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Vol. V, No. I

Key West, Florida

January, 1980



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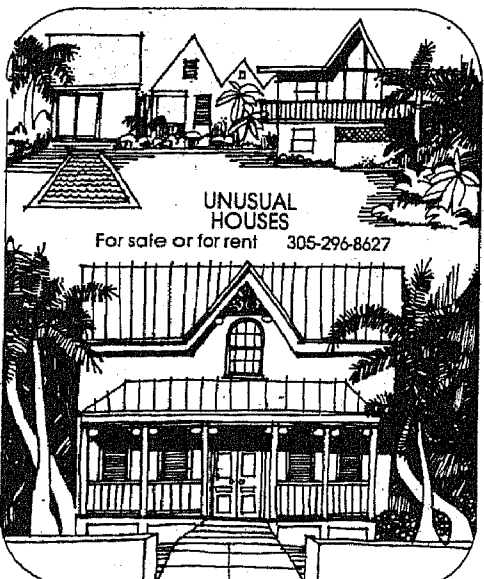
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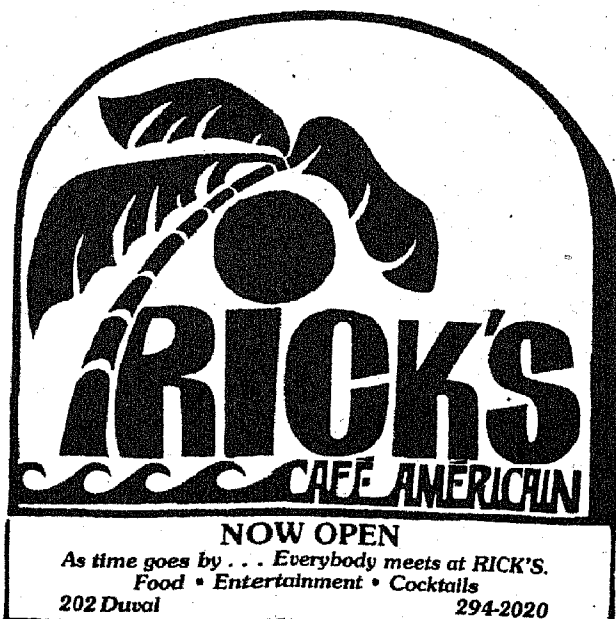
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FROM THE EDITOR

HELLO --

SOME GOOD NEWS. A couple of gentlemen who own motels in the area have taken over the South Beach concession. A very pleasant cafe is open inside for those who wish to sit down and a regular take-out service is being set-up for those who wish to have hamburgers or cokes, etc., on the beach. The beach is cleaned daily and it is a fun place to go to again. Another plus is that legendary Rex Baumgarten, who ran the concession there twenty years ago, is managing the place, which is, incidentally, called The Eatery.

WITH LOCAL BUSINESS LEADERS leading the attack, war has again been declared on those variously called "dirtbags," "hippies," or "undesirables." Mass round-ups of these people have been occurring in the past few weeks. Not only are constitutional rights often overlooked during these sweeps, but people literally are being arrested on appearance alone. If a person looks sloppy or dirty or generally gives the appearance of being penniless, he is considered a threat to the economic well-being of our town and is subject to arrest. No one has any complaint about those who through drunkenness or panhandling or abusive behavior are arrested -- this is what the police are for and why the electorate overwhelmingly voted to get the money to increase their numbers. However, a purge based on appearances alone is wrong. At the City Commission meeting when emotionally charged residents were crying for blood against these "dirtbags," Mayor McCoy kept everyone in place and ran a calm and reasonable meeting, while reminding the audience that there is no place in Key West for vigilanteism and that the best solution to panhandling, sleeping in public, public drunkenness, abusive behavior, etc., is for a concerned public to call the police when these actions are seen.

Frances Signorelli in her most recent monthly newsletter, Sound of the Conch, asked: "What illustrious citizen hit Key West as a transient with a borrowed dime in his pocket and has become a boy scout leader, owner of an industry, a big club and charity worker? (answer: plenty of them.)" Amen.

