any station plays that particular piece of music, it pays for the privilege. It isn't much—but it happens thousands of times in the course of a day, or week, or month, adds up to an entirely satisfactory income to the composer.

And ASCAP, by the way, is unincorporated. It is entirely voluntary. It is NON-PROFIT . . . It is a thoughtful, sincere effort to help the author of a musical idea to enjoy the fruits of his originality . . . IT TRIES TO DO FOR THE MUSICAL INVENTOR WHAT THE COPYRIGHT LAW DOES NOT DO FOR THE ORDINARY INVENTOR, WHOM MONOPOLY NOW CHEATS ON EVERY HAND, WITH THE AMERICAN COURTS UPHOLDING MONOPOLY!

If you do not know who dominates Broadcast Music, Inc., then you must remember that it's one of the various duPont Power-Trust combinations, dominating both major broadcasting services, and built up from the structures already provided by the General Electric, Westinghouse, Radio Corporation of America, American Telephone and Telegraph Company, etc., etc., all of which desire to reduce authors and composers to the same low where they have already forced other inventive genius of America.

This is know as the "electric-communications group." It is only part of the universe-encircling Power-Trust—other familiar parts being the motor industry, the electric light and power industry (including our own beloved Florida Power & Light Company—and, it appears, both daily newspapers of Miami), and countless other combinations, all highly geared to bleed the public as completely as possible.

So far they've been defeated in all the courts! So

they'll use a Power drive. . . . How like the Florida Power & Light Company in Miami! They, too, were whipped in every court and ordered finally by the United States Supreme Court to lower their unprecedented Power rates in Miami—but what did they do? They go ahead with a Power drive of their own, oust a city commission about to cost them more money, and put in their own stooges in the city commission—a majority obtained almost overnight!

The latest move of the networks is the announcement that "effective December 31, 1940, the networks will discontinue playing ASCAP music."

Now ASCAP has created and organized a vast central clearing house of much of the world's best music, and afforded the broadcaster the opportunity to secure at one central place, for an entirely reasonable fee, a license sufficiently inclusive of all kinds of music to enable the building of well-balanced, diversified musical programs which would attract and hold public interest. Instead of dealing with hundreds of individual copyright owners and being subjected to all sorts of costly confusion, chaos and delay, ASCAP afforded the broadcaster a quick, efficient and convenient centralized source of supply. Factually, the music cost to a broadcaster was, and is, probably less than half what it would be were he compelled to negotiate licenses with the hundreds of musical copyright owners.

ASCAP is strictly the creature of the associated composers, authors and publishers of America. Broadcast Music, Inc., is owned by the major networks, a creature solely of the bosses—solely the creature of the Power-Trust, whose business is to get everything it needs at inhumanly low cost, but to sell everything that people need at the highest possible—also most inhuman—cost!

However, there is an overwhelming majority of independent and individual stations who won't go along with Broadcast Music, Inc. The chains, drunk with power aren't likely to win out. You'll begin to see revolts on every hand from now on.

# MATRIMONY R-O-W America's Biggest, Loudest, and Most Interesting Divorce Mill Right Here In Miami, Our Major Industry

Miami's big matrimonial blitzkrieg continues with unabating fury. Huge waves of dissatisfied fraus sweep over the courthouse in angry, spitting squadrons and an occasional husband dives out of the clouds to bomb a love nest. The casualty list has assumed great proportions and great fear is expressed that if the slaughter continues the suffering this winter will be intense especially for wives with cold feet—who are now shedding their foot-warmers via the divorce courts. Of course, reinforcements may be brought up in some instances before the snow flies but manufacturers of hot water bottles and electric heating pads are preparing to handle the rush.

New recruits continued to flow in during the week to replace casualties in the Ninety Day Divorce colony. Everytime some wife or husband gained a final decree some other wife or husband filed application for one. Even the marriage license bureau took on a new lease on life during the week but observers declared the sudden spurt in business was the result of the proposed draft and not of necessity, the result of newly divorced colonists rushing into new entanglements.

