

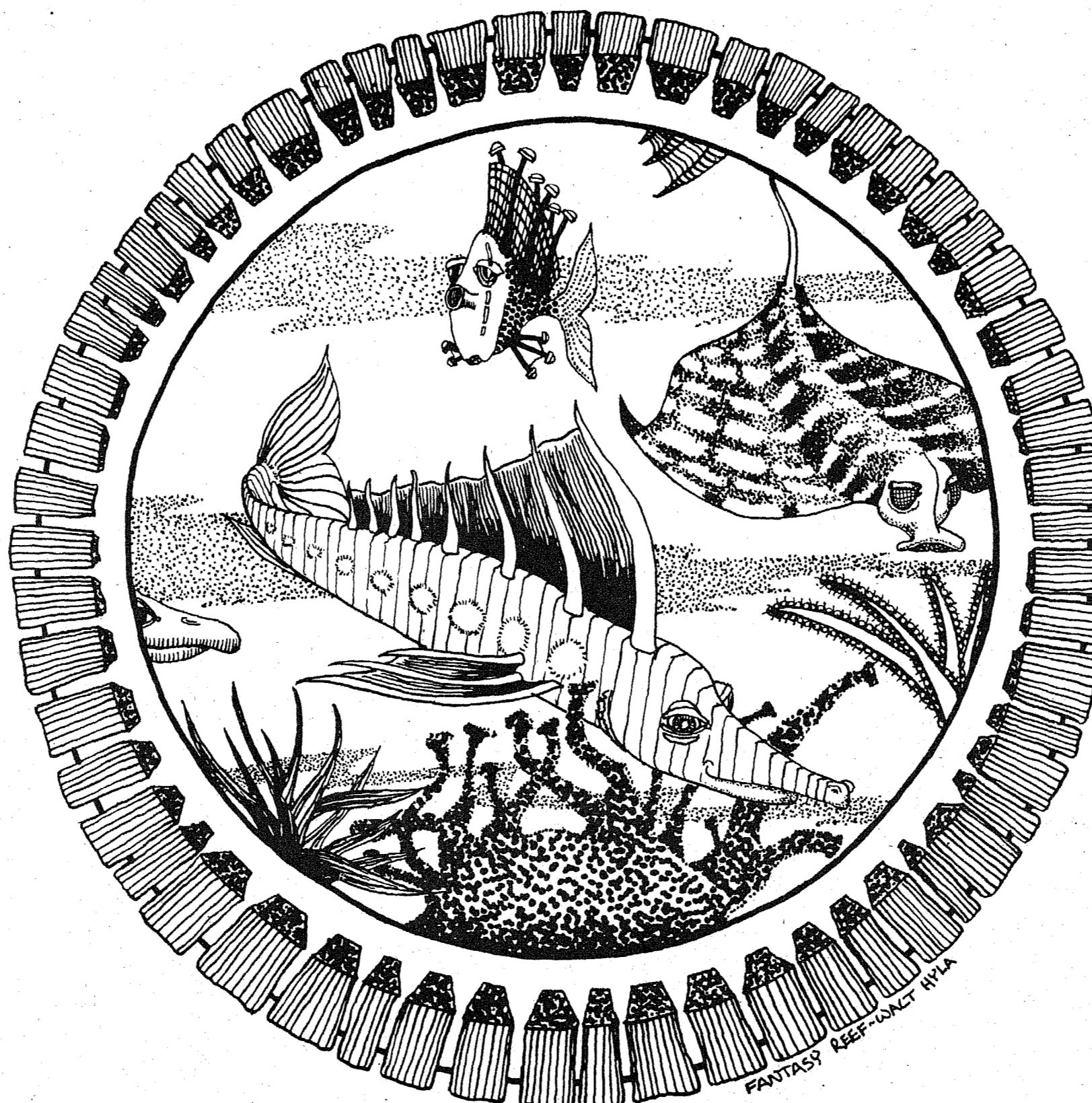
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Vol. V, No. VII

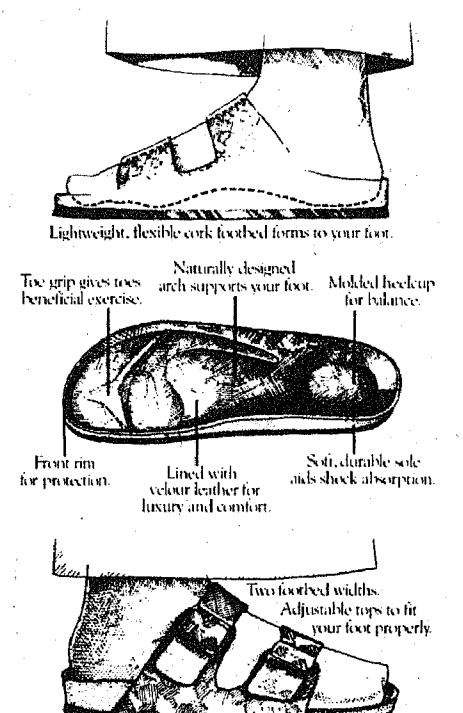
Key West, Florida

August 1980



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FROM THE EDITOR

Hello -

I went to California on a short trip in June and was asked by friends about how the people in Key West coped with all the refugees crowding our streets, sleeping in our doorways, etc. I have spoken with other people who travelled this summer and they have all reported the same questions being asked of them. Of course we all know that this unfortunate publicity has devastated our tourist industry. City Commissioner Richard Heyman spearheaded an effort to get the Small Business Administration to send representatives to Key West to help many of the small businessmen with emergency low cost loans and helped get state aid to combat the popular perception of Key West as an area under siege. The State paid for a group of travel writers from around the U.S. to come to Key West and see for themselves how tranquil it is here. It still appears to be deadly slow on Duval Street, but hopefully it will pick up in August when the better publicity gets disseminated.

In the aftermath of the tragic hit and run accident that killed popular bartender Linda Fields, a group of her friends got together to take steps to implement traffic safety reforms. Over 30 businesses have agreed to donate a percentage of their receipts from Friday, August 1 (Linda Field Day) which will be used to pursue and help fund the following reforms:

Posted speed limit in Old Town reduced to 20 m.p.h. with the exception of Eaton and Truman.

Speed bumps and additional stop signs erected to reinforce the speed limit. Eaton and Truman limited to automobile traffic.

A feasibility study for establishing federally funded bicycle paths.

Increased enforcement effort to deter speeders and drunk drivers. People are urged to attend the City Hall Commission meeting Monday August 4 at 8 P.M. to support these proposals.

I might add to the above paragraph that some fools in cars have been molesting cyclists by trying to cut them off or push

them from their bikes. I heard that one young mother, while riding with her child, was pushed off her bike and both mother and child could have been seriously hurt. This sort of "fooling around" is low and reprehensible. I think that some arrests are sorely overdue.

I'm sorry that the City Commissioners are not fighting harder to get the tract of Rest Beach that extends from the White Street Pier up to the townhouses. While I understand that the latest proposal for limited development on the beach generously offered to the city a strip of 100' from the pier eastward, I feel that part of the alacrity with which four of the commissioners voted to accept the proposal (Commissioner Graham voted against it) was based on a threat of a "costly" law suit that would be brought against the city if this developer were not permitted a variance to build. We pay taxes to have a City Attorney handle suits of this sort, and it is certainly a battle well worth fighting.

See you next month.

WH

Our cover artist this time is Walt Hyla, layout director for Solares Hill. His work may be seen at Guild Hall.

P.S. Eileen Moore Quinn, who wrote the feature article on "Fats" Navarro compiled a selected discography for Navarro fans. Due to lack of space in the article for it, I include it here.

Selected Discography

Billy Eckstine. Mr. B and The Band (Savoy/Savoy).
Fat Girl (Savoy/Savoy).
Prime Source (Blue Note/Blue Note).
Tadd Dameron, Fats Navarro, Good Bait (Riverside).
Saturday Night Swing Session (G.I. Records).
Charlie Parker Historical Masterpieces (Le Jazz Cool).
Fats Navarro (Milestone/Milestone).

Gil Ryder

by Mack Dryden Photo by Richard Marsh

THE CHANCES ARE very good that a "Gil Ryder Day" will never be proclaimed. There will be no statues of him in public squares, no portraits hanging in museums, no streets or bridges or even babies named after him.

In fact, the most appropriate honor to Gil Ryder might be a simple plaque erected on the first bridge to the Florida Keys from the mainland. The plaque could be dedicated to "The Unknown Soldier, without whom these islands might look like Detroit."

his shop window urging people to vote. "A group of us ganged up and got him out of jail," said Gil. "That one incident led to the formation of the Conch Party, which grew into the Greater Key West Citizens Association and then the Florida Keys Citizens Coalition."

SHORTLY AFTER THE jailing incident, a group of developers decided to build some high-rise apartment buildings on North Roosevelt Boulevard, which many saw as the start of an urban jungle.



Bill Westray, Marion Stevens, attorney Ed Johnson and Gil led a spirited battle against the high-rises that got national publicity and donations from all over the country. "We got a lot of excitement going," said Gil. "And we won the fight. It proves that you can fight city hall."

SINCE THAT SHOWDOWN, Gil and his fellows have been on the losing side more often than not. Despite their campaign against it, the new trans-Keys pipeline will apparently be built. And although plans aren't final, chances are the Truman Annex property will be developed to bring more people to Key West rather than to take better care of the ones already here.

"Most of the people I work with are basically against growth in the Keys," said Gil. "To a lot of people, that's like being against 'progress' or motherhood, but I don't think growth is necessarily progress. We retired here because Key West is a dead-end place, not jammed with apartment buildings and everything else that cities have."

"I THINK IT'S foolish to try to add to the population when all our problems are related to overcrowding. We should try to discourage people from settling in the Keys. The more people, the lower the standard of living. And if a full-scale hurricane were to hit the Keys, we would have a tremendous disaster."

"We fought against the pipeline be-

cause we don't want to bring New York to Key West. By the time they finish the pipeline, there'll be so many new places, so many hotels and motels and houses that they'll soak up all the new water.

"We're losing track of something that's very basic," he said. "People who live on small islands have to have ways of taking care of themselves. They have to be more self-reliant because they've chosen to break away from the mainland. I think every house should have a rainwater cistern, for example, some way to live if the water can't be brought in."

KEY WEST AND Monroe County are currently involved in a controversy over just what should happen on the 86 acres of prime waterfront property in Key West that the government is giving back to the people. The property is on the old Truman Annex to the Naval Base, which was recently de-activated. The federal government will turn the property over to either the city or county (or maybe both -- the formulas are complex), after a plan has been approved for the "highest and best use" of the property.

THE QUESTION THAT hasn't been answered is, "Best for whom?" It appears that if the present plans are implemented, the area will become a sort of Disneyland for high-rollers, complete with a resort hotel, a yacht basin, perhaps hundreds of expensive homes, and a tourist-oriented shopping mall.

"I think the Annex thing is going to be a disaster," said Gil. "They're going to get into a lot of trouble. I think they should turn it over to the people they took it from. It should go back to ordinary housing for ordinary people. Not necessarily public housing, but say houses for \$50,000 so people could buy their own homes."

"THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT using 30 acres for very expensive homes. At 16 per acre (the legal limit), that works out to 480 homes. Who's going to clean them? Not the owners, you can be sure of that. Not the blacks the property was taken from. So we'll welcome refugees, Haitians, Vietnamese, who'll do anything and live anywhere, as long as it's in America. Where do we put them? We have to put up more public housing, and we're already about to sink under public housing. I think we are our brothers' keepers, but we shouldn't go looking for people who need it and bring them in."

THE BLACK COMMUNITY adjacent to the Annex is already threatened by "block-busters" who come in and buy out low-income home-owners who can barely afford to pay taxes now. When the base is developed, property values in the community will skyrocket, and many more will be forced out, Gil predicts.

"The black community will be destroyed," he said matter-of-factly. "I think that will be a great loss to Key West. They are a very fine bunch of people. There's an ambience in those neighborhoods, a way of life we can

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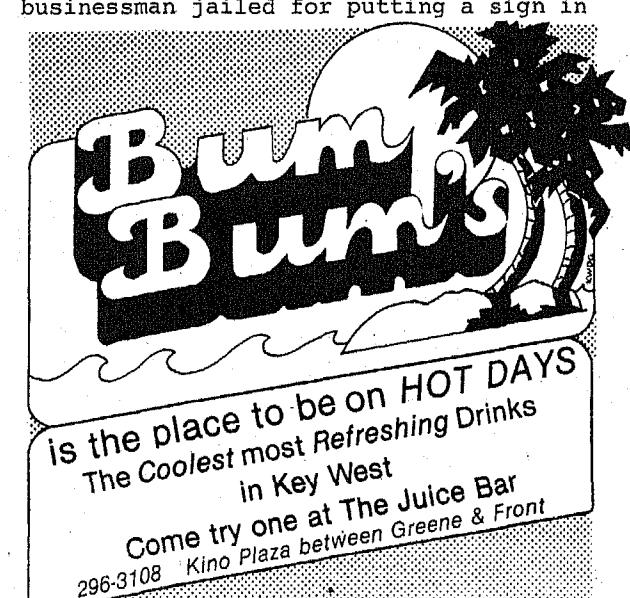
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EDITOR.....BILL HUCKEL
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT.....BILL WESTRAY

ART DIRECTION.....WALT HYLA

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envy. It's a friendly place. Now, block-busting is eating away at it, and even the preachers are trying to stop people from selling out. I don't think black people can assimilate a whole group of white people. It takes generations. So a culture is disappearing, and it'll be a great loss."

