

Rochester Public Library

OCT 1 - 1937

111 South Avenue  
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

# ASSEMBLYMAN FLAYS REPUBLICAN SET-UP!

FEATURE NEWS

NITE CLUB GOSSIP

*The*

# FLASH

10¢

SPORTS / THEATRES

SCREEN · RADIO

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 18, 1937

# WARD LEADERS TRUCE UDDERING!

## BRAIMAN ATTACKS TAX REPORT

One of the first guns was fired in the coming election battle Monday night at the Hotel Seneca, by Myer Braiman, Democratic Assemblyman running for re-election. Mr. Braiman's speech, salient points of which we present below, gave the taxpayers something to think about, especially the laboring class who really work for their money. Mr. Braiman said, in part:

"Each August the County of Monroe has published a list of the unpaid taxes on property in the county in the local newspapers at a cost of over \$45,000 annually. . . . On December 30th, 1936, the Board of Supervisors of Monroe County passed a resolution unanimously in which they implored the members of the Legislature from the county to introduce a bill doing away with the publication of this list and stating that it 'IS UNQUESTIONABLY A WASTE OF THE TAXPAYERS' MONEY.'

(Continued on page 3)

## Flash Enters Own Candidate



This is the way Mr. Flash stands during the coming election storm and strife. We bow low to the Independent Party for not including it in the picture.

## YOUNG BLOOD GOES TO WAR IN ELECTIONS

It's a dizzy situation, almost too torrid to handle and involves Democrats, Republicans and Independents alike, and here's the lowdown. Right now in each and every ward in this town, an aggressive group of young politicians are canvassing the districts in which they live, but not for the Democrats or Repubs. Oh, no.

(Continued on Page 5)

## MOTOR FAILS! GIRLS CAN'T WALK BACK

The old gag of running out of gas and the gal walking back was given a new slant recently, only the girl couldn't very well walk back as she happened to be 3 miles out on the lake when the "accident" happened. The villain in the piece is quite well known at a little place out on Lake Avenue

(Continued on Page 6)



## NEW RACKETS '101' Cut To '95'

(Continued from Page 12)

of soap and cut it into small pieces about an inch square, and then go into a crockery store and purchase a cup and saucer edged in gold. The lay-out is now completed and the operation is about to begin.

They then pick out the residential section of the town, small houses are the "play," apartments are out, due to the fact that the supts. are too inquisitive. A knock on the door brings the lady of the house at your service and the spiel begins.

"Good morning, Madam, I am from the So and So Soap Co., we are putting on an advertising campaign. No, Madam, we are not selling anything, in fact you see we are giving away a free set of dishes to our patrons, this costs you nothing at all. The "set" contains 12 large plates, 12 saucers and 12 cups in all, making a complete set of 36. This cup and saucer that I have in my hand are samples of this set."

(They push the cup and saucer into the lady's hands, she fondles them and has to admit she would love to have a set of them. The spiel continues.)

"Now, madam, all we ask of you is to try this little sample bar of soap, and after you find out the true value of our product, we know that you will be a steady customer."

"The only thing we ask of you is to pay the postage of this set of dishes, which is only 98 cents."

In view of the fact that the company is sending out thousands of sets it is necessary to have their agents collect the 98 cents from the patrons." Needless to say the woman pays.

On a good day an agent should at least sell himself for 20 bucks a day. There are several little tricks that will make this gag go over better, like carrying a note book, making little suggestions as to where the "lady" does her shopping, etc. . . .

## HOT FLASHES

A la Walter Winchell: ORVILLE ALLEN and his charming wife (formerly HELEN PHILLIPS of the late Junel) expect a blessed event . . . don't ask us when, cause we don't give away secrets . . . Also anticipating a bundle from Heaven are Mr. and Mrs. THOMAS LONG . . . And anticipating a kick in the pants: the editor for

Compliments of  
Russer's Market and  
Grocery  
Cor. Ames and Maple St.

## GAS and OIL

Central  
Service  
Station  
275 State St.  
Service With A Smile

## '101' Cut To '95'

Uncle Sam and his Federal Trade Commission went after the cleaning business in a big way last week. The Gardiner Manufacturing Co., makers of "101," popular washing fluid, agreed to discontinue representing the product as a sterilizer and kills germs; that it causes ivy and oak poisoning to disappear and will heal eczema and open sores, and that it deodorizes and disinfects, unless in connection with the latter claim users are directed to first thoroughly cleanse the surface to be deodorized or disinfected.

By agreeing to discontinue the above claims for its product, "101" has now "only 95 uses." How this will effect Rochester housewives is unknown, but it is generally believed the product always was used by the majority of women for washing purposes only.

The Roman Cleanser Company of Detroit also made certain stipulations with the government, regarding certain claims made for its product "Roman Cleanser." They will cease representing that it sterilizes combs, brushes and other articles, disinfects or deodorizes, unless this representation is limited to oxidizable germs or qualified by the statement that Roman Cleanser will not kill all germs, including their spores.

Also agreeing to cease misleading representations the R. L. Watkins Company, makers of Mulsified Coconut Oil Shampoo, will discontinue advertising their shampoo cannot injure the most tender scalp; that scientists say it is safe and the best preparation to use for healthy, beautiful hair, and that it restores to the hair natural oils and youthful beauty.

## STORK MAKES TWO TRIPS

Dame Nature plays many peculiar pranks on her unsuspecting children and last week she satisfied a most unusual whim by bringing twins into the world but giving them different birthdays. Down East in Camden, N. J., Philip and Robert Andress really are twins but they will never have the same birthday because Philip is 16 hours older than Robert and was born August 31st at 10 o'clock, while his brother Bob did not see the light of day until 2:11 on September 1st.

The twins were born to Mrs. Mary Elizabeth Andress, 24, wife of Jacob Andress, milkman at Barrington, a suburb of Camden. The twins with different birthdays are in excellent condition as is their mother, despite the fact that the stork had to make two trips to deliver them . . . or maybe he forget one of the boys and had to go back and get the other one.

printing this . . . MONA WISE is one gal we'd like to get acquainted with.

JOHN ROGER, the printer wearing the reddest tie we've seen this summer . . . TOM WOODS, ex. chief dep. sunning himself at the 4 Corners . . . BART BARTON, Casino mixologist, looks as if he's running a race with MACDOYLE for the biggest waistline . . . SWEENEY all perked up at the business over in the Times Square . . . GINGER GYSEL still around, all by her lonesome . . .

## Town Talk

A traveling salesman stopped at a farmhouse and asked the farmer if he could accommodate him with room and board for the night. The rustic agreed to do so.

After the salesman had stored his car in the barn, he washed up and upon entering the house

As soon as dinner was over, the two women went into the parlor, and the farmer invited the salesman to come in also. The farmer asked the salesman if he would like to join in a little game and upon receiving a reply in the affirmative, explained, "Every night we all sit in the parlor and the first one to speak has to wash the dishes."

They all sat in the parlor for awhile with no one speaking, and the salesman who had been casting longing eyes at the daughter, went over and made love to her. After a while he did the same to the farmer's wife. The farmer sat watching the proceedings but refused to speak. However, after a while the salesman started looking at the farmer. Finally the latter got up and said, "No you don't. I'll wash the dishes."

Invisible man: (Try'n find him)  
MANAGER MOJE  
(Powers Caravansarie)

## Hot Papa Flames

A wealthy old boy who had been making love to his keptive for a number of years, threw her aside when she thoughtlessly permitted herself to make a wise-crack at his expense.

The elderly gent was offering the goldigger a cup of tea in a midtown apartment when suddenly he began to get screwy—that is to say, poetic.

"A kiss, my dear," cooed the ancient, "is one of the best ways of expressing affection for another. It speaks volumes."

A wise grin appeared on the painted face of the pretty and she observed knowingly, "Believe me baby, a lot of your volumes should be blue-penciled."

And now the old boy has kept away for a couple of weeks, but, as the goldigger says with a wise smile, "He'll come back!"

## SHADY GAL'S IN SHADY DENS

The shady ladies of the evening, who belong to the world's oldest profession, are hitting it off with a great big bang. There's no depression in certain wards which are supplanting the old Fourth in doubtful prominence as the big tenderloin district and Barbary Coast.

When we came just so high to our teacher's knee, she always used to tell us that we'd never know anything unless we asked questions . . . though we can place our bets in safety that we won't need any answers.

Is it true that in a near uptown ward, everything is wide open? Are we wrong when we say that within the past week about two dozen dusky, dark complected sex sisters have been imported in town to operate in that district . . . though there were puhntly enough before they came?

And are the small storekeepers and property holders up in arms about it? Is it true the property owners were forced to call on the city manager before a certain joint was closed up?

We don't have to bother guessing the answers, you guess is probably better than ours, but it's possible they're easy enough to get for yourself.

This sheet is not suffering from any false puritanical airs. We've always maintained that vice in girl traffic is impossible to wipe out, and all the reformers and slip-shod crusaders never did any good . . . these places spring up like dandelions in various places in the city. But let's have a little sane, modern control and regulation.

The most unfortunate result of many of these types of places is that young boys seventeen and eighteen years of age frequent them, often getting a disease, and due to the shame and ignorance, unconsciously spread it to other places of this sort. . . .

## Flash Enters Own Candidate

Inasmuch as there seems to be some difficulty in gathering all the tickets together for the forthcoming elections, the management of The Flash have banged their heads together and decided to nominate a Demopublicandant candidate for Councilmaniac. Our nominee, the Hon. Cyrus Tippetwitch, after 14 hours of our w.k. third degree kindly consented to accept said nomination.

Our honorable candidate promises, if elected, to put a full bottle of milk on every back porch, sweet or butter, the milk we mean. In other words he promises to milk the City.

"My frrrands," thundered the Hon. Tippetwitch. "I promise you that when I am elected I will see that you have a 5c street car fare, subway trains running in the subway, free telephone service, lower taxes (CHEERS), a pot for every chicken, dancing in the streets, free marriage licenses (GROANS), five cent beers, floating power, free tips on the horses and longer tails on shirts."

With his customary modesty Tippetwitch declined to pose for the photographers so you voters may obtain cabinet size pictures of our candidate for a nickel apiece accompanied by 3 Lucky Strike wrappers including the original cigarettes.

The opening speech of his campaign will be heard at 3:30 a. m., September 21st over Station 2XGYMPY, Venizuela. Don't fail to miss this astounding address as

it will only consist of a lot of tripe anyway and should be over by noon of the following day.

All those friends who may wish to contribute to the support of our candidate can do so by sending their dimes via chain letter to the Demopublicandant Headquarters of The Flash not later than December the 20th, 1937, as we have a lot of Xmas presents to buy. If we don't raise more than \$2.65 we'll have to give up the whole thing and the Hon. Cyrus Tippetwitch will have to go back to being just plain Cy.

