

# KATZENTINE RUINS BEACH SEASON

OH! YEAH!

The male Quartette from the "Three Score and Ten Club" will now sing, "Why don't You Come Up and See Me Sometime."



# The Hornet

A Weekly with a Purpose

OH! YEAH!

Doctor after examining flapper patient: "My dear young lady all you need is a slight change of name."

VOL. 2—NO 50

BOB CROSSLAND, Editor

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Miami, Florida, January 27th, 1934

## GAMBLING LID WILL NOT BE TILTED AT MIAMI BEACH THIS SEASON. DECISION MADE AFTER SECRET COUNCIL MEETING AT WHICH COUNCILMEN OPPOSE MAYOR KATZENTINE

The gambling lid positively will not be tilted at Miami Beach this season. Mayor Frank Katzentine has spoken and those in the know declare there isn't the least likelihood of his mind being changed. Fear that gambling would result in thugs, gunmen and undesirables flocking to Miami Beach, was expressed by Mayor Katzentine in adopting his stand against gaming.

The all important decision was made Tuesday afternoon following a stormy council meeting held behind locked doors. Councilman Richard Mead, is the only councilman said to have lined up with Mayor Katzentine in deciding to keep the gambling lid clamped on, all other members going on record as favoring a "liberal" policy. The Miami Beach police department has already started an intense crusade against gambling and even the most daring operators are not "sneaking".

Mayor Katzentine's edict has created a decidedly blue atmosphere in gambling circles. A total of more than \$1,000,000 in cash for

"bankrolls" has been in Miami Beach banks for weeks waiting for the word to "go". Thousands of dollars worth of expensive gambling equipment has filtered in a piece at a time and now it will all have to be hauled out again. Many night clubs were opened two or three weeks ago in anticipation of "liberalism" and we'll find them "folding" from now on in. Gambling privileges in certain hotels aren't worth the paper they are written on and such cash as has already changed hands is just so much water over the dam.

Responsibility, it is claimed, lies entirely with Mayor Katzentine, thus removing all doubt. The Beach didn't open last year but the boys handed Sheriff Dan Hardie all of the credit. This year they can't hang it on Dan because he isn't sheriffing this season. Mayor Katzentine gives orders to the police department and they have no alternative but to obey. In any event the lid is on at the Beach and it isn't going to come off.

### WIFE FINDS HUSBAND AND WOMAN ON COUCH IN DOWNTOWN OFFICE

When she procured the services of the janitor to open her husband's offices in the Ingraham building and found a woman lying on a couch with her husband's arms around her, Mrs. Albertini Broomfield, says she promptly departed.

In a suit for divorce from William Broomfield, Mrs. Broomfield says she went to the building and upon being unable to gain entrance to her husband's office, got a janitor to let her in. She says hubby explained by declaring the lady was sick and that he merely slipped an arm around her to comfort her. In addition, Mrs. Broomfield says her spouse frequently became sullen and upon one occasion refused to speak to her for three weeks. Upon another occasion she says he refused to permit her to participate in a dance being given by tenants at the Clyde Court apartments where they made their home. In addition to the other charges, Mrs. Broomfield says her husband checked-out last October and charges desertion.

### DREAM WALKING

Maybe you've seen a "Dream Walking," but did you ever see a roulette wheel anking down the avenue? Evidently roulette wheels do walk and evidently they take "bird cages" and "crap tables" along for company.

Police and deputy sheriffs who raided Albert Bouche's Villa Venice Sunday night found three roulette wheels, a crap table and a "bird cage" in a side room. Everyone connected with the place including Mons. Bouche denied ownership of the gambling paraphanelia and were totally at a loss to understand how it got there. Maybe it just walked in eh what?

He slapped her in the Grand Central station and abused her otherwise, avows Mrs. Lillian W. Woodward in her suit for freedom from Walter M. Woodward. After returning to Miami after the alleged slapping episode in New York, Mrs. Woodward says friend hubby humiliated her and embarrassed her by becoming intoxicated and being tossed in the "can" for four days by the Miami Police on a charge of drunkenness. She wants a divorce and all attendant relief.

### SEWELLIAN

Mayor Sewell you're a swell guy. You've done as much perhaps more, than any other living person to make Miami a Metropolitan city. Your honesty has never been questioned and your sincerity is as intense as it is genuine. The next generation will erect a monument to your memory and tell their children what a prince of a fellow you were but—

Alas, there must be a but. You'd have a hell of a time getting that monument right now. You talk too much and you don't say anything. You go off half-cocked upon the least provocation. You raise your voice to women who come to you upon business, providing you disagree with them in the least. You talked yourself and your brother John into bankruptcy. Any man who agrees with you and is willing to take your orders is all right. You consider all others personal enemies. You did a lot of fancy talking and promising to get yourself elected mayor last year. Why don't you stop talking and blustering and do a little "mayoring" for a change?