GIL'S ACTIVITIES IN the Truman Annex fight have earned him the respect and friendship of many blacks. One of his new friends is Chester Showard, a member of the Neighborhood Improvement Association and the Citizens for the Preservation of the Community. "Gil is a wonderful person," said Showard. "There's no limit to the things he'll try to do. We were both interested in what kind of impact the development of the base (Truman Annex) would have on the community, and from time to time we spoke out for and against the same things. So we invited him to some of our meetings."

"Gil can get his point across very well," said Showard. "He has no inhibitions about it. He's straight-forward, and he expresses himself so there'll be no room for misinterpretation. He's sincere and dependable. If he says he'll do something, he'll do it. I can't say enough about him. He's a beautiful person."

ANOTHER OF GIL'S closest friends is Bill Westray, who has earned the reputation of being one of the most effective pro-environment and anti-growth campaigners in the Keys. "Gil and I are driven by the same thing," said Westray, "and that's trying to keep the Florida Keys as much the same as possible. I do research, I take a set of facts and make sense out of them. Gil gets people to do things. His ability to attract people, to organize them and persuade them to work for something is outstanding. He writes a good letter, too. He gets right to the point. He has the ability to see through a maze of complexity and get to the heart of the problem."

GILBERT RYDER WAS born in 1913 on 52nd Street in Brooklyn. His ancestors immigrated from Holland in the 1600s, and he was the 13th generation born in Brooklyn. He went to school at four, "because my mother wanted to get me out from under her." The family moved around a lot within the city ("I suppose it was cheaper than paying the rent"), then bought a house in Queens in 1918. Gil's father, a real estate developer and insurance salesman, died in 1924 when Gil was 12, and Gil has been self-supporting ever since.

"I WENT TO work after school for a bootlegger," he said. "He had a drug-store for a front. During Prohibition, everybody was into booze the way everybody's into marijuana now. I carried alcohol in, swept up, and delivered booze. We had Silver Dollar Gin and Golden Wedding Rye. I worked 3 to 11 five days a week, and 7 a.m. until 11 p.m. on the weekends. I made \$5 a week in wages, but I got good tips because I delivered the stuff."

He got a job in a department store when he was 14, and started staying away from school. "But I was an avid reader, so I educated myself. They had an IQ test for all the kids about to go to high school, and I made the second highest score in the city. I've felt ever since that they don't mean much. It's more of a memory test of what you've read, and there were a lot smarter kids who didn't read as much as I did."

WHEN HE WAS 15, he went to work for R.G. Dunn & Co., now Dunn and Bradstreet, for \$17 a week. He quit to deliver soda water, and upped his earnings to about \$40 a week. In 1929, the start of the Great Depression, he went to work for Western Electric Co. In 1936, he and two of his fellow workers started organizing a labor union, and he was quickly transferred to another office in the city. He and Joe Byrne persisted, however, and the union ultimately became the National Association of Telephone

Equipment Workers. In 1946, Gil was elected president of the New York local, and he served on the board of directors and as a delegate.

"WE'D STRIKE FOR ten cents an hour," he said. "Once we were out for 17 weeks. It was rough. We didn't capitulate, but we almost did. The union was ultimately very successful."

His attitude toward labor unions has turned 180 degrees, however. "I'm not a union man now. I think the unions have become detrimental to workers as management was in the past. Now management gives in no matter how outlandish the demands and passes the cost on to the customer. So now you pay \$10,000 for a \$2,000 car and \$50,000 for a \$10,000 house. We bought a seven-room, two and a half story house in 1939 for \$3,750. Those days are long gone."

GIL LEFT WESTERN Electric in 1947, and went to work selling Rock-Wool house insulation. "Never had a door slammed in my face," he said. "People were very nice to me." Then he bought a boat and a rig to go clamming on South Bay, Long Island. He did well with it, then sold the business only months before the bay froze 14 inches thick.

In 1956, he and Adelaide moved to central Florida. Gil sold life insurance, did electrical and mechanical maintenance at a hospital in Sanford for seven years, then sold carpeting for Montgomery Ward. In 1971, he and Adelaide moved to Key West.

HE'S IN KEY WEST to stay, but at the rate property values and inflation are climbing, the Unknown Soldier has no thoughts about putting away his battle gear. "They keep bringing in more, more, and taxes are going to double and triple. If nobody fights it, it's just going to happen. It has to be fought every step of the way."

BONE KEY

by Gerald Semler

THE ANCHOR CHAIN rattled off the deck and it jerked downward from the weight as the heavy anchor broke the quiet surface of the water and settled on the sandy bottom. The golden sun was just rising and it reflected brightly off the Captain's helmet and the swords and breastplates of the conquistadores. The squeaking of the pulleys when the ropes slid through them was the only sound as the deck boats were being lowered down the side of the ship and then rested on the surface of the sea.

The great ship rose very slightly on the calm ocean while men worked themselves over the railings and into the gaping hulls of the smaller boats. Pushing away gently, the oarsmen set the rhythm of their rowing, and the boats moved swiftly away. Their destination was a thin line of sand and vegetation barely visible above the horizon.

JUST BELOW THE crystal clear water the coral formations seemed to rise upward from the bottom when the boats crossed the wide, shallow reef line that imperceptibly faded into the hard sandy flats that surrounded the island. Coconut palms with their crowns of curving leaves and narrow bending trunks could now be distinguished standing above the dark green vegetation that grew beyond the beach.

Approaching the shoreline the men could hear the wash of the gentle surf along its edge. They felt the sudden rush of the skiffs onto the shore as the wooden bottoms scraped hard against the coarse sand.

THE SPANISH CAPTAIN stepped out of the landing boat and walked with some hesitation for a short distance down the

beach. He stopped and stared intensely with piercing eyes as he surveyed a wide area of the lonely island's wild landscape. Then with a determined step, he marched across the short stretch of coral sand and through the thick green undergrowth. The others followed and immediately began to fan out some distance from each other.

Low scrub plants grew over most of the level island, and here and there the Spanish encountered marshy areas. Slowly moving away from the sea, they became increasingly aware of the heat. The men avoided a small shallow pond ringed by twisting mangroves and after passing a

cluster of large trees they once again met solid ground.

THEN A CALL came from one of the soldiers when he descended upon a rocky clearing, "Capitán! Capitán!" The others moved quickly toward the sound of his voice and soon a handful of conquistadores had gathered at his side.

SCATTERED AROUND THE clearing and underneath the entanglement of small trees that surrounded it were the skele-

tal remains of humans. Bleached skulls stared blankly up at the hot Florida sun and broken bones were lying about in such a manner as to give the impression that these had been a terrible struggle.

A soldier bent down and picked up a partially buried object that had caught his attention. It was an axe, a very crude stone axe. He could easily see that it was formed by the hands of one who knew only the ways of a primitive culture. In one word the Spaniard seemed to solve much of the mystery of the scene that was before them: "Indios," he almost whispered in a deep voice as he handed the ancient weapon to the soldier next to him to examine.

HOW LONG THESE bones had rested undisturbed from that day of battle or the reason that the battle itself had occurred, no one would ever really know. The Spaniards looked in silence for a moment at what was strewn before them, then abruptly the Captain turned and headed back in the direction of the boats on the beach.

The men remained quiet while they made their way towards the sea; the events of a past time seemed to linger in their thoughts. Moving faster now over the familiar terrain that only a short time ago was an island unknown, they sought the cool ocean breeze and the ship anchored in the blue water offshore that was their home.

THE CONQUISTADORES LOADED once more into the small boats and prepared to shove off from the shore. Just before stepping into the boat from an island to which he would never again return, the Captain pulled out a marker from his vest and unrolling a small chart that he had in his possession, located a point and next to it he hastily scribbled a name by which that small island, from this day on, would forever be known . . . Cayo Hueso.

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BY FRANCIS ELIZABETH
SIGNORELLI

YOU CAN SEE Key West more clearly from a distance.

When the month of May gets underway, there always just seems nothing anywhere near good on that island. After lunch at Claire with someone, you rerun all those petty pins of spite which came out. You hang up the telephone on somebody. You recognize the advance guards of annoyance when you sort through seven names and all will be so full of rocket fuel that you're afraid to call them after 9 p.m.

IT'S ISLAND SURFEIT when you start demolishing Key West's charms on post cards to Texas. You are just before noises in your head when you bite off one more fingernail and assert, "I'm through with Key West." Stated as of a cleansing powder which didn't come up to your standards. Like: "I'm through with Ajax."

A letter coming to you at the retreat in Highlands, N.C. prints out, "You're not only outside b. Key West. By your time of life, you have acquired a back pack of heavy obligations and triumphs--of offspring, love, being a gourmand, your egotism, disappointment of authorship, young raptures straining a not-young heart and probably two corns on your toes."

Up here, when you are not looking at something as dramatic as the oyster-grey cliffs walling the Culasaja gorge, you are looking at something as refreshing as verdant mountain shoulders enfolding the crystal waters of Satulah branch.

But, some kind of gim crack loyalty to Key West lingers. This is apparent at a Highlands street dance, sitting in the car while the mountain cloggers entertain. You surreptitiously bat with your

hands at the smoke from your companion's cigarette, squeezing shut your eyes. And perfect shadowbox images arise:

... RICHARD HEYMAN'S HAPPENINGS where you always run into this friend who is so naturally, so enthusiastically interested in herself that one doesn't mind. She is one of the few, shuffling about in the gallery crowd, who really looks at the pictures. Odd, that. Now, the one in that remarkable party frock is just tiresomely self absorbed ...

... Spanish does not quite belong to you (Que linda! "Vamos a cinema." "Tu madre!") but it's satisfying to hear little spurts of Cubanese as you ride along island lanes ...

... In the pal's apartment with the science fiction furniture overlooking the extravagant behavior of Key West Times Square ...

... Exchanging elegant lies and elegant truths with that lady friend out of the top drawer ...

... Deep sallies into communion with a favorite publisher, a convinced moralist, a philosopher, who achieves a bicycle eye view of Key West ...

... Audrey's insults, which everyone seeks out over Spanish bean soup ...

NOW, HOME TO the mountain cottage, gone midnight. A chilly breeze sweeps down from further up the mountain and knocks loose a rhododendron blossom. Cardinals resettle on a secret limb of the laurel tree. A baby chipmunk patters across the small glade.

I stand holding my book, one hand on the old green rocking chair. Book is Kingsley Amis' *One Fat Englishman*. And, that is sheen before my faintly homesick eyes a cold, late-rising moon, or is it a Key West afterglow?

SA

INACTION LINE: A KEY WEST INSTITUTION

by Helen Chapman

As a new service to our readers, we are inaugurating, in this issue, INACTION LINE. Any problems or questions of general interest will be considered, and we will try to help solve them.

-- Q.E.D.

A: Yes.

Q: I have been expecting an income tax refund of \$5,285.49 on my 1959 tax return. I have written the IRS many times over the past ten years, but never receive a reply. Can you help?

-- A. Capone

A: Ha, ha, ha, etc.

Q: I have consulted five different doctors concerning a fungus under my fingernails. They have not come up with a cure. Is this a common complaint in the tropics?

-- D. Bagge

A: Yes. It is known as dirt. A special treatment, called washing, a process incorporating soap and water, is very effective if applied daily.

Q: The city has been working on the sewer lines on my street for over eight months. I and my neighbors have complained regularly, but no explanation has been forthcoming. The waste has backed up so badly that the stench is unbearable. Can Inaction Line expedite completion of this work?

-- Holden R. Knose

A: We drove down your street to investigate and can honestly say that we've never seen lovelier lawns. Quite gripping.

Q: The bagboy at my supermarket broke a bottle of catsup after I had checked out. The manager refuses to replace it or refund my money. Can you get me my money? -- Mrs. Sava Couponne

A: Too late now, honey. You should have slipped in it and sued.