Robert Lee Hutson, in his divorce complaint, asserts Agnes Violet Hutson is one of those women who are never satisfied. He says she nagged him continually when he wasn't working and that when he finally did land a job she nagged at him because he went off to work and "left her alone all day." She tried to remedy the situation, he avers, by going to work with him. Said work consisted of driving a truck and he says he never could get his

mind on his work with her in the seat beside him—nagging. He ends his complaint by declaring that she was obsessed with the idea of making his life as miserable as possible.

The names he called her were not pretty declares Concetia Budin in her suit against Bruno Budin. She asserts Bruno frequently referred to her as a "street walker" and told her he had "found her in the gutter" and that she would "wind up in the gutter." She says he always went to shows by himself and that upon one occasion when she went to the White Rose Bar where he is employed, Bruno walloped her in the presence of all and sundry. Telling her she was "no damn good", she declares was one of Bruno's favorite pastimes.

was not good enough for him and that she feared to associate with his friends because of ridicule and humiliation. She would be rid of the Irishman.

A reverse version of "Abie's Irish Rose" don't work. Mrs. Anne Okun Maxwell in the case and she declares her husband, Jesse Gaston Maxwell played the role of "Abie". Mrs. Maxwell says she is a Hebrew and Jesse Gaston is an Irishman. Before they

### LEGAL NOTICES

#### NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. 33772

Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders as assignees of Southern Drainage District Tax Certificates numbered 353, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363 and 364, dated the 5th day of July, A. D. 1937, have filed said Certificates in my office, and have 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 1, Block 15, Coral Villas, a Sub., Plat Book 8, Page 27, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 358. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Mrs. Emma Rhodes.

Lot 22, Block 15, Coral Villas, a Sub., Plat Book 8, Page 27, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 359. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Mrs. F. W. Chase.

Lot 24, Block 27, Coral Villas, a Sub., Plat Book 8, Page 27, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 360. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of T. H. Young.

Lot 25, Block 27, Coral Villas, a Sub., Plat Book 8, Page 27, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 361. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Rev. Chas. E. Smith.

Lot 4, Block 30, Coral Villas, a Sub., Plat Book 8, Page 27, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 363. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Herbert Marshall.

Lot 5, Block 30, Coral Villas, a Sub., Plat Book 8, Page 27, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 364. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Herbert Marshall.

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

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

E. B. LEATHERMAN, Clerk of Circuit Court, Dade County, Florida.

By N. C. STERRETT, D. C. Circuit Court Seal 8-17-40

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. A-4956 Chapter 17457—Acts of 1935

Notice is hereby given that Raymond H. Brock, holder of State and County Tax Certificate No. 7871, 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:

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 issued 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 8-17-40

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. A-4955 Chapter 17457—Acts of 1935

Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders as assignees 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 No. 10, Corrected Plat, a Sub., Plat Book 29, Page 16, in the County of Dade, State of Florida.

The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued 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 8-17-40

NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE No. 33773

Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders as assignees of Southern Drainage District Tax Sale Certificates numbered 52, 54, 55 and 56, dated the 5th day of August, A. D. 1929, have filed said Certificates in my office, and have 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 507, 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 508, 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 8-17-40

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# Rotten Food

(Continued from first page) overcounted sixty or seventy cases.

I shipped Burlington, Silver floss, and Lang's Sauerkraut No. 10 cans to suppliers of restaurants that were so swollen you could spin them like a top. Whenever these cans were loaded on a truck the fellows around the yard would jokingly hurry the truck drivers off, acting as if they were in fear of a deadly explosion. Some of the cans were so rusty they could not be shipped at all until they had been gone over and shined with steel wool.

When some Washburn's yellow-split and green-split peas in pound packages went bad, became buggy, they sent them down the chute in the presence of a company representative, who counted the bags and gave them credit.

