

WHY DID RODDY BURDINE RESIGN FROM THE STATE RACING COMMISSION

OH! YEAH!

Percy; "Who was that lady I saw you with last night?"
Reggy; "That wasn't a lady, that was Gracie Allen's brother."

The Hornet

A Weekly with a Purpose

OH! YEAH!

Goofy Oscar says he doesn't believe in marriage at first sight.

VOL. 2, No. 28.

BOB CROSSLAND, Editor

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Miami, Florida, Saturday, January 28, 1933.

NO VICE

RUMORS that Sheriff Hardie has signified his intention of closing every bawdy house in Dade county as the initial step in his crusade against vice, have been in circulation for several days. According to information following the rumor, two of the largest houses have already been closed to avoid arrest and a number of landladies are said to have served notice on their girls.

BIG MANHUNT GETS UNDER WAY FOR GUNMAN WHO SHOT HUDSON

ONE OF THE GREATEST manhunts ever known in Miami is under way for the gunman who critically wounded Emergency Officer Earl Hudson Wednesday afternoon.

Hudson is in a serious condition at Jackson Memorial hospital with a bullet in his abdomen. The shooting occurred at 14th street and Biscayne boulevard while Hudson and a newspaper reporter were taking two prisoners to the city jail following their arrest as suspicious characters. The man who did the shooting had a revolver secreted in his clothing and fired two shots, one producing a superficial head wound and the other penetrating Hudson's abdomen. Carl Metcalf, one of the two prisoners, remained in the car after the shooting and told the police he did not know the name of his companion, who fled. At the hospital Hudson's condition was described as very critical.

66 YEAR OLD BRIDE SAYS 70 YEAR OLD HUBBY WANTED OTHER 'WIMMIN'

MRS. MARY M. SMITH is 66 years old. Her husband, Robert Smith, is 70 years old. They were married last June and now the youthful romance is on the rocks. Mrs. Smith, in suit for divorce, says she is convinced he only married her to obtain money so he could "go downtown and get plenty of other women."

Mrs. Smith says upon one occasion he forced her into a corner and made her fork over funds for a license tag for his auto after she had refused and that he frequently forced her into their bedroom and tied the door shut with a piece of rope, caging her like an animal. Upon another occasion she says he "hi-jacked" her for \$200 to pay taxes on property and when she demanded the money back told her he only married her for her money and that he intended to "go downtown where he could get plenty of women."

COP NABS 3

POLICE OFFICER GERK isn't a member of the vice squad, but he knows vice when he sees it, and Officer Gerk's observations landed three little sisters of the spade in municipal court during the week. The "gals," charged with making lewd and indecent proposals, were fined \$25 and costs each. They gave their names as Dorothy Elsign, Margaret Ross and Edith Graham.

BEAT HER WITH BELT AND BROKE THREE RIBS SAYS MRS. SUE JONES

WHEN HE BEAT HER with a heavy leather belt she forgave him. When he kicked her with his shoes on, she continued to forgive him but when he kicked her so hard he broke three ribs, her forgiving moments were over, says Mrs. Sue Cummings Jones in suit for freedom from Orin Jones.

Mrs. Jones, who lives at 1235 S. W. Sixth street, says her matrimonial difficulties started a couple of months after the wedding when Orin started getting drunk four or five times a week. She says he became abusive and slapped her and beat her continually. Upon one occasion, she says, he beat her with a belt and that many of his well aimed kicks landed with deadly accuracy. She says Orin finally deserted her and is in Bluefield, West Virginia.

HFLD-UP

ARE you the gentleman who called a doctor," asked Dr. A. J. Bertram, stopping his car on N. E. 32nd street about midnight last Monday.

"Nope," replied one of them, poking a revolver into Dr. Bertram's side, "we don't want a doctor we want you." So saying, he proceeded to search Dr. Bertram, taking \$70 and the keys to his automobile. Dr. Bertram had gone to the address in response to a call from a man who said his wife was ill.

BUTTONS

SHE wouldn't sew his buttons on and she wanted to live with her aunt, asserts Jas. McFadgon in suit for divorce from Mrs. Effie McFadgon.

"Whenever we quarreled her aunt always took her side" he says, "and I couldn't get her to live with me in a home separated from her aunt. She would not wash the clothes and she refused to sew on buttons. Whenever we got into a quarrel her aunt always took her side and with both of them lined up against me, I became miserable all of the time," he continued.