Don't spend so much time in front of cameras, you're no Clark Gable. Stop skipping off in every itinerant dirigible that comes along and cut out that monkey business of rushing up to Washington or New York every ten days to annoy some congressman or the other.

Your radio denouncement of Dan Mahoney and the Miami Daily News didn't fool anyone and it didn't hurt anyone except yourself. The courtesy of WQAM was extended to you to explain problems confronting the city commission. You abused that courtesy when you usurped nearly half of your speaking time to launch a

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### WIDE OPEN GAMBLING AT SOUTH BEACH DESPTE MAYOR'S CLOSED TOWN EDICT

The Miami Beach crusade against gambling evidently doesn't include South Beach, for if it does the Beach bluecats evidently haven't had time to get around that far yet.

At least five "corn" games are running wide open within a radius of a block at South Beach. No pretense at paying "prizes" is made. The players put money down on the board and if they win they are paid off in good cold cash. The "pay-off" ranges from fifty cents to ten dollars, depending upon the number of players. When business is good as many a 100 players can be accommodated at a time at any one of the joints and forces of from three to seven operators are needed to rake in the money and deal out the cash prizes. One enterprising place has installed a public address system to enable its barkers to round up new customers from the street.

### PUNCH BOARD OWNERS VICTIMS OF SLICK GANG OF SWINDLERS

The guy who says you can't beat a punch board is talking through his chapeaux. It can be done if you know how and evidently a gang of "konw howers" are in our midst.

Radios valued at more than \$500 and other prizes including good coin of the realm, have been grabbed off by the "boys" during the last two weeks and the method isn't at all complicated and it isn't done with mirrors either. The swindle starts with one of the gang strolling into a place where a punch board is maintained. He spends a few dimes punching losing numbers and exits. A few hours later another member of the gang enters and after a couple of "dud" punches, comes up smiling with the number calling for the radio; crocheted thunder-mug; grand-father's clock, or whatever else is offered as the grand prize. It seems the "boys" have a printing press of their own. The first member of the gang procures a sample number which is immediately duplicated and changed into a winning number and the second member walks off with the loot. Simple isn't it?

### BLEED HOUNDS

A pair of bloodhounds with pedigrees as long as a Chinaman's shirt tail have been added to the police department. The kydoodles are being introduced around and will be put to work soon, and many are anticipating the great event.

Just think of the thrill of seeing the pair of manhunters dash through the main portals of Woolworth's on the trail of a "dinge" shoplifter or of the excitement which will develop when they are called out to ment down a missing load of frankfurters. We've got policemen who couldn't find a bass drum in a telephone booth and really there's nothing to lose except feed balls through the canine manhunters.

One of the greatest arrays of artists ever assembled in Miami will be seen at the Cinderella Ballroom where President Roosevelt's Birthday day ball is to be staged. Proceeds from the show are to be used by the Warm Springs foundation. Such stars and celebrities as Georgie Price, Jimmie Foxx, Primo Canara, Maxie Rosenbloom, Ben Bernie, Al Goodman and George Olsen have already agreed to contribute to the program and a dozen others will be on hand for the occasion. 3,000 tickets have been printed for the affair and a sell out is indicated.



# THE HORNET

A WEEKLY WITH A PURPOSE

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## WHY STAY HOME

**AMBASSADOR CLUB**—Ultra smart. One of the best floor shows ever seen in Miami. Spivy, Jackie Maye and Original "Texas" Guinan Revue headline the bill. Joe Reichman's Orchestra. The couvert is \$1.00; N. W. 36th street and 27th avenue.

**BAGDAD CLUB**—The chummy spot. Cora Walsh and her celebrated accordion are packing them in. Jack Senter's Broadcasting Orchestra. The tariff of \$1.00 which includes everything.

**BILTMORE HOTEL**—About the same as last year. Good food, good entertainment and it will cost you plenty. Better go formal.

**BISCAYNE FRONTON**—Jai-Alai, the world's fastest sport. Thirty marvelous players. You'll be thrilled. First game 8:15. Admission is 25 cents. N. W. Thirty-sixth street.

**BISCAYNE ARENA**—Boxing each Monday night under auspices of American Legion. Seats from \$1.00 up. Biscayne Boulevard at Eighth street.

**BISCAYNE KENNEL CLUB**—Dog racing each night. First race at 8:15. Go north on the Dixie highway.

**BOUCHE'S VILLA VENICE**—A solorre Haureuse, whatever that is. Dinner \$3.50 except Saturday when it's \$4.00. Couvert after 9:30 \$1.50. Fourteenth street and the ocean, Miami Beach.

**DEAUVILLE YACHT CLUB**—Dinner at eight and thereafter. Big floor show directed by Rex Reynolds. Smart and expensive. Better dress for it.