They were then sent next door to the second floor. Later they had more spoils. They also were sent next door, and added to the old batch. The stock was later removed to the third floor, from which it was hauled down to the garage, where I was ordered to have it all emptied on the cement floor. Added to this were several sacks of buggy pigeon peas, and then four or five sacks of scratch feed.

Some men then took shovels and mixed it, re-sacked it in burlap bags, which were sold for scratch feed.

When I asked what the idea was in mixing the peas with the scratch feed he said he had already got paid for it three times! And would be ashamed to try it again!

from Affidavit 22

A. Early Clark & Son, local brokers, delivered 4500 cases of Smarty's Dog Food to the Standard Wholesale Grocery Company, and 500 cases to the Consolidated Cash & Carry wholesalers (owned by Standard). The 4500 cases were signed for at the time, and the 500 cases NOT signed for, and when a bill was presented to the Standard for 5000 cases they demanded the signed receipts—which could not be produced. Payment was refused.

from Affidavit 23

I asked to get off at noon of my wedding day. The boss, Irving Applebaum, said all right, and gave me orders to go out on deliveries. My first stop was the county jail. I delivered a lot of stuff, bags of beans, flours, grits, meal all full of holes which had been sewed up. Also sauerkraut, in swelled cans—so bad that the case couldn't be shut up. This wasn't the first time I delivered such stuff to the jail.

On another occasion I hauled some pickles from the Bull Line docks to the Standard warehouse. The boss tried his best to cheat me out of thirty cases—in other words, take that off my pay. Irving's brother, Bennett, had done the counting and he was the one who was short. Irving said to me, "My brother does not make mistakes." Later on, it was found that the missing thirty cases had been sent to another concern—their own cash-and-carry place, the Consolidated.

from Affidavit 24

When we would get a new shipment of white meal we would have to move the old stock and place it on top. Nearly all of the bags had holes in them where rats had eaten into them. A negro, Louis Presley, usually sewed up the holes. I personally removed baby rats from the meal and sewed the holes without removing any of the meal.

from Affidavit 25

Most of the weevily grits was sold to groceries in colored town by the Consolidated Cash & Carry Wholesalers, owned by the Standard Wholesale Grocery company. I would be sent to the Miami Feed Company to buy yellow meal for \$1.75 a bag, and deliver it for \$2.25 & \$2.75 a bag. We would pick up one bag at a time whenever we had an order.

# THEY TELL ME

THAT the Herald seems to be "needing" the Trianon, new open-air dance success whose management is having a hard time keeping from being muscled out . . .

informing its readers Friday that Prosecutor Taylor was about to proceed against the dance place at the behest of some neighbors, the Herald gave prominence to the fact that George Christie had been appointed receiver—although last Tuesday's Herald chronicled the fact that the receivership was dissolved last Monday and that said Christie was now working at a dog track up north! . . .

and the Trianon, which advertises in the Herald, sent the Herald a nice story and photograph of its floor manager, Richard Gostowski, being ordered to report to the Opa-Locka aviation base preliminary for entrance in the naval flying school at Pensacola . . . and the Herald used the story word for word, except the fact that he was floor manager of the Trianon—which makes it appear that the Herald has an ulterior motive, and just won't let anything appear that might convince the public that the Trianon is a pretty nice sort of place after all! . . .

is it possible that Publisher Knight wants the Trianon—perhaps for himself or a friend?

# When Parachutes

(Continued from first page) defense that might some day be dreadfully needed right here!

Major Libby and his assistants are serving without pay. Instruction does not confine itself to mere drilling and the use of firearms (the latter, however, restricted at present to wooden guns, duplicates, however, of the modern Garand). There are radio and signal classes at S. W. 27th Avenue and 16th street, under Technical Sergeant Taggart. And the gunnery class—that's a honey! with Drs. F. B. Archer, Sr., and Jr., in charge. . . . The senior Dr. Archer devoted \$1500 of his bonus money to the building of a rifle range at 1400 S. W. Third avenue, which he is turning over to the drill companies for expert instruction; . . . Ultimately, of course, the student soldiers will have the facilities of the National Guard ranges, when those units are called into active duty.