WIFE WAS CUDDLED IN THE ARMS OF ANOTHER MAN SAYS HUSBAND

WHEN a married woman sneaks off to a "secluded" spot with another man the whole town starts talking and the husband of the aforesaid married woman is liable to be greatly embarrassed. Fred A. Mowry, in suit for his freedom from Ruby Mowry, says Mrs. Mowry not only sneaked off but was seen cuddled in the arms of another man and was kissing and being kissed.

Mowry says his troubles started in Vidalia, La., where they were visiting last summer. Mowry, after returning to Miami, says he received communications from Vidalia informing him the secluded spot business was still going on and thinks he has enough evidence to warrant a divorce. Mowry is represented by Attorneys Walsh, Beckham and Ellis.

HONOR ROLL

POLICE crusade against drunken driving was carried on relentlessly during the week. The following persons giving the following names and addresses were fined:

- A. W. Bland, 940 N. E. First avenue.
- J. D. Bye, 2038 S. W. Third street.
- Louise Rioux, 45 N. W. Fifth street.
- Edna M. Hand, 1760 S. W. Thirteenth street.
- T. D. Covington, 8844 Abbott avenue, M. B.
- H. L. Clements, 241 N. W. Third street.
- Dan Shield, 7010 N. W. Second court.
- James Nordquist, 3738 N. W. 23rd street.
- Paul Pottinger, 718 S. W. 11th avenue.
- James Morons, 2823 S. W. Third street.
- Albert Hartley, 3420 S. W. Fourth street.



Why Did Roddy Burdine Resign?

WHY DID R. B. (RODDY) BURDINE resign from the state racing commission? He says his duties as a commissioner took too much of his time and forced him to neglect his own business. He asserts he had no other reason for his abrupt action.

Mr. Burdine is telling the gospel truth. There is nothing sinister or hidden about his action. He is head of one of America's largest and finest department stores, and incidentally one of the few big Florida institutions to successfully weather the depression, but—

Mr. Burdine was a business man before he was a racing commissioner. He was never entirely sold on legalized gambling and there are many who still feel that his appointment to the commission was just a clever move to win him over and forestall any opposition to future referendums on the race question. His resignation erases all of that and puts him in a position to join the forces who will soon seek repeal of the race bill. There isn't a business man in Miami, who knows Roddy Burdine, who isn't willing to bet marbles against chalk that Roddy leads the fight to abolish legalized gambling—and there isn't a business man in the Greater Miami area who won't back him to the limit when the fight starts.

Miami merchants are fed up on racing. They are all facing bankruptcy while the coffers of the race track moguls are overflowing. They have awakened to the rude realization that their support two years ago materially assisted in creating a Frankenstein which is slowly sapping their life blood. They are tired of having their places of business deserted every afternoon during the entire season while visitors and natives squander their time and money at the Hialeah track. They are even more exhausted by the dismal appearance of the streets each night as thousands flock to the dog tracks.

Racing has never helped any city in America. Fifty thousand visitors who pour into Miami every winter come here for climate and climate alone. They do not come to lay around a horse race or a dog race track all winter. The race track owners claim they attract business and visitors. They do nothing of the sort. They merely monopolize the time and squeeze money from the visitors after we have already attracted them here with our climate. (Continued on page 4.)

THAT'S LOVELY

MRS. LOVELY CARRIE LILLIAN LAYFIELD wants a divorce from G. N. Layfield and she also wants her maiden name, Lovely Carrie Lillian Seroux, restored.

Mrs. Layfield, in suit for divorce, says her troubles started last summer following her return from a northern vacation. She says hubby unjustly accused her of undue familiarity with other men and established a close watch on her mail, evidently for the purpose of trapping her. When she denied the accusations, she says he became cold and indifferent and started nagging. The pay-off came on Jan. 2, at which time she says he gave her a terrific beating, blacking her eyes and otherwise damaging her anatomy. Following the beating, she says she checked out and isn't going to return. Mrs. Layfield lives in Coconut Grove.

Little Cuspidora says she isn't a color expert but she thinks a girl who acts a little green on Saturday night is liable to be blue Monday morning.

First Turk: "I hear you have a permanent job in the harem."
Second Turk: "Yeah, I'm fixed for life."

The Hornet

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Edward Raymond - - - - - Business Manager

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The Hornet stands for light wines and beer — also whiskey, gin, rye, embalming fluid and shellac.

The Hornet will protect the farmer, the farmer's daughter and even the farmer's wife—if she isn't too sloppy.

We reserve the right to reject advertising matter but whenever we do we'll have our heads examined pronto.

We will continue to make predictions on the outcome of elections until we pick a winner.

Postage must accompany all manuscripts. We have positively no use for the damn manuscripts but we will sure appreciate the stamps.

