

# WHO KILLED CLYDE CAMPBELL!

**CLYDE THOMAS CAMPBELL**, the 22-year-old Lovett grocery clerk who was shot and killed last Friday night, WAS NOT A PROWLER AND NEITHER WAS HE A CRIMINAL!

Harmon V. Starling, charged with second-degree murder in connection with the tragedy which has the entire northwest section of the city agog, will probably not be convicted because IT IS NOW CLAIMED HE IS NOT THE MAN WHO HELD THE GUN THAT SNUFFED YOUNG CAMPBELL'S LIFE OUT!

Police officers and Miami's two daily newspapers have floundered around with the case for a week and as a result there is naught but confusion and chaos. MIAMI LIFE WILL TELL YOU, EXCLU-

SIVELY, JUST WHAT CLYDE THOMAS CAMPBELL WAS DOING IN A STRANGE NEIGHBORHOOD AT MIDNIGHT.

HE WAS HUNTING TWO ROLLS OF MOTION PICTURE FILM which fell from his pocket as he rode his bicycle through the midnight streets after a hard day's work in the grocery store. The film was taken the previous Sunday. It showed CAMPBELL FONDLY HOLDING HIS NINE-MONTHS-OLD BABY AND HE SACRIFICED HIS SUPPER FRIDAY NIGHT IN ORDER TO PROCURE IT!

When Campbell left his home that Friday morning to go to work his wife gave him money to pay for developing the film. At 6:30 p. m. when he was granted a half-hour for supper HE RODE HIS BI-

CYCLE TO THE HOME OF JOHN GRABLE AT N. W. 11th AVENUE, PAID FOR THE FILM, AND RETURNED IMMEDIATELY TO THE STORE WHERE HE PROUDLY SHOWED THE FILM TO HIS EMPLOYER AND TO A GIRL CASHIER. WHEN HE LEFT THE STORE SHORTLY AFTER 11 O'CLOCK FRIDAY NIGHT HE WAS CLUTCHING THE PRECIOUS FILM AND WAS SO ANXIOUS TO GET HOME WITH IT THAT HE EVEN ASKED HIS EMPLOYER TO CLOSE THE STORE A FEW MINUTES EARLY.

HE DIDN'T HAVE THAT FILM WHEN HE WAS PICKED UP DEAD A FEW MINUTES LATER! IT IS STILL MISSING!

Somewhere along the route to his home he

probably missed the film and despite the fact that he could barely hobble as a result of a severe case of athlete's foot, he started retracing his steps in an abortive effort to find it. He parked the bicycle at the place where it was seen by Starling when he went out to a parked automobile to get a necktie.

Starling says he questioned him and that young Campbell told him his name was CLYDE CAMPBELL AND THAT HE LIVED AT 47 N. W. 39th street. When Starling asked him what he was doing in the neighborhood he declares Campbell replied, "None of your business," and went on his way, presumably to continue his search for the film. In the meanwhile Starling telephoned the police. (Continued on Last Page.)



Vol. 14—No. 47

Miami, Florida, Saturday, September 7, 1940

"YOUR SKYLINE REMINDS ME OF NEW YORK"

Reubin Clein, Publisher

10 CENTS A COPY IN GREATER MIAMI ELSEWHERE 15c \$4.00 per year in U. S. A. \$7.50 in foreign countries

## Draft-Age Applebaums Marry Hurriedly, Yet Question Strikers' Americanism!

CIRCUIT JUDGE Ross Williams has reserved his decision in the case of the Standard Wholesale Grocery strike leaders, accused of beating up a strikebreaker, until he has received and studied briefs of law. He has indicated that that case is in such delicate balance, that the proper interpretation of a sentence or phrase may swing his decision one way or the other.

Attorney Fritz Gordon showed that President Irving Applebaum and Brother-in-law Mike Silberstein did their identifying of Business Agent Tony Florio from a distance of 600 feet! Five men were said to have attacked a strikebreaker—and the Standard's main officials claimed that, 600 feet away, they could recognize Florio!

Now Bill Eiman, secretary of the plumber's union, testified that Florio was at the Labor Temple at 6:20 on the evening in question. And there was testimony that he was in the offices of MIAMI LIFE not later than 6:30. Attorney Marion Sibley, representing the Standard Wholesale Grocery chieftans, admitted that he believed Bill Eiman's statement—but he took the position that it was possible for Florio to have left the union hall at the time testified to, joined the others in slugging the

truck driver, and then got to LIFE office by 6:30, thereby establishing an alibi.

Reubin Clein, publisher of MIAMI LIFE, was present at the hearing Thursday afternoon but was unable to testify in Florio's behalf, as testimony had previously been concluded—although he was willing and available to testify at that time.

Attorney Sibley accused the strikers of "un-American tactics" by the alleged attack. He declared his belief in the "inalienable right" of men to picket, to strike, to bargain collectively for, and to be able to get a living wage, but, he said, their rights went no further, and when "such un-American tactics" as these are used the union, he said should be so advised.

His intimation was that Florio and Joe Capparelle didn't know what Americanism was. He somehow contrived to make their Italian names sound rather odious when used in connection with the expression "un-American."

Now Attorney Sibley probably was unaware of the fact that both Florio and Capparelle are native-born Americans—just as New York's Mayor LaGuardia, one of our greatest patriots, is.

At least he didn't mention it. Neither did he mention

that, so far as Americanism goes, the Applebaums of Standard Wholesale Grocery notoriety, might come in for some raised eyebrows, both of them, being under thirty

and therefore of draft age, having married in the last few weeks.

Wouldn't it be more justifiable to accuse them of un-

(Continued on Last Page)

### DEFENSE OF MIAMI

First Line of Defense Is At Fifth and Collins; Main Battle Will Take Place in Miami Proper

By JOHN KIMBLE

LATELY I have become intensely interested in the series of addresses by John Pennekamp on the subject of Miami's strategic position in the national defense, because I keep thinking: "Suppose that Hitler, using his maiden name of Schicklgruber or some other concealment, should subscribe to the Herald and find out what is going on?" (It would be just like the Herald to accept a subscription from somebody named Schicklgruber, purely as a matter of discipline for its mailing department.)

The answer to that question is obvious: Miami would become the first point of Nazi assault on this country, and in view of that fact it seems to me essential that some definite defense plan be drawn up for the Miami area. I have been making a study of the situation during my spare time (of which there seems to be a lot too much) and last week, in the absence of bus fare back to town, I spent almost an entire day at South Beach surveying the terrain.

My conclusions are here-with presented only as a broad outline of a defense plan. The less consequential details can be worked out in the next few months by various civic committees, each of which will be guaranteed the right to have its name in the paper three times a week and to be photographed twice a month, either with or without Mayor Orr. The main aspects of a general Miami defense, however, will be sketched here.

Obviously, the main Nazi attack would be directed at South Beach where are concentrated the fire, police, bathing-girl and newsreel departments of the city government, and where the Causeway lends itself to an easy approach to Miami. My survey of the terrain leads me to believe that the best place for our first stand against the enemy would be the intersection of Fifth & Collins. Not only does this point guard the gateway to North Beach as well as to Miami, but also there are several good bars in the neighborhood, which would lend themselves admirably to a defense plan.