**EMBASSY CLUB**—Ritzzy, ultra-smart, etc. "Chick" Endor and Charlie Farrel are the headliners. Dinner and supper show \$3.00. Henry King's Society Orchestra. N. E. Second avenue at 51st street. Better go formal.

**FROLIC'S CLUB**—You'll like it. No admission, no couvert, no minimum and a swell floor show. Jack Irving M. C. and a good one. Etta Reed sings the blues. Ale, ice, beer is twenty-five cents. County Causeway just off Biscayne Boulevard.

**HALEAH PARK**—Horse racing each afternoon. First race at 2 p. m. Passes aren't so thick this year.

**FLORIDIAN SUPPER CLUB**—Was once smartest place on Beach. Bee Singer featured. Dinner \$1.50. No couvert to dinner guests. Floridian Hotel, Miami Beach.

**FOREST CLUB**—The suburban rendezvous. Don Pedro and his orchestra. Silvia Hanley, prima donna. Dinner is \$2.00. No couvert. 12 miles north on Federal highway. (Opened Wednesday night).

**HOLLYWOOD COUNTRY CLUB**—High toned. Sophie Tucker and Ted Shapiro. Seymour Simons orchestra. Dinner is \$4.00. Couvert after dinner for those who do not dine \$2.00. On Saturday it's \$3.00. Hollywood.

**HOLLYWOOD BEACH HOTEL**—Everything is refined. It costs plenty. Go formal if you go at all. Hollywood Beach.

**IRA'S SUPPER CLUB**—You may like it. Tarriff for dinner is \$2.00. Alton Road at Dade Boulevard.

**LAGOON, AUBY'S**—Just why we don't know. Dinner is \$1.50 and one Eric Peterson's orchestra seems to be principal attraction. At Miami Beach end of Venetian causeway.

**MIAMI BEACH KENNEL CLUB**—Dog racing nightly. First race at 8:15. Tex Rickard's last promotion. Miami Beach and Biscayne street.

**MADRID CLUB**—Little Al Parker is the star. Buddy Walker, master of mirth. No couert. \$1.00 minimum. N. E. Second aenue at 83rd street.

**ROMAN POOLS**—Ben Bernie, the old Maestro. The prices are too high but maybe you can afford to pay them. Sam Hare is the director. Twenty-third street and Collins avenue, Miami Beach.

**RONEY PLAZA**—Paul Sabin's orchestra and a good floor show. It's expensive and smart. Better go dressed or you may feel uncomfortable. Roney Plaza Hotel.

**SILVER SLIPPER**—A place where you can spend an enjoyable evening at minimum cost. Wally Vernon and Don Lanning keep it humming. Was formerly the Del Fay club. You'll like it. N. W. 14th street just off 22nd avenue.

**SAVOY CLUB**—Marque and Marquete. Jack Mulligan's orchestra. It's eighteen miles north of the Roney on the ocean. Expensive and smart. Beter go dress.

**STORK'S NEST**—All out of doors. Good music and good show. Not at all expensive. Better select a balmy evening for your visit. N. W. 27th avenue at the canal.

**SHOW BOAT**—Not Cap't Henry's, but a replica. Not expensive. N. W. 36th street at the canal.

**SLOPPY JOE'S**—A genuine replica of the famous Havana place of the same name. The waiters all sing. Go slumming, you'll like it. N. E. First street between Second and Third avenues.

**TORCH CLUB**—The most unique place in Greater Miami, if you like female impersonators. Not expensive, but different. N. W. 62nd street and 25th avenue.

**TROPICAL JUNGLE**—Beer garden out of doors. Good music and good floor show but it's chilly on cool evenings. Biscayne Boulevard at 83rd street.

**WEST FLAGLER KENNEL CLUB**—Dog racing nightly. First race at 8:15. Three miles west of courthouse on Flagler street.

**THE NEW DEAUVILLE**—Bernie Cummins and his New Yorkers. Galaxy of stars. Sammy Walsh M. C. Dinner \$3.50. 67th street and Ocean.

## Arn't You Aying To Know

Where Spivy learns all those naughty songs she sings at the Ambassador club.

If the young lady who was "two timing" her boy friend Tuesday night knows her boy friend was doing a little double duty himself.

Which blonde in which white hat attended the fights Monday night with which police sergeant in which blue uniform.

Why a certain pair of "high class" advertising men keep their office door locked.

That Betty's funds are running low and she is anxiously awaiting for her New York sugar to break away from his wife.

Which lady aviator established a new running record when the toy friend's wife suddenly appeared on the scene.

Who invited the three cops to the British cruiser captain's reception and if they were really afraid of the bad rain.

What Mons. Borton said when he heard Mayor Sewell's silvery tones over the radio.

Which one of the gals the soda dispenser is really married to and if buying groceries for two establishments isn't expensive.