Address all communications containing money or checks to the editor personally. Send all others to Lydia Pinkham.

Distributor, "Red" Henderson.

SHERIFF HARDIE. Several months ago it was generally predicted that Dan Hardie would declare war upon gambling if elected sheriff of Dade County. He was elected and the predictions have become concrete facts and now right in the middle of our winter season we are involved in a bitter brawl with Sheriff Hardie sitting on top of the heap getting kicks in the pants from one faction and enthusiastic pats on the back from another.

While we do not agree with Sheriff Hardie in the matter of permitting modified gambling we can see no other course for him to take in view of the circumstances. Factions and individuals favoring gambling have publicized their desires and demands to such an extent as to put Sheriff Hardie right square in the middle and force him to take a definite stand. On one hand he is asked to close his eyes and permit certain gamblers and certain casinos to operate and keep all others closed. In other words, many of the same voters who helped elect him to enforce the law are asking him to fail to enforce it. The situation is unique to say the least, and it is easily understood why he has elected to keep the lid on.

The matter could have been handled with more diplomacy. Persons desiring to operate gambling houses should have opened up in a quiet manner and then Sheriff Hardie could have taken whatever action he deemed necessary. If he had chosen to overlook a few of them for the sake of winter visitors no one would have been hurt and such persons or joints as appeared obnoxious could easily have been closed. We disagree with Sheriff Hardie upon the issue but admire his courage and sincerity in handling the matter. Elimination of gambling from the Greater Miami area is certain to injure business so long as neighboring counties continue to run wide open. Hundreds of Miamians are trekking across the Broward county line every day, taking countless numbers of visitors with them, to patronize the gambling houses which have sprung up. Less than two years ago, Dade county voters voting in the race track referendum, went on record as favoring legalized gambling by a count of more than 6 to 1. The percentage is much lower today, but we feel that a majority of Miamians favor a liberal interpretation of the law and would welcome anything which shows the remotest possibility of remedying business conditions.

THE DEPRESSION will reach its peak when the receivers start going into the hands of receivers.

WHEN the barometer starts falling in Louisiana the natives are never quite sure whether it's a hurricane or Huey Long.

A MILITARIST is a guy who is always willing to lay down your life for his country.

TIMES are so tough this year that a lot of men are actually wearing their Christmas neckties.

MOTORISTS failing to procure license tags before the first of February will be assessed a 25 per cent penalty. If a fellow is too hard up to buy the tag now how in the devil is he going to raise the penalty dough?

WHEN a beggar asks for a dime for a cup of coffee he thinks you are a liar if you tell him you are broke and you know he is a liar when he says he wants the dime for coffee.

"WHERE do we go from here," seems to be the pressing question of the hour. Maybe we would find an answer if we only knew "Where we are now."

DAY DREAMING WITH THE EDITOR

I am still trying to say "rubber buggy bumpers" three times in quick succession. Minnesota has a greater area of water surface than any other state. The passage way between pews in a church is an "alley" and not an aisle. This should start an argument, but "alley" is correct. One of Miami's best dressed young women tells me that it is quite impossible to wear lingerie with the new evening gowns. The gowns fit so tightly the lingerie leaves ridges and wrinkles. A fire in a night club should present an interesting spectacle. Sound travels faster in water than in air. A barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. A pound of iron is heavier than a pound of platinum.

It is quite possible for a man to be legally married in one state; be a bigamist in another and to live in a state of adultery with his own wife. For instance, a man is married and divorced in New York state. The decree rules that he shall not marry again so long as his ex-wife is alive. He goes to New Jersey and marries again. Should he go back to New York state with his new wife he lives in a state of adultery. If he takes his new wife to South Carolina he is a bigamist because South Carolina recognizes no divorces. If he brings her to Florida he is legally married because Florida does not recognize the right of New York state to forbid remarriage after divorce. A man cannot be convicted of criminal assault upon his own wife. A wife can refuse to testify against her husband in criminal court. A man who deserts his wife can be arrested and returned to any state in the union. Beating a board bill is the only debt in America for which a person can be imprisoned.

I once won a Liberty Magazine prize for the best theoretical solution of the Wall Street bomb explosion which snuffed out 32 lives in 1921. My theory labeled the explosion an accident instead of an anarchist plot. A new building was being erected at the corner of Broad and Wall at the time of the explosion and in my opinion, an independent or a crooked contractor hauled a wagon load of dynamite to the corner and was attempting to sell it to the contractor for the new Wall street building when it exploded accidentally. I frequently receive letters from Tom Mooney from San Quentin penitentiary protesting his innocence. Thousands of dollars are contributed to his fight for freedom fund every year. Perhaps he doesn't know it, but he has a better racket in the hoosegow than most of us have on the outside. I believe a woman is responsible for one of Miami's most prominent unsolved killings.