Remember our slogan: WE WILL MILK THE CITY. And walk don't stagger to the nearest polling booth and pull Tippetwitch's handle. Then run like H— We thank you one and all for your kind support.

## HOT FLASHES

The Kulkckerbocker Ave. LOUETTE family back from the Capitol City where they looked the situation over . . . Our hope for a speedy recovery to JACK (Maynard Strasse) WALKER . . . Belated congratulations to MR. & MRS. JAMES VENTURA . . . the reason, Twins . . . BETTY (Ace Cleaners) LASHBROOK altered her name to MRS KENNETH CARROLL last Labor Day . . .



## GOP Sponsor Kills Own Bill and Kicks Taxpayers in Face!

(Continued from Page 1)

"In accordance with this resolution Senator Rogers of the 46th District introduced such a bill in the Senate and the Assemblyman from the 5th Dist., who happened to be a Republican, introduced the companion bill, Senate Introductory No. 425, in the Assembly. The Senator's bill passed the Senate unanimously but the Assembly bill was referred to the Committee on Internal Affairs of which the sponsor of the bill, as well as myself, were members.



"On the last day the Assembly Committee functioned, this bill was considered and, much to my amazement, the sponsor of the bill voted to kill his own bill without offering any explanation. . . . an extended argument was offered, but to no avail. On

ed the members of the legislature from Monroe County to reintroduce the same measure. Copies of this resolution were again sent to all members of the legislature from Monroe County. In accordance with this resolution I put in a request on April 12th with the Rules Committee, which had at that time taken over the work of all standing committees, to report Senator Rogers bill out, MY REQUEST WAS HANDED BACK TO ME A FEW DAYS LATER WITH A NOTATION ON IT IN RED PENCIL "KILLED IN COMMITTEE." THE TAXPAYERS WERE STILL IN THE RED FOR THE COST OF PUBLICATION.

Subsequently the Republican Assemblyman from the first Assembly district introduced a bill, Assembly Introductory No. 2365, covering the levy and collection of taxes in Monroe County. This bill passed the Assembly and was then sent over to the Senate. At this juncture the Senators from the 45th and 46th districts and myself got together and amended this bill by inserting a provision doing away with the publication of the unpaid tax list. The bill passed the Senate as amended by a unanimous vote.

roll call the only who the of the Committee to vote for the reporting of this bill favorably was the only Democrat from Monroe County. Accordingly, the bill died a most unfortunate death in committee.

Apparently the Republican leadership of Monroe County believed in paying off the publisher of the Rochester papers for the space he gave them in his papers.

"THE WISHES OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF MONROE COUNTY, THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE, THE ASSOCIATION OF TOWNS, THE CITIZENS TAX LEAGUE AND THE TAXPAYERS AT LARGE WERE PUT ASIDE SO THAT A MILLIONAIRE PUBLISHER COULD HAVE 58 PAGES OF ADVERTISING IN THE FORM OF A PAY-OFF FROM THE TAXPAYERS WHO COULD NOT EVEN AFFORD TO PAY THEIR TAXES. (Capitals are ours)

Immediately after this action—or inaction—by the Committee, I telegraphed to the Board of Supervisors of Monroe County and advised them of what had taken place. At the next meeting of the Board of Supervisors which was on April first another resolution was offered in which the sponsor of the bill was flayed by the Republican Board of Supervisors and the Democratic Assemblyman praised by the same group. Imagine a Republican Board of Supervisors praising a Democratic Assemblyman! The resolution request-

## Narrow Minds Threaten News Boys' Living!

It has been reported to the Flash that several persons have written in to the daily papers objecting to the newsstands on the street corners of downtown Rochester, on the grounds that they are unsightly and obstruct the passage of pedestrians.

This comes as surprising news to us, we mean that there could be people living in such a fair-minded and cosmopolitan city as this that could take such a narrow-minded attitude.

These boys who own or lease these stands are making a living selling newspapers and magazines. Many of them are married and have families to support. They stand outside their kiosks all year 'round, in fair and foul weather, just for our convenience and every one of them has a cheery word and a ready smile no matter whether you are a steady customer or just a casual buyer.

They certainly don't make fabulous money and if their livelihood was taken away some of them would be in dire circumstances. We can safely say that the other newspapers and the news dealers are with us when we say: Let the newsboys stay and make an honest living on the street corners of Rochester.

Every day in the U. S. A. members of the bar, legal, and

## SKIRTS ARE UP AT ST. PAUL & MAIN!

It has been brought to the attention of the Flash by various and sundry members of the fair sex of Rochester that something be done, during the coming elections, regarding the high wind at the corner of St. Paul and Main. Now ordinarily we don't like to tell the local politicians what they should do but it seems only fair to the ladies who use this corner that this vitally important issue might well be included in one of the various party tickets.

The chief objection to this wind seems to be the fact that it is annoying, embarrassing (in more ways than one), and malicious. Several ladies have charged that it blows their skirts up showing their unmentionables and what-nots, thereby exposing their forms to the leering eyes of the male species, and there are a lot of them, and also they have been forced to spend more than they can afford on new unmentionables in order to keep up their standing with their more fortunate sisters.

It appears to us that the candidate who can find a way to divert this wind into another channel would insure the feminine votes of all the girls who are forced to use that corner. After all there is no earthly reason that the wind should blow only at that corner and the fact that more ladies pass that corner than any other corner leads us to believe that there is some spite work going on somewhere.

tively simple matter, and the other is to build a 200 foot wall along the Lake from Charlotte to Sea Breeze. Of course you boys would have to get together on the expense but that is just a minor matter and just think of the jobs either one of these projects would create. A less expensive method might be to build a wind tunnel at Andrews St. and confine the wind in the disused Journal Building where it could be drawn upon from time to time as extra wind is needed in different parts of the city.

Look after the ladies, boys, and they'll look after you. Of course those of you who have offices around this corner, just forget about the whole thing.

FRIDAY NITE IS THE NITE

BROWNIE'S FALL DEBUT

And to celebrate the occasion present

The MUSICAL ACES

"In Novelties In Swing Music"

These outstanding versatile musicians of stage and

chance, and follow the Mayor and

more divorce cases.

Rochester would be going back to the days when it was a mere village if these familiar landmarks were eliminated.

To say the least, the newsstands do give Rochester a slight touch of metropolitan atmosphere. It has been a common joke among traveling salesmen about the Kodak City being so smug, that the sidewalks are taken in at night.

## SPECIAL STUFF

WHEN I WAS A BOY, I read a lot, and so I now have to wear glasses. The other day I forgot to put them in my pocket and didn't realize it until I got downtown, when I did not have time to go back home after them. I got along all right until I had to drop into a phone booth to make a call. I found I could not read the fine print in the telephone directory, and went up to another fellow who was also waiting for a booth and asked him if he would look up my number for me. "I'm sorry, Buddy," he replied, "I'd like to help you, but I'm ignorant, too. I can't read, either!"

ROLAND.

I WAS STANDING in the crowded subway, and I couldn't get

fifth districts in Monroe County. If this is done the Democrats will be in control of both houses of the legislature and the taxpayers will get value received for their money instead of being kicked in the face as they have been by the Republican legislators from Monroe County.

New Home of the Flash, 200 Elwood Building

pletely eliminate St. Paul Boulevard which should be a compar-

away from a man who was sitting in front of me, trying to flirt with me. His knees were all over the place, and I froze him with an icy stare. Suddenly the train stopped with a jerk—and I found myself sitting on his lap. Was I embarrassed when he said, "I knew you'd fall for me sooner or later, Kiddo!"

A. T.

That vacation up in the wilds of Canada kept Loew's LESTER POLLOCK from having any further trouble with his belt or waistline.

fame come direct from a summer engagement at Oyster Bay, Long Island.

## Dinner Music

Supper Dancing Nite

Continuous entertainment at the meeting place of smart Rochester from the noon luncheon cocktail to the after-the-theatre nitecap.

BROWNIE'S MARBLE BAR & SUPPER CLUB

63 State St.

EFFICIENT CONFIDENTIAL SERVICE

The State Detective Bureau

829-839 GRANITE BLDG. ROCHESTER, N. Y.  
LICENSED AND BONDED BY THE STATE OF NEW YORK

PHONE STONE 162

NIGHTS AND SUNDAYS

Genesee 1796-M Glenwood 3441-M

Your Problems—Business, Personal, Criminal or Civil—Assured Efficient Treatment

PROTECTIVE SERVICE

Consultation Free

24 Hour Service



# ALL AROUND THE TOWN

Well . . . well . . . well . . . we're here again and to welcome your eyes we're greener than ever . . . we mean the paper not the staff . . . the first thing to greet our tired eyes was the comely Myra Garrison scurrying to work in the insurancorium . . . Winnie the Martindale reading for that new job in Indianapolis . . . Quinney Goodyear setting the pace selling accident policies (adv.)

Blondie Cutie, Loie Bush, learning how to cook at her sisters apt on Goodman Strasse . . . Offside to the Sister Bell-Ans are good for the digestion (Adv.) Aggie the Fox readying the Badminton Racquet, now that tennis is finito . . . Add cute couples the Bill Amans, Lucille and Bill to youse . . . Mighty Atom, Norm Stymus sporting a new Dodge since the wreck of the w.k. Ford . . . For a swellagan disposition and telling a mean fortune, see Evelyn Kopovitch, S.P.C. Ceer.

Busy lawyerman of the week, Al D'Amanda sporting a new apartment on Reynolds Strasse . . . done in the modernistic manner and all that . . . Millie Fitzgerald the comely Frau of the reboutable Steve proudly acclaiming that she at last learned to swim at the G. Valley Pool.

Bob Fisher, D. & C. ace scribe, sporting a new bunch of toggerly with a ten-mile visability limit . . . George Merchant, demon coal heaver, has transferred his affections from the Nusbaumery to the new College Inn . . . Eddie Teeplies no longer singing, "I Wish I Was in Peoria," must be that absence makes the heart grow fonder . . . for somebody else . . . Aside to Merwin Morehouse the Legalite: We've got your Xmas present all picked out already . . . guess what it is? . . . a new hat . . .

Joyce Clarke anklng along the boulevard . . . in a hurry . . . Young Skivington and his g.f. Jean have phffft . . . or else she's kiddin . . . Angelo Rose girding his loins for the forthcoming fray . . . and they're no mean loins ether . . . Andy (Powers) Campen wins promotion which goes to show that the hotel ma . . . its business . . . Harry the Bernatek . . . because Philipp is 16 hours . . . August 21st . . . and was b . . . while his brother Bob dia . . . the eight of day until 2:1 . . . on September 1st.

The only thing we ask of you . . . to pay the postage of this set . . . which is only 48 cents . . . In view of the fact that they . . . a trip to Bay City . . . What! No fish? . . . Norm Webb reading the West Coast travel folders . . . The Little Embassy Theater showing the way by being the first to bring back stage shows to Rochester . . . Dave Solomon plow in his way across the Front St. wilderness.