If a certain downtown hotel management knows it is playing host to a pair of "Park avenue" hussies.

What dirty skunk "snuk" all of that gambling equipment into Bouche's without Mons. Albert knowing about it.

Why Mrs. Walker's little boy, Charlie, moved out of the city limits.

## DAY DREAMING WITH THE EDITOR

An optimist will tell you that time is a great healer but he forgets the scars. It's easier to forgive an injury than to forget. Nothing robs a man of personality more effectively than a uniform. All firemen, messenger boys, ushers, policemen and boy scouts look alike in uniform. Police Commissioner Bolan of New York has issued an edict that all policemen must study English. Imagine an educated cop. A man being electrocuted would be thrown entirely out of the chair if he weren't strapped in. The only woman ever to be hanged in Nevada was decapitated. Twelve witnesses, six men and six women stood directly beneath the scaffold. Five of the men fainted but only one woman swooned.

South Carolina has more illiterates than any other state. In 1930 a total of 192,887 persons representing 14.9 per cent of the total population, could neither read nor write. Louisiana is next with 13.5 per cent. Washington and Oregon rank highest in education only one per cent of the population of either state falling into the ranks of illiteracy. Florida has 91,859 negroes enrolled in public schools. Phi Beta Kappa is the oldest Greek letter fraternity. The Phi Delta Theta fraternity has the largest membership. How many persons can name the world's third largest city? Here are the leading 10 cities of the world: London, 7,742,212; New York, 6,930,446; Tokio, 5,311,000; Berlin, 4,288,314; Paris, 3,783,000; Chicago, 3,376,438; Moscow, 2,781,300; Leningrad, 2,228,300; Buenos Aires, 2,214,700; Philadelphia, 1,950,961.

Man O' War never won the Kentucky Derby. President Mckinley was shot with a Derringer revolver. What ever happened to Pola Negri? Greta Garbo's feet are never shown in a film, they're too big. The Liner Majestic of the British line is the world's largest ocean greyhound. She is 915.5 feet long. The Leviathin is 907.6 feet in length. Why do the girl clerks in the five and ten cent stores all look senemic? Can you name the world's longest river? It's the Nile. Have you ever seen an apple growing in Florida? Why? All chorus girls wear garmets known as "sweat pants". Many women adopt the garmets for wear with tight fitting evening gowns. Others simply go without.

Who remembers the old "Missouri" Waltz? Who remembers the old town barber shop with its array of "private" shaving muggs. If the customer happened to be a plumber the mug was inscribed with a purported portrait of a plumber doing some of his best forgetting—and who remembers the good old fashioned moustache cup designed for those with foliage. The cup was equipped with a china chin guard. I can remember when a woman without six petticoats was considered half undressed and when women's shoes started at the ground and ended half way to the knee. Guess I'm getting old but like the old geezer 104 years old who was cracked over the conk with a beer bottle in a bawdy house fight—I still have young ideas.

## THE CRAP SHOOTER

Goofy Oscar: "What's that racket upstairs?"

Little Cuspidora: "Paw's dragging Maw's pants across the floor."

Goofy Oscar: "Good Gosh, it shouldn't make that much noise."

Little Cuspidora: "Maw is in 'em."

Phil Potts, the country plumber will now sing, "Many Moons Have Come and Gone."

We notice that a lot of underpaid stenographers get fur coats notwithstanding.

First Flapper: "Let's play old maid."  
Second Flapper: "O. K., you get a couple of candles and I'll look under the bed."

She, "I'm gonna be a movie star."

He, "Don't be a sap. Jimmie Durante has a big nose. Joan Crawford has big eyes; Joe Brown has a big mouth and Greta Garbo has big feet."

She, "Yeah, I know and there's Clara Bow and Mae West too, but I still say I'm gonna be a star."

Beneath this slab  
In sweet repose  
We laid the corpse  
Of Hialeah Rose  
We laid her on the  
Biscayne shore  
Where we've laid  
so many more.

Little Cuspidora is so dumb she thinks an English virgin is a lady in waiting.

Mother: "Did that young man kiss you last night?"

Daughter: "When a man comes all the way from Palm Beach to see me that's the least I could let him do."

Mother: "But I thot he came from Indianapolis."

Daughter: (blushing) "He did."

Goofy Oscar says it's all right for a girl to ride a bicycle but there's no excuse for peddling it all over town.

September Morn joined the NRA, now she got to put another hat to work.

Little Cuspidora says a lot of girls start with a little slip and wind up with a big wardrobe.

A girl hard to find  
Is Lucile Sinclair,  
I've been trying to get hold,  
Of her everywhere.

If you must choose between two evils always choose the one you enjoy the most.

"Ah, a birdie,"  
Cursed Bill Frey  
"I'm glad," he swore  
"That cows don't fly."