SPEAKING OF THE POLICE, are they being thrown a curve on their pay equalization referendum? I had heard that there might be problems for them to get the same pay scale per position as do their colleagues in the Sheriff's department. Is this so? That doesn't sound right.

HEY, THAT truck hot-dog stand doesn't look so great in the 100 block of Duval, does it?

I PERSONALLY LIKE a lot of the drivers of the Five 6666 cab company, but I think that some of them consistently drive too fast. I see them tearing down William Street where I live all the time -- not all of them, to be sure, but some of them. I would hope that they would ease up a bit on the accelerators on our crowded streets.

SOLARES HILL has a new address! All those who are accustomed to leaving things for us at Ansa-Rite Answering Service at 821 Duval Street, are advised that they have moved to 513 Fleming Street, Rooms 3 and 4. This is the white building diagonally across from Fausto's.

SOLARES HILL didn't give credit to the photos that we ran last month on the Fantasy Fest. Richard Marsh took six of them, and the one of the ghoulish couple was taken by Janet Fox Belland.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH.

W

Our cover artist this time is Brian Johnston. His works may be seen at Cayo Hueso Graphics, 806 Duval Street, for the month of January.

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With a little help from our friends...

Solares Hill Co., Inc.

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Edmundo (Mundy) Cabrera

BY PHOEBE COAN PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

CRIPPLED AT THE AGE of 18 months by polio, Edmundo (Mundy) Cabrera learned to protect himself early and to stand on what he's got. At 63, Mundy (as friends know him) remains youthful with a rugged Latin handsomeness. Still in love with Key West and life, he smiles a good smile.

"To be happy I would love to have a chicken farm somewhere and grow my own vegetables." He lives quietly now, after a colorful partying past. He is identifiably Key West bred. He lives now with a family of five Key West dogs. "It's their house. I just take care of them." A neighbor claims that he idolizes his dogs and has much to do with feeding the multitude of cats that live around him.

HE TELLS ME he has worked hard all his life. "I ain't got nothing to show for it," he says with flashing dark eyes. But he chuckles broadly and adds, "Work and ladies have kept me young."

A woman told his dad of the healing power in the salt water. And so nearly every day for three years, his father, Mariano, took Mundy to the sea, bathed him from the waist down, and hoped this would strengthen him. It did. It wasn't till after he was nine years old, however, when he traveled to Jacksonville for a leg-straightening operation, that he walked well.

Once he got up and walked, it was such an accomplishment that it didn't occur to him that he had a handicap," says a very respectful friend. Thereafter, he even played baseball well, although someone else would do the running part.

IN 1975, HE BROKE his hip on the same side as his undeveloped limb. He now has need of a cane. He'll wear out one shoe every six months. This gets hard to keep up with. The pins should have been removed, but once he got off that hospital bed Mundy wasn't about to go back for any more procedures.

Mundy has one daughter from his first marriage, Gloria Blanco, now in Miami. He also has one granddaughter, two grandsons, and a great grandchild. "He's been a good father and she's been a good daughter," a friend reports.

Years ago when Gloria went to Cuba to marry, Mundy worried when she didn't return after a reasonable time. He went to Cuba to find out what was what. She heard him walking along, whistling, and they were reunited. After that he was able to help her and her husband get back to Florida.

AFTER HIS DIVORCE, Mundy was with a lady (Betty) for over 20 years. They were good friends and shared many high times. "I lost a good woman," he still



regrets, "due to cancer. I stayed home several years to nurse her."

At the present time, Mundy drives a taxi for the Five 6's Cab Company on Duval Street. Mundy considers this work dangerous, due to the out-of-town drivers. However, he likes it. He enjoys seeing Key West at all the odd moments, behind

the scenes, and the gaudy times, too. At one point, Mundy and his first wife owned a small home in back of the taxi stand site. He later sold this property to his one remaining Key West relative, his older sister.

MUNDY RESIDES NOW in back of a



THE OLD MIDGET
HAS RE-OPENED!
It's Funky.

small apartment complex at 647 William. This is across from Johnnie's Grocery, where he's known to socialize in the front, and at the Conchy back-of-the-store gatherings, too. He has been here now for ten years.