Venus De Milo, if alive today, would be a back number unless she took reducing exercises. I once heard of a man in Tennessee who ordered a plaster statue of Venus from a Chicago mail order house. When the statue arrived by express and was opened he filed a complaint with the local express agent because the arms were broken off. The agent took one look at the armless statue and paid the claim. A Jacksonville woman who recently shot and killed her husband's alleged paramour is to be tried in federal court. She did the shooting in the Jacksonville postoffice which is government property, therefore giving the government jurisdiction. She may be lucky, the government has never imposed the supreme penalty upon a woman.

Aren't You Dying to Know

Which night club owner visited another night club Tuesday night?

Why George didn't want to take "her" to the hospital after the auto accident?

The name of the driver who abandoned the car with three sacks of liquor after smacking into another car.

Why the new business manager fired the "society" editress as his first official act.

How many Pinkertons were bumped by Arthur (Dutch) Flegenheimer at the race track on the opening day.

If the operator of a recently opened night club ever heard of Gerald Chapman.

Which bondsman is about to be indicted for perjury as the result of another of his screwy transactions.

When Ernestine and Junior are going to issue the invitations for that big wedding.

What Miami Beach hotel is being turned into an old maids' home.

THE CRAP SHOOTER

Shed a tear
For Patsy McClune
A hornet stung her
On her honeymoon.

A girl I adore
Is Cohen's Rachel,
Who saved the jewels
When she hid the satchel.
And if Old Lady Cohen
Hadn't been lagging,
He might have saved
The horse and wagon.

Goofy Oscar says his
brother was certainly up a
stump when he discovered
his new girl friend had a
wooden leg.

A confirmed old bachelor
is a guy who says "the girl
I marry hasn't been made
yet."

Little Cupidora says her new boy friend had the tip of his finger clipped off by a buzz-saw. She is thankful he didn't lose his whole finger.

Mable: Stop! Stop!
Charlie: "Whaddy think
you are, a telegram?"

Sergeant: "It says here
that the captain of an Atlantic
liner picked up a pair of
castaways on a desert island."

Cop: "Huh, I found a pair
behind some bushes in Bay-
front Park the other night."

Goofy Oscar says he wishes
some of these Florida
mosquitoes would go take a
flit for themselves.

She (at night club): "I
could dance like this all
night."

He: "Yeah, so could I,
but they won't allow it."

A Palm Beach bootlegger was arrested for beating up his wife. He found out she was giving some of his best stuff to the iceman.

Census Taker: "What is
your occupation?"

Native: "I'm a second car-
penter."

Census Taker: "What is a
second carpenter?"

Native: "I build all of the
little houses behind the big
ones."

He: "If the cops ever get
wise to your record, your
goose is cooked."

Biscayne Betty: "Don't be
silly. I may have a record
but I never had a goose."

First Old Maid: "I hear
you had hard luck in the
strip poker game last night."
Second Spinster: "I sure
did. I had four aces nearly
every hand."

The little girl who used to be the teacher's pet, now has a son running around with a sling shot made out of the teacher's garters.

She: "What's the differ-
ence between an old shiek
and a young one?"

He: "Just about the same
difference as between a
rooster and a feather dust-
er."

Traffic Cop: (Stopping
speeder) "Hey, you pull
over there and read that
sign."

Oh My Gwacious Boy;
"The thilly thing says 'drive
carefully the child in the
street may be yours,' but it
doesn't interest me, I'm a
radio crooner."

The society matron who
wears a sable coat out on
the street has a cook who
wears a blue coat out in the
kitchen.

He went out with a hod
carrier's daughter and got
plastered over the week-end.

Plumber (arriving alone
at plumber's annual ball):
"Hang it, I forgot my
wench."

She: "Aren't you Mr.
Brown's little girl?"

Child: "Nope, the judge
awarded me to Mrs. Brown."

He: "You are one in a
million kid."

She: "So are your chan-
ces."

Goofy Oscar says when a
girl's face is her fortune it
generally runs into a good
figure.

Ad Similes; as happy as an
old maid on a turkish bat-
tleship.

Little Cupidora says
when a fellow waits until he
is 90 to start sowing his
wild oats, nothing comes up.

The Hornet quartette will
now sing the pansy song,
"Frankie and Johnny Were
Lovers."