I would station a detachment of from six to ten men in the Life Bar on the southeast corner of Fifth & Collins—and I am willing to volunteer for that service myself—and there should be reserve units of similar size in the 634 Bar, one block north on Collins; at Tom Heeney's, just back of it on Washington Avenue; at the L C Bar at Fifth & Washington, and in other places, or joints, all the way back to the Causeway, so that our men may continue to fall backwards (Continued on Last Page)

### Shots In The Dark

Read Winston Churchill's book "When England Slept." You can get it at Burdine's Library. You will see the uncanny way in which that man has called the turn on everything that has happened in European politics from 1932 on. What is going on today is what he predicted seven years ago. And the lovely, dispassionate prose in which it is written will make you more proud than ever that you have English blood in your veins.

For your secondary course in reading, take another by the same author, entitled "Great Contemporaries." Sketches of Rosebery, Balfour, the ex-Kaiser, Hitler, Sankinow, Trotzky. Learn something of current history through Mr. Churchill's amazingly wide acquaintance. If I sound like Bond Bliss, stop me. No, kill me.

It seems I awakened the household last night reading the formerly mentioned book. I was addressing an imaginary audience consisting of Cliff Reeder, Harvey Payne, and R. C. Gardner. But I am accused of bellowing. What I was trying to do was to prevent Mayor Orr from passing an ordinance requiring every Miami citizen to give him a salute. All that had really happened was that I had asked somebody upstairs to throw me down a pack of cigarettes. Another week in the dog house!

What does a man do at eight-thirty in the morning, when the party is over and he has hunted through all the over-stuffed furniture in the place without finding a quarter? You needn't tell me—I think I'm going to learn, eventually.

MARY A. GINN.

## TWYMAN IS OUT TO RUIN MIAMI

### ORR "GROTESQUE MISFIT" SAYS SEWELL SECRETARY

CONGRATULATIONS to Mary A. Ginn, former secretary to the late Mayor E. G. Sewell, for telling Stooze Alex Orr and the morning paper off! That letter deserved more prominence than in an unobtrusive corner of the Herald editorial page (where there are no readers).

Let's see if MIAMI LIFE can't get it before more people.

Miss Ginn wrote that the Herald's political editor, Allen Morris' reference to Sewell "was unjust and cruel." She said it was "apparently an innocent observation but it concealed a poisoned dart as deadly as a serpent's fang."

And then the letter says, in well-chosen English that must make even Publisher Knight's face redden (Orr's wouldn't, of course):

The offensive paragraph stated that Mayor Orr made a futile attempt—as was anticipated by those who know him—to get an official endorsement in Washington of Miami's airport, one of Mayor Sewell's successful pet hobbies. Orr's alibi, according to Mr. Morris, was that one Colonel Louis Johnson, "who didn't like" Sewell, refused to give needed cooperation and exploded "Miami can go to the devil—I'll never do anything for Miami."

"Of course, that thrust by the mighty colonel severed Miami's jugular and the poor thing fell, a bleeding corpse, to the ground.

The simple truth is that Mr. Orr, trying to wear former Mayor Sewell's toga, is a grotesque misfit and tackled a job too big for him. Orr and the puerile Allen Morris' flimsy excuse is an admission that the sainted Sewell dead wields a stronger influence at home and in Washington than does the important Orr alive.

"Why didn't Mr. Orr tell the truth and simply say 'I failed' and not try to throw the blame on a dead man? That would have been honest, wouldn't it?"

"This superb city is a monument to E. G. Sewell. His vision, his genius, inflexible will, indefatigable energy and financial sacrifices, made her what she is today. Living, Sewell was Miami; dead Miami is Sewell. No detractor, no specious alibi, no infraction of the time-honored maxim, "of the dead speak nothing but good," can convert a peanut politician into a great, wise and honored civic leader, whom he fatuously seeks to imitate.

TO SAY the least, it is bad business, poor politics, when anyone in high public position, especially the city attorney of a new, fast-growing community such as Miami—we refer specifically to Lewis Twyman—uses that position, a non-partisan one in a non-partisan municipality, to publicly espouse Willkie—when the city right at this moment is trying to deal with a Roosevelt administration!

As Lawyer Twyman, Lewis doesn't amount to any more than a puff of wind. As city attorney of Miami—you will notice he's at the head of the committee list in the letter below—he obviously amounts to a good deal.

Lewis Twyman has asked and received favors from the present city commission. Now he is fighting it.

On the one hand a foreign-born mayor makes numerous trips to Washington asking millions of dollars for the city in the way of construction and other subsidies. And while Alex Orr is seeking favors from the national administration, he is having the city employ as city attorney, at a \$10,000-a-year salary (in addition to his private practice, representing Big Business—directly!) a man who is publicly heading a local group, amply financed, that is seeking to delude, cajole, intimidate and frighten local Democrats into joining a Big Business (Republican) movement to whip Roosevelt.

The people of Miami pay Lewis Twyman \$10,000 a year to represent Big Business! \$10,000 a year to perform a Willkie job! . . . a job that may curtail Miami construction, Miami employment!

MIAMI LIFE believes, when this is brought to the attention of the city commission, that they will raise up in a body, as they should, and demand Twyman's resignation! . . . Even if it's necessary to pay him for the unexpired term! . . . It would be cheap, at any cost, to get rid of Twyman. He's a menace to Miami's future. . . . Twyman, you'll remember, was revealed only a few months ago, when the city inspectors found the A. & P. outfit in Miami cheating customers, as A. & P. counsel—Twyman's hired by the year! We now find that Twyman represents clients who want Willkie elected. Every new client of his, we discover, proves only more completely that Twyman could never have the welfare of Miami people at heart—for that heart of his is monopolized by Big Business!

Now if the city commission does not demand his resignation, they, by their refusal to do so, sanction him, and what he is at present engaged in trying to put over in Miami! The administration and the people of Miami are forced into a position of being anti-Roosevelt.

Here is the letter being circulated. . . . MIAMI LIFE believes it will mean political oblivion to all who have signed it. . . . We print it in full:

#### TO DEMOCRATS:

- (1) If you are a Democrat, and
- (2) If you believe in the principles and purposes enunciated in the Democratic Declaration Against Third Term, and
- (3) If you are free to make your own views known, Then sign the Declaration and mail it to one of the undersigned, and thereby become a member of the rapidly growing "Democratic Anti-Third Term Club of Dade County, Florida."

There are no conditions except the three above, and no financial or other obligations whatsoever. The Club will terminate automatically upon the conclusion of the 1940 Presidential Campaign.

LEWIS TWYMAN  
REG. V. WATERS  
MITCHELL D. PRICE  
WALTER L. HARRIS  
J. M. McCASKILL

P. S.—Have other available Democrats sign with you, and send in the names and addresses of others of like views.

### Democratic Declaration Against Third Term

We, the undersigned Democrats of Florida, with full measure of loyalty to all regularly nominated candidates, believe it essential to the preservation of our liberty and the Democratic Party that we hold inviolate the unwritten law of this republic, that no man shall ever be eligible for a third term of the Presidential of-

(Continued on Last Page)

## PORT EVERGLADES MIGHT HELP US

MIAMI LIFE is glad that Port Everglades, up in Broward county between Hollywood and Lauderdale, is showing great gains, and getting more money from Washington. In fact, we would prefer seeing Port Everglades run the Port of Miami out of business! We'd be better off.