Q: My husband and I have been arguing on a subject of great importance. He claims that Rhett Butler was really

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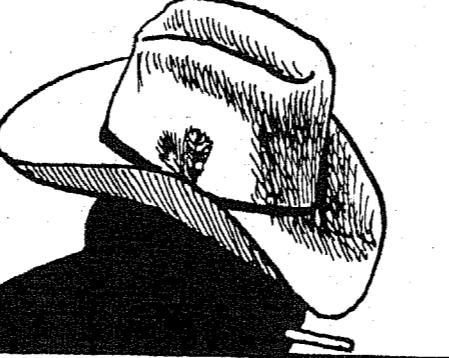
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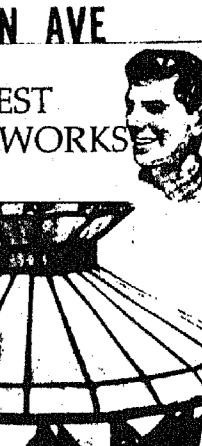
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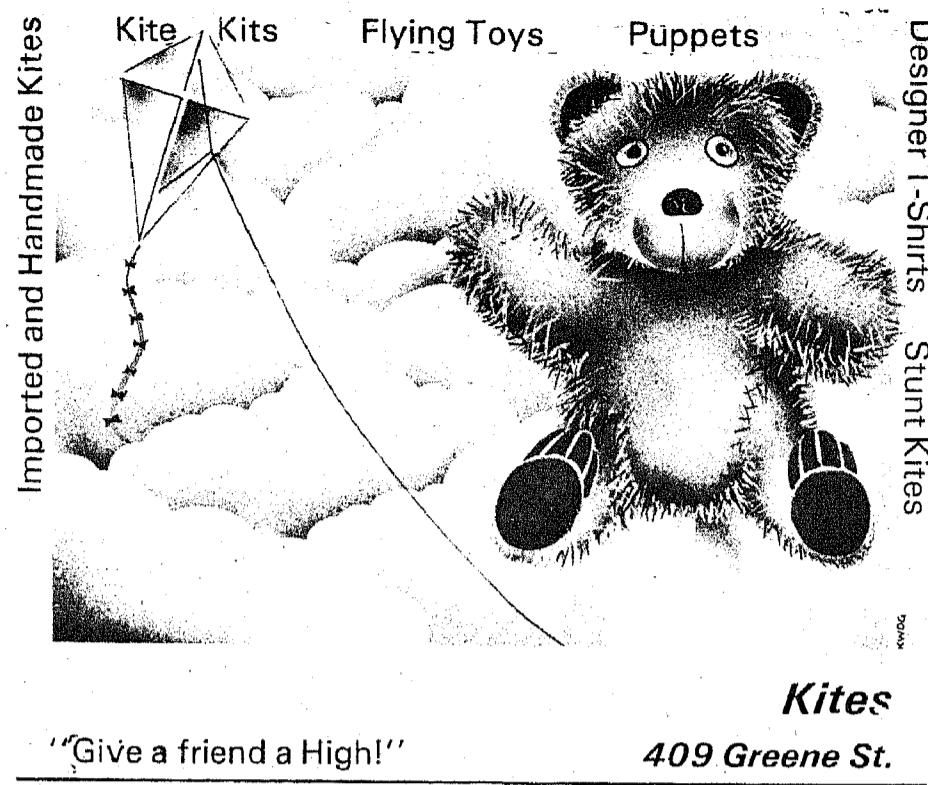
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notes & antic - dotes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

A CONDOMINIUM FOR NUDISTS has been planned for the Tampa area, according to a news story. Everybody has some knowledge, chiefly secondhand, about nudist colonies, beaches, camps, retreats, and even whole communities. But most of them, outside of European nudist-accepted resorts, are secluded or scattered in out-of-the-way locations on private property sites.

Now there seems to be a new trend where there will be a concentration under one roof of people sans clothing.

I CAN'T HELP but wonder if the rules of the usual nudist circles will be applied, even to workers on the property. Nobody, but nobody, as the slogan used to go, will be permitted to wear anything, not even "thong" suits, and the ruling would be strict, governing bellhops, switchboard operators, elevator attendants, dining and kitchen staff members--although cooks and chefs might possibly be permitted to tie on protective aprons while slaving over hot skillets.

Very likely all employees who are ordered to discard uniforms would have to undergo unusual training in order to become accustomed to being unclothed. Of course this might result in disclosure of otherwise hidden talents. The ability, for instance, to remain pokerfaced even with an over-all royal flush, and to retain calm composure under all circumstances dealing with customers also nude.

ONE SUPPOSES THAT the exception to the no-covering order would apply to doormen, since they would be in view of the outside population. Of course, an inner screen stage could be established, just beyond the outer portals. Anyway, a great deal of in-depth speculation on the problems of a nudist condominium may be viewed with the naked eye. (How else?)

A lot of hilarious incidents are bound to occur under such stripped conditions. Remember a movie starring the late Peter Sellers as the bashful hero who wanders into a nudist paradise, but encounters a hell of complications and a burden of duress because his garments were taken from him under the ruling that no clothing could be worn on the nudist camp property?

ALSO REMEMBER THAT 30 years ago, the general attitude here, either ingrained or acquired, was "No nudes is good nudes." So eyebrows were raised when mention was made of a secret nudist movement, an out-of-cover undercover attitude, by a very small group led by Kit and Kay Lawrence, pseudonyms for writer Larry Karns and his wife Tomi. Larry was an excellent writer, artist and photographer; Tomi was a model and also a photographer, and ran their studio. Both contributed to top national nudist publications, and had belonged to nudist clubs in Cleveland, Ohio, and elsewhere.

As advocates of nudism, stressing the health aspects, fresh air and sunshine, without any hampering apparel, the Karnses formed the nucleus of a local pioneer nudist retreat on an uninhabited island just off Key West. They began recruiting fans through friends elsewhere, who came here on visits, and by persuading the Key West liberal and more adventurous inhabitants to join them.

AS I BECAME better acquainted with Larry and Tomi, starting with his occasional and humorous contributions to my column in *The Key West Citizen*, "Conch Chowder," we became close friends. Over a period of several months I was finally

persuaded to at least inspect the nudist beachhead in its hideaway location. I had gleaned favorable impressions from several guests whose reports were glowing. "All very peaceful and charming," I was told. "You get used to the atmosphere without any problem."

THE REAL PERSUADER which fired my inclination to try a nudist setting was provided unintentionally by my friend and erstwhile journalism colleague at Ohio State University, then a celebrity and night club columnist, Earl Wilson. He often quipped that the class of 1930 produced not one, but two, saloon editors, an unusual achievement for such a staid seat of learning.

He described his visit to a nudist colony, and I decided to emulate him. I talked about the experiment with Larry and Tomi; they guaranteed that for the initial visit, at least, I would be the only guest at their camp that day.

SO, ARRANGEMENTS WERE made for me to go along on a Sunday. The day for the rendezvous dawned bright and sun-filled. There was more than a hint that progressing hours would be steaming with midsummer heat, and the thought of swimming, unencumbered by a bathing suit, had its appeal. I had been swimming under cover of night back in more innocent days when a group of "marrieds" at Antioch College risked reputations by going to swim in the pool below The Gorge, a rugged ravine off the campus. We felt very daring although we dived in with swim suits on and only took them off after nightfall.

Despite claims of all nudists that their inclination was health-motivated, I thought the custom smacked of exhibitionism. I was also still inhibited by Edwardian upbringing. Oh, I had discarded most of the prudery and considered myself liberated, as it were, but not to the point of public "display."

AT ANY RATE, I arrived at the Karns household that morning clad in a modest one piece swim suit and equipped with bath towels, a large beach towel, bathing cap, suntan oil, and what I hoped was a look of nonchalance. We set off up the highway in the Karns auto, towing their small outboard boat on its trailer. To this day, I don't know where the turnoff began, but it was somewhere off U.S. 1, near Boca Chica. We jolted over a barely visible track down to the water's edge.

The little craft was loaded with the gunwales with camping equipment, food supplies, ice container, and beach articles, as well as a bailing bucket, oars, and a long pole for getting through shallow places.

WE ALL WORE thick-soled footgear--a wise measure, since eventually we had to wade along narrow, bush-lined passages with shallow channels strewn with sea urchins and sharp rocks and shells.

Byron, a 75-pound dalmatian belonging to the Karns ménage, was aboard, too. He stood up in the prow, barking constantly, so there wasn't much chance for conversational exchange even when we glided along smoothly under motor power. And that was only for a limited period of about half an hour. We wound around in a labyrinth of deep, shady channels at first, then we reached shallow waterways and had to climb out to lighten the boat load. We pushed the boat along, with the keel just grazing the bottom. Only Byron remained aboard, in majestic dogdom.

MOSQUITOES AND MIDGEs or "no-see-ums" discovered us, and we frequently stopped guiding and shoving the boat through the trickle of sustaining water to roll in welcome wetness.

At long last, we reached an opening into deeper water and clambered back into the now freely floating hull. The outboard resumed its rhythmic pulse and we putt-putted along, swerving

Con't on p. 16

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EDITORIAL

BY BILL WESTRAY

ON FEBRUARY 6, 1979, the voters of Monroe County, Florida, voted YES to the following referendum question:

Should the FLORIDA KEYS AQUEDUCT AUTHORITY build a new pipeline and water treatment facility by accepting a loan of \$53,225,000.00 from FARMER'S

was much larger than needed and that the cost estimates of \$53,225,000 were substantially under-estimated. Our beliefs were based on careful review of FKAA's engineering study, *Engineering and Financial Report for FKAA*, prepared by Black, Crow and Eidness (BC&E) Inc., Engineers (now CH2M Hill) in April 1976 (revised May 1976 and August 1978) con-

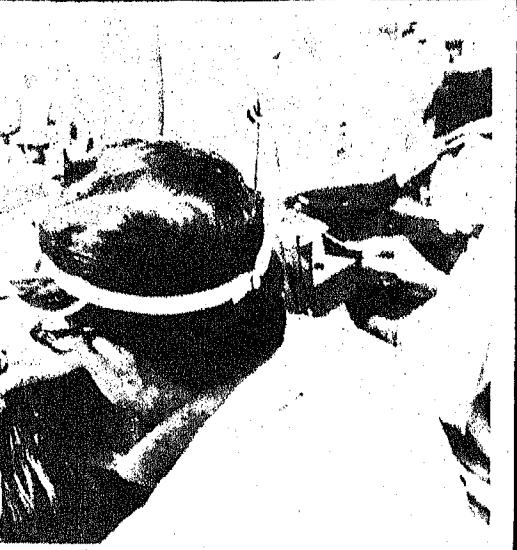
cerning the new pipeline and facilities. In March 1979, Solares Hill predicted flatly that the pipeline proposed by the FKAA Board and Staff, and approved by the voters, could not be built with the money authorized.

HOME ADMINISTRATION at 5% interest, amortized over 40 years, evidenced by a Revenue Bond to FARMER'S HOME ADMINISTRATION.

The vote was 6,853 FOR and 4,181 AGAINST. In its public notices announcing the referendum, the Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority (FKAA) further explained:

The funds from this loan, if authorized, are to be in addition to the present grants from the State of Florida and the U.S. Government to complete all construction of a pipeline from Florida City to Key West being 138 miles, and a pipe diameter of 36 inches from Florida City to Tavernier, a pipe diameter of 30 inches from Tavernier to Marathon, a pipe diameter of 24 inches from Marathon to Stock Island, and a new water treatment facility will be built at the well field in Florida City, Dade County, Florida.

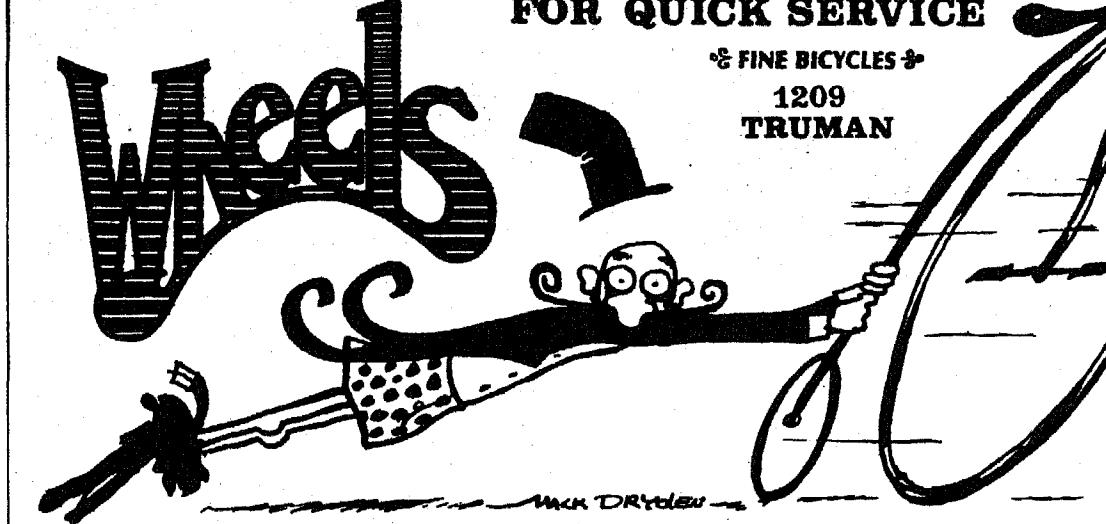
PRIOR TO THE referendum, Solares Hill argued that the proposed pipeline



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1,727,000 FC Treatment Plant 1,570,000
5,167,000 Sub Total FC Facilities 4,690,000
\$53,718,500 Sub Total Construction \$37,700,000

TOTAL LOAN NEEDED \$78,968,894
*Ocean Reef spur line reduced to 12" all the way instead of half 12" and half 16".

**Estimates.

2,600,000 Eng. & Inspect. 2,600,000
2,500,000 Interest on 800,000
Const. Loan
150,000 Legal & Admin. 150,000
2,500,000 Contingencies 650,000

AS CAN BE seen, the actual cost of the full project would be more than \$25 million over the estimate provided by the old FKAA Staff and approved by the voters at the referendum in February 1979. This fact of probable overrun had become apparent to consulting engineers

AS CAN BE SEEN, THE ACTUAL COST OF THE FULL PROJECT WOULD BE MORE THAN \$25 MILLION OVER THE ESTIMATE PROVIDED BY THE OLD FKAA STAFF AND APPROVED BY THE VOTERS AT THE REFERENDUM IN FEBRUARY 1979.

11,325,000 Refinance Bonds 11,325,000
\$72,793,500 TOTAL LOAN NEEDED \$53,225,000

IN JUNE 1980, all bids for the complete project were in, and the actual costs, based on the apparent low qualified bids, were as follows:

ACTUAL LOW BID COSTS FOR ENTIRE PROJECT
36" FC to TAV \$22,141,646
30" TAV to MTHN 16,920,566
24" MTHN to SI 10,842,902
12" to Ocean Reef 1,591,673 *
Sub Total Pipeline \$51,496,787
Fla. City Pumps) 3,107,107
FC Filters, Wells) 5,790,000
FC Treatment Plant 8,897,107
Sub Total FC Facilities \$60,393,894
Sub Total Construction \$60,393,894
Eng. & Inspection 2,600,000 **
Interest on Const. Loans 1,500,000 **
Legal & Admin. 150,000 **
Contingencies 3,000,000 **
Refinance Bonds 11,325,000

Greenleaf-Telesca early this year--the only question to be determined was how much the overrun would be. With all bids now in, we now know--\$25 MILLION!