Percy: "Who was that la-
dy I saw you with last
night?"

Reggy: "Oh my goodness,
that wasn't a lady that was
Gracie Allen's brother."

Here lies a pedestrian
Much colder than ice.
He only jumped once,
But should have jumped
twice.

Local Headlines

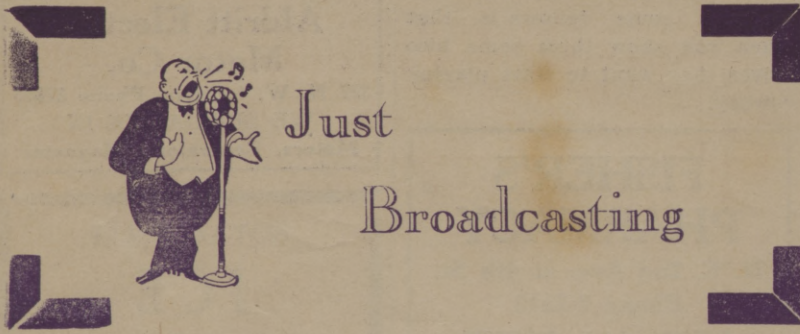
"Trouser Vogue More Popular" (Herald). Must be talking about "wimmin." Pants wearing has been popular among men for a good while.

"Woman's Pajamas and Step-Ins Stolen" (Herald). Good evening, Eve.

"Rent Suit to Supreme Court" (News). We trust they return it without soup stains.

"Actress Hurts Serious" (News). It was a very nice serious too.

"Bullets Make Holes in Chief's Overcoat" (News). What happened to the chief?



"FRED TEJAN'S BACK"—was the heading of a nifty little advertisement I discovered in the current issue of the Cavalier, that ritzy little Miami Beach society paper. In another section of the paper I found a glowing article of praise written, evidently, by the society editor (ess) which ended as follows:

"For seven years now he has been at Miami Beach. His polo ponies, many of which he schools himself, have been ridden by such well known polo players as Billy Post II, Nelson Talbott, Laddie Sanford, Winston and Raymond Guest, Earl Hopping and the Firestone and Law boys.

And along with the seasoned player he has mounted many a beginner and has taught many an amateur the fine and keen points of the game. Girls, too, have profited by his expert and patient advice, and jovial bawlings out. Little Marion Cartier, recent bride, was a protege of his, and he has mounted at various times, Miss Virginia Roberts, Miss Mary Norton, Mrs. Ted and Robert Law, Helen Hertz and Aline Rhonie." I tried to get in touch with Fred but one of his colored stable boys said he had left town.

ORCELLA REXFORD, nationally known food specialist, is receiving a tremendous reception at the Temple Theater, where she is lecturing nightly. Miss Rexford is one of the few health lecturers in whom I have confidence. She holds a bachelor of science degree from the University of California and lectures under the auspices of the Defensive Diet League of America. She is a staunch Florida booster and drives straight to the point in her health lectures. She will help any invalid willing to listen to her and follow the scientific diets she prescribes. Miss Rexford will continue her lectures until January 31. Evening lectures start at 8 p. m.

DESPITE competition furnished by a dozen or more recently opened night clubs, business continues to increase at the Bagdad club, where one of the biggest shows ever offered for a dollar prevails. Tom Williams, manager, says he would rather have the club filled at lower prices than half filled at higher prices and he is probably right. One dollar per person covers the whole thing including beverages, ice and ginger ale. Punch and Judy, sensational dance artists; Chester Alexander, comedian de-luxe and master of ceremonies; Mae Ashford, Lee Cantor, Madie Davis, Charlene Stanley, Kathleen Sullivan, Rosalia and a big beauty chorus comprise the cast for the floor show which is presented three times nightly. Jack Santrey's band furnishes the dance music.

THE PIER at Miami Beach is certainly a popular place. Jim Rondell and his boys furnish the music, while Bill Riley, popular master of ceremonies and producer, gives you a show well worth the admission price. Featured are Billy Dunn, Joyce Lane, Vivian Ward, Dolly Griffith, Rosie Meadows, Marie North, Dorothy Burke and that ever smiling Bill Shumate. I have been informed by Manager J. S. Wollard, that a surprise is to be sprung Saturday night. The surprise is Eddie Rogers and it's Eddie's first appearance in Miami. If you haven't seen Eddie don't miss the opportunity Saturday night, and incidentally dance to your heart's content on the million dollar pier right out over the ocean.