Inspector Collins photographs better than any cop on the force . . . To all youse guys and gals who called us up to find out where we were, we say: Thanks a million . . . and hope you like us . . . Maxie Nusbaum, in collaboration with ol' %10 Kramer reports that the Casino shows will be bigger and better than ever this season . . . Incidentally, Miss Dotty Preston, the pin ball hostess, plans to do an acrobatic dance with Mac Doyle on the 5th Saturday in September . . . A flock of comedy damsels around Rudner's druggery on Plymouth . . . They're from the Mechanic's Institute and veddy lovely too.

The Monroe County Liquor Dealer's Association held their annual shin-dig down at Louis Rund's last week and a swell time wts had by all . . . Mildred Martin of the 4 corners Waldorf would make a dandy gown model . . . Frank Placerean of the Century Theater says: "Why not give Margaret (Kodak) Evans and Bob Christman of Christman's Market, a few toots on their forthcoming marriage, Sept. 14th . . . well here they are: Toot-toot-toot . . . Gene Callon holding his w. k. annual clam bake in his Front St. Tavern next Sunaft . . . the ducats are \$1.25 but it will be well worth it as Bert Pellow will be in charge of the range.

Pauline Kull, the little lady who made every issue of the Flash, is losing weight and we can't decide whether its from dieting or love . . . Another Kodaker, Art Henderson, took unto himself a wife, the charming Edna Maine of Forbes Street . . . Harold (Cameraman) Lara's dotter Betty is well on the way to becoming one of the town's prettiest lassies . . . That attractive girl in the Waldorf every noon at 1 p. m. is Elizabeth Dunn and her eyebrows are the same shade of auburn as her hair . . . Louie Imhoff must have taken monkey glands . . . he's acting sooo young.

Handsome 'daddy' of the month: Ray Guppy the insuranceer . . . 'n is he the proud poppa? . . . Brownie's Marble Bar expects to open the fall season with a bang-up floor show the latter part of the month . . . Brother Art will continue to be "Ye Genial Host" . . . Howcome

they let those flesh shows run unmolested out at the Legion affair at Doud Post but the minute they opened at the Expo. (which isn't a very lively affair at best) they were closed? ? Wonder if Mayor Stanton and Julius Hoesterey knew beforehand what the Democrat & Chronicle headline writer was going to put over that strip of photos . . . Ticket, ticket, who's got the ticket.

Cass Henry is such a nice chap we think we should warn him about tipping his chair back so far while in Court . . . we'd hate to see him fallout of it . . . Margie Unterborn or rather Missus Birzee doesn't look any different, but then a little bird told us it happened a year ago . . . the merger we mean . . . Swell pix of Hank Cline in d. tt dept store.

The Missus Herb Bradley, brother Homer Winans and frau played Bango at the Murray Theatre Sat. nite but were not among the fifteen winners . . . better luck next Saturday, maybe you'll win part of the fifty smackers to be given as Bango prizes . . . James Spampinato, the realtor, goes the pin ball machines in a big way since he won a buck and a half for a nickel . . . Mike Cariola and Emmet Doyle bending their heads together at the Powers Sat. p. m. . .

Philo Vance Schwartzmeier, the w. k. umpire, is going in for some heavy reading lately . . . Missus Frank Henneberger and friends will soon have their card parties going in full swing . . . Danny (me boy) Tidings refuses to run this election . . . Danny gave us his title "Mayor of Santee Strasse to open a Gas Station on the corner of Felix Street and Dewey Avenoo." "There is nothing in politics for me," sez he . . . Congrats to Sam Camileo and the new missus, we are mailing you a copy of the Flash for a wedding present.

**The Bather**  
A glance about the quiet trees,  
That send their "ne" "ne" "sing;  
The droppin' . . .  
And awartly starts undressing,  
The skirt comes off, the slippers next;  
The filmy stockings shining,  
And one by one each garment soft,  
Upon the bank reclining.  
And last, a slip of lustrous pink,  
The white skin's gentle quiver;  
In nature's own, and all alone,  
She's ready for the river!

Henry (Taylor Instrument) Braun, is really trying to reduce, but refuses to take up horse back riding . . . George Simmons will pinch hit for brother Ray, becuz he returned to collitch . . . Sam (the great) Petite, can eat popcorn with one hand while he wipes the windshield with the other . . . no mean feat at that . . . Thanx to legalities Albert Truesdale, Matthew Kowalski, and Merwin Morehouse. We appreciate your interest and enthusiasm in the return of the Flash.

Owen Burnett and lady friend have been pitching woo at the moon, will it be wedding bells soon Owen? . . . Elmer Bieber and Marion Hill of Crouch Strasse have went and done it . . . She's going to change her name . . . Esther Saint, it will be misus Irving A. Haight . . . from now on . . . Offside to the three coppers, parked on Dewey Avenoo and Fower City Park in the wee hours of Thurs. morn, Spring is gone, save your love making for 1938 or better still phone us . . . We'll et you use our private office . . . maybe.

Norma Tibbits, the Golden Dream Girl, can't make up her mind when it comes to picking the new fur coat . . . anything but a bear skin is popular this season, Norma.

What's wrong with this? Katharine Hepburn writing an article in the D & C Sunday sheet on "How to be beautiful" . . . Harold (Fincher) Dalzell is back in circulation again girls . . . the big handsome brute . . . They say that Sam (Kodakguy) Tyler is an interesting addition to the sacred circle of the upper-crusters . . . socialities to youse . . . Iris Hay, the Odenbachtrass, has moved again . . . to Spring Strasse . . . Doctor J. Van Tuyl Levy, the fang yanker, operates with the minimum of pain, for which we say: Thanks . . . Swell definition of Love: "My heart hath a stone in its shoe." . . .

Don't forget that George (Sporting Goods) Mogridge is still doing business while his store front on State St. is being renovated . . . Cool, calm and collected: Harold Eppink, popular brokerman . . . Mary Cunneran is still arm in armin' it with the first b. f. she ever had, Max Sykes . . . Officer Woodward just happens to be one of the best traffic cops ever assigned to the 4 Corners . . . Dewey Bacon and Wesley Ribey, Monroe Savings Bankers, seem to take a great interest in the new front going up on State Strasse . . . Milly Fox, one of the Bonbrighter lassies, always has the ol' smile no matter what the weather's like.

Wonder if Margaret (Waldorf) Hart is in circulation, and if she is can we put in our bid? . . . George Muar, who runs the Frog Pond at Irondequoit Bay, has been serving the jumpers for many years and does he know how . . . Mr. and Mrs. Charles (Kodak Park) Houser moved into their new home on the Boulevard where they can see the lake all year 'round . . . Harry Rosenthal, assist. D. A., looking fit as a fiddle, and speaking of fiddles, Harry is one of the best fiddlers in the State . . . Mrs. Murphy, better half of Murphose the Powers, is about as cute a gal as ever st in the lobby . . .

Gordon Brown, WSAY maestro, is doing a real job putting our baby station over . . . and Mort Nusbaum is more pop. than he thinks during that "Timekeeper" hour in the a. m. . . Fred Allard, pop. prop. of the Bright Spot, has a noo ork girls, and they're plenty oke, too . . . Peppiety lawyer in town: Sammy De Pasquale, and a real kid . . . Benny Silverstein looking forward to a busy season at the H & Beerie . . . Juke Harris, pop. hatman, still ailing and we send our best wishes for a speedy recovery . . . The city twits can squawk all they want about D. A. O'Mara but Dan seems to be going alright to us . . . Wonder what an election would be like without the candidates calling each other nasty things? . . . It would be veddy uninteresting, we think . . .

Joe S. . . now on the Bowling new . . . Who was the d. t. waitress who just got married but couldn't work last Tuesday because she was soo cold? . . . Is Ruth Davidson still carrying the torch for that handsome young attorney? . . . Loneliest spot in town: Red Wing Stadium now that the boys have taken their heavy hearts home . . .

Mrs. Gabe Nahmlas is still in love with her husband after one whole year of married life . . . What is this world coming to anyway . . . Did you know that Peter (Catalis) Cedolina and his charming wife have just returned from their honeymoon . . . There's a reason for so many folks visiting Lang's Garden these days, The Rhythm Ramblers are there with the pop. Joe Cummings, Fifi Gay, Jerry Moore, The Dancing Buddy and The Flash from Harlem . . . We're not going to mention a certain newspaper publisher's name this week because we think he's been yanked over the coals enough and besides anyone whose clever enough to make a million bucks is always no good, according to those who can't make it.

Raymond Tindale and the missus have just about decided the political situation . . . Roland Tiffany is making plenty of trips to Buffalo, but we wonder if he really goes to see his brother . . . Up and coming legallite: Stephen S. Joy . . . Jovial lawyer of the week: Jerry Leonardo . . . Best sport of any week: Jim Morrissey . . . Personality personified: Stella Rizzo, Attorney Morehouse's girl Friday . . . Jessie Wilkinson and her "WILKYS" French salad dressing is causing a sensation . . .

**HOW TO TELL A PHONEY**  
This town has been flooded with phoney \$10 and \$20 bills, and plenty of the solid citizens who have been seeing that size bills are getting it in the neck and finding that the valuable long green is worth just so much paper. This sheet is going to do the citizenry a big favor. Anybody who is getting worried about their tens and twenties can solve the problem by just mailing said tens and twenties to the Flash Office, 200 Elwood Bldg. We will then have our man who handles tens and twenties look them over, and send you a letter telling you whether the dough is counterfeit or not.



# YOUNG BLOOD GOES TO WAR IN ELECTIONS

(Continued from Page 1)

For themselves. Believe it or not, the younguns refuse to be dictated to by any ward leader or party chieftain.

Why? Well, it seems that during last Winter, shortly after election, some of the up and coming voters were looking for jobs, not the \$5,000 bucks per year, sit on your — kind, but any kind of a job, that would pay them enough to live on. They reminded certain ward leaders they were promised this and that, but were handed the old runaround. "Now the time has come," the Walrus said, "to speak of many things," and the aggressives are doing just that, speaking of so many things they didn't get. They are not going to let anyone horse them around to believing they will get the moon if they vote "right."

This being an off year election (plenty off), the voting is expected to be light, at least as far as the city is concerned, and here's the nigger in the wood pile. The Stanton-Hoesterey contingent have been too quiet for either party's comfort, and showed they knew what it was all about when they refused to make a primary fight. Why? Is it because the fed-up voters in both parties, and this doesn't only mean the younger element, are going to take a

chance, and follow the Mayor and Hoesterey, who they think was good enough for the city in the past, may still be good enough for them to vote for?

A loud and raucous squawk is emanating from the direction of what is supposed to be the fair sex... neither party put a woman up for City Council or Assembly, (what with women serving on juries and in many cases being regarded as superior to men). How do they feel towards the politicians?