Our March 1979 forecast was for overruns totaling about \$20 million. The difference between our estimate and the actual bids came primarily in the Water Treatment Plant for the Florida City facility. This exceeded our estimate by \$4,063,000, presumably because of specification changes between the original BC&E design and the Greenleaf-Telesca design.

The question is, where do we go from here?

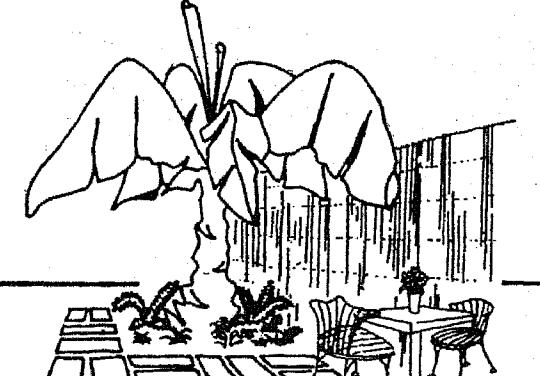
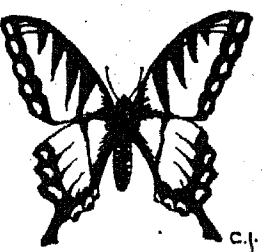
FOLLOWING AN INTENSIVE investigation by a team of water management professionals from the South Florida Water Management District (SFWMD), headed by Executive Director Jack Malloy, ordered to Key West by Governor Bob Graham this spring, the Monroe County Legislative Delegation, supported by the Governor, introduced legislation that was overwhelmingly adopted by the Florida Legislature and became law on June 11, 1980, which eliminated the existing FKAA Board of Directors and designated the SFWMD Board of Directors to replace them com-

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pletely until July 1983, and in some functions until July 1985.

THE FKAA TOP management staff that provided the public with the incorrect estimates have long since resigned. Both Executive Manager Claude Gehman and Financial Manager Jim Baker bailed out shortly after the referendum. Successor Dennis Wardlow struggled valiantly to live with the promises and problems inherited from predecessor Gehman, but Wardlow was not equipped professionally to deal with management of the complex, ailing system, and his Board of Directors did not see fit to provide him with qualified professional staff advisors. The action of the Florida Legislature in firing the Board and transferring FKAA management authority to SFWMD was the result.

Wardlow has been retained but reduced to the role of executive assistant. SFWMD Director Jack Malloy, who headed the investigation, has been appointed FKAA Executive Director. He presently divides his time between Key West and SFWMD headquarters at West Palm Beach.

JAMES JACKSON HAS been designated FKAA Deputy Executive Director and has become the resident manager of FKAA. Jackson is Resource Management Director of SFWMD. The chairman of the nine-member SFWMD Board is Stanley W. Hole, president of a Naples consulting engineering firm.

THE IMMEDIATE PROBLEMS facing the new FKAA management are:

• Keeping the system operating to meet current needs while building reserves to deal with emergencies and recurring higher peak demands.

• Deciding on the most acceptable options for temporary additional water. For example, to exercise an option to

buy a 3 million gallon per day (MGD) reverse osmosis (RO) plant to be installed at Stock Island at a purchase cost of \$7.9 million, or continue the new lease agreement at \$10.5 million for 3 years. The possible loan of a to-be-purchased State RO plant was reported to be part of this equation.

• Deciding whether to proceed with the entire pipeline and facility project, or to phase down or postpone certain elements of the project.

• Determining the total cost of the approved or modified project, and securing additional loan or grant funds to finance the package.

• Securing voter approval by referendum for bonds in excess of the amount (\$53,225,000) previously approved.

THUS FAR, THE new management has not had time to demonstrate any improvement in the system operations. The desalination plant, the RO plant and even the Florida City well facility have suffered casualties and shutdowns that have kept reserves dangerously low. It has been necessary to reduce system pressure to 20 psi (pounds per square inch) to conserve water, and this has deprived many residences on the second floor and above, of any water at all at times.

The decision on temporary additional water has been reduced to whether to lease or buy the 3 MGD RO plant presently being fabricated by Water Systems Associates, according to Malloy. Foundation pilings have been drilled and poured at the Stock Island site next to the desal plant. Application has been made to State and Federal agencies for permit to discharge the brine from the RO plant into the channel waters.

According to Malloy, FKAA has secured an extension of the option period during which FKAA can decide to buy rather than lease the system. Malloy also stated that he was not aware of

any plan by the State to buy a portable RO plant, and that RO plants operating on seawater, as opposed to brackish water, are not available as portable or transportable packages.

REDUCING THE SCOPE of the new Water Treatment Plant (\$5,790,000) at Florida City, which was bid at about three times the engineering estimate, is being considered. The possibility of deferring construction of the 24" line from Seven Mile Bridge to Stock Island at a reduction of about \$7,724,000 is another possibility. Certain bridge crossings not funded by the Florida Department of Transportation (DOT) amounting to \$3,119,000 are required regardless. Postponing the 11-mile Ocean Reef spur at a savings of \$1.6 million is another possibility. Malloy stated that they were looking at all possibilities, including the above. He added that their main objective was to get moving with all essential contracts without delay.

Determining the total loan funds needed to finance the approved package has been difficult, Malloy declared. The figure seems to change almost daily, even hourly, he confided. "We keep learning new things that change the result," he said. The possibility of not refinancing the old \$11,325,000 in bonded indebtedness (thus leaving the old bonds at their old interest rate) might release that amount for the construction contracts, and is being considered. This would make the entire FmHA loan of \$53 million available for contracts without having to hold a new referendum election, Malloy felt.

Malloy could not confirm the other miscellaneous costs of engineering, legal fees, construction loan interest and inspection fees. He did confirm the need for about \$3 million or 5% in contingency funds.

THE LEGISLATION WHICH established

the SFWMD Board as the FKAA Board, provides, "Bonds may be authorized by resolution of the Board of Directors which shall be adopted by a majority of all members thereof then in office, subject to approval of a majority of the electors of Monroe County voting in a referendum election called by the Board of Directors."

Reviewing the language of the 1979 referendum, it would appear that FKAA could defer the bond refinancing and proceed to use all of the \$53 million authorized, for contract purposes, without another referendum. If, however, the FKAA Board should decide to increase the FmHA loan to about \$65 million as has been offered, and finance repayment by a Revenue Bond in that amount to FmHA, then it appears that a new referendum would be required.

Should a referendum be required, it must be called for by the SFWMD Board. Normally, the Supervisor of Elections requires about 35 days prior to an election to place a referendum question on a ballot. Billy Freeman, Monroe County Election Supervisor, said that approval by the Monroe County Commission would also be required before an FKAA referendum could be placed on the ballot. Thus, it appears that if the SFWMD should decide on a referendum at its August 8 meeting, it could be voted on either at the second primary on October 7, or the general election on November 4.

AT THIS TIME, it appears that FKAA Staff is inclined toward using all the available \$53 million for construction and proceed with bond validation on that basis. A bond validation hearing has been scheduled on Circuit Judge Lester's calendar for August 8, the same day as the next SFWMD Board meeting. The latter meeting is scheduled to be held in City Hall starting with a workshop at 8:30 a.m. followed by a regular meeting at 1:30 p.m. Ample opportunity will be afforded for public participation and in-

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Notes con't from p. 9

to the north on the border of the Atlantic. After a few minutes, helmsman Karns called out in mock dramatics, "Land ahoy!" shut the motor off, and poled us into a charming little cove. We nosed on up a small, tidy, white sand beach, bordered with buttonwood and mangrove and unidentified bushes. The vista was lovely and secluded, with just the peaceful arc of beach facing open and outward to the ocean.

AS SOON AS the boat touched the shore, Byron leaped overboard and went racing inland. We followed, jumping into the foot or so of lapping waves and dragging the boat up on the slight slope of the beach, where Larry secured it to a large stake which had been driven deep into the sands on a previous trip.

We started to unload our paraphernalia. I assembled items to take ashore. My back was turned as I bent over the stern picking up gear, and so I failed to see my hosts actually carry their first burdens up to the camp site. When I did turn around I was startled. My hosts were there, stark naked.

I KNEW THIS was going to happen, but somehow the abruptness of the confrontation was unnerving. I picked up a box of table utensils and was about to step over the side of the boat. I was still wearing my swim suit.

"O no you don't!" Larry commanded. "You are now in nudist territory and you can't set foot here without removing your suit. The rules are strict, as we warned you. Off with your suit!" He twirled his mustache and tugged at his matching black goatee. Tomi added, "C'mon. You know the rules were set in advance. Don't be so silly!"

SO I SLOWLY peeled off my bathing suit and girded up my loins, as they say about acts of courage. Only mine were ungirded. In desperation I grabbed a pile of toweling and the utensil container. Holding the stuff in my arms clutched to my front, I trudged toward the camping point.

Under a buttonwood tree, there was a trestle table flanked by two long benches. The tree and leafy bushes provided some screening from the sunlight, but not from the eyes of my companions. Tomi called, "Just drop that stuff on the table. We'll go back for more."

RELUCTANTLY I RELEASED my shield of towels and whirled back to the boat. Tomi and I luggered the portable icebox to the table. Larry was busy setting up the grill over a hollowed-out pit. Tomi and I struggled to raise the sun umbrella and finally succeeded. We were perspiring after that effort, so I happily ran down to the water again and plunged in. I swam around and around until I was exhausted. Then, glad of the partial concealment afforded by the wavelets, I flopped down on my stomach and rested my head on my forearms, relaxed.

But not for long! The dalmatian decided he wanted to romp and came thrashing around. He kept pushing me with his paws, and to avoid being drowned in the less than a foot of sea, I scrambled to my feet and retreated further up toward the camp center, and again stretched out, backside sunnyside up.

BYRON REMAINED AT a distance then, far more interested in the preparation for eating. Larry squatted in the sand using his left hand to brush off insects and, with his right, toasting hotdogs above the grill fire. Tomi began removing food from the hamper.

I felt obligated to help, of course, even if it meant shuffling about exposed to full view. But when the meal was actually ready, and all articles set in place, I sat on the edge of one of the benches opposite my hosts and slid down as far as possible without disappearing completely beneath the

table's edge, thus concealing myself from the upper chest on down.

HAVE YOU EVER tried to eat with your chin practically in your plate and your body in an exaggerated slump? Well, don't. It simply doesn't work!

I kept slopping ketchup on my chin and dropping potato salad on my bronchial region. Tomi and Larry howled with laughter. After the futile try, and overcome by all that pre-luncheon activity, I swallowed my scruples and sat up in order to swallow the luncheon goodies.

After topping everything off with cookies and cold drinks, it was decided to explore the perimeter of the island. I maneuvered so that I walked behind Tomi and Larry. We picked up shells and bits of driftwood and examined the few wild flowers we discovered. But the sun's rays thrust spears of tropical heat at us with such intensity that we soon turned back to the shadier landing area. We lolled there for an hour, allowing time for the picnic repast to digest, before taking a final swim. Ironically, I scanned a book called, *The Sun Was My Undoing*.

AT THIS POINT, Byron set off a barrage of watchdog explosives, barking furiously. He had been wading around a bend of shoreline and came bounding back toward us with tremendous uproar. Larry motioned Tomi and me into the bushes with our towels and he stood guard at the cove wrapped in his own towel mat. I could see over the top of my hiding niche and so beheld a sailboat with half a dozen persons aboard approaching. Larry quickly retrieved a big red-lettered sign from the dinghy and held it aloft. The boat came about and sailed away again.

I examined the sign after the crisis was past. It read, in big glaring red letters: "Private Property. No Trespassing!" But I actually think it was Byron's ferocious stay-away warning which scared off the intruders.

WE EMERGED FROM our leafy bower with a penalty--mosquito bites! There had been no time to snatch up insect repellent. We decided to call it a day (What a day!) and besides, the suntan ointment had all been used up. I had already begun to feel the imprudent prolonged exposure to the sun's rays, mostly on the protruding portions of my rear anatomy, unaccustomed as it was to public peeking.

We made the return journey without incident, once more wearing our swim outfits. I took a great deal of kidding about my behavior and attempts to foil the law of nudist gatherings. It was indeed laughable, I agreed.

BUT NEXT DAY the adventure wasn't funny. It became a burning issue. After a restless night applying sunburn remedies, I appeared at the *citizen* office as usual. But that Monday morning I didn't have the blues. I had the reds--red hots! I wished I could type à la Hemingway--that is, standing up. It was torture to sit down. My posterior had developed two enormous hand-sized blisters--and they had burst.

In midafternoon, I gave up and went to see my physician, Dr. Charles Morrison, ex-Navy. He took one look at my southern over-exposure and exclaimed, "What in the blazes (a choice phrase under the conditions) have you been up to? You have one of the worst cases of broiled buttocks I have ever seen!"

THE TREATMENT FOR "the toasted hams" went on for two weeks. For the first five days I had to lie on my stomach and do everything else standing up. I missed work and spent hours applying non-friction salve and bandages that wouldn't stay in place.