He lived for 22 years in back of Sloppy Joe's at a house that once belonged to Shorty of Shorty's Diner. He is well liked and respected.

MUNDY'S DOG CLAN began with the acceptance of "Doodlebug," a one-eyed runt he found on Stock Island, thinking it was a cat. At first, the dog could only back up and hide under the bed. Mundy fed the little one every two hours by baby bottle, till it picked up. "The dogs give me plenty to love."

Doodle just sat and watched cats playing in the back yard and learned to clean himself and rub himself against furniture in the manner of a cat. You can see the terrier in his scraggly-haired face and bright dark eyes. Then along came Peanut, companion and mate for the "bug."

THESE DOGS STAY close to home. A firefly to watch is a big event. They are attuned to the people they live with mostly. Now, offspring Suzie, Tarbaby, and Buster have joined them. Mundy plans family trips to get the animals out. They don't take well to a leash, and prefer being picked up and carried to walking along with you. They gather like a herd of sheep, yipping and yapping, and quiet down as one.

"These dogs have never been disciplined," says a friend. "But they know when you really mean it!" And so, the noise dies down when necessary.

BUT BACK TO MUNDY. He's also a dancer and a musician. Before his broken hip, one could find him most week-ends at the Two Friends dancing the night away. He has also played there as a bongo player with many Cuban groups, such as Hector Barroso's. He plays the sticks and marimba. He has music in his soul, and an easy-going island charm that is contagious.

When he was a child, fishing was a

constant occupation. Later on he would go out on a boat with Tero Robert, fishing for grunts. Those were happy times, he says. Commercial fishing he cites as his favorite way of making a living. He is not able to pursue it now though. At one point, while crawfishing and pulling traps, a 300 pound fisherman slipped overboard. The boat rolled towards the water, and Mundy was able to grab the big one around his neck and scoop him back on board before he could sink. The fellow (Joe Peer) could not swim.

MUNDY SHINED SHOES as a kid in his dad's barber shop. The Long Ranger Barber Shop, across from the Palace Theatre on Duval, was memorable. In those days the barber shop was a place for fisherman to shower and shave.

As a kid, young Mundy also sold Spanish limes and sapodillas all over town. This was a good growing-up world for him. He has always loved the native fruits.

In those days in Key West, his mother would send him back to market if he came home with only five pork chops for a quarter (one could get six).

HIS FIRST JOB as an adult was for the WPA as a gardener/janitor. He also drove heavy equipment. He was with Toppino's for 18 years and drove for Tony Alonzo, too. He worked on the Seven Mile Bridge after the storm of 1935. He also worked at the pineapple factory, then located at the present KT Motors site.

Once he worked for Duke's Barbecue for \$10 a week. Those days he paid 75¢ a week for his house in back of the taxi stand. "It's hard to make a decent living now."

HIS FIRST TIME TO CUBA, in 1934, he rode on a ferry. "It was beautiful in Cuba," he says. Cuba was a good time. Everything was very cheap. "One dollar could go a long way." One time while in Cuba he hob-nobbed with Doris Day. It was a trip he made many times, many week-ends.

Mundy loves to cook, and he'd enjoy doing the cooking for any party his

friends plan. One Christmas, when Betty was still alive, he planned a festive dinner. They asked one fellow, a drinking buddy, to go home and keep an eye on the beans for them, until they got off work. Hours later when Mundy and Betty returned home to make the rest of the preparations, it was discovered that the fellow, who was still watching the beans, had never turned the stove on, stewed as he was.

As far as food goes, Mundy most loves black beans, rice with pork chops, and alligator pears (avocados). He can make a delicious Chinese repast and any American dish. He also bakes pies and cakes. "I could make any good thing."

REFLECTIVELY, MUNDY COMMENTS that kids today are different indeed. "I would always smoke cigarettes and I drink beer, but I worked hard and enjoyed life. Too much dope nowadays! The kids miss it. Women were my weakness!" he sighed.

If women were his weakness, then his strength must surely lie in having a light heart.

Patience

Gentle your imperative,
Love you cannot hurry;
Nature unfolds the pace purely.
Watch the moments as a cat;
Rains cease,
Clouds reveal the sun.