Is Harold Baker, city caretaker, through? A goodly number of Democrats refused to support the ticket at a meeting held in the Seneca Hotel way back in August, 1935, two years ago, if he wasn't removed. Since then their insistence on that point has grown stronger and they've entrenched in that "we'll fight it out" position. Big and little shot politicians are mad as hornets because of Bakers patronage system.

They claim he has kept Republicans and personal friends in jobs while many of the faithful were cold shouldered. On the other hand, business men report the city's borrowing power and financial status is better now than it has been in a couple of years of Sundays, and generously give Baker's management the credit.

Well, it's all too deep for us, so we pass it on to you for what its worth. Don Dailey and Boss Tom Broderick will have plenty of headaches between now and election, and that goes for Hoesterey and Stanton, not to mention the lbne wolf, Phil Arano-witz.

Now Home of the Flash,  
200 Elwood Building

# Xtry, Xtry!! 'Flash' Returns!!

## 20 GOOD REASONS FOR THE RETURN OF "THE FLASH"

- No. 1 BECAUSE—Whenever there's a public demand for anything the article is supplied, to wit: the phones have been clogged with calls from citizens who want to know what happened to the Flash, and begging for its return.
- No. 2 BECAUSE—What Rochester needs is a smile instead of a frown and folks have been going around glowering at each other since the Flash suspended publication.
- No. 3 BECAUSE—We honestly believe there is an urgent need for a newspaper in town, especially a sheet which is fair, impartial and newsy.
- No. 4 BECAUSE—One half always wants to know how the other half lives, but please remember that YOU make the news. We only print it. Just like a thermometer which doesn't make the temperature but just records it.
- No. 5 BECAUSE—We didn't know we had so many friends until we suspended publication.
- No. 6 BECAUSE—The newsboys will be able to make a few more shekels selling this sheet.
- No. 7 BECAUSE—We'll be able to make a few smackers ourselves, to help support our kids instead of them supporting us.
- No. 8 BECAUSE—The cold weather is coming on and we all need overcoats.
- No. 9 BECAUSE—The public have more than suspected that it didn't get all the facts, and the straight and honest interpretation of them.
- No. 10 BECAUSE—There is no other sheet in the state where you can <sup>aside to</sup> the real truth for a dime (no foolin').
- No. 11 BECAUSE—The members of the bar <sup>legal</sup> need more divorce cases.
- No. 12 BECAUSE—The doctors have had fewer cases of "e pluribus unum" (bad nerves to youse).
- No. 13 BECAUSE—All youse pipple need the lowdown on the candidates, that expect you to vote for them in November.
- No. 14 BECAUSE—The residents in Greece have been troubled with dust storms (hope they can see well enough to read this rag).
- No. 15 BECAUSE—All the younguns have been suffering with an inferior complex, they want to see their names in print.
- No. 16 BECAUSE—A lot of oldsters want to get some young ideas.
- No. 17 BECAUSE—This is the only sheet that gives the Waldorf free publicity. (The sign of the Red Apple.)
- No. 18 BECAUSE—The Union boys need some way of letting the public know about their doings.
- No. 19 BECAUSE—No matter who wins in the coming election, this will still be a "great" place to live in. (C. of C. please note.)
- No. 20 BECAUSE—We hope that you will again give us the same generous support you gave us before, for which we thank you one and all.

### WHO'S WHO IN THE 9TH

The confusion in political circles is getting worsen and worsen all the time; in fact, it's so bad over in the 9th Ward that some of the candidates are wondering whether or not they are really candidates, and, if so, what party, if any, has chosen them for the organization to support.

To you residents of the 9th Ward, we hope this will help clear up the sitchiation. Louis A. Mantione is the organization candidate for supervisor, and Dominic Del Vecchio is the organization candidate for constable. Now, don't fight, you're all nice boys, and whether or not you win the election we think you'll still live.

FRANK CUTALI'S  
**SPAGHETTERIA**  
Famous for Spaghetti & Chicken Cacciatore  
Since 1928  
38 ST. PAUL, opp. C. of C. MAIN 8888

## LEGION SHOW A SELL-OUT

An evening of real entertainment is in store for the boxing fans, when the boys of indescribable socking ability gather together for their mit slinging party Friday night at Edgerton Park, on the American Legion initial swat program.

Boxing enthusiasts predict the quick return of sure fire interest in boxing once again. All are convinced the galaxy of stars gathered for this program are by far the best bouts booked in Rochester in many years.

In Frankie Wallace, Cleveland flash, Rochesterians have an opportunity of seeing a fighter of real championship caliber. Lew Massey, Wallace's opponent, may be the stumbling block in Wallace's career, as he has met some of the best fighters in the country, and a win over Wallace is not unlikely.

The match between Rochester's own Al Traino and Pittsburgh's Eddie Zivic has increased immensely in interest. With the announcement of the match the fans thought Zivic's experience would be too much for Al, but after watching Traino workout in Billy Baird's gym, they concede a possibility of an upset. Ticket sales are reported heavy and a capacity crowd is expected. The success of this show will assure Rochester sport followers of other high class shows to follow. For reservations, call Main 5376.

## ONE MORE VERSION HOT FLASHES

Listen my daughter and you shall hear,  
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,  
In an automobile he parked one night,  
On a lonely road that was out of sight,  
Of the village and it's nearby farms,  
And started to necking the girl in his arms,  
Pretty soon up comes a cop,  
And tells him that his foolishness must stop,  
But Paul started his car and slammed it in gear,  
And down the road at right speed did tear,  
Around the bend at ninety-three,  
He hurled a ditch and struck a tree,  
A leg went here, an arm went there,  
Metal and flesh flew everywhere,  
So if you are invited to park, my dear,  
Think of the midnight ride of Paul Revere.

ART MANDARA the Spring St. tonsorial artiste is viddy proud of his new car... gives it a massage and hot towels every day and keeps it out of the sun...  
GEORGE NEIR's two sons are as smart as two whips and know all the answers... DOC LEVY the fang yanker keeping good hours and hitting the soft and downy before 1 a. m. ...

### ALL NEW ALL STAR SHOW

**JOE CUMMINGS**  
M. C. and Song Stylist  
**FIFI GAY**  
In Her Big Apple Dance  
**NORMA JAMIESON**  
Acrobatics  
**DANCING BUDDY**  
The Flash from Harlem and Others Plus  
**Rhythm Ramblers**  
In Liltng Dance Tunes

**Lang's Garden**  
330 North St. - Main 7983

## "Golden Dream Popcorn"

The famous "Popped in a Pool of Butter Popcorn" that you have heard so much about!

Don't Hesitate!

TRY A BOX TODAY

AT

**Murray Sweet Shoppe**

MURRAY THEATRE BLDG.

218 MURRAY ST.



# MOTOR FAILS! GIRLS CAN'T WALK BACK

(Continued from Page 1)

where they make film or cameras or something, where he works until the witching hour of midnight.

During the hot spell this boy and a friend of his acquired a fairly good sized cruiser which he parked down at Summerville. Now, lake cruising at night all by yourself is apt to become rather lonesome, so what do the amateur sailors do but invite two of the charming lassies who are also employed at the aforesaid place where they make film or something, to accompany them on a little cruise, after midnight.

Well, everything was lovely as they enjoyed the cooling breezes wafting across the wavelets until about three miles from shore the putt-putt refused to putt-putt anymore and left the two couples stranded over about 60 feet of water . . . and in the dark too. Our man who covers the waterfront was unable to find out how the four of them managed to get back to shore or what went on out there on the briny deep . . . but the fact remains that it was 6 o'clock in the morning when the weary sailors and sailoresses got the cruiser back to shore.

Maybe the motor suddenly came ph life again or maybe they all to and paddled the darn thing meaf which by dead reckoning motion just about take them four

its be the other hand maybe two couples were so interested whatever they were doing that the boat just drifted back all by itself. It seems that the gal's folks were not very impressed by the story of the broken down motor and neither was the sweetheart of the boy who works at the film plant. How she got wind of the affair he'll probably never know but just try to keep anything from a girl anyway.

The moral of this little tale is simply this: Never go out on the lake with a boy unless you take along a pair of oars, a gallon of gas, two flares and a collapsible boat . . . and a swimming suit.

## REMEMBER

You have a date Friday nite, September 17th to attend the gala fall opening at:

**BROWNIE'S MARBLE BAR**  
New Floor Show  
Orchestra Dancing



# ROCHESTER IN DOTS

The crack o'dawn . . . over the broad rim of the Memorial Bridge . . . lean stacks and dark piles of Eastman Kodak . . . etched against a pink sky . . . strange thoughts of suicide crowding one's head . . . from a downward glance at the misty gorge of the Genesee . . . few visitors realize until shown that Rochester's Main Street is built on a bridge . . . the city's Bowery, Front Street, receiving a manicure . . . something for the derelicts to watch . . . and wonder at . . . The town's oldest building, the City Hall Annex, get a bath . . . while the newest, Reynolds Arcade, needs one badly.

Three tallest men in town all tops in their profession . . . Mayor Stanton, Chief Copenhagen and Justice Van Voorhees . . . Meyer Jacobstein looks every inch a newspaperman . . . but was never connected with one until he went with the late Journal . . . Rochester's Greenwich Village, Spring Street, is losing a w.k. landmark in Jack Foran's place . . . he is remodeling in the mode moderne . . . with a horseshoe bar . . . Ace columnist Heinie Chune . . . beloved by all . . . passes friends by . . . unless yelled at . . . Joseph Ave. on Saturday night with . . . bloodless chickens . . . hanging in windows and . . . New York Central . . . interesting as a song . . . where the high and low . . . come and go . . . and disappear mysteriously into the city's map

. . . but alas . . . no actors among them.

Cobb's Hill . . . with its lovers . . . and watchful policemen . . . soon be cool enough for the parlor divan . . . Clinton Avenue . . . and the movie signs . . . with Odenbach's outshining them all . . . for beauty . . . Court and Monroe . . . the redlight district . . . or so they say . . . but try and find . . . the girls . . . Red Wing Stadium . . . at a nite game . . . is a pretty sight . . . with the boys in their spangles . . . running around . . . on the bluish gress; but dreary now . . .

What happened . . . to the conventions this year? . . . The politicians at the Power's Hotel . . . mulling things over . . . amid waving arms . . . and loud words . . . East Main . . . with the dusky lads and lassies . . . who always manage to dress well . . . in the face of adversity . . . Sommerville Boulevard . . . with its strange street-lights . . . which make one think . . . he is driving through a tunnel . . . and the Airport . . . over which hangs . . . a feeling of gloom . . . since the sudden death . . . of Clarence Robinson . . . but he went the way . . . he would have wished to go.