Jewish Shorthand—  
Funex? Svfx. Funem? Sv fm. Okmnx—Hef you eny eggs? Yes ve heve eggs. Have you eny ham? Yes ve heve ham. O. K., ham & eggs.

He: I like the Four Mills Brothers, don't you?"

She: "Oh, I think they are so funny, especially the one who plays the harp and is always chasing blondes."

Tough Guy: (in theater) "Where in the hell is the men's room."

Usherette: (sweetly) "Walk down the corridor and turn to the left. You'll see a sign which says "Gentlemen", but don't let that stop you, walk right in."

He "Darling am I the first man you ever loved."  
She "Positively-All the others were cops."

Goofy Oscar says his idea of a fast worker would be a guy who could, two-time the Siamese twins.

## LOCAL HEADLINES

"Held for Killing Mother In Law" (Herald) Maybe they're just going to hold him until they get his name engraved on the medal.

"Bruises Her Thumb In Six Story Fall" (Herald) A tumble from the top of the courthouse should at least cause fallen arches.

"American Killed Abroad" (News) Killing a broad these days comes under the head of public improvements.

"Spanking Technique of Maid All Wrong" (Herald) How's her technique otherwise?"

## Now You Tell One

The wandering reporter paced the floor of his hotel room impatiently, pausing now and then to glance at his watch. Finally unable to curb his impatience any longer he dashed to the telephone and wiggled the hook.

"Hello room clerk," he shouted, "My wife went out more than an hour ago and hasn't returned. Has she called at the desk for the key?"

"Nope," responded the clerk, "but there's a blonde dame siting down here who's forgotten her room number and her husband's name."



# Just Broadcasting

You wouldn't think an accordion player would turn out to be the greatest headliner ever offered at the Bagdad Club, but that's exactly what Cora Walsh has done and if you don't believe it, just wander out to the Bagdad some evening and see for yourself. You'll find a clever little gal dragging things out of an accordion which even the maker didn't know were in there. Chaney and Harley, eccentric dancers, and Mae Ashford, that darling old trouser contributor to the Bagdad floor show bill and the \$1.00 tariff which includes everything makes the Bagdad more popular than ever.

One of the daily newspaper critics thinks Spivy's snappy songs at the Ambassador Club are a wee bit too sophisticated for the ultra-smart patrons of Mons. Tom William's club. If applause is to be accepted as a verdict in the matter, the critic is wrong, because Spivy leaves them lying in the aisles after each appearance. She calls a "spade a spade" but after all even a "spade" can prove entertaining if included in a clever song, sung by a pretty girl. Jackie Mae, The Three Racket-Cheers, The Original Texas Guinan revue and Joe Reichman's orchestra are features of the Ambassador's big floor show, and to miss the Ambassador is to miss the brightest "late spot" of them all.

The combination of Wally Vernon and Don Lanning at the Silver Slipper is the "talk of the town". Either star is worth the price of admission and with both of them cavorting on the same bill, it's mighty difficult to tell what will happen next. Wally's clowning and Don's singing keep things moving every minute of the time and then they top off the card by introducing another contestant in the Sally Rand contest. Some real talent has been developed in the Silver Slipper's effort to uncover Sally's best understudy and interest is growing as the contest nears a close. The Silver Slipper, formerly the famous Del Fay Club is one of Miami's most popular.

Although I never saw Julian Eltinge in action, many who did see him inform me that Bobby Anderson, the Torch Club star is equally as good if not better. The Torch Club presents one of the most unique floor shows ever offered in Miami, the entire cast being composed of female impersonators gathered from such famous spots as the K-9 Club; Latosca Club; Purple Derby; Hollywood Barn and the Little Howdy Club. Introducing of a "Milkman Matinee" at 4 o'clock each morning is another unusual feature found only at the Torch Club.

Smart society gathers nightly at the Embassy Club this season and an exceptionally heavy patronage is reported. The floor show, featuring "Chic" Endor, "Charlie" Farrell, Veloz and Yolanda, Carolyn Nolte, and Dolores Reade is well balanced and goes through with a polished swing typical of the refined atmosphere of the place. Henry King's orchestra furnishes the music for both the show and for dancing and the cuisine is excellent. The musical numbers from the floor show are being broadcasted each evening over WQAM at 7:15 and 11:15. The Embassy is at N. E. Second avenue between 51st and 52nd streets. For reservations phone Edgewater 9150 or 9126.

A new galaxy of stars and a brand new band will go into action Saturday night at the Frolics Club and little Jack Irving, Master of Ceremonies just to be in keeping with the occasion, is preparing a new line of patter to make the picture complete. Etta Reed, Bluesologist appearing for her tenth consecutive season at the Frolics, will remain on the bill because Frolic's patrons simply wouldn't consider the show complete without her. Alexander and Swanson, novelty dancers; Alma and Rowland, toe dancers and Joan Warner will also remain on the bill. I trust I am not divulging a secret, but Manager Hugh McKay, is preparing a secret treat for Frolic's patrons and I understand a startling announcement is to be made within the near future. The Frolic's Club, on the county causeway just off Biscayne boulevard is one of the popular night spots of the season and the "two-bits" policy is meeting much favor.