Admiral Nimitz Wants You

BY KATHLEEN HARGREAVES PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

IN THE HEARTS and minds of its staunchest supporters, Key West is absolute sanctuary from the starting guns, time clocks, deadlines, and stop watches that dominate life on the mainland. What there isn't time to do today can always be postponed until tomorrow. You might even go so far as to say in Key West being laid-back is downright upright.

Very few people who have been in residence longer than one week even admit to themselves the existence of phrases such as, "You'd better hurry, ...We're going to be late..." I can't put this off any longer" or, perhaps, the most odious of all words in the Conch language, "Rush!" To Key Westers, racing is the exclusive domain of hermit crabs, greyhounds and adolescents on South Roosevelt Boulevard.

But, come the second week of January, all that changes. Racing is not only condoned, it's rewarded. If the dates January 9th to 13th haven't already slipped by when you read this, circle them on your calendar (preferably in Atlantic turquoise blue). And if those days have already come and gone, do yourself a favor -- make a note for same time, same place in your brand new Daily Planner (for those of you who live in the Big City and can only visit us once a year).

ON JANUARY 9, approximately 70 of North America's fastest racing sailboats and most professional crews will be pitted against each other in a test of endurance and skill as the Fifth Annual Ft. Lauderdale to Key West Yacht Race gets underway. The race, drawing contestants from as far away as the West Coast, Canada, Maine -- and possibly Great Britain -- marks the beginning of the Southern Ocean Racing Circuit season. Originally conceived as a feeder race, the Lauderdale to Key West contest was quickly recognized as a major sailing competition in its own right.

Florida's spiny coral reef, long acknowledged by skippers as no place for a novice sailor, combines with the strength of the northerly-flowing Gulf Stream to form one of the most grueling tests of sailing skills available anywhere in North America.



ORGANIZED BY THE Storm Trysail Club, a group that won't even consider applications from prospective members unless they've demonstrated an ability to navigate under offshore storm conditions or under greatly reduced sail, the Lauderdale Yacht Club, and the Key West Sailing Club, the race is run during one of the

most unpredictable-weather seasons in Florida. Despite their experience, it is not altogether extraordinary to observe extremely seaworthy vessels limping into port -- minus masts, mainsails, jibs or Jennies.

If all goes well, the boats will leave Fort Lauderdale on Wednesday afternoon, January 9, and begin arriving at Key West the following afternoon. Depending on their size and speed potential, the various class boats are given handicaps so that everyone has a relatively equal chance of winning one of the trophies and awards. At last count, there were 16.

FOR THOSE OF US who are landlubbers at heart, the public is invited to join the festivities on Saturday, January 12. The "conch grinder" race begins at 10 a.m. and should make an excellent subject for the shutterbug set. A front row seat at Mallory Square will provide ideal vantage. After the race, you can take a flight of fancy and pretend you're Admiral Nimitz -- or his lady -- and inspect your fleet, docked at Truman Annex. All yachts have been requested to "dress ship," a term that means, "Get that cloth out of the hold, matey, and hoist your sails!"

Sailing ships are as much a part of Key West's proud heritage as are palm trees, pirates, palmetto bugs and five-toed pussy cats. It's altogether likely that, should you attend, you'll see representatives of each of these island institutions -- in addition to unfurled sails at the Fifth Annual Ft. Lauderdale to Key West Yacht Race. And, incidentally, if today is Sunday, January 13th, you'd better hurry... Or you're going to be late.

*** Chez Emile ***

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notes & antic - dotes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

VARIATION ON THE time-weathered theme, "You can get away with murder before a jury in Key West," proved valid again in the stabbing of Armando Andre Fernandez by his second wife, Betty L. Fernandez, on March 27, 1963.

The formula of the drama seems like a scenario for a dated movie: beautiful blonde woman, dark handsome man, an attractive other woman, in a love triangle, and finally, in the French tradition, a "crime of passion."

Now for the prelude.

BACK IN THE EARLY 1950's, Betty, the central character, was married and had two children. She was then in her early twenties, and was vivacious and full of surplus energy. Some of this was channelled into participation in The Key West Players activity. In the summer of 1952, she appeared in a play named, ironically, *For Better or Worse*, among other little theater offerings.