Biscayne Bay shouldn't be cluttered with oil tankers, freighters, construction barges, the filth and smells and noise that have ruined the waterfronts of many other beautiful areas.

If the people of Miami realized that the city isn't helped, but instead is hurt by its port activities, they might insist upon the mess being moved away from our front yard. The port enriches only a few men, and it is a deplorable fact that these men are so politically entrenched in Miami that they even avoid nominal taxation for the exceptional privileges they enjoy.

The city isn't benefitted financially by the port of Miami, now that there is Port Everglades.

It doesn't require much astuteness to realize that the city of Miami would be better off with a bay entirely devoted to pleasure craft and water sports instead of tax-free business. Land values would greatly increase. The whole region would be greatly beautified, a condition that would pay far greater dividends than the present port activities. Remember, there is no crop like the tourist crop!

Moreover, the F. E. C. railroad would be deprived of its only excuse for keeping its terminus in downtown Miami.

If it were forced to connect with the Atlantic at Port Everglades, instead of Biscayne Bay, it could be forced to put its terminus up at Little River, even at Hollywood! . . . For, mind you, people will pay big money to get AWAY from railroads, AWAY from commercial ports—when they are vacationing!

Let the bustling communities north of us have the port and the railroad terminus commerce, Miami will take the wealthy tourist.

(Unmentioned in the Daily Willkie Press) Miami's Musicians' Union, both in Board Meeting and then in Open Meeting voted UNANIMOUSLY this week to support Roosevelt for a Third Term! . . . Vice-President Earl Barr Hanson made the motion.

# Miami Life

"Florida's Most Influential Weekly"

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## "Cabbages and Kings"

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

—The Walrus and the Carpenter.

The marriage of Vivien (Scarlett O'Hara) Leigh and Laurence Olivier was chronicled as the outstanding social event of the week . . . His ex-wife named Miss Leigh as correspondent and Miss Leigh's ex-husband named Olivier as correspondent . . . In some parts of the country such nuptial monkey-shines are not exactly classified as "society items" . . . Robert Taylor, who raised a moustache to play a he-man part, has shaved it off for his next role . . . With a beaver like one of the Smith Brothers he still wouldn't look like a "he-man" to a lot of us . . . Two native born Georgians tried to register as aliens . . . That's nothing . . . Up around Possum Gulch they are still voting for Bryan and trying to find out how Dewey made out at Manila . . . We have had 31 Presidents of the United States and 32 vice-presidents . . . The difference was brought about by Grover Cleveland . . . He served two terms but there was a four year span between them . . . He had a different vice-president on the second go round . . . Incidentally, Cleveland was the only law enforcement officer ever elected as chief executive . . . He was sheriff of Erie County, New York and while serving in that office, hanged five prisoners.

The motion picture, "Jesse James" was the top box office production of 1939 . . . Future of the famous "Georgia Peaches" is in dire jeopardy . . . The northwest section of South Carolina is devoted almost entirely to peach raising and the fruit, it is claimed, is far superior to Georgia's best efforts . . . The big peach movement is credited to the efforts and foresight of one man, Ben Gramling . . . When the bottom fell out of the cotton market a dozen years ago Gramling induced the farmers to raise peaches . . . He loaned them money to finance first crops; helped them market the fruit and did more for South Carolina growers than any other living person . . . This year's crop, which has just been harvested, is the largest in history and all South Carolina farmers are prosperous, thanks to Gramling.

Speaking of North Carolina, a survey of the streets of Asheville, two weeks ago, showed Florida automobiles outnumbering North Carolina cars three to one . . . A majority of the Florida tags were from the Miami area . . . Sob sisters sent from Miami to Nassau to interview the Duke and Duchess didn't do so well with the interviews but were more than successful in having their pictures taken with Her Nibs . . . By way of comparison Duchess Wally looked like a blue blooded Cheshire stacked up beside felines of the alley variety . . . No woman of modern times has ever exhibited more poise, or seemed surer of herself than "The woman I love" . . . However, if she doesn't stop heading her letters, "St. Helena," Mr. Churchill isn't going to like her.

"When the Swallows Come Back" let's hope they bring some decent radio programs with them . . . There are only two half-way passable programs on the air this summer, "Pot of Gold" and "Information Please" and Miami stations receive neither of them. . . . When Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Charlie McCarthy all sell out at the same time and leave guys like Frank Malone and Abbott and Costello to clutter up the air waves radio has touched a new low—in stinko . . . It could be worse, however . . . If we had television we'd have to look at them as well . . . In a South Carolina prohibition election one precinct went dry by a vote of 98 to 1 . . . There, my friends, is a rugged individualist . . . If Buffalo Bill were living he would want to shake that guy's hand.

Buffalo Bill was a man who liked his 'likker' . . . He drank so much that the circus which employed him put him under bond and made him sign a contract in which he agreed not to drink more than ten glasses of whisky daily . . . He tried to get by on that small amount for three days and finally turned to a friend, a lawyer, for advice . . . The barrister read the contract carefully and advised the old buffalo hunter that it did not specify what size the glasses were to be . . . Buffalo Bill promptly started drinking his whiskey out of beer schooners and his fancy shooting threatened to not only diminish the population but wreck the circus as well . . . The circus owners had him haled into court . . . The judge ruled that he could use any size glasses he chose but cautioned him against using derby hats or wash boilers.

## — LOOKING BACK — Over Files of MIAMI LIFE

### Cheating The School Kids

(September 8, 1928)

DADE COUNTY school children are up against it this year, but they probably won't complain. Children, you know, are supposed to be seen and not heard. What if there are not enough teachers or facilities to give them the education which their fathers and mothers, and the humble taxpayers, pay for? There is but to make the best of what school equipment is at hand.

The school board of Dade county has started a strenuous retrenchment campaign. Faithful teachers who stuck with the administration prior to election are being told their contracts have arrived too late for certification and, as a consequence, their services cannot be used this year, while others are asked to resign.

The school board cannot be blamed for this condition. The county commissioners are backward in handing over enough money to properly operate our schools. The reason the commissioners have not contributed sufficient school funds is because they claim the lack of money. Which is probably true.

Now there is one thing which should not be a political football. Contracts and heavy overcharges, \$4,500,000 county buildings; terrific road building bills; favorite contractors, and all that sort of stuff is looked on somewhat sorrowfully, but nothing is ever done about it. But our schools—the Lord knows they have cost enough—are for the education of our youngsters. And our youngsters are entitled to that.

In Dade county are many political offices. Many of them are under what is known as the fee system. That is, the head of the office derives his pay from fees paid by the various applicants for his services.

The grand jury, which is now on vacation, can do good work when they are recalled. They can investigate just what becomes of the many hundreds of thousands paid in fees. And they can make the holders of these offices turn in what moneys are due the county. And the county commissioners can turn sufficient of these moneys over to the school board, in order that that body can operate our school system as a humane institution, instead of as a cheater of opportunities to our youth.