Con't on p. 32

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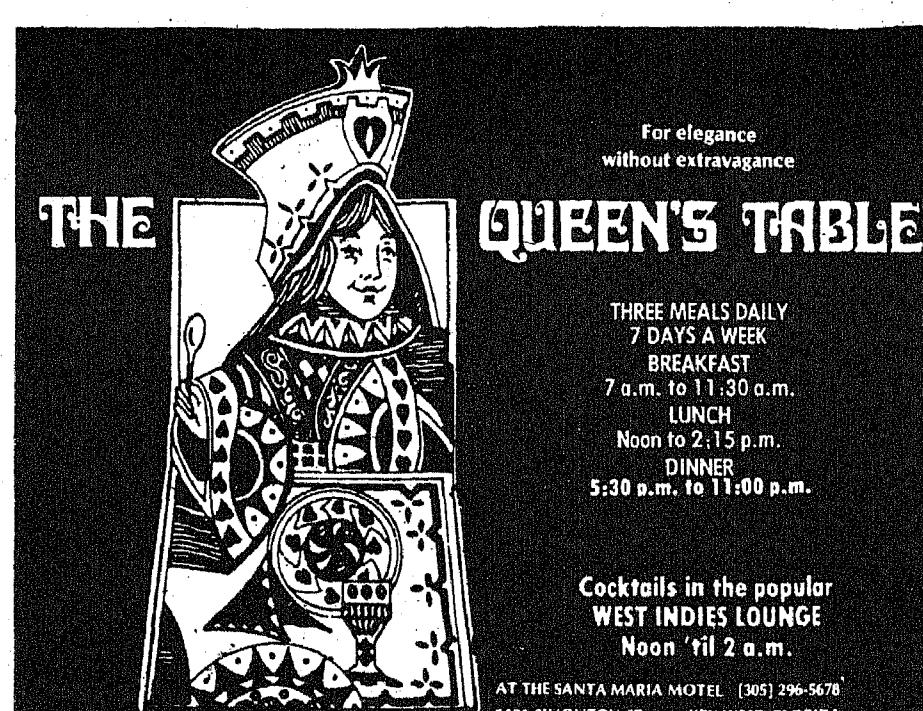
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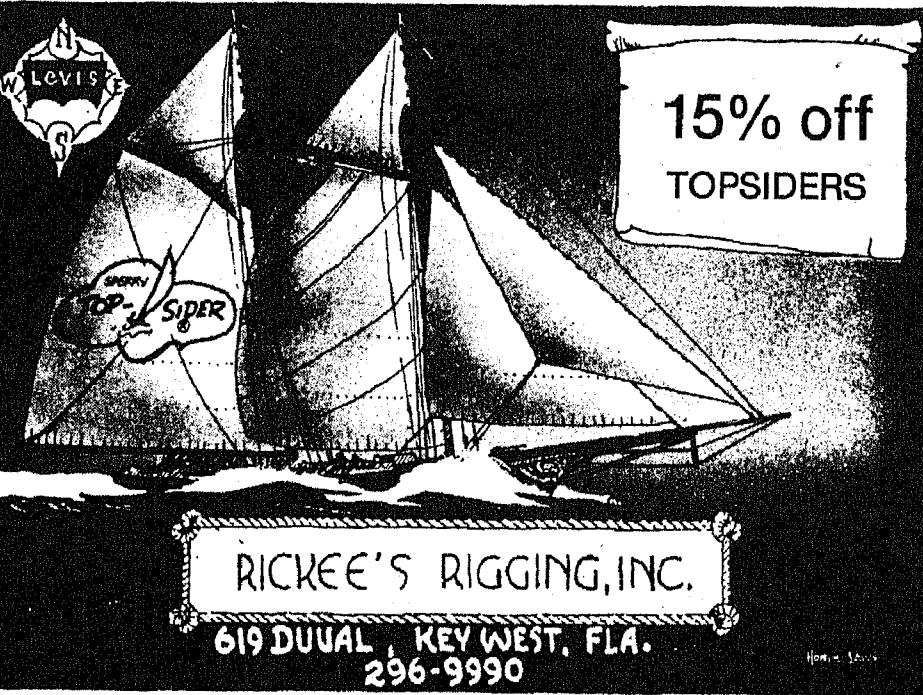


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THANK YOU FOR YOUR PATRONAGE & SUPPORT.

"FATS" NAVARRO

HALF A CENTURY ago, the island of Key West, Florida, was teeming with assorted energies, ranging in scope from the realities of Prohibition to the trials of The Great Depression. Those were the days of blood-spilling wars between "The Pelicans," a pirate-like high-jacking gang operating out of Key West, and the bootleggers, trafficking in everything illegal, including liquor, prostitution, gambling, narcotics, jewelry, and aliens from everywhere. It was the age of "bolita" and "aguadiente," of exciting chases for contraband goods across reefs, shoals, quicksands and mangrove swamps.



The legendary "FATS."

Against the backdrop of Key West running fortunes, there were the economic losses of the cigar and pineapple industries and the end of the passenger steamships on the Mallory Line. There was the Labor Day Hurricane of '35, which put an end to the one-and-only Overseas Railroad. With as many as eighty percent of her population on relief at the height of The Great Depression, Key West became quite familiar with the sight of youngsters peddling coconuts through the streets to earn a living, both "across town" and "up in the graveyard." She knew the citizens' stories by heart: loss of jobs, loss of homes. The city government itself was forced at one point to default, being unable to pay its own employes' wages.

THE OLD ISLAND endured, nevertheless. Sponging was revived, shark fishing flourished. The turtle canning industry held its own; the flight and ferry trips from Key West to Havana continued. Special funds made it possible to build the City Aquarium, while at the same time, roofs were being converted from wooden shingles to metal ones.

Throughout all of the hardships and changes, somehow entertainment did not die. "Hell Drivers" demolition shows thrilled many at Trumbo Field, and no doubt just as many fans cheered for their own "Key West Coconuts," a semi-pro baseball team of the thirties. For the backyard crowd, there were always the perennial cockfights.

BUT MOST OF all, it was the music

that served to cushion the throes of Key West's troubles and sorrows. Whether African, Cuban or Caucasian American, one could find tunes and rhythms to soothe his or her weary countenance.

"The Honey Boys," with Harold Furgerson, Henry McKinney, James Gabriel, Bernard Chachon and David Bain, were a popular dance band of the thirties, playing all around town. "Dean's Rhythm Boys," with rhumba and tap dancing, and no admission charge, were featured often at Sloppy Joe's on Duval. Live calypso music was on hand to greet many arriving passengers from Miami to Key West on Pan American World Airlines, and much musi-

Sr. wanted his son to be a musician, encouraging him to follow along the same lines as his third cousin, trumpeter Charlie Shavers. By the age of six, "Cody" was playing piano. For his twelfth birthday, his parents bought him a second-hand cornet. Young man and horn proved well-matched, for by the time of his graduation from the old Douglass High School in 1941, Theodore Navarro, Jr. had already played on the road, having been sought after by the best professional leaders in the traveling big bands. By 1950, Theodore "FATS" Navarro was considered by many of his contemporaries as one of the greatest trumpeters in the highest echelon of New York City Jazz.

No doubt his Key West boyhood was instrumental in provoking his genius. Growing up in the aforementioned era, young Navarro seemed to filter what he saw and heard through his horn. There are many who clearly remember the high lonesome sound of his trumpet wafting over the treetops of Key West. The summer nights were perfumed then, just as they are now, breathing an intoxication all their own.

"EVENINGS WERE SO quiet at that time," recalls Harriet ("H.A.") Chipchase, "not at all like they are now. I remember so well the sound of 'Cody's' trumpet floating on air. At first, when he was trying to get the scales just right, we would say, 'Oh, why doesn't he STOP?' But as time went on, we realized that 'Cody' had music in his soul. Soon his beautiful clear sounds, as they came pouring out of the loft at 828 Thomas Street where he practised, inspired and delighted us. We would love to sit out and listen to him."

Navarro's mother, now Mrs. Miriam Williams of 414 Virginia Street, looks back on her child's early career with a sigh. "He loved to play that horn," she reminisces. "Morning, noon and night, no matter what time it was. If he heard someone speak, or if he just thought of some idea, he would have to find the expression he wanted in his trumpet. Many times I'd be nervous, wondering what the neighbors would say. But not one of them ever complained."

PERHAPS THEY, TOO, could hear his genius. "He had that air about him," remembers James Carey of Samaritan Lane, who was graduated from Douglass High School with Navarro in '41. "I never heard him say that he didn't like Key West, but success was all in his talk. 'To get up there' was everything. When other guys and I would be running around playing basketball or whatever, 'Cody' would be at home practising."

"He was a typical brother in lots of ways, though," states Delores Navarro James, the musician's youngest sister who now works for the Key West School Department. "I can remember him playing and teasing with me. But the radio was his life. If he heard a number he liked or wanted to imitate, he'd get the trumpet and play right along with what he heard coming in over the airwaves."

IT WASN'T LONG before all of Theodore Navarro's time and energies paid off, and he had become quite expert at his wind instrument. Though too young to drink legally, even too young to be inside a nightclub or lounge, still "Cody" was not too young, at sixteen years of age, to blow trumpet as a member of Harry Chipchase's first band, with Willie Austin (who is now playing on the West Coast) on piano, Kermitt Saunders on drums, Harry on trombone, and Oliver ("O.B.") Butler (uncle of Key West's own Coffee Butler) on saxophone. With this band, Navarro played a number of gigs by special permission at Sloppy Joe's,

played at high school fêtes and celebrations, and at private parties around the island.

"Navarro was my ACE," confides Harry Chipchase. "I could never replace him. Those were the times when we were getting fifty cents an hour and considering it good money. Plus tips, of course. The tips were good when Hemingway was in town. 'Cody' Navarro was playing piano. For his twelfth birthday, his parents bought him a second-hand cornet. Young man and horn proved well-matched, for by the time of his graduation from the old Douglass High School in 1941, Theodore Navarro, Jr. had already played on the road, having been sought after by the best professional leaders in the traveling big bands. By 1950, Theodore "FATS" Navarro was considered by many of his contemporaries as one of the greatest trumpeters in the highest echelon of New York City Jazz.

James Carey also remembers Navarro as a jolly guy, a person with whom one could really communicate.

"Although I never played an instrument, I always loved music," confides Carey. "At night I'd sit up and listen to Duke Ellington, Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, whomever. The next day, at school, I'd say to 'Cody,' 'I heard so-and-so last night, who did you hear?' And we'd compare what sounds we heard, you know, what we liked and what really moved us."

FRANCISCO ALEXANDER JOHNSON, Jr., of 921 Thomas Street, a distant cousin of Theodore Navarro's, says:

"I remember 'Cody' telling me that he wanted to model his career after Louis Armstrong, and most of all, to be one of the greats."

By the eleventh grade, the musical destiny of Navarro began to take a definite professional shape. He joined Walter Johnson's band in West Palm Beach, playing the tenor sax. He worked with the band for the entire summer. The experience was so much to his liking that he did not want to return for his final year at Douglass.

"He had a beautiful voice, high and fine. I always called him Theodore, and I was so proud to have him in my group."

THE ISLAND CITY Choral Singers were formed to entertain visitors being lured to Key West as part of a recovery program conducted by The Federal Emergency Relief Administration, which ran the city government in the thirties.

"As I recall," continues Ms. Sanchez, "Theodore Navarro loved to sing. He was interested in every type of music. Those were the good ol' days, when we performed all over the island, for

all the churches, Catholic, Methodist, Zion and Baptist. We sang at all of the up-town programs. Theodore loved the 'highbrow' music, especially the Hallelujah Chorus! He was a fine young man,



A youthful "Cody" Navarro, (second row, fourth from left) sang with the Island City Choral Singers under the direction of "Miss" Ellen (Welters) Sanchez (front).

nice, rather quiet. He always seemed to keep busy at his music."

ALFRED L. SAUNDERS, SR., of 208 Olivia Street, who taught science to Theodore Navarro at Douglass High School, speaks of him this way:

"He was an excellent student, with personality and congeniality combined. He was jovial, very lively, and very well-liked by all of the students."

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magazines.

NAVARRO LEFT KEY WEST to become a member of Sol Albright's Band out of Orlando, Florida, on tour throughout the South and Midwest. It was not until this particular juncture in his career that Navarro was able to find a trumpet teacher. In Cincinnati, Ohio, he received his first "real" instruction.

In Indianapolis, Indiana, the following year, "FATS," as he was now beginning to be called, joined Snookum Russell's Band, with whom the famous J.J. Johnson was associated. The New Orleans influence upon Navarro at this point was extremely significant. In addition, he was shaped by the music of Roy Eldridge, with whom he often played, and by his third cousin, Charlie Shavers, whom "FATS" has described as a "real trumpet player."

BY 1943, "FATS" Navarro's name was known extensively in the North and in the East as a member of Andy Kirk's Clouds of Joy Band, with which he stayed for three years. On the heels of that stint came Dizzy Gillespie's recommendation to Billy Eckstine that "FATS" take over Dizzy's chair in Eckstine's band. When Gillespie left to join Oscar Pettiford, "FATS" took over. Their ideas and feelings were of such similarity that they caused people to remark that one would hardly know Gillespie had left Eckstine's band, because there was just as much swing with Navarro.

For the next few years, Theodore "FATS" Navarro lived his dream of traveling in the company with the great giants of jazz. Then, at the height of his career, on July 7, 1950, the young trumpeter died.