Second hand book-shops . . . with always some kids . . . and sometimes men . . . poring over . . . earmarked copies . . . of he Nudist Mags . . . the crowded bars in midtown . . . with dozens of youngsters . . . who are hardly dry . . . behind the ears . . . lapping up . . . five cent beers . . . Four Corners at noon . . . and busy lawyers . . . or we hope they're busy . . . dashing across . . . against the lights . . . but Jimmy Cuff . . . never dashes . . . and he's still a good lawyer . . .

# Sporty Spiel

Ritter Field, West Avenue, 10:45 a. m., Zutes vs. Hetzlers (first of title play for District League).

For many weeks the fadom of the Rochester District Softball League has awaited the scheduling of the Hetzlers and Zutes for the championship playoffs. This coming Sunday the two division winners will clash to mark what is expected to be the hardest fought campaign of any softball series in local history. Evenly matched in every department the two teams will present plenty of softball action for the audience. . . .

Dopesters, however, give the Zutes a slight edge to cop the title on the basis that the first half champions will have the ace moundsman Johnny Paprocki. Johnny won over twenty-five victories in his regular season work besides pitching the Daws to the State championship and a crack at the World's softball title in Chicago. . . .

Johnny Barnes, the veteran out-curve artist, is no slouch himself when it comes to compiling records. Barnes, in his ten seasons of heaving the "white pill" over the plate, has twirled the Hetzlers to six softball titles in the Powers & Vail and East Side loop. This year Johnny has, after a slow start, won the second half title of the Sunday circuit, besides winning the E. & V. loop flag last

Sunday morning. . . .

The cream of the umpiring staff of the Rochester's Umpires Association has been picked by League Commissioner Don Mattaro to handle the series. Morrie Van Graffan will call the balls and strikes in the first game of championship battle with Pete Manhold on the bases. Pilttere, Schwartzmier, Ivy VanGraffan and Ed Lipanki, are the others who will officiate in the title play. . . .

Hetzlers noted for their slugging ability will be in full force Sunday as their star first baseman Tommy Castle will be back to lead the hitting department, which includes Young, Meader, Fess and Valvano.

Bill Cox, U. of R. football coach is ready to get down to real business this season and expresses the hope that his squad will live up to his expectations . . . so do we . . . Don Ward, after shooting the pill around the links for a scant three months, is playing in the low 80's which should be some kind of a record. . . . Charlie McKenna was veddy disappointed last Sunaft but never mind, Charlie, the sun will shine again next year. . . . Next week we'll have some bowling news for all you keglng fans. . . . Until then, so-long.

Police Headquarters at six pee em . . . and all the dicks . . . checking in . . . and they're really good eggs . . . when you know them well . . . Iola Sanitarium . . . at midnight . . . is an eerie spot . . . when you're all alone . . . waiting for the bus . . . after seeing . . . a nurse home . . . but some of the nurses . . . are well worth it . . . We're at the city line . . . so that's all . . . for this week . . . -Goom-by

# THE FLASH

Published Weekly at 200 Elwood Bldg., Rochester, N. Y.

R. Laidlaw Hay, Editor.  
Editorial and Advertising Offices, 200 Elwood Bldg.

## CINEMA CHATTER

Joyce Compton came within bare inches of acute embarrassment this week when the dress she wore in a film scene was literally blown into shreds.

The comedienne was rehearsing a special song for "The Awful Truth," which co-stars Irene Dunne and Cary Grant. It is entitled "My Dreams Are Gone With the Wind," and as she sings it in a crowded night club setting, air valves concealed in the floor send jets of compressed air to swirl the gown up and around her figure.

As Joyce began the number, a too-zealous prop man was at the air tank. He turned the valve wide open. Streams of screaming air shot upward at a terrific pressure. Every seam in the dress was blown out, and only the presence of a nearby wardrobe woman with the actress' robe, saved Miss Compton from undue exposure.

Stars aren't the only movie folk with strange quirks of professional temperament. The prize in this department probably would go to the directors in a showdown, a survey indicates.

For instance: Wesley Ruggles invariably develops indigestion on the day a picture starts and suffers from it till the last scenes are taken. Robert Florey insists on having John Delich, an extra, in all his pictures, Rouben Mamoulian always opens a picture by ringing a certain desk bell which he brings for the purpose, Alexander Hall has worn the same suit on the first day of a picture for seven years, and Leo McCarey, like the veteran James Cruze, is superstitious about shaking hands while at work.

Probably the least superstitious of the directorial clan is Frank Lloyd, who started "Wells Fargo," which was listed as Production 1113, on a Friday with a black cat in the first scene.

## QUIET, PLEASE!



For the benefit of those who admired the little girl playing opposite George Raft in Paramount's powerful epic "Souls at Sea" we take pleasure in presenting her in an enchanting pose. She is Olympe Bradna, petite brunette still in her teens who came here from the Parisian "Follies Bergere." On the strength of her success, Olympe (pronounced O'lamp but nicknamed Limpy) will soon be starred in a picture of her own.

Say, all youse guys and gals who like good hard cider, the next time you crave some, ask for CHECKERBOARD CIDER and if you can't get it at your dealers call the Checkerboard Cider Mill, Victor, New York, or drop in for some when you're driving up that way. The cider is made from hand picked apples and the tax is paid by the Checkerboard Cider Mill. It is a legal drink and delicious when served ice-cold.

CHECKERBOARD CIDER MILL,  
(Advertisement) Victor, New York.







# Help Drive Sex Maniacs Out!

## 10 YEAR SEDUCER SUED

Frank Richey, 72, former Mayor and postmaster of Dowagiac, Mich., was made defendant today in a \$50,000 damage suit filed in Superior Court by Alice Graham, 35.

The suit charged seduction, Miss Graham, her attorney, Charles R. Aiken said, was a former resident of Dowagiac but now makes her home here.

The complaint alleged Richey, president of a Dowagiac milling company, seduced the woman Sept. 26, 1926 and that their relationship continued until Jan. 9, 1937.

The suit asked redress for damage to her character and for the loss of the support which Miss Graham alleged Richey had provided.

## HOT FLASHES

Wonder if HARRY (General Outdoor Ad) NEIBHUR remembers what happened at that Odenbach party . . . if he doesn't he should know that Buffalo BOB HALL was his friend in need . . . HARRY used to be quite a practical joker so they say and liked its business . . . Harry the Bernate

Let the ozone outta guy's fires . . . 'FUZZY' ROGERS the pop waiter back in harness again at Nusbaum's and still has the fringe on the grub-trap . . . A certain dark haired boy was heard asking about ANICE MAYETTE the blonde lovely with the tiny tootsies . . . well, wethink she's working in a d. t. credit jewelers . . . you're welcome . . . and speaking of jewelers they seem to be having some kind of a contest to see who can built the most gudgus store front.

## THOSE TELEPHONE RATES ARE TOO DARN HIGH!! So Says the Guy from Fairport Who Had To Pay Sixty-three Cents the Other Nite When Local Gal Called Him Up, and 'So Say We All

Those telephone rates which the Rochester Telephone Co. is dishing out are too darned high. This isn't news, but just everyday occurrences. Everybody knows the telephone rates are too high. They're always too high. They've always been too high and unless John Boylan, who's boss of the outfit, gets a wiggle on 'em, and starts shaving 'em they'll probably always be too darned high.

Even folks in Fairport are kicking about it. Take the case of that young gallant who comes over here twice a week to call on the Gal (oh, you're going to cover up their names again. . . Well what of it? . . . Nothing, only I'll bet it's a fake. . . No it isn't, it's the truth only we don't want to have her folks learn about it, or it may bust up the romance, because he hasn't

New Home of the Flash,  
200 Elwood Building

## Ads You'll Never See

### DRINK HOKELA-BELCHER EVERY MORNING!

Watch the Bubbles as they Flizz—Then Spill the Darn Thing on the Floor if You Want—Hokela-Belcher Relieves Pip, Corns, and Floating Kidney—You'll Need Rubber Heels if you Quaff this Tripey Concoction—Give the Wash Room a Break.

### SPEND YOUR SUMMER AT BUGHURST-IN-THE-PINES!

Make Merry Among Cool Breezes and Killer-Ants at This Depopulated Resort—Free Bathing, Free Wheeling, Free Lunch—Come and Join our Nudist Colony and Get Help with the Skins You'd Love to Touch—Our Mosquitoes Guaranteed Bigger and Better than at any Other Camp—Give 'Em a Bite!

### DON'T MISS OUR NEW RELEASE, "PINK PANTIES!"

You'll Love this Colossal, Terrific, Stupefying Picture—See Freta Yarbo at Her Worst—Enjoy Pili Yowell as He Rolls Dem Dreamy Eyes—Don't Miss the Necking Scene on the Night-Boat—Everything stup(id)endous, Sensational, Lousey—Stay Five Minutes, Then We Tank You'll Want to Go Home.

### ENJOY YOUR OUTINGS IN A 1948 STREAMLINED "FUDGE!"

The Last Word (We Fear) In Car Comfort—Floating Axles and Sanitary Plumbing Make our New Crate a Perfect Bust—Take Your Best Girl to Niagara and Forget All About Baggage—She'll "Falls" for You if You Drive Her to Desperation in a Fudge—Ask Ralph Stray—He Owns One, Lord Help Him—Ask Lou, Ask Gordon, Ask Anyone—You'll Get the Bum's Rush.

### GET A LOAD OF STATIC WITH OUR NEW MODEL "EAR-CRUSHERS"!

For the Lova Mike Put a Set-Up in Your Home—If You Have One—Has Magic Fly, Solid Spruce Case—Solid Ivory Buttons—Will Get All Foreign Cities, Including Greece—Hear II Duce Addressing His Dirty Shirts—Listen in on Shipwreck Kelly, Trigger Eye Dan and Beck Jenny—Hear the Birdies Sing as You Slap the Dials—Buy an Ear-Crusher and Get Crossed Out of the Block.

### SMOKE BORATED BUTTS—THEY OSSIFY!

Join the army of Nitwits and Puff this Dissatisfying Smoke—You're Tired of Your Old Headache—Get a New One—Borated Butts Guaranteed to Give You a Pain in the Neck—Ask Dad—He's fighting Shy of Them!

## AROUND TOWN

The boys are anxious to know where BOBBY UHLE, the red-headed tap dancer has disappeared to, and why . . . We don't have to worry about that two-thirds of a policeman stuff . . . the

boys in blue do a pretty fair job of taking care of Rochester . . . MARY WANAMAKER plenty worried over that accident . . . but it came out alright in the end, didn't it, Mary?

## DON'T LET GUYS LIKE THIS WALK THE STREETS

### Father Socks ONE Moron

Listen well, kiddies, 'cause here's a tale that leaves an aced stench in the nostrils. The FLASH didn't want to print this story, but is doing so because the parents of the little girl involved thought its publication might be of service.