Whenever school children are cheated—so they are being now—the curtailment of teachers and the reduction of salaries is ample proof—taxpayers should forget political alignment long enough to revert to good common sense and fight the battle for the young.

### Less Light For The Citizens

(September 8, 1928)

THIS city of Miami is at present working out some system of doing away with a few lights in the downtown area. The reason is that somebody wants to save a few dollars so that the budget won't be strained.

Nothing makes a town look so good as plenty of street lights. Miami is a fairly well-lighted city so far as the downtown area is concerned, but some of the outlying streets are like the inside of a black hat in a dark cellar at midnight. Which is not good for anybody but the second-story man.

Now, how much nicer it would be if the Florida Power & Light Company would only reduce the price of lighting the streets so that it would not be necessary to switch off a lot of the lamps. They could easily afford to do a little reducing.

This suggestion is given as a suggestion only. We cannot imagine the F. P. & L. Co. doing anything like that, not after paying several light and power bills. Still, they might try something like that as an experiment.

(Editor's Note: And back in the same issue of MIAMI LIFE, we find that in mid-1928 the banner line over the paper was: **The Only Hope of the Wets Is: THAT Rotten Liquor Will Soon Kill Off All the Dry Congressmen!**)

'Tis whispered that Bernarr Macfadden is gleefully preparing to even up his score with Miami for the pushing around he got during the last Democratic primary . . . According to rumor one of his star Liberty Magazine writers is enroute to Miami to chronicle the amusing detective "strike" whereby the "dicks" started enforcing the law because they didn't get promoted . . . A current detective magazine credits two New York detectives with breaking the notorious Sittamore case . . . It was a New York fence and a Miami Beach detective who really broke the case . . . The New York sleuths merely barged in about the time the fence and the Beach detectives were getting ready to chop up a \$15,000 melon . . . When arrested Sittamore had a key to every hotel room on Miami Beach—and he had been in darn near all of them.

STOP IN AT DADE COUNTY'S SWANKIEST BAR

## Seminole Bar

STEAKS — CHOPS and SEA FOOD

Package Store

Okeechobee Road, at the Bridge

PHONE 8-2142

HIALEAH

WALTER B. CAREY

## GREEBY BECOMES HOME BUILDER

Gets Mail Order House and Does His Own Erecting; Offers To Trade Two Punts and Canoe for Nassau—and Wally.

R. HAMMERHEAD GREEBY, who offered to trade Winston Churchill two punts and a canoe for Nassau providing he would throw in Wally as a base for his Caribbean operations, was found this week by the MIAMI LIFE reporter standing in front of a red and green striped bungalow which apparently had sprung up over night on the site of the Old Royal Palm hotel.

"I do not desire no publicity," perspired Greeby as the reporter's mouth flew open when he gazed at the structure.

"What in the hell is that?" gasped the scribe in amazement.

"That's my new residence," replied Greeby proudly, "Ain't she a beauty. I built her myself."

"You what?" screamed the reporter.

"Well," yammered Greeby, "I didn't exactly build it myself but I put it together."

"Oh," moaned the scribe, "You mean you got one of those factory built mail order houses and assembled it yourself."

"Sure, that's it," beamed Greeby, "Slip me a seegar and I'll take you on an inspection tour. I want to show you the inside of the place."

"Lead on," snorted the reporter tendering the cigar without mentioning the goodly sprinkling of horse-hair and chopped rubber bands already incorporated, "where in the hell is the door?"

"There was a little mistake," smiled Greeby, "but we can get in easy by crawlin' through this here winder. Be careful and don't snag your head against the bath tub."

"Bath tub," ejaculated the reporter, "How come the bath tub is in the living room?"

"Oh, just another little mistake," whined Greeby, "Them there blue prints was mixed up a little."

"A little," snorted the reporter, "Why is it so dark in here. Aren't there any windows?"

"I couldn't find none," explained Greeby, "but if you'll just turn on that there light switch there beside you we can see swell."

"This one?" queried the scribe reaching for the switch, "Well I've never—Hey, what in the hell is coming off?" he screamed as a fine stream of water cascaded down from the ceiling, "Shut that water off before I crown you."

"You did it yourself," defended Greeby, "I musta got the switches mixed up."

"Yeah," screeched the reporter, "I suppose anyone trying to take a bath in this asylum gets electrocuted. Come let's get out of here before I go nuts."

"Don't you want to see the bedrooms?" asked Greeby, "They are real slick."

"I don't see anything that looks like a bedroom or any way to get to a bedroom," moaned the scribe, "All I want to do is to get out of

here before I find myself locked up in a frigidaire or something."

"You don't have to worry about that," explained Greeby, "the frigidaire is supposed to be in the kitchen but they musta forgot to put in the kitchen on account I got three dining rooms instead. Come on let's go into the bedroom. Just foller me. We have to go down through this here hole in this closet to the cellar and we come out in the garage. All we have to do then is climb up over the roof and drop down through a hole in the middle dining room. From there we can chop our way into the front bedroom."

"Chop our way?" screamed the reporter, "Whaddy mean chop?"

"Well," explained Greeby, "When I started to put this place together a wind come up and mixed up them blue prints. I sorta got mixed up a little and it will take a little time to get things straightened out. I've put axes, saws and hatchets in all rooms for the convenience of guests what want to go from one place to another. It will be a little confusin' at first but after I make a few adjustments everything will be all right."

"No doubt about it," answered the reporter yanking at a door knob, "Where does this door go to?"

"It just opens into a blank wall," sighed Greeby, "They is two winders and another blank wall behind it."

"Keerist," snorted the reporter as the door came off in his hands, "and what makes this floor dip down everytime you step on it. Isn't there any foundation under this shack?"

"They is supposed to be," answered Greeby, "But the foundation part is up toward the roof. They ain't nothin' under this floor but the cellar, but we can't go down there."

"Why not?" asked the reporter. "It's full of water," explained Greeby, "I got the electric and plumbin' plans mixed up. You get a shower bath when you turn on the parlor light and you blow out all the fuses in this end of town when you try to wash your face. I told you I got mixed up a little."

"Listen, stupid," screamed the reporter, "Get out of my way and let me out of this mad house. I should have known better—"

"Hey, look out," bellowed Greeby as the floor sagged, "that there cellar is full of—"

"Water and reporter," came the far away voice of the scribe as the floor let go and Greeby fell through a hole into the back bedroom.

## THEY TELL ME

THAT the story in the papers about our Power-Trust installing protective systems in south Florida to "prevent disruption of power and communications facilities" should be very amusing to Miami-ians . . .

everybody's lights go off at a puff of wind—or a bit of faint lightning—just like they always have . . . whenever the Power-Trust puts its Miami lines underground as most first-class cities of the U. S. have forced them to do, people will begin to believe this propaganda—but not until then

!!!

THAT the woods were full of amateur detectives, following the shooting of the young grocery manager . . .

and some of their deductions would make most interesting reading—and they never found their way into print

!!!

THAT the stores again try to get gals to wear black stuff—although it has become a rather well-known fact that black absorbs and white reflects—which means that sunlight hitting a black dress penetrated uncomfortably

!!!

THAT the cigarette order-taker won't be so cocky about punchboards since the tavern hostess took him for his roll

!!!