The purpose of these drill companies are, as we can see, two-fold:

(1) To train young men who might be called—so they can command better jobs and better pay.

(2) To form home guards of veterans who perhaps are not physically able to go into active service now, or whose dependencies compel them to stay at home—by giving them the latest instructions, under the friendly eye of the war department.

It's one of the most worthwhile movements in Miami.

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# SO YOU SAY...

## MRS. WOODSON'S TAX STAND

Editor MIAMI LIFE:

We should feel very proud, and very grateful, to Reubin Clein, Editor and Publisher of MIAMI LIFE, for assuming the court expenses of the garbage tax fight. It is the poor that this iniquitous tax hits the most. Any tax you pay twice is an iniquitous imposition upon the people. The expense of collecting garbage and trash is included in the yearly budget just the same as all other city expenses.

When the city commissioners voted this tax (all except Mr. Gardner) it was for the purpose of parks and playgrounds to keep our children and the old people off the streets and sidewalks—that we don't have. All of the people know that it has not been used for that purpose and only the Lord knows really what it has been used for. In fact we do not know what any of our taxes are used for, we only know what they tell us—and that is precious little.

Since Mr. Clein has been so kind and charitable as to relieve us poor people of this burden I shall continue my benefit parties for the purpose of helping the poor not connected with this tax litigation—the forgotten poor which no other charitable organi-

zation will help—and I am in a position to know. Although these organizations are kept up by the city and the public and are allowed to canvass and beg, and in some cases demand contributions, some obstacle always arises when they are called upon for help. They spend most of the money investigating to find some REASON FOR NOT HELPING and the rest goes for salaries with no help for the really suffering poor people.

Take the Red Cross: They do not employ poor people on the staff. It is always some one from the upper class or a politician who does not need the work. The salaries are large. To me, the charitable and practical way would be to employ as many of the poor as possible so they could become self supporting. I enjoy giving these parties. We get together and learn how to know each other better and it provides us with an evening to take our minds off the strife of our war torn country and also an opportunity to help those who are in need. So let's give Reubin Clein a great big hand for giving the people this valuable help and let's do all we can to help him win our battle.

MRS. A. B. WOODSON

# Welcome Home Wally

WITH the Duke and Duchess of Windsor expected to stop over in Miami on their jaunt to their new home in the Bahamas a committee is being organized to welcome them to Florida. We trust the committee will not make the mistake of telling Wally all about the Seminoles and the alligators because she probably knows as much about them as most native Floridians.

You see Wally once lived in Florida. It was during the world war when she was the wife of Lieut. Earle Spencer, a flying instructor at the naval air station and Pensacola. She and Lieut. Spencer lived in a small cottage in the officer's colony at the air station and Wally frequently rode the trolley into Pensacola where she rubbed elbows with hundreds of "gobs" and flying cadets. The record fails to divulge whether she ever visited Miami, but does show that she is familiar with Tampa, Jacksonville, St. Petersburg and cities in southern Alabama. Of course, it will be all right to mention her previous residence in Florida but it might be rather tactless to say anything about the good left-tenent because it's been a long time since 1917.

# Equal Air Time Matter of Law

THE national Association of Radio Broadcasters' announcement that Willie will get just as much time as F. D. R. on the air isn't, as Herald Radio Critic Marion Stevens appears to think, just a gallant move on the part of this group.

It is, as MIAMI LIFE has tried frequently to point out to the local radio stations, a matter of law, set down by the federal communications commission.

No matter if one candidate pays the station for time to denounce his opponent, the station must PRESENT like time to his opponent in which he may refute charges—if any—whether said opponent pays

for it or not!—a fact that Marion Stevens failed to point out.

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THE BOAT RESTAURANT. Luncheons from 25c. Special Old Fashioned Sugar-Cured Ham Dinner 45c, also Special Steak Dinners. 39 N. E. First Ave., Phone 3-2517.

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