We might as well start at the beginning. One night less than a couple of weeks ago, a Bus Driver, his wife and five-year-old daughter were dining at a restaurant on Dewey Ave. Everything went well until 11:30 P. M., when their meal was interrupted by a man about five feet eight inches tall, weighing about 160 pounds. He came over to their five-year-old daughter, and wanted her to go with him, saying he would buy her an ice cream cone; the little girl clung to her mother's dress. The father of the child passed the incident lightly, saying: "It's too late to get ice cream now, all the stores are closed." However, this was not enough of an excuse for the sex-starved nut. He again asked the little girl to go with him, this time taking her hand. The waiter, who happened to come in while this was all going on, intercepted, and took the intruder by the arm, out to the bar.

We wish we could end this story right here, but sad to relate, this maniac again tried to get in the dining room, and when stopped by the waiter, shouted: "Let me alone, that's my sister-in-law and her kid in there. I'm going in to see them." Well, this was more than the bus driver could stomach. Grabbing hold of the gink, he made him repeat what he told the waiter, and when the guy again claimed the mother of the little girl was his sister-in-law, he let him have it; in fact, he let him have it a great number of times, knocking him down, and making his face resemble a bowl of tripe.

The police were called and the sex nut was taken to the precinct, where he gave the name of "Mr. Bacon," claimed he meant no harm to the little girl. "I've got three kids of my

own, and I buy three stars' worth of ice cream every week for them," he said. Apparently the beating he received from the irate father sobered him up a bit, 'cause the police locked him up, and the following morning let him go without booking him on a morals charge. The father of the little girl went to the police court the next morning, expecting to see the bird facing at least a corruption of morals charge, but such was not the case. He had been let go in the precinct because he was considered a drunk and was "sun rised."

Well, all we have to say is if this guy reads this article he better scam out of that neighborhood. The father of the little girl promised the writer every time he saw this bird he would give him the beating of his life. Looks like the break he got in the police precinct will still end up with a stiffer sentence than if he had been put in the pen for a year. An irate father with two itching fists will always be patiently waiting for another chance to land those itching fists on his jaw.

The police are doing all they can to curb the activities of these screwballs, but they can't be everywhere at once, so it's up to the citizens to give them a hand when they get the chance and help drive these morons from our city.

## What's Doing & Who's Doing

LOIS (S. B. Roby Co.) BUSH Wherever does the crowd come back from the mountains . . . Mystery of the season: The oyster-colored Cord that drives up and down So. Plymouth Ave. nite after nite but why nobody knows . . . from when BABS ZARAMBA starts to play tennis? . . . MILLIE ATCHINSON is just about the most popular gal at Stromberg's, according to the male help.

## TELLING IT TO HIZZONER

Mary Bolan was taking a sun bath on the roof of her uptown residence last week when a couple of show-people came over to see her. They got to talking about a former chorus girl who had made good in a pretty big way.

"Yes," said the blonde Mary Bolan, nodding her head, "she made over a hundred thousand dollars on that love story of hers."

"What did she do—write a novel, a big play or what?" queried one of the visiting couple.

"Don't be silly!" returned her girl friend. "She told it to a judge.



# JEAN HARLOW POISONED!!

## DID HARLOW'S HAIR CAUSE HER DEATH?

(Continued from Page 12)

ing glory which swept her to the heights of stardom, that caused the film star's tragic death.

Through the courtesy of the New York State Chiropractic Society we are enabled to present a reasonable explanation of why this beautiful young actress, at the height of her career, should have developed uremic poisoning. The following facts should make all women sit up and take notice and hesitate before they tamper with the natural color of their hair.

**"DID POISONOUS HAIR DYE KILL JEAN HARLOW?"**

**ARE THOUSANDS OF OTHER WOMEN DAILY PLACING THEMSELVES IN GRAVE DANGER OF A SIMILAR FATE?**

"Yes!" answers this chemist, whose studies and experiences are wide and varied. The following facts are simple to understand, but shocking in their significance.

Miss Harlow in a comparatively short space of time had been a platinum blonde, a red-head and a brunette. In order to change the color of her hair and to retain the various shades before the camera she was forced to use large quantities of dyes, tints and bleaches. Many of these commonly used preparations contain extremely poisonous chemicals such as mercury, silver, bismuth and lead salts and oxides which are readily absorbed through the scalp, particularly when there are slight abrasions or scratches caused by vigorous brushing and combing.

In an effort to eliminate them from the body so that damage to the heart and brain may be lessened the kidneys are exposed to high concentrations of these poisons. Small dosages over a long period of time or large dosages over a short period cause acute nephritis, uremia or kidney inflammation. Some of these poisons may be detected in the blood a few

minutes after using, in the urine a little later. Obviously they are a real menace.

Since Jean Harlow died there have been widely different versions of how she contracted uremia, one publisher even going so far as to suggest that it was caused by sun bathing, a story which we hope will not cause frightened girls to scurry indoors at the first glimmer of a sun-beam or make mothers deprive their children of the health promoting rays of the sun.

It seems much more logical to believe that these grim and deadly poisons entered a deadly foothold in the film star's vital organs through the medium of her sensitive scalp.

Women should shun this menace which may have cost the life of beautiful Jean Harlow. The practice of dyeing and tinting the hair is unnatural, unnecessary and very often unsightly. The modern woman finds the road to health only by following the natural way of living.

## Smart Cracks from Smart Spots

**Nusbaum's Casino**  
"Where did you get all that money?"  
"Borrowed it from Phil."  
"But I thought he was pretty tight."  
"He was."

**Brownie's Marble Bar**  
"Every time you kiss me I feel like a better man."  
"Well, don't try to get to Heaven all in one night."

**Times Square**  
"Please, just one."  
"Nay, nay, sir."  
"Please, may I—"  
"Nay, nay."  
"Say, was your mother scared by a horse?"

**Lang's Garden**  
"You know, honey, I'll bet that music will make my grandmother turn over in her grave."  
"Why, what was she like?"  
"She was a hula dancer."

**Bardo's**  
"Down South we like our liquor hard and our women straight."  
"Up North we like our liquor straight and our women hard."

**Club Bartlett**  
She: "Don't please, there are germs in kisses."  
He: "S'alright, we've had enough alcohol to kill 'em."

**Allard's Grill**  
"Yeah, I'm a stickler for good manners. I beat up a guy the other night because he burped."  
"Why, was he at the dinner table?"  
"No, in my wife's clothes closet."

**Seneca Terrace**  
She: "The only time you think of me is when you're drunk."  
He: "Yesh, baby, I think of you constantly."

## Two Flash Columnists Eloped Last Night!

Two world-famous newspaper people, and favorites of Flash fans, were joined in holy wedlock last evening, and because of the fact that they are off on their honeymoon today, their columns will not be published until their return.

Mrs. Lizzie Lunk, whose "Advise To The Love Worn" has made lighter the burdens of lovers throughout this section of New York State, as well as the problems of many others, since the dear widow did not confine herself just to love questions, but answered 'em all, has made herself one of Flash's fans favorite feature writers.

The venerable Prof. Johosifat Artemus Gangrene, of Hammerhead School of Journalism, whose articles on "How to Write News," have become so popular with our readers, is also a favorite writer with Flash fans.

The two were married in the Little Church Around the Corner From Fairport late last evening, attended only by her father and two big brothers. The bride was dressed in her work clothes, and appropriately carried a bouquet of poison ivy. The father, who gave her away (practically throwing her at the Prof.) wore his overalls, spurs and high topped riding boots. The two brothers, dressed and acting as Bridesmaids, carried corsages of shotguns.

This wedding announcement will come as a distinct shock to Mr. Sidney Sourpuss, another of

Monroe County's leading columnists, the Flash's professional hater. A secret romance was believed to be budding between Mr. Sourpuss and Mrs. Lunk, and

seemed to be verified last week, when a letter written to her, from him, was published by error in this paper.

The happy couple left immediately after the ceremony in the Little Church Around the Corner, for a wedding trip of unknown destination, length and duration. They were accompanied to the city limits by a delegation from the sheriff's office, Police Headquarters and several constables. The posse (pardon us, we mean wedding party) which chased (of course we mean followed) the car marked "Just Married—Again" to the city limits, returned shortly afterwards, sans bride and groom, saying they were last seen going east to beat all hell. A general broadcast to all police officials of the state was sent out immediately. It seems that the eminent Prof., in traditional absent-minded professor style, had taken the minister's wife with him, instead of his new bride!!!

## HOT FLASHES

**WILMA SENZ**, the Glide St. lass, is going to become a nursegal . . . let us know when you're ready, Wilma, and we'll get sick . . . **RICHARD CALLAHAN** down to the Big Apple for a short visit . . . Pop, and pleasant salesgal from Forman's: **LILLIAN** (Plymouth Ave.) **BURKE**.

New Home of the Flash,  
200 Elwood Building

**Golden Grill**  
"I know what it is to be loved by a cave man."  
"Well, I suppose, dearie, when you were young there weren't any other kind."

**College Inn**  
"Are you going to the wedding, Rose?"  
"Why, Al, who's getting married?"  
"We are."



# When You Dine 'Out'

CONSULT THIS DIRECTORY

**Rogers Grill**  
FOR GOOD FOOD  
75 SPRING ST.

**DINE & DANCE**  
RED HOT MUSIC  
FISH FRY FRIDAY  
Chicken Dinner Saturday  
FLOOR SHOW Friday & Saturday  
**ZR-3**  
109-113 State St.

**NOW OPEN**  
ORCHESTRA  
Friday and Saturday Nites  
**SENECA TERRACE**  
100 DEWEY AVENUE  
**SUPPER CLUB**  
WATCH FOR  
ANNIVERSARY  
ANNOUNCEMENT

**BERT'S TAPROOM**  
FINEST FOOD  
All Legal Beverages  
Bert Falardeau, prop.  
Glenwood 7104  
1548-1550 LAKE AVE.

**HOTEL UNION**  
40 South Union Street  
DANCING  
ORCHESTRA FRI. and SAT.

**Pagano Grill**  
302 SCIO ST.  
SPAGHETTI 25c  
SQUARE DANCES  
Caller, "Red"  
Friday and Saturday Nights

**George's Frog Pond**  
IRONDEQUOIT BAY  
It's the Place to go for  
FROG LEG DINNER  
FISH PLATE  
Chili Con Carne  
Clams Any Style

Never a Dull Moment  
**Ken's Tavern**  
Buffalo Rd., near Howard  
**BLUE PIKE**  
FISH FRY  
FRIDAY NITE  
The "Smiling"  
Fred Allman's Orchestra

**HAPPY DAYS**  
Are Here Again  
At Genial  
**CHARLIE HELBERG'S**  
1260 North St. Main 8234  
FOR THE BEST  
In  
FOOD LIQUORS  
WINES BEERS

**ALLARD'S**  
"The Cool Spot on State St."  
SPECIAL ATTRACTION  
FRI. and SAT.  
ALL STAR  
FLOOR SHOW  
plus  
Eddie Moore's Orchestra  
252-254 STATE ST.