THAT a prominent young Miami-ian threw away too many "unmentionables" preparing for his wife's homecoming—and has just found out that they didn't belong to the one he thought they belonged to . . .

they belonged to his wife

!!!

THAT people down Brickell way want to know who the red-headed young lady is who never shows up at her apartment house until sunrise

MIAMI LIFE IS READ,

Not SKIMMED!

## MOVING?

CALL

## ACE TRANSFER

AND

## STORAGE CO.

PHONE: 5 - 4 9 7 2

SEE MIAMI'S

## CHAMPION JITTERBUGS

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

VANCE BRADDOCK

AND HIS

TRIANON ORCHESTRA

DANCE CONTESTS OPEN

TO ALL — WED. AND

SAT. NIGHTS

CASH PRIZES

— BAR —

TERRACED TABLES

DELIGHTFULLY COOL

## TRIANON

DANCE PATIO

"MIAMI'S NEWEST

FUN SPOT"

TAMIAMI TRAIL

AT

61st AVENUE

## GOLF

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

## More for your Money... Sears, Roebuck and Co.

BISCAYNE BOULEVARD AT 13TH ST.  
A COMPLETE DEPARTMENT STORE

## THIS helps L-O-O-S-E-N COUGH SYRUP PHLEGM

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

FOR COUGHS FROM COLDS  
**MENTHO-MULSION**  
ONE DOSE EFFECT

# MATRIMONY R-O-W

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

**D**OGS in New York, cats in Miami and slugfests in old Monterey provide some of the highlights of the week's divorce activities. By way of variety we have jealousy, brutality, desertion and plain cussedness.

Mrs. Eleanor P. Schmitt was a woman who had no interest in her home, according to the complaint filed by A. E. Schmitt. He says she fussed at him every time he went home and when he didn't go home she went to his place of business and laid down an oral barrage. When he reprimanded her for not taking an interest in their home he says she told him, "She had a good home and a dog in New York" and then sold out, presumably to bask in the luxury of her New York properties.

It was a cat which played one of the supporting roles in the domestic strife in Joseph Tanganeli's home he says in his freedom suit against Meneca Tanganeli. Joseph says she nagged him for 25 years and even opened the windows and doors of their home so the neighbors could enjoy the show. He says she generally ate her dinner before he got home and gave the choice left-overs to the cat. It the cat didn't clean up the plate Joseph got what was left. Upon one occasion he says his wife and sister-in-law held him while his brother-in-law beat him up. Mrs. Tanganeli, says Joseph, threw butcher knives, dishes, glasses and plates at him and was so ornery that she wouldn't even give him a clean towel when he tried to wash his puss. Outside of that he has no further complaint.

Ruth Twenhoefel, in her divorce complaint against Frederick Twenhoefel says her matrimonial trouble started shortly after her marriage in Monterey, California, where she received a shellacking from her husband for a wedding present. She complains that she was forced to work and support him while he spent his leisure time playing tennis.

Annie W. Porter is tired of waiting for Warren S. Porter to return. She says he kissed her goodbye in 1928 and said he was going on a short business trip. She has never heard from him or seen him since.

Hubert P. Gupton had a nifty system of living declares Mrs. Annie Graham Gupton in her divorce bill. She says he worked at his trade as a cabinet maker two or three days a week and then quit to spend his pay. When the family cash box became empty she says they would be forced to move in with her parents. In addition to his flirtations with labor she says Hubert was not above flirting with other women.

J. Frank Warren and Phyllis Warren were married in Ft. Lauderdale last April and Phyllis has been drunk ever since avers Warren in his suit. He says he found her too drunk to prepare his dinner each night and a terrific morning hangover precluded his chance of her preparing his breakfast. He ate his lunch where he worked; therefore he implies that she was of no earthly use to him anywhere along the line.

For eighteen years Earl Stanley Shulters accompanied his wife, Ella Laura Shulters on annual Christmas shopping expeditions and then he suddenly ceased, declares Mrs. Shulters, a Philadelphian, in her suit for freedom. It was Christmas, 1939 when he broke the tradition, she says. He gave her the money and told her to do her shopping alone. A few nights later he failed to appear for

supper for the first time in their married life and when she accused him of seeing another woman she says he admitted it. A financial settlement, she says, has been arranged. All she wants now is a divorce.

Manuel Alvarez was a very jealous gent according to accusations contained in the divorce bill filed by Joan Lillian Alvarez. Mrs. Alvarez says they attended a party for Pan-American Airway employees and Manuel became enraged and she says he knocked her down three times and would have probably given a couple of encores if other employees hadn't stopped the brawl by threatening to give Manuel a dose of his own medicine. Mrs. Alvarez says she cites just one instance of brutality "by way of illustration and not by way of limitation."

# Mosquito Control? Let's All Laugh!

**F**OR the past several years we've heard a lot about Mosquito Control. All householders have been visited by "inspectors," claiming to find the source of the mosquito plague in a dishpan left outside to catch some rain water for sister's shampoo, or an empty can in the lot next door. For several years now these nosey individuals, whose salaries for the last several years make a sizable dent in the public purse, have poked about our back-yards, becoming quite accusing and dictatorial as they point out supposed derelictions—for instance, your uncovered garbage can (the \$4-a-year city garbage tax doesn't prevent the negroes from leaving the covers off, just as they did before there was any garbage tax!).

Several years of it—and now we find that they DIDN'T KNOW WHAT THEY

# Why Big Business Must Be Drafted!

**T**YRANTS have ever maintained themselves with the money they have robbed people of—using the people's money to fight them. We've seen it happen locally—when the Florida Power & Light Company used the people's own money to fight them through the courts for seven years, before the highest court forced them to capitulate, and pay back a portion of the ill-gotten gains to

## WERE TALKING ABOUT!

A protracted spell of daily rains shows us that it is rain—not an accumulation of tin cans, old shoes thrown into a vacant lot, rubbish piles, etc.—that results in mosquito scourges.

When it's dry weather we don't have mosquitoes . . . can't get 'em, as a matter of fact—even if all of us littered our front and back yards with open receptacles to tempt the larvae! They can't stand sun and dryness.

The Mosquito Control couldn't prevent the mosquito scourge of the last few weeks.

Don't let 'em kid you any longer.

It's all been a political scheme. Jobs for the faithful. The weather of the last few years helped it along, made it sound plausible. But now a summer of daily showers exposes it. But who'll make the first move toward abolishment?

Fortunately such rainy spells don't occur often. We remember the fall of 1922 when it rained for a month and a half, made lakes out of the Beach golf course (and a good part of Alton Road); block after block of inundated streets at the Miami causeway entrance when the water rose over N. W. South River Drive and flooded parts of Riverside; when the overflowing canal put the Pennsylvania Sugar Corporation's area northwest of Hialeah, as well as most of the town of Hialeah under two or three feet of water! There have been not more than four such periods since—and consequently what mosquito epidemics we've had since that time have been

only a few day's duration, and certainly not worth the expense the Mosquito Control board has put us to in the attempt to control something that is entirely at the mercy of Florida rainclouds!