Princess Zoraida, for many years, Miami's favorite psychologist, who recently returned after a triumphal radio and Century of Progress tour, is being kept exceptionally busy these days at her Temple of Knowledge in the Halcyon Arcade as her old friends seek her again for guidance and advice. Princess Zoraida, who is really an Egyptian princess, has earned the respect of many world leaders with her accurate and sane advice in domestic and business difficulties and hundreds of Miami men and women consult her before engaging in new undertakings or in time of trouble.

"Slumming" is becoming popular and almost any night in the week you'll find Sloppy Joe's, a center of interest. The local Sloppy Joe's, a genuine replica of the famous place of the same name in Havana, is at 239 N. E. First street and is conducted by Nick Martini. Martini, is an artist of ability and the singing waiters and floor show artists add to the atmosphere.

Have you visited the offices of the Cultivated Oyster Farms Corporation at 144 N. E. First avenue? If you weren't here during the 1925 boom you should do so because you'll find an exact replica of the boom time activity going on. Hundreds of Miamians are purchasing units of the famous oyster farms at Apalachicola, apparently convinced that there is real money in oysters. The units, owned by lease, by the Cultivated Oyster Farm's Corporation, of which William Lee Popham, pioneer Florida oyster culture promoter, is president are being grabbed up by Floridians all over the state and plans are being rushed for a \$6,000,000 development intended to make the Apalachicola district, one of the largest in the world.

## SEWELLIAN

Continued from page 1

personal tirade against Mr. Mahoney and the Daily News is receiving a "pay-off" from the public utilities company. The public of Miami isn't interested in your private opinion of Mr. Mahoney. You don't draw your salary for "shellacking" Mr. Mahoney, you are supposed to be the mayor.

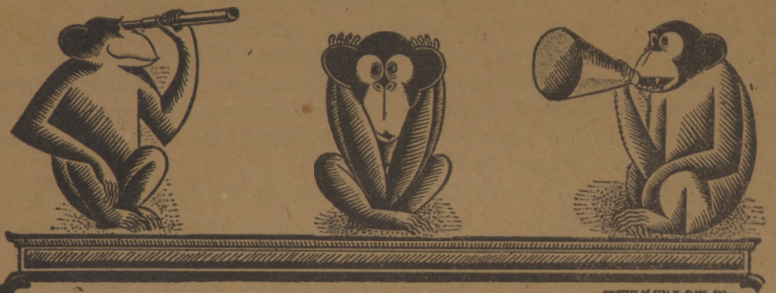
You promised lower utility rates to get yourself elected. Of course many of us were sensible enough to realize that you were doing a lot of foolish promising but others took you seriously and have been asking you to deliver. Being unable to do so, you seek to blame Mr. Mahoney and the Daily News. Don't be childish, forget Mr. Mahoney and the Daily News.

Cast your eyes upon your police department. Scan the records and see how many depredations have been successfully carried out by negroes during the last twelve months without arrests being made. Listen to some of the well informed who come to you daily urging you to return Leslie Quigg, the only chief of police Miami ever had, who knew how to control the negro situation. Create a place for Quigg and you'll gain more friends in one hour than you've gained since you became mayor. Stay in your office occasionally and listen to the sincere citizens who come to you with helpful suggestions. You don't have to be a man's boss to retain his support and friendship. Any man who can listen and refrain from talking isn't liable to make many mistakes, agree we all, but why continue when it isn't necessary. Stick to your work and maybe this generation will build that monument to you, because after all Mr. Mayor you'll never appreciate it if it's built after you're on your way to try talking yourself through the Pearly Gates.

Owner of one of those ready built houses: "Watkins show this gentleman the door."

Watkins: I can't find the damn thing myself."

## The Darwinian Phantasmagoria



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

A Georgia couple married here a few days ago are seeking an annulment. . . They say they didn't know the actual wedding ceremony was performed when they procured the license. . . In their bill for annulment, they fail to state just how they discovered they were married. . . Bolita games are doing fairly well in niggertown. . . The former slot-machine "czar" has been deposed as "collector" and a certain barrister has taken his place. . . West Flagler and Biscayne Dog tracks are tossing out free ducats to all and sundry who will accept them. . . The Beach track says anyone who hasn't twenty cents for admission isn't wanted anyhow. . . The Biscayne track isn't doing so well this year. . . Local authorities wouldn't stand another "Walkathon" so the boys are staging it in Hialeah. . . The divorced wife of a certain copper middle ailed it again. . . Even Ben Bernie can't drag them into the Roman Pools. . . The management is taking it on the chin plenty. . . The owner of a ritzy Miami Beach club is frantic. . . He sent to New York for his chef and high powered help thinking the Beach would "open". . . The whole crew was on its way to Miami before he learned the sad news and now he's wondering what to do with them. . . Who killed Sig Baar?