"HE HAD THAT special something for greatness which marks only a few," relates Harry Chipchase. "Cody" was a perfectionist always. Even back then, he'd play way over his thirty-two bars. A song has a solo, a bridge, and then comes back again. Navarro would be way out in front, almost playing too much. I could never hold him back or pull him down. He'd be doubling, playing eight notes where he should play four, and then start triple tonguing. He was a good musician—that's all. The best. I was lost without him."

"I believe in this parallel between jazz and religion," says Gillespie, in his book, *To Be or Not To Bop*. "The runners on the trumpet would be Buddy Bolden, King Oliver, Louis Armstrong, Roy Eldridge, me, Miles, and Fats Navarro... They created a distinctive style, a distinctive message to the music, and the rest of them follow that. Our Creator chooses great artists... There's no other explanation... God just gives it to you...."

"WHEN HE WAS playing, he'd close his eyes," remarks Harriet ("H.A.") Chipchase. "He saw and heard nothing, and he would play for hours. He was a good timer, he liked a party, but he would get quiet and wondering on occasion, too. Sometimes he'd gaze off into space, as if he was filled with some great curiosity."

"Navarro was not too influenced by the church; his rhythms came from much more than that. I think he obtained that sense of questioning from his father, who also would consider what's out there, the beyond," notes James Carey, in discussing Navarro's greatness.

"It seems like he fulfilled a Divine Purpose," says his mother, Miriam Williams. "You know, he died so young. I often ask myself, 'What if he had lived longer?' But he came to do a great work, to give of his musical ability, to influence and have an effect on others. He had so much warmth and feeling, I know he conveyed it through his music, and tried to reach out to the whole world."

THE JAZZ CRITICS have agreed. Theodore "FATS" Navarro, in the words of

Leonard Feather, is hailed as "one of the gifted and original stylists ... in the development of jazz. His cleanliness of execution and purity of tone were extraordinary." Brian Case and Stann Britt, editors of the *New Encyclopedia of Jazz*, state that Navarro's playing "has classical perfection and balance, the tone true ... the articulation accurate at even the fastest tempos." Charles Fox, author of *The Jazz Scene*, says that "FATS" Navarro "possessed finer techniques than Miles Davis," and Leroy Jones, author of *Black Music*, simply called "FATS" Navarro "brilliant." Dean Morgenstern, Director of the Institute of Jazz Studies at Rutgers University in New York, states that Navarro has "an innate sense of structure and form, never contrived. He is a natural melodist, a master instrumentalist." George T. Simon, author of *The Big Bands*, calls "FATS" Navarro a "jazz star."

THE QUOTES AND accolades for the famous Key West-born trumpeter "with the indefatigable pursuit of musical perfection" go on and on, with Charlie Mingus immortalizing Navarro in his book, *Beneath the Underdog*, Ira Gitler praising him repeatedly in *Jazz Masters of the Forties*, and Dizzy Gillespie citing him throughout his previously-mentioned memoirs. But something of the humble attitude and nature of Theodore Navarro himself comes through in his own remarks about bebop, a term the fastidious musician did not care for:

"It's just modern music. It needs to be explained right. What they call bebop is just a series of chord progressions. None of us play (sic) this the way we want to yet. I'd like to just play perfect melody of my own, all the chord progressions right, the melody original and fresh—my own. There are limitations of musicians young and old. They don't know chord progressions. When they know them a lot better, when they really become familiar with them, then

maybe we'll have a real modern jazz."

NAVARRO'S DETERMINATION AND willingness to sacrifice for his art, in much the same way as a Bach or Beethoven was prepared to dedicate his life to his craft, has been commented on by many of the fine musicians with whom he played, including such well-respected names in jazz as Bud Powell, Howard McGee, Sonny Rollins, Kenny Clarke, Eddie "Lockjaw" Davis, Chino Pozo, Coleman Hawkins, Milt Jackson, and the remarkable Charlie "Yardbird" Parker. There are, of course, many more instrumentalists with whom he worked, too numerous to mention. All seem to have been aware of Navarro's superb mastery, although many did not know the inner man as well as they knew his music. It is the pianist and composer Tadd Dameron, with whom Navarro worked and recorded some of his finest sessions, who defines that air of mystery surrounding "FATS":

"He was pretty quiet, soulful, sensitive. He was always searching. I don't know what it was he was looking for—he had it!"



"Cody's" boyhood home

WHAT WAS THEODORE "CODY" "FATS" Navarro searching for?

Somehow one wonders if the quest doesn't always lead back to home, to where the "roots" were planted and nourished. For Theodore Navarro, Jr., finding his youthful dreams fulfilled so

early in his life, thrust into a life-style much more callous and controlled than the one he had left behind, life might have seemed to be the continuation of a huge riddle, unsolvable and therefore all the more puzzling.

BY HIS TWENTY-SIXTH year, he was gone, a victim of a latent tuberculosis and other complicating factors. He has left behind him a legacy of legend, influence and recording which has not yet been fully uncovered to this day. He has stood next to the great Charlie Parker, and matched him in brilliance and style. He has been the inspiration of many, including the sensational trumpeter Clifford Brown, who also, at twenty-six, lost his life. And he has lived on, to enchant and persuade and delight those of a half-century later, who go on living and remembering him.

DID NEW YORK City fame and fortune change "Cody" Navarro? Francisco Alexander Johnson, Jr., remembers seeing the then-renowned "FATS" Navarro in a New York City nightclub in the mid-to-late forties. The war was on, and Johnson found himself an enlisted man turned loose on the Big Apple.

He found his cousin "FATS" playing a duet with the fine saxophonist, Illinois Jacquet.

"Wow! What music!" Johnson declares. "I'll never forget that experience!"

BUT HAD HE changed? Was Theodore Navarro, Jr. any different?

"Not with me, he wasn't!" answered Johnson, immediately. "It was just like we were home, just like we were right back in Key West!"

Was it the sound of the Old Island of Key West that Navarro took with him to New York City?

Perhaps the answer lies in the words of Dizzy Gillespie:

"Take a listen to him, man! He's wonderful!"

AS THE YEARS passed, however, I continued to wrestle with the weight problem. MacIntosh had gone out of business—probably shortly after I began eschewing instead of chewing them. But other sweets replaced them.

BATTLE OF THE BULGE

About 20 years ago, when I was still up north, I noticed a strange phenomenon. My clothes, which then varied between sizes 10 and 12, seemed to be shrinking. Filled with righteous indignation I visited the cleaner's and complained. He didn't do better so I changed cleaners. He didn't do better either.

So being mildly affluent at the time, I went to buy some new dresses. "Size 12," I told the saleswoman flatly. She looked pained.

"Oh, ma'am, I'm afraid a 12 will be small," she quavered. "I think you need a 14."

I considered changing stores in search of larger 12s but finally departed in deep depression carrying my new--and larger--dresses.

I KNEW MY PROBLEM and reluctantly I faced it. I had become hooked on a confection called MacIntosh's Golden Toffee Wafers which I sandwiched between two pieces of Lindt's dark chocolate when I curled up with a book. Unfortunately, I also curled up with the tin of toffees and the bar of chocolate and, as long as I read, I ate.

There was no group called, perhaps, Gluttons Anonymous, to succor me so I went on a diet—Cold Turkey. Being reasonably young and resilient at the time and having a good bit of won't power, I was soon back to wearing the smaller dresses that I had retained on the "thin side" of my closet.

AS THE YEARS passed, however, I continued to wrestle with the weight problem. MacIntosh had gone out of business—probably shortly after I began eschewing instead of chewing them. But other sweets replaced them.

Reese's Peanut Butter Cups caused a

major disaster and friends are still laughing about them in Sarasota. When we visit there I am often presented with a box which makes everyone chuckle but me. Query: Would you give an ex-heroin addict heroin?

EARLY IN MY personal Battle of the Bulge I found that it was unwise to give the contents of my Fat Closet away as soon as I lost 10 pounds. Optimism and economy didn't mix, but as I passed "fair, fat and forty" and reached "fair, fat and fifty" I began to sort out all of those 10s and 12s, which by then were rather dated, to give to the under-

privileged.

THERE WAS NO end to it, however, because after I had put candy behind me, I discovered ice cream. In Key West, when I waddled shame-facedly into Carvel, before I could give my order the clerk would carol, "a quart of orange-licorice --right?" and every head on every slender body in the store would turn to observe me.

During this period Stan was of great help. When I moaned, standing in front of a mirror before a party, "Oh, I'm so fat!", Stan would say, "You're not fat, honey—you're just voluptuous!"

Well, voluptuous didn't sound so bad—had a rather nice ring to it, in fact—but in Tallahassee, after I began patronizing Bascom-Robbins, I suffered an upgrading.

Stan had stopped correcting me when I said I was fat so I thought up my own

gentler term. "Hm-m-m," I would murmur, as I let out the seams on my dress, "at my age there's nothing wrong with being 'statuesque'."

WELL, WHAT WITH a growing compulsion for chocolate ice cream with peanut butter topping, and having just been forced to part with Thin Closet 14s and small 16s, I found a new self-descriptive word:

"Well," I would think, on observing after a bath that there were almost as many wrinkles pleating my stomach as my face, "a woman should be 'imposing' at my age."

Only one hope exists to prevent my having to have my clothes tailored by Omar the Tent Maker.

I AM TERRIBLY afraid of the next epithet used to describe me in my plunge toward obesity. It is stout. I am reaching the point where that is the only word left. I will outgrow 'imposing' and the following conversation will take place.

One woman to another: "I haven't met Jan Windhorn," she will say. "Do you know what she looks like?"

"Oh, yes," the other will reply.

"She is a stout woman with brown hair."

The kiss of death.

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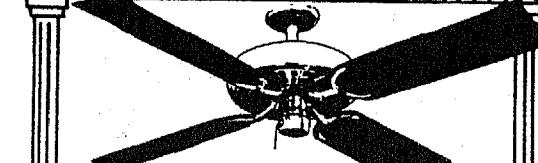
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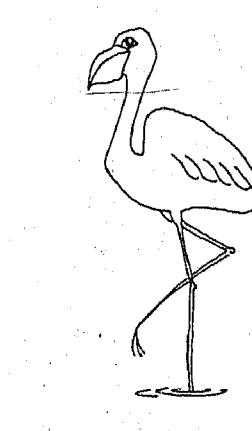
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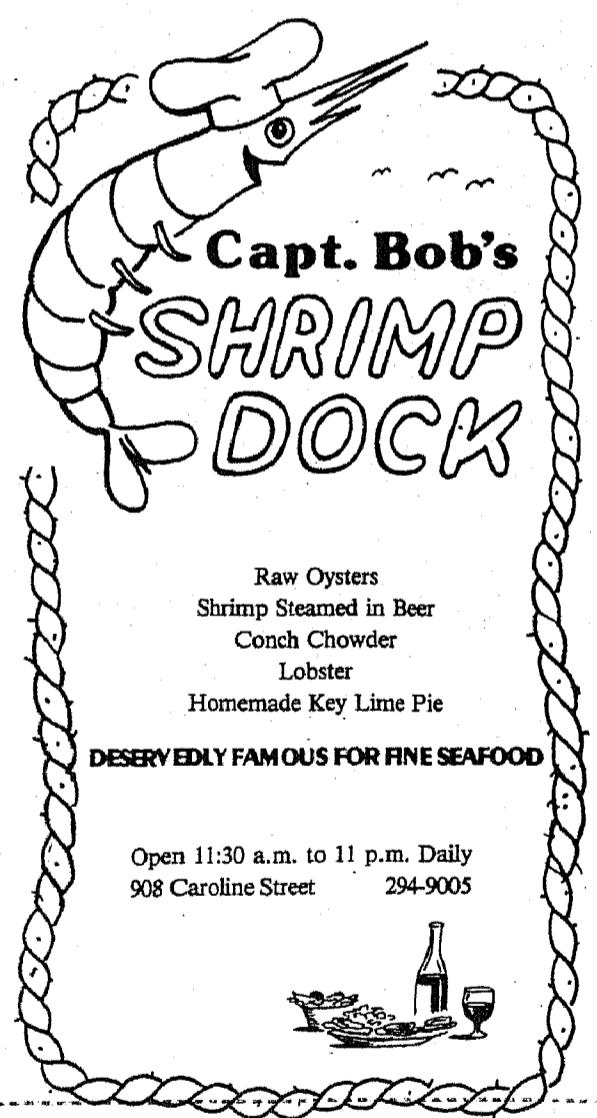
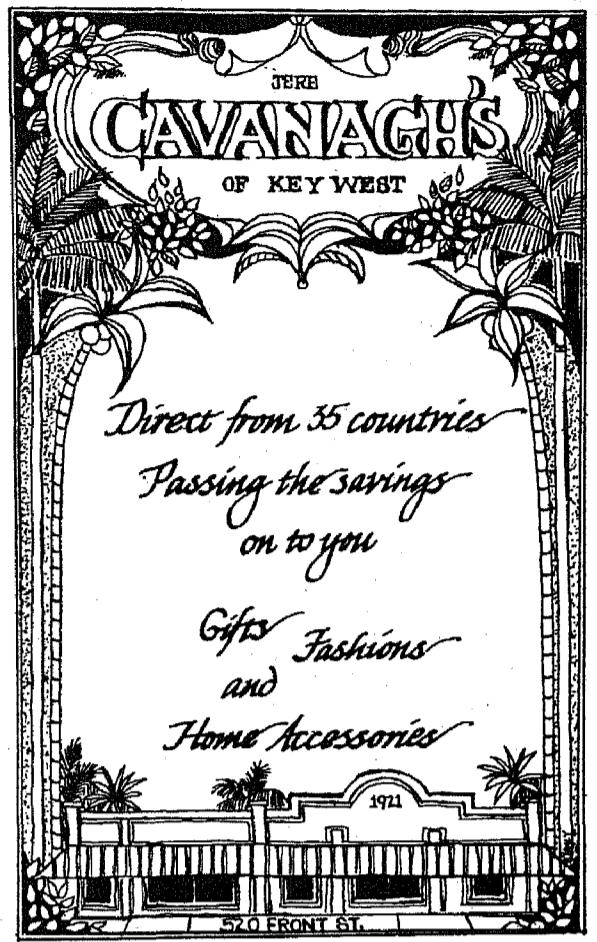
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way to describe how a solar water heating system works is to compare it to the garden hose coiled up in your backyard. When you turn on the faucet, the first 20 seconds or so of water comes out warm, if not hot. That's because the sun's rays have shined down on the hose and heated the water. Keep in mind, it's not the heat from the sun that's making the water warm, it's the sun's infra-red rays.