When the World War ended, Krupp's already had the unique position of supplying ammunition for both sides,

## THEY TELL ME

THAT "an historic" is improper in America—unless one entirely drops the "h" in historic—but it's a favorite of WQAM's "Little Kaltenborn"—who, by the way, has just about eliminated every one of his mispronunciations—except this one . . .

but it's taken nearly a year of complaints to get him parrotting grammatically

THAT the best thing Executive Editor Ellis Hollums has written lately was in Thursday's paper, to wit: "I hear that Willkie's campaign up country is all

# Exercising Essay Gets Mixed Up With Wedding

**H**ERALD printers must have had a glorious time making up last Saturday's paper—or did you notice it too? Well, anyway, for the benefit of those who did not read the woman's page that day and didn't read the reducing-exercise article by Dr. Mary MacFayden, let us explain the whys and wherefores.

The make-up man mixed up Dr. MacFayden's reducing article with a local wedding, just whose we tried to ascertain, but couldn't.

"What about exercise to help take off weight?" asked Dr. MacFayden of herself. And answered it, thusly:

"A moderate amount is beneficial and may help along the work of reducing. Walking two miles a day, for example, will use up the calorie equivalent of a pound of fat.

"The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Robert Brennan in the St. Peter and Paul Catholic rectory Friday night at 8:30 o'clock. . . . Don't, however, let your

what consumers they could locate. This was money they had stolen from the people—no matter what high-sounding legal phrases they cloak the process with! And they used that stolen money, rightfully belonging to the people of Miami, to fight them with.

The most sensational charge coming out of the war broke one day last week—and since that time nothing has been heard of it. It affected part of the Florida Power & Light Company's empire. The same little group of royalists own the General Electric and Florida Power & Light Company and, as we pointed out recently, nearly everything Americans buy from tooth paste to battle-ships, to which we might add, nearly everything that Americans read (would anybody convincingly claim that this same Power-Trust doesn't completely dominate our local press?), and nearly everything we hear over the air.

The General Electric was linked with Krupp's Germany in a federal indictment which shows that the two concerns have agreements to stay out of one another's territories, fixed prices between themselves, with Krupp's holding veto powers to a certain extent over some General Electric products—all of which might be said to indicate, although the federal indictment did not so state, that maybe the same money was behind both concerns!

Krupp's in Germany is what duPonts is in the U. S. Krupp's owns Germany, has owned it ever since the early days of Wilhelm II—and is Hitler—putting him over in the same kind of counter-revolution that the Power-Trust would like to perfect in this country.

When the World War ended, Krupp's already had the unique position of supplying ammunition for both sides,

washed up. Same thing seems to be true in Florida. Too many 'economic royalists' and ex-pie counter boys trying to run the Willkie show in Florida for him to have any hope of success."

THAT Frederick J. Haskin should see that his Modern Webster Dictionary is corrected on P. xvi—where it claims the sentence, "Pack my bag with five dozen liquor jugs," contains all the letters of the alphabet . . .

Make it "box" and I think you'll have it right, Frederick (but cheer up, the book is worth lots more than a quarter!)

one of the Believe-It-Or-Nots too hot for Ripley to handle . . . Krupp's wound up with a personal fortune admittedly near a billion dollars—their profits in the last year of the World War—in that period when, to quote Bernhard Menne, "profits rose and heroes fell." (you ought to read his sensational book, Blood and Steel!) the unspeakable Krupp's, despite all the crooked figuring they could do, couldn't help showing a profit of 56.9 millions of marks, but in 1915 they had made 143 millions . . . while, Hitler aiding in 1935 their profits topped all previous records, becoming 232 million marks! . . . The duPonts wound up the World War with so much money that they were enabled, starting with General Motors, so much of a slice of Big Business that they forced the other leaders to go in with them in a secret, very limited, interlocking corporation that rapidly obtained control of nearly everything people bought.

Before leaving this subject, it should be mentioned that during the entire World War, neither Krupp's was fired upon by the Allies, nor was Schneider's (the French munitionsautocrats who with Vickers of Britain constituted Krupp's most formidable enemies) fired upon by the Germans, though each were not more than twenty miles from the enemy fire, Schneiders being only ten miles from the front! . . . that came out after the war was over . . . showing how, while hundreds of thousands of human beings sacrificed their lives in the trenches of France in the belief that this was a War to End All Wars, the Biggies were powerful enough to prevent the warriors FROM DESTROYING ENEMY MUNITIONS AND THEREBY BRINGING THE WAR TO AN END WHILE THERE WERE STILL PROFITS TO BE MADE.

Who, knowing something of this matter, can't feel glad that General Electric (which,

is part of this same duPont Power-Trust whose local branch has succeeded in monopolizing Miami's city hall) isn't too big to escape indictment.

And, perhaps, this brief essay, based upon proven but almost never-mentioned facts, will give people an opportunity to read behind the lines, when in the present-day news they read of the stiff opposition Big Business is putting up to the proposition of being "drafted for defense purposes." And, right now, the people's own money is being spent—against them—to prevent Big Business from being drafted!

Even the Miami Herald sees a gross injustice in peacetime conscription of human beings but no conscription of business when necessities—although no one, of sary to the defense operation, knows how much sincerity there is back of its brief outcry.

If people knew the facts, they'd force conscription of business, if anybody is to be conscripted!—no matter how much money Big Business spends on propaganda. We in Miami whipped Big Business once. Maybe the U. S. can this time, in spite of Willkie, in spite of the monstrous power Big Business has acquired since the last World War.

(Editor's Note—Maybe this partly explains the anti-third term drive—and Lewis Twyman, city attorney.)

## LEGAL NOTICES

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE NO. 33712**  
Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders as assignees of Southern Drainage District Tax Certificates numbered 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363 and 364, dated the 6th 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. Chagn.  
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 T. H. Young.  
Lot 4, Block 29, Coral Villas, a Sub., Plat Book 8, Page 27, located in Dade County, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 362. 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 15th day of September, A. D. 1940.  
Dated this 14th day of August, A. D. 1940.  
E. B. LEATHERMAN,  
Clerk of the Circuit Court,  
Dade County, Florida.  
By N. C. STERRETT, D. C.  
Circuit Court Seal  
8-31-40

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE NO. 33712**  
Notice is hereby given that Raymond H. Brook, holder as assignee of Southern Drainage District Tax Certificates numbered 146, dated the 6th day of July, A. D. 1937, has filed said Certificate in my office, and has made application for tax deed to issue thereon in accordance with law. Said Certificate embraces the following described property, situated in Dade County, Florida, to wit:  
SW 1/4 of SW 1/4 of SW 1/4, Section 17, Township 54 South, Range 40 East, containing 10 Acres more or less, located in Dade County, State of Florida.  
The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Whitebook Realty Co.  
Unless said Certificate shall be redeemed according to law, tax deed will issue thereon on the 26th day of September, A. D. 1940.  
Dated this 21st day of August, A. D. 1940.  
E. B. LEATHERMAN,  
Clerk of the Circuit Court,  
Dade County, Florida.  
By N. C. STERRETT, D. C.  
Circuit Court Seal  
8-31-40