The Miami police department is a hot bed of politics. . . There isn't a man on the force who knows whether he will have a job thirty days hence. . . Leslie Quigg will be wearing a police uniform within sixty days and Guy Reeve's face will be seen around headquarters again. . . Orville Rigby, the "unknown" who was elected city commissioner last fall has become the "silent" factor. . . As a matter of fact, he is the most powerful man on the commission today and don't let anyone tell you different. . . He doesn't talk much for the hollipoli, but he makes remarks that count at "star chamber" commission meetings. . . The Miami Beach Tribune is the "newsiest" little sheet this side of Atlanta. . . Snatch a copy from some newsstand and see for yourself. . . A certain restaurant owner maintains two establishments one for his light 'o love and one for the ball and chain. . . Ditto a certain official. . . A prominent Miami Beach contractor is struggling against a \$100,000 alienation of affections suit. . . He says it's the old badger game. . . A certain insurance agent is in a "jam". . . His accounts are short and he has been given ten days to make good or else. . . A disabled veteran's organization isn't satisfied with the coming prize fight at Madison Square Garden. . . Threats of an injunction are flying. . . The boys will probably get together. . . Who killed Sig Baar?

Mary's father isn't a detective but he has his suspicions just the same.

## Free Land

If 10 acres of FREE state oyster bottoms were valued by the U. S. Government (Official Document 1066) at \$20,000, and if these 10 acres would pay you a life time cash income of \$6,000 per year, would you accept this FREE land and pay to the state its lawful tax of 50 cents per acre per year?

HEAR

William Lee Popham  
"The Oyster King"

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"Oyster Culture"  
Daily Except Sunday  
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Asylum Keeper—"If we turn you loose will you keep away from women and liquor?"  
Inmate (feverishly)—"I certainly will."  
Keeper—"Then we'll keep you here—you are still nutty."

## CLUB BAGDAD . . . .

At Miami's Chummiest Supper Club

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\$1.00—NO MORE—Per Person Includes Beer  
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**T**HE Jai Alai players are whooping things up at the Biscayne Fronton these days and Burton Mank's grin is perpetual. Jai Alai has been a favorite winter sport in Miami for many years but even the most seasoned fans cannot remember when rivalry was keener among the players. At least six champions are included among the thirty players and when they get on the court almost anything can happen. The results are always close and half of the time the spectators are hanging on the edges of their seats when the game is completed. Jai Alai is defined as the world's fastest sport, but those players seem to be trying to make it even faster.

**I**F you think this isn't a real season go down to the Alcazar Hotel and talk to Frank Gough, the manager with the "million dollar smile." Nearly all of the rooms in the big Bayfront Hotel are filled and reservations are coming in every day. Alcazar service couldn't possibly be improved upon and fortunate, indeed, is the winter visitor who selects it for his home while here. The Alcazar is one of the famous Collier chain hotels and the first in Miami to install radios in every room. Dozens of celebrities are already numbered among the guests and reservations for other celebrities are on file.

**I**N wandering around town I have discovered three girls who might easily be mistaken for Elizza Landi, Mae West and Ann Harding. I wonder if the lassies know of the similarity. Paul Wolfe, master of ceremonies at Cara Villa has frequently been mistaken for Paul White-man. Now if someone can just find "Elmer" the picture will be com-

Angler: "Is there a taxidermist in Miami?"  
 Native: "What's a taxidermist."  
 Angler: "A man who mounts things"  
 Native: "Sure the town's full of 'em."

## "SLOPPY JOE'S"

239 N. E. FIRST STREET  
 Song—Music—Dancing  
**SLUMMING**  
 NICK MARTINI, Mgr.

Broker: (holding ticker tape) "My God! I'm ruined."  
 Stenographer: "Just laugh it off, that's what you told me."

**DON LANNING**  
 PRESENTS

## Silver Slipper Club

N. W. 14th Street off 27th Avenue  
 INTRODUCING  
**WALLY VERNON**  
 Ace of Comics and  
 8—Star Acts—8

SALE—CONTEST  
 race at 2 Each Night—Finals, Sun., Jan. 21.

Boy Friend: "What's to prevent me staying here the rest of the night."  
 Girl Friend: "Oh! My goodness!"

See The World's Greatest Players In Action!

**BISCAYNE FRONTON**  
 36 TH. STREET

# Jai-Alai

HI LI

Admission 25c—First Game, 8:15—Phone 9186

## CLASSIFIED

**NOTICE**—The Flagler Barber shop extends the opportunity to patrons to take advantage of our new manicure girl at reasonable rates.