LOUIS SALTZMAN and Jack O'Brien have scored another victory in the supper club field by procuring the services of Gene Fosdick and his celebrated orchestra for an unlimited engagement at the Floridian Supper Club. Fosdick replaces Henry Santrey and Don Lee and Trudina, society dance team direct from New York, replace Lou Holtz in the headline role. The Floridian is one of the brightest spots in Miami's night life and is receiving a splendid reception from pleasure seekers. Dinner is served from 6 until 9:30 and there is no couvert charge during dinner. A charge of \$1.50 per person sets a new precedent in night club prices and is being enthusiastically taken advantage of by entertainment seekers.

FRANCIS FALKENBERG, popular manager of the Olympia Theater, has received his notice from the Sparks outfit and unless some thing happens within the next few days, may no longer be seen around the Olympia. The Sparks boys have made mistakes in the past, but letting Falkenberg out is the most colossal of all. He has been connected with the Olympia for seven years and is an institution within himself. Watch patronage drop when Sparks drops Falkenberg.

I WOULD LIKE to see a contest to select the most popular master of ceremonies in Miami. If Don Lanning didn't win I would yell "fake." Don is largely responsible for the popularity being accorded the Silver Slipper, and that's saying something, because the place is jammed nearly every night. In addition to contributing his bit to the bill, Don has assembled one of the finest floor shows in the South. Included in the cast are the Delworths with a dancing act which always scores; Al Parker, whose comedy numbers are incomparable; the Sherwood sisters and a whopping big beauty chorus. Mannie Gates and his broadcasting orchestra furnish the music and the Silver Slipper has one of the smoothest dance floors in the city. An admission charge of \$1.50 per person covers everything.

IF YOU do not feel like spending an entire evening at a night club although you feel the urge to trip the light "fantastie", just drop in to Danceland, Miami's only taxi dance hall, and you'll be surprised at the number of good looking hostesses on hand to dance with you. Ross Allen's orchestra furnishes the music and those boys can make you forget your troubles. Danceland is in the old City Club building on N. E. First street, between Second and Third avenues.

CLASSIFIED

PERSONAL—Elmer I am sick. Come home. Everything is all right Minnie.
LOST—Brown overnight bag. May have been left in lobby of Nautalis Hotel. Liberal reward. Sophia Twitchett, Box 147.
FOUND—Brown overnight bag containing nightgown, pair of men's pajamas and a bottle of Listerine. Found in lobby of Delmar Hotel last Saturday night. Owner can have same by paying for this advertisement and identifying. Box 148.

FOR SALE—We specialize in bridge favors. See our assortment of trusses, dog harness, ear spoons, lamp chimneys, Funnels, conk shell door stops, scoop shovels, whiffle trees, plow shares and buggy whips. Planks Magic Shop, Halcyon Arcade.

PILES—Removed without pain. If your piles bother you give us a call and we will gladly rush our Mack Truck and remove any pile, anytime and to any place. We also specialize in pile driving. If your pile is too big instead of removing it we will drive it. Oscar Q. Pile, Pyle avenue, Coconut Grove.

The Silver Slipper

DINE AND DANCE

MANNIE GATE'S AND HIS Broadcasting Orchestra
DON LANNING
 MASTER OF CEREMONIES
NORMA WASSER
THE DEWORTHS
AL PARKER
\$1.50 INCLUDES Admission, Ale and Ice

N. W. 14th St. at 22nd Ave

NIGHT CLUB

Entertainment At Ballroom Prices

DANCING

9:30 TILL ?
2—SHOWS—2

NO COVER CHARGE
MINIMUM CHARGE
ADMISSION 50c

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FRANK P. FORD
Presents

"CHICK" ENDOR

and

"CHARLIE" FARRELL

"Miami's Own"—Internationally Famous Entertainers

Nightly At

Deauville Yacht Club
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BOB ROBINSON
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BETTY DE WITT
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BUDDY WAGNER
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Thirty Minutes from Miami—
or the Beach



SEES NOTHING . . . HEARS NOTHING . . . SPILLS THE WORKS

A man said to be identified with the operation of a recently opened night club was once an associate of Gerald Chapman . . . He turned state's evidence and it was his testimony which sent Chapman to the gallows . . . Arthur (Dutch) Flegenheimer, sought by the government, attended the races at Hialeah last Thursday . . . He was a guest at a party in Coral Gables Thursday night . . . He flew to Havana Friday . . . A drunken driver told Judge Willard he was the son of a Chicago judge . . . The policeman who arrested him said he wasn't drunk but had been drinking . . . The sentence was suspended . . . A local bondsman signed a federal bond using property which he swore was unincumbered . . . It was mortgaged to the hilt . . . He is facing a perjury charge . . . A woman sued for complications following an alleged illegal operation has skipped out . . . She has written her attorneys advising them she has no intention of returning . . . Papers in the suit were never served because she succeeded in dodging the deputies . . . The police knocked off a certain bootlegger . . . A woman "bankroll" the whisper joint operator didn't like it so she decided to make it tough on the cops . . . She went to Safety Director Sam McCreary and tried to tell him the cops only turned in a part of the liquor they seized . . . Who killed Sig Baar?