THAT CONFUSES A lot of people. They think solar doesn't work when it's cold out. It does. Solar water heating has nothing to do with warm weather.

And, for the same reason a sunbather can pick up a nasty burn on a cloudy day, a solar water heater can continue to produce energy under cloud-cover. The rays still filter through, there's just not so many of them because the clouds keep some of them from reaching the solar collector panel. As a matter of fact, the only time a good solar water heater doesn't work is when it's raining.

That's why they're so popular in sunbelt-states like Florida and California. For the same reason, that's why they're ideal for the Keys--which enjoy more days of sunlight per year than anywhere else in North America except for Mexico's Baja Peninsula.

BUT, BACK TO how they work. Solar energy (the sun's infra-red rays) is "absorbed" by a collector plate, usually installed on an unshaded area of a south-facing roof. If a roof doesn't face south, the installer, using specially-designed mounting hardware, will mount the panel facing south. The most effective, modern solar water heaters use a pump to circulate water up to the panel and a temperature controller that tells the pump when to kick on and off. A good system will not operate unless the temperature of the collector panel is higher than that of the water in the storage tank.

"WHAT'S A STORAGE tank?" A storage tank closely resembles a hot water tank with a few major differences. Good solar water heating storage tanks are specially designed to be as effectively insulated as possible, thus keeping the water heated on your roof as hot as possible for as long as possible. How hot? Usually 140 to 160 degrees during daytime and 130 to 150 at night. How long? Local residents monitoring their systems reported tap water "too hot to handle without mixing it with cold water" during the recent two-and-one-half day rainy spell at the end of April, when the Keys were buffeted by hurricane-strength winds.

Another obvious difference between solar water storage tanks and conventional hot water tanks is the equipment (pump, controller temperature gauge, and tubing) required to connect and monitor the water in the tank with the water circulating in the collector panel

on the roof. This equipment is vital. And, next to the quality of the collector panel, and the actual installation, it will determine how well a system works--and how long. One final difference in the solar water tank is its size. They are usually 20 to 40 gallons larger than contemporary hot water tanks, to assure adequate hot water during a couple days of continuous rain.

THE ONLY OTHER major information required by laymen is an explanation of what happens to the water when it circulates through the solar collector panel. It gets heated by the sun; is returned to the storage tank; mixes with the water in the tank, raises the overall temperature and within an hour is making another trip to the panel for additional heating.

The sum total of this process is enough hot water to meet the needs of any particular household or commercial business--without any more electricity than that used by a 75 watt lightbulb: about \$6.00 a year.

THE SAVINGS IN hard cash and electricity are sizeable. Because a conventional hot water tank relies on a constant supply of electricity to keep the water hot, it runs more and longer than just about any appliance in your home. Go away for the weekend? Your hot water tank doesn't; it keeps right on working and burning electricity. Take showers and wash your clothes in cold water? Doesn't make any difference; as long as your hot water tank is connected, it's gobbling electricity. Experts say a hot water heater is responsible for 25 to 40 per cent of your electric bill. If you use a lot of hot water and own a dishwasher, you can presume that your electric bill would be 35 to 40 per cent lower every month if you switched to a solar water heating system.

SOUND TOO GOOD to be true? It's not. If you're careful. The solar energy industry, like any other, has good products and bad. Some of the major things to watch for are: Warranty--who pays if anything goes wrong? How long is the system covered by warranty? Is it a full warranty, or partial? How long has the manufacturer been in business? What kind of components does he use? Do they represent "the state of the art" or is he cutting corners with inferior merchandise? Who will do the installation? How well are they trained? What do their other installations look like? Are their customers satisfied? Is the panel cover plate made of glass or plastic? Plexiglas wears out in about five years. Glass lasts indefinitely. Is the panel constructed for maximum durability and "weatherization"? The heavy salt content in the air down here can play havoc with inferior metals. Is the tubing in the panel continuously or spot soldered? Are the metals in the panel compatible? Dis-similar metals expand and contract

Con't on p. 33

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HURRICANES IN THE Keys

(This is the first part of a two-part article on hurricanes and the tremendous devastation they can wreak upon Key West, written by Colin Jameson. It was originally published in The Key West Citizen on three successive days in 1975, and it's as pertinent and important today as then. Our thanks to Colin, and to The Key West Citizen for permission to reprint.)

A. INEZ WAS A pattycake. Back in 1948 we had a hurricane with a lot more on it than Inez, and nobody even remembers it. There isn't much reason why they should.

Q. How come?

A. You answered that yourself. It did damage, but not enough to earn respect.

Q. Well, what's a "respectable" hurricane?

A. Depends on two things: strength of wind and duration. If a storm blows for a day or two, like 1919, instead of a few hours, like 1948 and Inez, it'll earn plenty of respect.

Q. "A day or two." How often has this happened in Key West?

A. EVERYBODY KNOWS WE'RE going to have another hurricane, and everybody knows we've been lucky, too. But being lucky in the past can mean you're going to be unlucky in the future. Like with all prolonged luck, the odds against us are getting heavy. Since 1835 we've averaged 17 years between Big Blows. That's why it's disturbing today to realize that half a century--56 years, to be exact--has passed since that last wild wind in 1919.

Q. The weather pattern could have changed. Maybe the fourth ice age is on the way. Maybe sun spots or something.

A. Or something. Weather patterns do change. But you better not count on it. And since you can't count on it, the chances in favor of a disaster-type storm are pyramidizing ominously. The unadorned, mathematical odds can be easily figured.

1919-1936. DURING this 17-year period, we were slated by history to have at least one Big Blow. But the science of chance tells you that the only thing you know for certain is that something will or will not happen. It is conceivable, you see, that some day even the sun may not come up. During our 17-year target period, therefore, we either would or wouldn't have a big hurricane. The odds were one out of two that we would not. And we didn't.

1936-1953. APPLY the same reasoning to the next 17-year stretch. Odds on no storm: one out of two. No storm. Go back and take 1919-1953. To get the overall probabilities on 34 years of storm or no storm when one is expected every 17 years, multiply the odds for the two 17-year periods, or $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$. Only one chance in four of no storm in 34 years. Yet none occurred.

1953-1970, THE third 17-year period. Again, the odds are one out of two. But still no storm. 1919-1970, the full 51 years. Multiply $\frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2} \times \frac{1}{2}$ and you get one-eighth.

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The odds were only one in eight that you wouldn't get a Big Blow sometime along in there. But that one chance came through. No storm.

Q. HAHA, WE FOXED the weather man, didn't we?

A. Yes, haha. So look ahead. During the 17 years ending in 1987, the chances of a Big Blow are, of course, one out of two. But consider the whole picture. As far as the 68 years between 1919 and 1987 are concerned, the inexorable, unforgiving odds are 16-1 that a major storm will occur during that period. Until today it hasn't. Do you have any loose change that says we won't get a Big Blow before 1987? Or 1977 for that matter?

Q. Gulp. Er--what do you mean, the odds are "unforgiving"?

A. Bubba, I mean we shouldn't expect those odds to forgive us our trespasses. We either treat the subject of hurricanes with deadly seriousness, or we get blown to hell and gone into the mangroves.

Q. OH, I'M RIGHT with you. I mean I'm getting seriouser every minute, Bubba.

A. You'll be seriouser than that when you hear a few details about the real Big Blows as compared with the Inezes.

Q. I'm listening.

A. So sit down before I try the Big Blow of 1846 on you for size. That was the one they nicknamed "The Great Hurricane." Locally it was said to be "the most destructive in the history of man."

Q. Well, now, I don't--

A. Maybe not, but it wasn't any Inez, either.

Q. Sure, sure. You were there, I suppose?

A. NO, BUT THE Collector of Customs was a pretty reliable guy named Stephen

R. Mallory, later a U.S. senator and Confederate Secretary of the Treasury. He gave his name to our square here. Mallory filed an official report on the '46 storm with the Secretary of the Treasury.

Said the fury of the gale was demonstrated by the fact that both the Key West lighthouse and Sand Key light were erased, with the loss of all hands--20 people. Matter of fact, Sand Key itself disappeared without a trace.

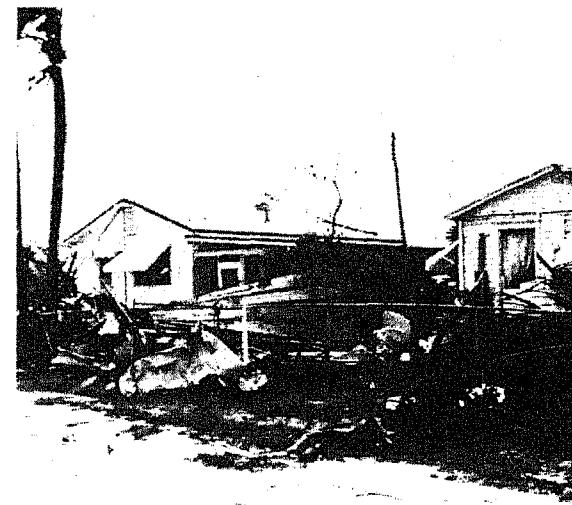


Photo courtesy of Monroe Co. Library

THE LIGHTSHIP IN the Northwest Channel was luckier. She broke her moorings, but the heavy anchor chains kept the ship's head to the wind. The captain astutely and safely backed sixty miles to sea, against the drag of the chains. In Key West harbor, though, 25 ships were destroyed or severely damaged.

As a prime example of the power of that hurricane, Mallory noted that a 14-inch plank nine feet long stabbed through the roof of the Customs House

like a javelin, before the building itself collapsed. Many houses floated off to sea, including the William Curry home on the corner of Caroline and William streets. In the whole town just eight buildings escaped being blown apart, washed out to sea or unroofed.

THE CITY PROPER could be traversed only by boat, not that any but refugees were interested. The cemetery was emptied of bodies, some of which lodged in the few surviving trees, while the yellow fever victims in Commodore David Porter's old graveyard were carried to sea.

Q. Boy, oh boy. It's a miracle anybody was left alive. Were there any other blows as big as that one?

A. THERE WERE OTHERS similar in kind, if not in degree. Each had its own personality, though. In the storm of 1876, for instance, the "eye" produced a calm of more than two hours. This lured the populace back into the streets to do a little sightseeing. Suddenly, out of a clear sky, they were blasted by a wind that quickly built to 88 miles per hour.

In the Big Blow of 1909, perhaps the most remarkable thing was that only one life was lost, although 400 buildings and 300 boats were obliterated. A meteorologist would have found it even more interesting, perhaps, that the barometer dropped an inch, from 29.52 to 28.50, in less than six hours, only to immediately rise half an inch in half an hour.

A YEAR LATER a more dangerous hurricane of record length (30 hours) battered the island from a central position west of the Dry Tortugas, where the barometer sank to 28.26. The sea poured through what was later the Naval Station, reaching as far as Whitehead Street. Again everything on Sand Key was carried away. The wind on that oft-punished islet was estimated at 125.

Last, but certainly not least, we have the mighty blow of September 1919, already mentioned. This storm also was centered in the Dry Tortugas, where the barometer plunged to 27.51, or three-quarters of an inch lower than in 1910.

Not far away from those outer islands the ship *Valbanera* was lost, with 400 passengers and 68 crew. Ten other vessels in the vicinity of Key West also sank. In the city itself, three persons drowned. "Staunch brick structures had their walls blown out."

There was 13.39 inches of rain, as gale-force winds scourged the island for more than 38 hours razing buildings and sucking off hundreds of roofs.

Q. SOUNDS DOWNRIGHT UNPLEASANT. Haven't there been any other "Big Blows" since 1919?

A. No. In 1960 the murderous Donna was headed straight for Key West, but she hesitated in the Florida Straits, and when a hurricane ceases its forward movement it usually changes direction. So the Middle Keys took the beating.

Of course, one or two local blows have tried to make the grade but failed. The first 1948 hurricane ran up some formidable statistics--winds as tough as 1919, barometer as low as 1876, 10 inches of rain, 600 trees down, big Coast Guard cutter in the gas station at the Presidents' Corner, 3,115 truck loads of debris, more than \$1,000,000 damage. The local Weather Bureau stated that this was the third worst hurricane it had ever recorded. But nobody now puts that storm on a par with the Big Blows we've been talking about. Or the Big Blow we're waiting for. They are something quite else.

Q. YOU CERTAINLY ARE a comfort, Bubba.

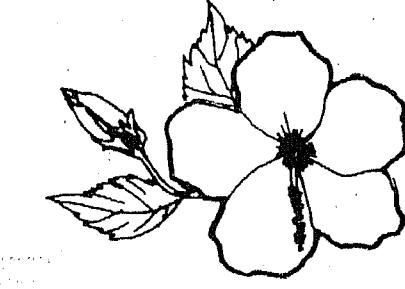
A. Read the next installment and you may not be so sure.