# SECRET SERVICE BOYS ON JOB !!

(Continued from Page 1)  
agents, assisted by the New York police, John Muller, 24, an architect, said to have designed the plates; Stephen Janik, a waiter who photographed the plates; Alexander Domberoski, who it is said was a colonel in the Polish Army, and Frank Tadiou, 21, also a waiter.

The almost perfect products of the band's intensive labors began to appear in four States last Spring which was about the time the Rochester banks began to be on a very sharp lookout for the bogus notes. There seems no doubt that the "queer dough" which turned up here was the work of this ring because the plant seized Friday is believed to be the source of plates for the bogus notes and revenue stamps which are sold to the "trade" for huge amounts, all along the Atlantic seaboard.

Secret Service agents are pressing their search for the ringleader of the band who is known to them and probably by the time you read this he will be safe behind bars.

Now that the equipment and the "experts" have been seized the bank boys will be able to let up on the eagle eye to a certain extent.

# "HE FLEW THRU THE AIR"

A Lake Ave. resident experienced a painful and embarrassing accident recently during a violent thunderstorm. It seems that the gentleman in question had repaired to his bathroom to read the evening paper in comfort as we all are in the habit of doing at times. He had finished the first page and was comfortably turning to the sporting section when the thunderstorm that caused all the trouble commenced to gather over his peaceful domicile.

The gentleman was totally unprepared for what was soon to happen to him for naturally the waist band of his pants was draped gracefully about his ankles. The thunder boomed and the lightning flashed and still he read on. But the storm took a turn for the worse and without warning a bolt of lightning suddenly took a notion to come down the plumbing connection which led directly to the gentleman's unprotected posterior.

He never knew what hit him until some time later but the force of the bolt or the shock propelled him violently from the seat of the throne right through the bathroom doorway and into the living room.

Our man who has the unpleasant chore of investigating these affairs was unable to find out who was in the room when the man burst upon them in a most exposing state of deshabille but the man was too darn scared to be embarrassed until he recovered from the rude shock of the bolt. We sincerely hope that his wife was not holding a ladies bridge party at the time or someone might have had their ace trumped.

We know the gentleman didn't make up the story, however, because he was forced to have new plumbing installed because the bolt split the pipe leading to the er-place where he was sitting at the time.

This little tale should serve as a warning to either get into bed when it thunders or else sit in a chair instead of the bath-room.

## ORPHANED

A wistful, little 8-year-old girl to-day is mourning the death of her parents, killed in a fatal air crash. It will be a long time before this child will smile again and it is not generally known that with her own saved pennies, Ann Emerson Strong, the daughter of Pritchard and Mrs. Strong, bought flowers and with her own tiny fingers fashioned them into floral pieces to place on the graves of her beloved parents.

Another little girl, the daughter of Mr. Judson, also killed in the crash, was crying her eyes out over the death of her father when little Ann Strong visited her. With the courage that only children possess she tried to comfort the bereaved girl. "You know," she said. "You still have your mummy but I lost both my Mummy and Daddy."

Let us hope that time will soon erase the grief from little Ann's bursting heart.

LOUIS RUND quite the man about town in the fall toggery . . . Charming matron of the week: MRS. RAY MARVIN . . . GERTRUDE HAZEL the ever pop, hair-dresser planning a trip to Adirondacks latter part of the month . . .

We bow low to JEAN BONNELL for spelling her moniker wrong . . . See the Nazareth gals are gathered around the Century Sweet Shoppe now that school has restarted . . . Wonder how MARJORIE (Gorsline St.)

# WAS MY FACERED!

I met a splendid man at a party, and, as he was pleasant, amusing, and good-looking, I was quite attracted to him. He asked if he might take me out some time, and we made a date to go dancing at one of the better grill rooms. We were stepping around on the floor, when I felt something tickling my feet. It was my step-ins.

RUTH H.

When I GOT MARRIED my wife and I left immediately to go on a honeymoon. I signed the register for us both and went up to our room. Soon there was a knock on the door. I opened it, and the manager said, "I'm sorry, but you'll have to leave. I have a wire from this girl's father saying that you're not married, but that if you'll bring her home, all will be forgiven." Her father had been dead for years; it was one of my "friends" playing a "joke" on us.

MATT.

ONE DAY I DRESSED UP in my sister's clothes, to rehearse a part in our high school graduation play. All the parts—even the women's—were being played by us boys. The doorbell rang, and not thinking of how I looked, with full makeup on, I dashed down to open the door. It was a contractor—a man whom I wanted to get a job with, after graduation. He looked at me in surprise, then turned away, remarking, "Well! And I niver suspected ye!" And I never could get him to let me explain.

M. D.

# We Say:

When the hi-way copper caught Cora and her boy friend spooning in his car, the boy passed out . . . he didn't faint, he passed out a fever.

Cora wouldn't get very far in a bank; she thinks withdrawal slips have something to do with strip poker.

Some men never know where their next meal is coming from, what with their wives always changing delicatessens.

Maiden's prayer: Dear Lord, I don't ask for anything, but please give Mother a son-in-law.

Joke: "Man, yo' sho is gettin' thin. Is you been on a diet?" "No. Just a honeymoon."

What the farmer said to the city gal: "To hell with the harvest; let's make Hey, hey."

Hitler just couldn't take it if he walked into a New York cafe and was greeted with "Hello, sucker."

Maybe things would be better for a lot of people if they learned the sign of the double-cross as well as they know the sign of the Cross.

LEWIS liked Noo Yawk? . . . JACK BARLOW was tickled to see his Daddy and Mummy again.

RUTH WEINERT, an ex-Girl Friday from way back, now working as correspondent for the Syracuse Journal . . . EARL CLAIR'S back to driving a car again after all that trouble.

New Home of the Flash, 200 Elwood Building

# Y.M.C.A. Short of CASH !!

(Continued from Page 1)  
The Sun Oil Co. knows its own business of course but it does seem that this particular corner has many disadvantages as a gas station and the only turn which can be made with any degree of safety is from Lake Avenue, going towards Driving Park, to say nothing of the number of already well established stations both on Lake and Driving Park.

A minute cut in the salaries of the higher officers of the Y would have undoubtedly taken care of this small amount annually or if

they didn't see fit to make this slight sacrifice, a nominal increase in rates of the different departments of the Y activities would have served the same purpose. \$1,200 a year amounts to only \$100 a month or \$25 a week, which seems an insignificant amount to warrant such a drastic change in the plan of the popular Maplewood branch.

Mr. Paviour said that this income will enable the Y to keep the building in better repair but it doesn't seem that \$25 a week will go very far in this direction.

# Have You Made The Armhole Test?

## HAVE YOU MADE THE ARM-HOLE TEST

Heretofore this unique method of discovering whether you have been offending or not has been very monotonous. Consisting as it did of taking that nitely sniff alone in the privacy of your boudoir you became so used to offending yourself that you didn't know for sure if you had IT or didn't have IT.

Now we have discovered a more practical method at which a most enjoyable evening may be spent and in which the whole family and any guests which may be drinking your cocktails, may participate. It is known as the "Sniff and Guess Who" game, and in Europe is fast replacing bridge, craps, rummy and nude bathing parties.

One player is chosen as "Bloodhound" and blindfolded in the center of the room. Then the players line up and the first one elevates his or her right arm (the left arm if the player is a south-paw) the armhole is held three feet from the Bloodhound's nose who inhales deeply and tries to identify the owner of the armhole. If correct he is awarded 15 points. Five points are deducted for every foot the armhole is brought nearer his nose and contact of the nose which the armhole is only counted as one point.

If any armhole is odorless then the owner of the armhole is awarded 25 points for good behaviour and players with no hair under the arm to aid the Bloodhound must be handicapped by starting at two feet from the nose instead of three.

"Sniff and Guess Who" is taking the country clubs by storm and is educational as well as entertaining. For further particulars and highlights on this new game write to the recreation director of the Department of Public Works.

25c and 35c DINNERS  
Sun. Chicken Dinner 40c  
U. S. RESTAURANT  
Open Day and Night  
Opp. General Hospital  
504 WEST MAIN ST.

## PROCLAMATION

WHEREAS, The FLASH, a high class publication, is celebrating its return as the leading newspaper of this fair community, it is well that the community at large and its citizens take cognizance of this great accomplishment for the public good and set aside a day for feasting and making merry.

WHEREAS, The FLASH unassisted, at great expense and with tireless effort made this beautiful city a safe and proper place to live in.

WHEREAS, The FLASH from time to time flashed its torch on some of the garbage heaps in the dark corners of Rochester, and the results speak (stink) for themselves, and

WHEREAS, The FLASH seeing the great necessity for its truth and sincerity hereby resumes publication to enable the citizens of Rochester to select the proper candidates for the high offices in its government.

NOW, THEREFORE, I, in my official capacity, declare the day of September 18th 1937, as FLASH DAY in Rochester and I herewith place my hand and seal with the vow that I will take a bath to commemorate the occasion, with this in mind I again place my hand and seal herewith and heretofore.

RT. HON. PROF. ETHELBERT ARCHIBALD INNITS, B. O.,  
City Uplifter O. O.

## HOT FLASHES

FOXY MORESS has fully recovered from those two bad operations . . . and looks full of the 3 V's again . . . Missus SOPHIE (S & S) PETERS is smiling again since her hubby left the hospital.

New Home of the Flash, 200 Elwood Building

## ATTENTION!

Since the Flash suspended publication several weeks ago you folks who entered the Flash Picture Puzzle Contest have no doubt been disappointed in the way it was recently handled. Due to lack of space and the coming elections we are terminating the contest with the exception of the letters. If you will send in your reasons on: Why you like the Flash, in 200 words or less, we will be pleased to judge the winners and award prizes very shortly thereafter.



# NUDIST QUEEN CURB OPINIONS WEARS PANTS!

(Continued from Page 12)  
tint of her body beautiful that they could not be distinguished from flesh at a short distance.

After hearing the testimony, Judge King Williamson turned to Prosecutor Frank O'Brien and said: "Frank, I want you to go and inspect Zorinne's show. If I were to go everybody would say . . . Well anyway, I think its best that I don't go."

Well the prosecutor attended the show and observed the dancer's curves flit past from a floorside table. Reporting back to Judge O'Brien said: "Her panties were visible when I saw her, but I can't tell what she wore or didn't wear previously."

Judge Williamson then decided that she had been guilty of exposing parts of her body which should be kept for the privacy of the boudoir and fined her \$100. Then to make matters worse the Directors of the Greater Texas and Pan American Exposition decided they had seen more than enough of the dancer and cancelled her contract.

Madder than the proverbial hater, Zorinne has filed suit in county court against the expo. officials, seeking a court order for her show to be allowed to continue . . . which only goes to show that there are blue-noses everywhere, even in Texas.