The operator of a certain bawdy house is Miami's greatest gambler . . . Bookmakers are fighting for her business but they wouldn't be so keen if they knew she has an uncanny habit of picking winners . . . A prominent attorney who spent \$1,400 of his own money backing a defeated gubernatorial candidate in the last election is still trying to collect . . . The also-ran won't even answer his letters . . . Attempts of a new slot machine syndicate attempting to go into action was given a rude bump before it could even get started . . . Only a chump would attempt to operate a slot machine in Dade county although Broward county is wide open . . . A constable has discovered that it is useless to arrest workers in Hialeah for failure to procure occupation licenses . . . He grabbed 25 in one day and had them all turned loose despite his protests . . . A certain night club is operating its gambling room on the "sneak" . . . Small parties are quietly tipped off and escorted to rooms above the place if they are inclined to play with lady luck . . . A couple of clever salesmen procured Bayfront Park for a lecture on Technocracy . . . Eight or ten thousand persons waited in vain for enlightenment on the subject only to learn it was a book selling scheme . . . They distinctly didn't have the "golden urge" when they filed out of the park . . . A gentleman who carries a cane isn't going to have a "piece" of a well known night club this year . . . One lawyer has already lost his wife and another is on the verge as a result of a "foursome" recently staged in a Miami Beach apartment . . . Disbarment proceedings have been started against a lawyer who was once connected with a certain Miami bank . . . The lawyer is not in the city and his former partner's money isn't either . . . Who killed Sig Baar?

HOTEL FLORIDIAN

Louis H. Saltzman
presents

DON LEE and TRUDINA SOCIETY DANCE TEAM
BEE JACKSON, The Original Shimmy Dancer
GENE FOSDICK and HIS ORCHESTRA

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International Entertainers
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America's Most Eminent Dance Team
HENRY KING
and His Palm Beach
Embassy Club Orchestra

PADLOCK PICKUPS

By FRANK WHAT-THE-HELL

Hialeah Park, Jan. 28.—Jockey Hank Hills almost won two races today. He would have won the third race except for falling off the plug he was riding and would have been a sure winner in the sixth except for seven other horses being ahead of him at the finish.

Jockey Filbert, sensational riding star, always tries to please the ladies. In the fifth race he heard a lot of feminine voices yelling "Come on, Filbert." Always polite, he doffed his cap and shouted back, "Whaddy want me to do, leave the damn hawse?"

Seven Year Itch, favorite in the Ojus handicap this afternoon, has been scratched, leaving Rin-Tin-Tin as the favorite. The latter was left at the post the last time out.

J. Cal Plushbottom, Kentucky breeder, has arrived with a string of horses, goats and turtles. Breeder Plushbottom has been in the breeding business for forty years, starting when he was sixteen. Mrs. Plushbottom and their sixteen children accompanied him and will remain for the winter.

Sportsman Wildener is keeping an eagle eye on the prohibition situation. Should congress repeal the 18th amendment, Hialeah Park would be hard hit for reason of a number of the horses, now quartered at the track, being rushed back to their old jobs of hauling beer kegs.

While pulling up after indulging in a workout, Fagle Puss, a three-year-old gelding owned by Moe Levinski, dropped dead. Clyde Kuturnoseoffski, trainer for the Levinski stables, is still working over the animal and expects to have him in good enough shape by Saturday for the "tipsters" and "touts" to pass along as the best bet of the day.

Bet-a-million Gates, probably the turf's most sensational plunger, is in our midst and is terrorizing the mutuel windows as usual. He cashed a huge \$2.00 show bet shortly after his arrival and then calmly dropped \$4.00 on the next two races without batting an eye. Gates and his family are at Kamp Kum-N-Go for the season.

The Leavins family caterers at Hialeah, have everything immaculate and the club house has come in for commendation from all sides. No one has anything on the Leavins family when it comes to plain and fancy catering. Prices have been lowered. Hot dogs which used to sell for a dollar and a quarter may now be had for 35 cents and four peanuts have been added to each 60 cent bag. An excellent meal may be had in the clubhouse for less than \$9.00 except on Saturday, when the prices are slightly higher.