**NOTICE OF APPLICATION FOR TAX DEED—FILE NO. 33713**  
Notice is hereby given that Nat Weiner and Henry Strudel, holders as assignees of Southern Drainage District Tax Certificates numbered 616, 622 and 623, dated the 6th day of August, A. D. 1939, 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 6, Block 1, Revision of Coral Villas, Plat Book 8, Page 27, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 622. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.  
Lots 1 to 3, Block 4, Revision of Coral Villas, Plat Book 8, Page 27, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 623. The assessment of said property under the said Certificate issued was in the name of Unknown.  
Lot 5, Block 4, Revision of Coral Villas, Plat Book 8, Page 27, in the County of Dade, State of Florida, as embraced in Certificate No. 623. 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 15th day of September, A. D. 1940.  
Dated this 14th day of August, A. D. 1940.  
E. B. LEATHERMAN,  
Clerk of the Circuit Court,  
Dade County, Florida.  
By N. C. STERRETT, D. C.  
Circuit Court Seal  
8-31-40

# SO YOU SAY...

AMERICAN SOCIETY of Composers, Authors and Publishers  
THIRTY ROCKEFELLER PLAZA - NEW YORK CITY  
August 29, 1940

The Editor, MIAMI LIFE: Miami, Florida

Dear Sir:

I have just had an opportunity to read the article entitled "RADIO MONOPOLY'S 'BLITZ' POWER-TRUST DRIVE," in your issue of August seventeenth, and I just want to extend our thanks to the author thereof and express our gratitude to yourself as Editor, for having presented such a fair and intelligent resume of the actual situation.

Sincerely yours,  
E. C. MILLS

ECM:MJ

Miami, Fla.  
August 29th, 1940

Dear Reubin Clein:

The enclosed "Parable of the Isms" is clipped from the Reader's Digest, you may appreciate it as interesting humor suitable to your interesting MIAMI LIFE. With kindest personal regards to yourself and force, I am

Yours truly,  
FRED FEATHERSTONE

## Parable of the Isms

Socialism: If you have two cows, you give one to your neighbor.  
Communism: If you have two cows, you give them to the government and the government then gives you some milk.

Fascism: If you have two cows, you keep the cows and give the milk to the government; then the government sells you some milk.

New Dealism: If you have two cows, you shoot one and milk the other; then you pour the milk down the drain.

Nazism: If you have two cows, the government shoots you and keeps the cows.

Capitalism: If you have two cows, you sell one and buy a bull. —Supervision

WATCH, CLOCK AND JEWELRY REPAIRING  
**Bauer's Watch Shop**  
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52 S. E. 1st Street, Miami, Florida

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**SKY DANCE CLUB**  
3604 S. W. 8th Street  
The Only Dance Floor With a Sliding Roof  
**25c**  
DANCING NIGHTLY  
WED. NITE LADIES Free  
Music—Piper Manning Orchestra

**NOW OPEN**  
**THE DINNER BELL INC.**  
145 N. E. 1ST STREET  
We welcome all our patrons of past seasons and invite all who enjoy **QUICK SERVICE AND GOOD FOOD**, served in clean, wholesome surroundings.  
**COMPLETE DINNER**  
Served with Soup or Cocktail, Salad, Choice of Meat or Fish, Potatoes, Vegetable, Home-Made Pie or Ice Cream, Hot Biscuits and Rolls, Coffee, Tea or Buttermilk.  
**30c**  
Enjoy Beautiful Music While Dining!

# Who Killed Clyde Campbell

(Continued from First Page)

Two officers responded. Not seeing any trace of the prowler they departed leaving Starling and his prospective son-in-law, M. C. Keating to HANDLE THE SITUATION WITH A RIFLE.

A few moments later Campbell, unsuccessful in his search for the lost film, returned. He walked STRAIGHT TO HIS BICYCLE PARKED IN FRONT OF A WELL-LIGHTED HOUSE, FILLED WITH MOVING PEOPLE, AND STARTED TO PEDAL OFF.

What happened after that? Starling, at the coroner's inquest said he did the shooting from IN FRONT OF HIS HOME. Campbell's body was found TWO BLOCKS AWAY.

He had been shot through the middle of the back and IN THE CALF OF HIS RIGHT LEG.

Physicians testified that the bullet which plowed into his back STOPPED HIM INSTANTLY.

Blood from the wound in his calf RAN DOWN TOWARD HIS FOOT, therefore it could not have BEEN THE SAME BULLET WHICH INFLICTED BOTH WOUNDS. THERE WERE TWO BULLETS!

The CASE HAS NOT BEEN CLOSED. Mrs. L. R. McGraw, mother-in-law of the dead boy and Ruby Campbell his young widow DECLARE VEHEMENTLY THAT IT WILL NEVER BE CLOSED UNTIL THE NAME OF CLYDE CAMPBELL HAS BEEN CLEARED. Mrs. McGRAW failed to make STARTLING REVELATIONS AT THE INQUEST BECAUSE HER INVESTIGATION WAS NOT COMPLETE AT THE TIME. SHE WILL MAKE THEM AT THE PROPER TIME, SHE DECLARES. Mrs. McGraw, while declining to divulge all of her information has gone on record as saying HARMON V. STARLING DID NOT SHOOT CLYDE

CAMPBELL. SHE SAYS SHE KNOWS WHO HELD THE RIFLE AND IT WASN'T STARLING. One thing is most important—THAT MISSING FILM. The Campbell family has scoured the neighborhood but no trace has been found. It is believed it was picked up by disinterested parties who are still holding it not knowing of its importance. Mrs. McGraw has asked MIAMI LIFE to publish an appeal to anyone who might know its whereabouts. "THOSE TWO ROLLS OF FILM," declares Mrs. McGraw, "will clear the name of as fine a boy as ever drew a breath and they will remove the stain which hangs over his innocent wife and baby. I pray to God they will be returned to us by whoever has found them."

# Twyman Is out

(Continued from First Page)

fice, established as it was by Washington and maintained by the unbroken custom and usage of one hundred fifty years, and sanctioned by the example of the greatest and wisest of those who, irrespective of party affiliation, founded and have maintained our government; and remembering the teachings of our party patriarchs, Thomas Jefferson and Andrew Jackson, and the third-term condemnation found in the Democratic platform of 1896; and fearful that a departure from these venerable precepts would be fraught with peril to our free institutions and would foreshadow the curse of dictatorship; and believing further that true patriotism transcends all party lines and obligations;

DO HEREBY earnestly call upon all Democrats to repel the false European doctrine of the indispensable man, by withholding from it the support of your vote, or voting against it, as your conscience may direct, as the only available means of preserving our party and our constitutional liberties.

Name Address

Dated, in Florida, 1940.

The five names above listed as signers of this undemocratic document are headed by our city attorney who, with our mayor, is a representative of Big Business, or the so-called economic royalists . . . local stooges for the Florida Power & Light Company, the Florida East Coast railroad, and other allied interests that continually prey upon the public.

Miami, as most of us know by experience, and the local papers are forced to admit privately, is pro-Democrat. Pro-Roosevelt. Pro-Pepper.

But the puppet of Big Business—Mayor Orr—who moves only when the Miami Herald, a pro-Willkie publication, compels, may have been forced to order the city attorney to send out this literature.