(In the September issue of this newspaper, Colin will discuss, "Our New Geography" and "Our New Architecture," and the probable effects both may have on the winds and waters during our next Big Blow.)

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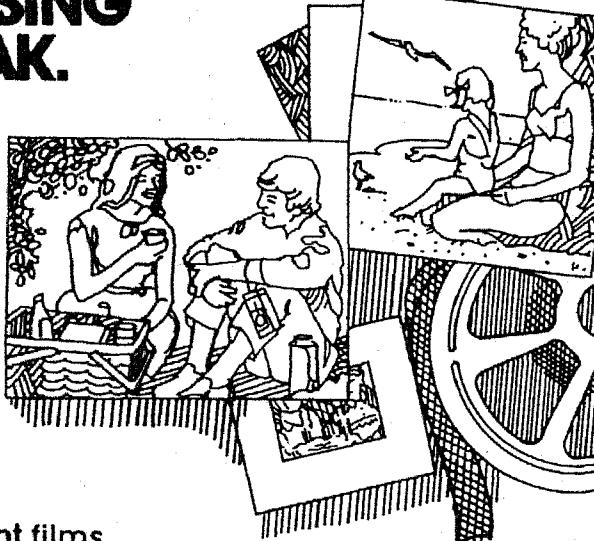
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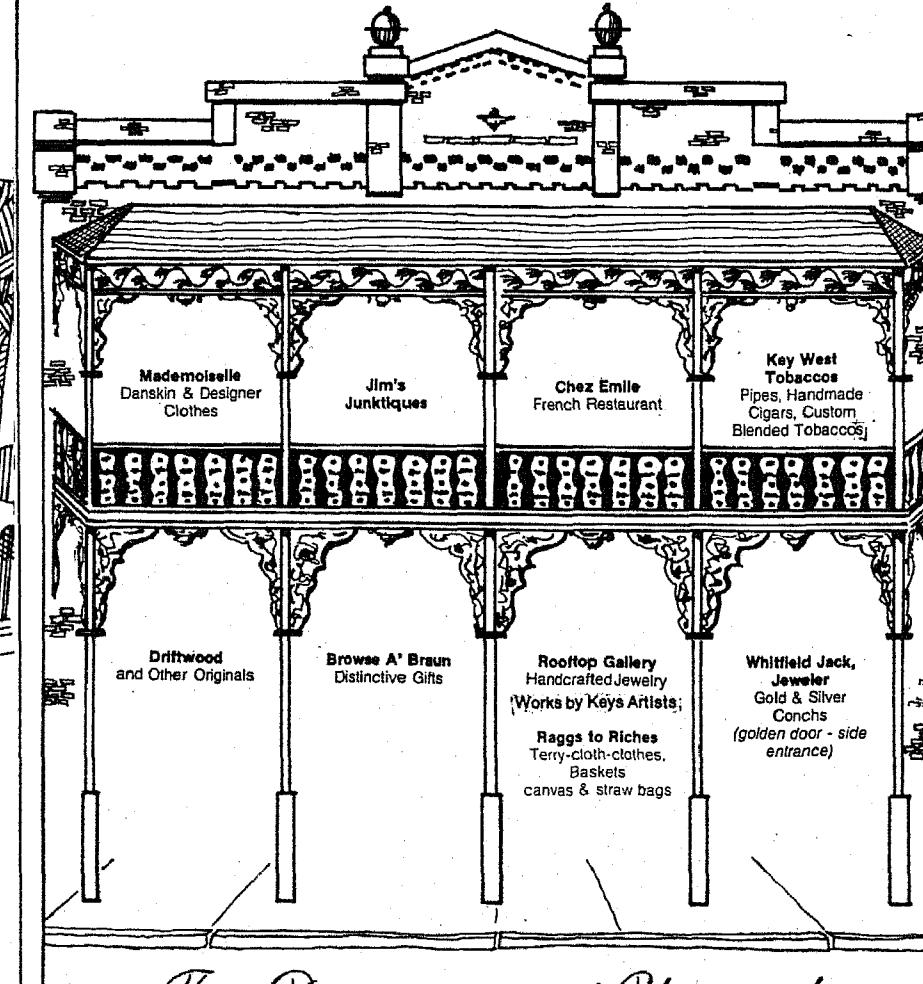
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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE
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Sun in Leo, after 22 in Virgo.
Venus in Gemini, after 6 in Cancer.
Mercury in Cancer, after 8 in Leo, after 24 in Virgo.
Saturn in Virgo.
Jupiter in Virgo.

Mars in Libra, after 28 in Scorpio.
Uranus in Scorpio.
Neptune in Sagittarius, retrograde.
Pluto in Libra.
No Node in Leo—20 degrees.

THE NEW MOON, and annular eclipse of the Sun on Aug. 10, is in direct square aspect to the Mars of the chart of Key West. This shows conflict in the area of employment and travel. It also points to the necessity for new mental attitudes for the City. Our "Image" will be undergoing changes, but under stressful circumstances.

The progressed ascendant in the twelfth house of our chart depicts help from "behind the scene" sources. This aspect will be working most strongly during the month of September rather than August.

Our ruler Saturn will be in a good aspect to our co-ruler Mercury during the month. Mercury will move rapidly through three signs during the month depicting sudden and fast movement in financial situations. Business should be in a definite upswing.

THE FULL MOON on August 26 in Pisces will aspect four (4) planets including our rulers in the 4th house sector of the chart. The City is in a phase of "New beginnings." Important and favorable starts are forecast for the

City of Key West.
Weather prospects for Key West are not under good aspects for late August and early September, definitely showing the possibility of us experiencing some bad weather conditions.

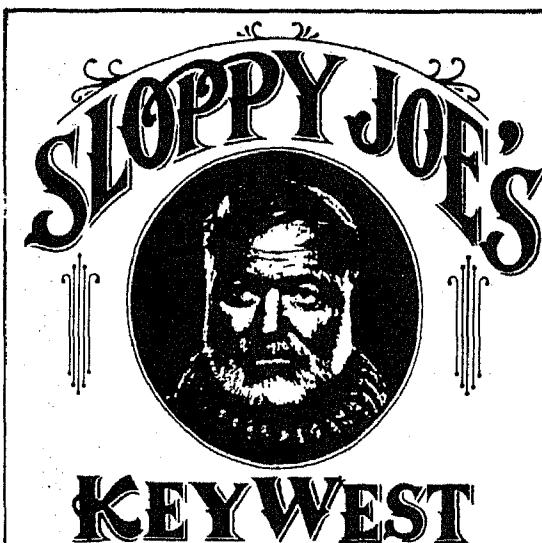
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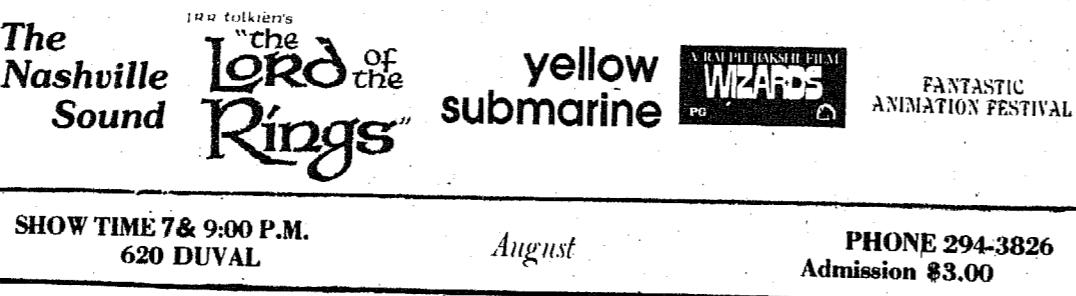
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Notes con't from p. 17

Needless to say, I never again visited the site of my unseating discomfort. Nor did I write about the nudist adventure, by request of my boss. Besides I was glad to comply out of sheer embroiled embarrassment (there's a pun in that).

AS FOR THE pioneering spirit for a consecrated and concentrated nudist establishment, it faded out with only a few devoted followers adhering, mostly from out of town, and mostly friends of the Karnses. Larry later moved away from the area and his land lease expired.

In recent years, Key West has had a few freak nude streakers, and there were incidences of undraped persons lurking off the shores of Christmas (Wisteria) Island. Also some rugged individuals have capered in the surf at various beach-side resorts and in hotel pools. In fact, we have one resort, restaurant attached, that has allowed topless swimming in the pool on the premises.

But a true nudist settlement was never established here. Perhaps the Tampa region condominium will fire up some naked aspirations?

Solar Future con't from p. 24
at different temperatures and are susceptible to corrosion. Is the panel guaranteed to withstand hurricane-force winds? If it's not, your panel could end up on the next block, come September. And finally, is the system fairly priced?

WHEN ALL IS said and done, the by-words on the topic of solar energy are consumer awareness, education and responsibility. Proponents of the technology frequently refer to the amazement and bewilderment of families who sat around the "crystal set" early in the century, marvelling over the magic of radio. Few believed it was more than a passing fancy; even fewer understood how it worked.

I, for one, still don't. All I know is that the portable transistor I bought 17 years ago still works as well as it ever did. Maybe it's a manufacturing freak. Maybe it was just a good radio to begin with. It was not the most expensive. It was just the best one you could buy.

FOR ADDITIONAL INFORMATION on the subject of solar energy, please contact the author, the Florida Solar Energy Center (300 State Road 401, Cape Canaveral, FL 32920; 305/783-0300); or local solar dealers Semco Solar Products and Roberts Plumbing.

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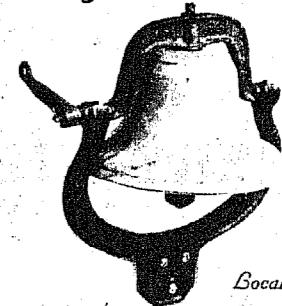
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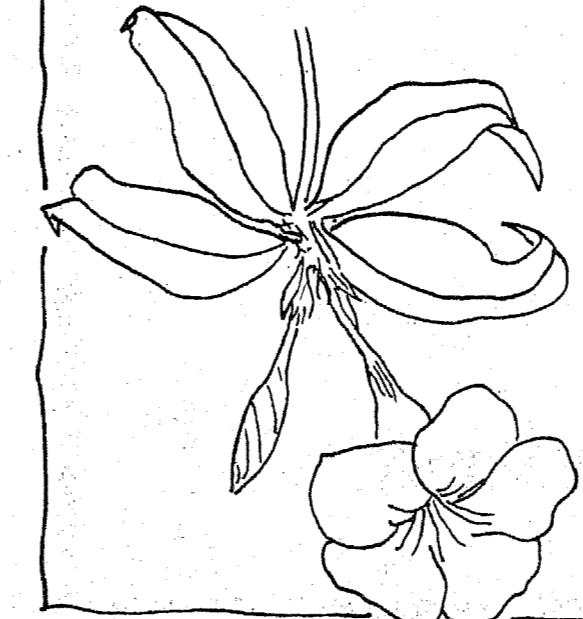
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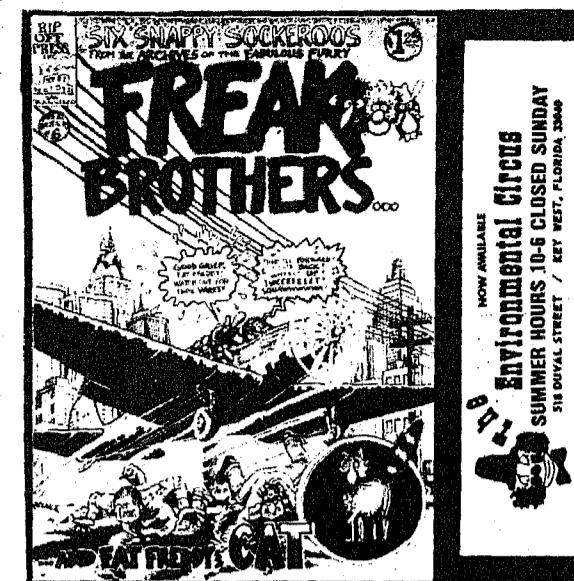
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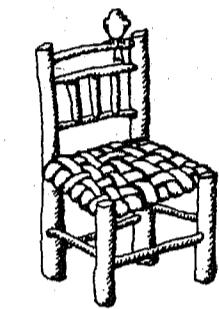
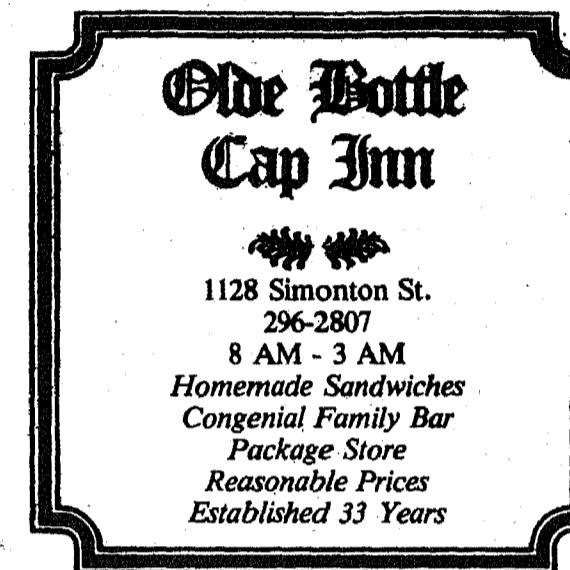
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