Long shots have been coming down with startling regularity. Droopy Drawers from the Boudoir stables, paid \$3.10 for a two dollar mutuel ticket Monday and Leaky Valves, from the same stable, returned his backers \$2.90 on a winning ticket Tuesday. Place and show prices, too, have been good, several of the nags paying handsome prices of \$2.10 and \$2.20 and last year's record of \$3.80 for a winner, may be shattered almost any time now.

Watching the "tote" crew work, is a revelation. When the windows are closed the expert calculators go into action. They take the total number of tickets sold, divide by the size of the jockey's collar; add the number of passes collected at the gate for the day; subtract the weight of the lead in the jockey's pants and multiply the result by the previous days bank clearing figures. The chief attendant then consults the figures; guesses at the total; deducts 15 per cent for the state; deducts another 30 per cent for "breakage"; subtracts 68 per cent of the balance for error and there you are—the good old three (dollars) and ten (cents).

Strangers wanting to reach the race track are being greatly assisted by the Hialeah police department. A man with the seat out of his pants has been installed on Palm avenue, and every true race fan knows the best way to get to any race track is to follow the fellows with the seats out of their pants. All those who follow this year can lead next year.

WHY DID RODDY BURDINE RESIGN?

(Continued from page one) and thousand and one other forms of winter and diversion. Approximately 5,000 visitors flock to Hialeah every afternoon, and more than 5,000 may be found at the dog tracks at night. That is an average of 10,000 visitors daily being taken out of circulation for 80 days each winter. If these visitors would be on Flagler street; in the theaters; at the night clubs; on the golf courses or at the beach. Instead of pouring their dollars into a pari-mutuel machine they would pour them into the neglected cash registers of a hundred different business houses. The race track managements have broken faith with the voters who favored them two years ago. At the Hialeah track half of the men employed are from out of town, while native Miamians stand in the bread line. Fully 15 per cent of the workers at the West Flagler dog track are imported.

We have given racing a fair trial. Roddy Burdine has given it a fair trial. Several weeks ago he told employees of his store to keep away from the race tracks. A dozen other big business houses have done the same thing. They followed Roddy Burdine in that instance, and they will continue to follow him if he is willing to lead a fight against a situation which will bankrupt every business in Miami if permitted to operate for four more years. If Mr. Burdine doesn't want to lead the fight, who does? Let a leader step forth and watch the merchants rally to his support. We have created a Frankenstein and if we don't destroy it before it grows stronger, it will destroy us just as surely as the sun will arise in the east tomorrow morning.

HE WAS SURE

Mr. Smith had passed on. In life he had secretly wore a toupee and it was his widow's wish that his secret never be revealed. She especially stressed her wish when consulting an undertaker and was assured everything would be as desired.

"Are you certain that the toupee will not slip off?"
"Yes, indeed, madam, I will attend to that."
The next morning she phoned the undertaker again.

"I am still worried about that toupee. Mr. Smith was so particular and I am terribly worried."

"Please leave everything to me," replied the undertaker, "I will exercise the greatest of care."

That afternoon Mrs. Smith again phoned the undertaker and was again assured that everything would be alright.

Two hours before the funeral she telephoned again, "I am only worried about one thing, that is Mr. Smith's toupee. Now are you certain it will not slip off?"

"Yes madam," shouted the undertaker completely exhausted. "I am absolutely certain. I nailed the damn thing on."

Little Cuspidora says the trouble with some fellows is that when you show them some nice calves they want to start playing cowboy.

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N.W. 3rd St. & N. River Dr.

Things We'd Like To See

A pair of scissors which might be used to cut off spaghetti between your plate and your chin.

A news reel without Mussolini reviewing a parade or a hotten-tot native dance.

A picture of an actress arriving or departing for Europe without her legs crossed.

A magazine stand when a fellow can look without having a clerk sniffle, "Can I help you?"

A movie theater with a strong arm squad to throw out the paper rattlers and the noisy eaters.

A few less "Don't Park" and "Loading Zones" in the downtown district.

A few new bricks and a dab or two of asphalt on the Flagler street railway crossing.

A few more home town boys working at the dog and horse race tracks.

A general inspection of the kitchens and refrigerators of some of those 15-cent eating joints.

And then there's the story of the porter at the F. E. C. station who approached an old lady with St. Vitus dance and said, "the first door to your left, madame." "Mother, may I go out to dance?" (No, my precious pet) If I hadn't tripped when I was young, I might be single yet.

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