# Drunk!

There are many ways of determining whether a person is drunk and always a new method is being invented.

In Lansing, Michigan, if you become involved in an automobile accident and one of the native cops smell alcohol fumes coming from the radiator of your car then YOU are pronounced drunk.

In many cities, a suspect is required to walk the chalk line. In Detroit the police have devised just about the best system in use, if the prisoner demands the test.

In Clifton, N. J., city officials asked a witness to define drunkenness. "A man is drunk when he's lying in the gutter and he can't move," the witness replied.

In Rochester the cops are fair about the matter. If you're drunk here and do any damage or hurt anyone they do their duty, but if you're just tight and happy you'll get the breaks.

In Toledo, Ohio, Andrew Misciwiez is the first person to be fined for drunken cycling. A patrolman testified that he found the man riding a bicycle while intoxicated. Judge Homer Ramey couldn't find any law to cover drunken cyclists so he changed the charge to being drunk and disorderly and assessed the fine.

**Champion Mint-julep maker of the week:**  
**GEORGE PETTETT**  
Tommy Jenks' Bartender

Then there's the new Hula dancer who when she shim-mies shakes everything but her sugar daddy.

We thought we'd keep on swearing after we got married, but circumstances alter cusses.

Our girl is so popular that every time we stop before a red light it turns green because it can't accompany her.

Eddie says he gets nervous when his girl goes to the dentist. After he gets her pledged to secrecy, she gets in his chair and opens her mouth.

Then there is the southern girl who seems to think every parked machine is the biblical Ark. She's always yelling "Noah."

Then there's the doctor who told Mrs. McPherson to take three teaspoonsful of a certain medicine every three hours, whereupon she said it was impossible, one teaspoon was all she had in the house.

Cora's boy-friend is a sheriff, not an official, but a guy who says, "I've got money, girl-friend," and you'll get your sheriff, you're real nice."

Cora says her boy-friend must be a genius—he's always creating a sensation.

When the modern flapper sends a lot of her silken undies to the laundry, it's a sign that her clothes closet must be pretty dirty.

The iceman doesn't care about losing his tongs in the kitchen as long as he gets the range in the parlor.

The yokel who can't tell cod liver oil from castor oil learns the difference in the end.

New Home of the Flash,  
200 Elwood Building

## Raft Suffers From Realism

Victim of a little too much realism, George Raft recently went to Paramount studio's emergency hospital for treatment after undergoing a little old-fashioned torture a scene of "Souls at Sea."

Playing suspected slavers in the historical maritime saga, Raft and Gary Cooper were to be strung up by the thumbs by British naval officers. It was arranged, of course, that they'd be hoisted very gently and would hang there only a short time. But there was a slip-up.

The heavy cord attached to Raft's left thumb caught on a strut as he was being lowered after the scene, pulling him up sharply, and the thumb was jerked out of joint.

## Merry Xmas

Several of Rochester's more prominent citizens have called us on the phone and plucked our very heart-strings by asking us what we would like for Christmas. Of course it seems a little early for that sort of thing but it shows how well we stand in the city so we're printing a list of things we need and they can send them in marked: Do not open 'til Xmas.

We'd like Mr. Lovejoy of Eastman Kodak to give us the six top floors of the Camera Works for our editorial offices.

And we'd just love it if the publisher of the Rochester newspapers would give us the Journal presses to print the Flash with (and throw in a couple press-men).

And if he wants to, John Boylan can give us free telephone service for 1938.

Mr. D. B. Bonbright can send us a hundred shares of Ford Motors or even Eastman stock, we're not fussy.

We'll let Fred Odenbach off easy. All we would like from him is a \$50 meal ticket and a certain dark haired waitress to wait on us.

We'd like Chief Copenhagen to give us his nice white Safety Car. We don't want the car so much but we'd love to turn on that siren.

Guess that's about all, er—let's see, we've got a tie and a pair of sox, yeah, guess that's all and thanks a lot, boys, and a Merry Christmas.

## HOT FLASHES

We envy BOB SCOTT and his GRANNY, MRS. GEORGE BALL of Augustine St., for their trip to Paris for the Winter . . . Aside to BOBBY KARLEY: How are you, old timer? . . . since you went back to school? . . . LESTER PECK, the druggerman, getting a little grey around the temples . . . Time marches on . . . JOHN STONE, genial manager of Henchen's Bowling Hall, says the play has been brisk during the first week of the season.

# DANCER STRIPPED AND BEATEN!!

A pretty \$25-a-day film extra, 21-year-old Laura Lee, today (Sept. 13) accused a movie studio executive—reportedly close to one of the industry's foremost producers—of luring her at night to his office and knocking her unconscious, stripping off her clothing and attempting to ravish her.

The executive, now being hunted, was not named by the police, who said he was missing from his home and office.

At 3 A. M. Sunday, police received a telephone call saying there had been "a suicide" at the Schulberg offices. At 6th the studio gates they found Miss Lee, barefooted, blood spattered "and acting like a wildcat," according to Policeman E. A. Smith. "Go in there if you want to find out what happened," the girl shouted.

In the studio office, beside a davenport, police said they found Miss Lee's torn lingerie, her shoes and a blood-stained wallet containing a card bearing the missing executive's name.

"We went to the office to look for some papers he forgot, Miss Lee's story continued. "But he couldn't find them. Then he came up behind me and put his arms about me. I asked him to take me home. Something hit me on the back of my head and I lost consciousness. I woke up on the davenport. I was nude, except for my blouse, which was pulled over my head. I fought him and ran to the phone and called police. He came toward me and I hit him with the telephone. There was blood all over him in a minute and he ran from the office. I think he got in his car and drove away."

## ALL THE COMFORTS

We recently ran across a letter supposedly sent by an Alberta, Canada, farmer, that is too good to keep to ourselves. And it just goes to show what money will do, to somepeople. Here's the letter:

"Dear Mr. O'Connell:

I want to thank you for your check you sent me on the oil. Ever since you discovered oil on my farm and leased it from me, our whole family has sure been lucky.

"We just bought a new house in Montreal which has (this is no fooling) six rooms. One room we don't do nothing but eat in and we have different rooms for sleeping and cooking and another where we just sit around.

"I think the room where we have the most fun in is the one that's white all around and it has some places to wash in. There's one big place where two or three of us can wash all over at once. Over in the corner is another place where we wash our hands and face in and in the other corner is a special place where we wash our feet in. When we first moved in to this big house there was two lids on this, but we took them off and are using one for a doughboard. The other one makes a swell frame for grandpa's wedding picture."

Your friends,

ELMER AND MARTHA.

# LIQUOR LICENSE HOLDERS

Your legal notice . . . which must be published on two successive weeks, now taken care of at a minimum of inconvenience and cost . . . just call Main 5044 and our man will call in a jiffy.

# THE FLASH

200 ELWOOD BLDG.

MAIN 5044

JOE SARGENT'S  
SMOKE SHOP

249 East Ave.

Stone 2751



**YOU ASKED FOR IT,  
SO HERE IT IS!!**

FEATURE NEWS

NITE CLUB GOSSIP

*The*

**FLASH**

**10¢**

SPORTS & THEATRES

SCREEN-RADIO

12

ROCHESTER, N. Y., SEPTEMBER 18, 1937

# DUSKY GALS INVADE LOCAL VICE DENS!

Inside

## COMMUNITY CHEST BLAMED FOR Y.M.C.A. SHORTAGE

That the Y. M. C. A. is short of cash will no doubt be a surprise to many people in Rochester. The building of the gas station at the corner of Lake and Driving Park Avenues, which is causing a storm of protest from people living in that section, has brought forth the fact that the Y. has been forced to lease this land for the purpose of raising much needed revenue. Mr. E. A. Paviour, vice-president of the Y. M. C. A., owners of the land, states that the Sun Oil Co. has received a lease at \$1,200 a year, which figure seems a little screwy.

It would seem that the Y. could have devised some other way to raise a small amount like \$1,200 a year rather than destroy a cor-

ner which, for years has held a sentimental value for members of the Maplewood Y, and lent beauty to that section of Lake Avenue.

The blame for the necessity of leasing this ground has been placed, indirectly, on the Community Chest which has decreased its allotment for Y purposes and the people responsible for the financial income of the Y claim they had to look for other sources of income. To come right down to brass tacks the Y, after all a business concern, should really have no claim to any allotment from the Community Chest as the Chest no doubt can find other downright deserving causes for the distribution of its funds.

(Continued on Page 10)

## Secret Service Nabs Queer Money Makers

There's no stopping the Government boys once they get their noses on the trail as was evidenced when the U. S. Secret Service ripped open a counterfeiting ring which has flooded N. Y., N. J., Conn., and Pa., with bogus \$1, \$5, \$10, and \$20 notes

and certificates to amounts reaching six figures.

Forty-five gold and copper plates were seized, valued at \$36,000, which anyone will admit is going into business in a great big way. Four men were arrested by the

(Continued on Page 10)

## Jean Harlow Poisoned!!

### NOTICE!

In case you may be in doubt, this is The Flash, a weekly newspaper, which for our sake, we hope you will like. It is our aim to present the news in a manner which will be interesting to our readers and if we bring a smile to your lips we will be satisfied. We, as well as you, would rather build Rochester up than tear it down but when things happen that we think you ought to know, we will print the truth, but, without malice or wilful intention to do harm to anyone. This is our home as well as yours and we want you to like us, so, if you do, pass the good word along and we'll do our level best to make this paper well worth a dime.

Thanks.

## NEW RACKETS

One of the few rackets that seldom fail to yield a nice sum of money to the boys is the following:

They buy a popular brand

(Continued on Page 2)

## Chemist Reveals Cause of Death

Early in June movie fans throughout the nation were shocked by the news that the girl with the most famous hair in the world, the box-office favorite of millions, the beautiful Jean Harlow, had died. According to the newspaper reports, Miss Harlow succumbed, at the pitifully youthful age of 26, to a toxic condition of the blood in which the kidneys are incapable of removing poisonous substances from the blood, in medical terms, Uremia.

Now comes word from a famous biological chemist, Richard Harrison, that it was her gorgeous hair, the crown-

(Continued on Page 9)

## Nudist Queen Not Nude! Wears Pants, She Says

Zorine, the lady who calls herself "queen of the nudists," and who appeared here some time ago at 'Butch' Martin's Paradise Gardens, claimed recently in a Dallas, Texas, court that she was not really a nudist, but wore panties during her act.

The dancer's troubles started when Inspector E. B. McDonald haled Zorine into court for presenting a "lewd and indecent act." McDonald testified in court that he

had viewed the dancer from 20 to 40 feet and that she was absolutely in the nude.

Zorinne came back with the statement that at all times during her dance she wore panties and a brassiere of her own patent which allowed no indecent exposure. She said that the garments, if you could call them exactly that, fitted so closely and were so attuned to the delicate

(Continued on Page 11)