**FOR SALE**—Two ton truck, by widow, with four speeds forward, double reverse three yard gravel carrier and new rubber all the way round.

**SLOPPY JOE'S**—Miami's slumming spot. Special entertainment. Singing waiters. Baked beans, beer and music.

**MULE FOR SALE**—Twenty-one years old and willing to work. Go to corner of Biscayne Boulevard and Flagler street and wait for Mable.

**Medieval Damsel** — "I hear ye fair Hortense is soon to name ye day.

**Second Medieval Damsel** — "Oh, yeah, as soon as her olde man can find ye knight."

### PRINCESS ZORAIDA

World's Greatest Egyptian Psychoanalyst who has just completed an engagement at the Chicago Century of Progress Exposition has opened beautiful studios at 210 HALCYON ARCADE No. 4. Thousands of Miamians will remember her by the help and sound advice given during her 10 years in this city.  
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BOB ROBINSON

and

VIRGINIA MARTIN

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## McPOOT DECLARES WAR ON GREEBY

### Objects To Greeby Appearing As Female Impersonator At The Scotch Club

"God I'm agin it," snorted Whoosh McPoot, champion hog caller and private barber to Mayor Sewell, as he strode irately up and down the living room of his sumptuous quarters in the comfort station of the courthouse.

"Aw, pipe down," grunted Uncle Bastardo McPoot, a Georgia relation via honeymoon error, who sat in a wheelbarrow picking his teeth with a railroad spike.

"Let him rave," suggested the reporter entering for his weekly load of hoocy, "What are you against his week Mr. McPoot?"

"I'm agin that bozo, R. Hammerhead Greeby, havin' his name put up in electric lights at the Scotch Club, he ain't no fee-male impersonator. Why, he ain't even no female."

"Mebby not," chortled Bastardo, "but he ain't no hee-male neither."

"I'd call him a G——"

"Never mind," shouted the reporter, "There may be ladies present."

"This'ud be a swell place fer a lady wouldn't it?" suggested Uncle Bastardo making a sly movement toward the reporter's change pocket.

"Is that so?" shrieked Mrs. Kutex McPoot entering from one of the booths lining the room, "Ain't I a lady?"

"I never heard no one accuse you of it," grunted Whoosh ducking just in time to avoid contact with a rocking chair neatly hurled by his better half.

"Just a moment folks," cried the reporter. "Let's eliminate this horse play and get down to brass tacks. What's this I hear about R. Hammerhead Greeby being headlined at the Scotch Club?"

"That Gorilla," yelped Whoosh, "has got himself a job doin' a fairy dance. He comes out in a short tailed dress and tries to act like a woman."

"He can't fool no one," explained Bastardo, "Almost any good man would find out the difference in five minutes."

"Haw," gulped Whoosh, "Bastardo is so dumb he wouldn't find it out for a week in a honeymoon sweet."

"Is that so," bawled Bastardo rubbing his stinging hand which had just been thoroughly slapped by the reporter, "I guess you've forgotten about them fellers up in Snatchit County, Georgia who rode you out of town on a rail because you couldn't tell the difference between a brunete, a blonde and a calf."

"Gentlemen, gentlemen," interrupted the reporter, "We are getting exactly no where."

"Was we goin' somewhere," shouted Whoosh jumping off of the horse hair sofa and making a grab for his hat, "I could use a hamburger with a slice of onion and a small tea-bone steak on it."

"Never mind that," snapped the reporter, "tell me more about this R. Hammerhead Greeby person and his famous impersonations."

"I've told you all there is to tell," said Whoosh, "The big four flusher has got himself a job doing a woman's work at the Scotch Club and something ought to be done about it. He oughta be run out of town."

"What for," queried the reporter.

"Fer violatin the Mann act mebby," lisped Whoosh.

"Don't you guys start no agitation against the Mann act," bel-lowed Mrs. McPoot sticking her head in the door, "Although it ain't never got me no man yet, I'm still hopin'."

"Whaddy you mean it ain't got you no man," shrieked Whoosh, "Am I a man or am I monkey?"

"You'r a monkey," roared Bastardo, "your grandma hung by her tail in a cocnut tree when your grandpa was courtin her."

"Don't you say nothing about my ancesters. My mother was a lady."

"Yeah," admitted Bastardo, "and your father was a traveling salesman."

The reporter took it on the lam when the melee started, pausing only long enough to retrieve his underwear which Bastardo had swiped during the excitement.

Customer: (In Red Cross) "Bring me some sardines."

Waitress: "Do you want them in a can?"

Customer: "Hell no, I'll eat 'em right here."

Isn't it funny when a guy takes a girl out and tries to teach her how to neck? —Necking was started long before he was born.

Different Sensation

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