If he doesn't go along with the commission in requesting Twyman's resignation, and pay him off in full, if necessary, to dispense with his services immediately—well, then the people of Miami will know that he has taken that action solely for the benefit of the Florida Power & Light Company, the FEC, the chainstores, and everything else connected with Big Business Monopoly in this community.

# APPLEBAUM

(Continued from First Page)

Americanism in choosing this time for marriage than to accuse Florio and Capparelle of being un-American because they have Italian names? . . . The young Applebaums have shown, by their crooked and criminal conduct of such a vital business as food wholesaling, that they certainly care nothing about American people who consume their rotten, adulterated, even poisoned food products! They're in a position to kill off more Mi-amians than a foreign invasion could! . . . If, and when,

conscriptio comes, it will be interesting to note what the young Applebaums do, just how "American" they are, whether their abnormal greed for money overcomes patriotism—interesting especially because, as we understand, the younger Applebaum holds a commission in the reserve officers training corps, obtained in college.

Their greed for money has become known from one end of town to the other. They fought for months to keep from paying thousands of dollars they owed their employees, but were finally forced to pay them \$9,000 illegally withheld from them.

Another thing Attorney Sibley did not stress was the

# Miami Suckers

IT COST 10 cents a check in Miami—but, if we're to believe the national magazines, banks over the United States generally charge a nickle for the same checking service. How come?

A while back we learned that the reason Miami didn't get better music over the radios was because the local stations themselves prefer to believe that our musical intelligence is very low.

Do our banks underrate us also?

The Herald advertises itself as "Independent Democratic" in politics! Whoever said the Herald didn't lie viciously? (The Herald gets the name Willkie twice daily in front-page headlines.)

Yesterday the report came out that papers supporting Willkie rated 66, compared with 20 for Roosevelt. The radio commentator added that this was more than were for Landon.

The 66 included the two Miami papers—both of which have got so they can straddle, very deftly, not only Florida and Ohio, but two or three other states besides—and besides that, two major political parties!

fact that the Applebaums paid prizefighters hundreds of dollars to give Tony and Joe a "going over—anything short of murder! . . . Break a leg, crack a skull . . . We must do something!"

Although Attorney Sibley went to great lengths to play up "Southern gentlemen's" repugnance of "un-American tactics," saying that "the Florios and the Capparelles who went into a Southerner's place of business and made such threats and proposals would not come out alive," he didn't tell the court that Wednesday morning two young men, knowing one union official had left, forced their way into his home, knowing his wife was alone, put her through a third-degree ordeal of questioning concerning her husband and his union activities. She refused them admittance. Then they flashed badges, declared they were state and federal officers, and told her if she didn't answer them they would take her down to jail.

When the official got home his wife was in a hysterical state . . . the inquisitors had demanded to know all about their marriage—when, where performed—if they were actually married! where they were born, where parents came from!

"Americanism!" . . . Surely Attorney Sibley can't know of these things, or he wouldn't have nerve enough to accuse somebody else of lack of "Americanism."

The Applebaums appear to have become desperate. Attorney Fritz Gordon accused Brother-in-law Mike Silberstein of out-and-out perjury and declared he would be prosecuted in the near future. The Applebaums are distributing hundreds of copies of a local periodical that comes out now and then, carrying charges that Florio and Capparelle are gangsters,

that Florio is a fugitive from justice . . . retraction has been demanded by Florio and Capparelle, who will otherwise institute libel proceedings against the perpetrators of the article. This is in contrast with the Standard Wholesale Grocery heads who have been accused of the most vicious food practices local, state, or federal officials have ever encountered; of the most criminal cheating and robbing of railroads and insurance companies through perjured claims; of the violation of every pure food law in existence! . . . Only yesterday another affidavit was filed with MIAMI LIFE by a former employee—still an employee, according to the Applebaum's contention—who used to stencil "KOSHER" on non-Kosher products, upon orders from the Standard Wholesale Grocery! He delivered such phoney products to the Hotel Tides, Astor, Victor, Seabreeze, and Nemo at Miami Beach, also to Blumfield's Restaurant there! This has resulted in a notification to food-handlers that continued business with Standard Wholesale they will no longer be considered Kosher.

Desperate, they are, these Applebaums, with action against them promised on many fronts. Suits are expected at any time to collect money obtained by the Applebaums in illegal claims . . . MIAMI LIFE has repeatedly asked the firm for a written statement in answer to the accusations we have on file, made by their employees, but they have refused; they said their attorneys advised them not to make denials . . . Now there can be only one reason for their refusal to make such affidavits as we have requested—and that is that they are guilty as Hell!

Which are to be believed, the striking truck drivers (who seem to be a pretty clean lot of young Americans to us—the kind we'd like to have protecting us!)—or the unscrupulous (and maybe draft-dodging) Applebaums? We'll bet on the public deciding right!

# Defense Of Miami

(Continued from First Page) from one previously prepared position to another, thus delaying the enemy and at the same time having fun. This organization would be hardly more than a battalion. You might call it the Battalion of Debt, because, under my plan, everything would be on the cuff. Each man of it would be equipped with a pint, a corkscrew, and a double Mickey Finn—the latter for use in case he should be taken prisoner.

Assuming, as we must, that the Nazis would defeat this first gallant suicide squad and enter Miami via the County Causeway, where no toll is charged, our main strategy must be exercised on the west side of the Bay. Several preparatory moves are indicated. They are:

1.—Placing of placards at all main corners and in store windows, reading: "FIFTY PER CENT DEPOSIT REQUIRED ON ALL ORDERS." Such placards have already proved their effectiveness in frightening people, and they may be obtained at almost any print shop for 10 cents apiece, or from MIAMI LIFE at 15 cents apiece.

2.—Mayor Orr should be given dictatorial powers to raise street car fares from five cents to six, just to make sure that our street cars are not used by the enemy for transportation. Even the Nazis are too smart to pay six cents for a ride on one of those things.

3.—The Florida East Coast Railway should be required to keep shunting a freight train back and across S. First, Flagler, N. First, Fifth, Eleventh, and Fourteenth streets, to protect our west side. I am giving away no military secrets when I say that the Florida East Coast possesses at least one freight train that can cover all those crossings at one time, and it should be pressed into service—preferably with the same efficient crew on it that was running it the other afternoon when I was trying to get to a date in the fashionable Northeast Section.

4.—As a final deterrent to the invaders, there remains the simple project of lining N. E. Second Avenue with a series of canopied tables, presided over by all those gushing young ladies who have had experience in soliciting contributions for the Salvation Army, Poppy Day, Dog Day, Kitten Day, and various civic and patriotic movements. When you think how, in the past, they have forced perfectly good American citizens to go six blocks out of their way and then make a final mad, desperate dash through an arcade or a

side street to get to their offices, you can visualize what they would do to an enemy—particularly a bunch of poor squareheads who can't even speak English.

Because Northeast First Avenue and North Miami Avenue are already such tough streets that even the Nazi army wouldn't try to march down them, the only route open to them is the

Boulevard, toward Bayfront Park. That is where we finish them off. In the Park they would begin the official City of Miami welcome, only instead of just the Mayor speaking, we would turn the whole City Commission loose on them with addresses of greeting.

Then our two National Guard companies would simply come up and take their guns away.

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