By 1954, Betty worked as a beautician for Alyce Milan, then Alyce Ryan, at the Casa Marina Beauty Shop.

Betty was good in her professional work, but was not approved of in regard to her treatment of another beauty shop technician, Gloria Fernandez, then wife of Armando Fernandez, man-about-town, whom Betty had met and with whom she had become involved in a sizzling affair.

Said Alyce Milan, "Betty used to go to Donald's, on Duval, the beauty shop where Gloria Fernandez worked, and have Gloria do her manicures. Then she would come back to my shop and laugh about getting beauty care from Armando's wife without Gloria Fernandez suspecting a thing."

FERNANDEZ WAS CO-OWNER of the old Pepe's Cafe on Duval, near the corner of Greene Street, across from Sloppy Joe's Bar. He was wealthy, in island terms, and had plenty of time for pleasure and women.

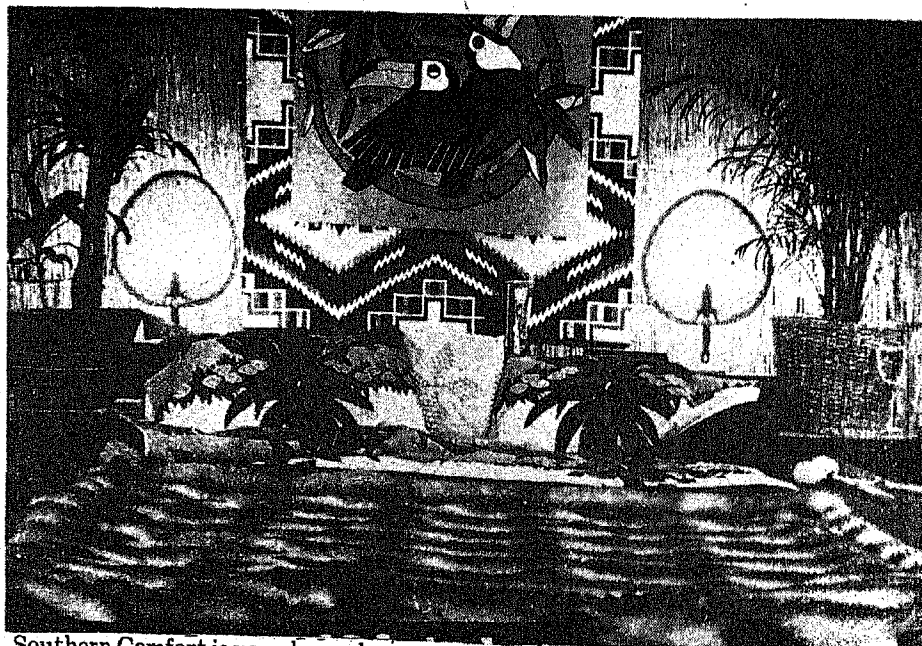
It was reported that Armando and Betty first became acquainted at a bowling alley and that bowling led in their mutual interests. In the courtship period with Armando, Betty lost custody of her two children by her first husband, when she was found negligent of child care by leaving the youngsters alone. She explained that this apparent neglect was due to an unreliable babysitter.

The father retained custody of the children when he and Betty divorced. By 1959 Betty's name appeared in the city directory as Mrs. Armando Fernandez. They were wed in the middle 1950's.

ALL WENT BOWLINGLY, as it were, for several years. Betty and Armando had two children, but in about five years the marital state began to disintegrate. Armando had a roving eye and time to rove.

Acquaintances recall that he encountered a young woman from Cuba who worked at Hilda's Restaurant, vicinity of Margaret and Catherine Streets, and another heart intrigue shaped up. Caridad spoke no English, and she found Armando's interest enhanced with his bilingual ability. She evidently had a great appeal and a warm Latin-fire quality, for Armando became enamored.

His wife, Betty, went to Washington, her home state, on a visit. When she returned, she learned that her spouse had developed a serious liaison with this Cuban girl, who was in



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her mid-twenties, some years younger than Betty, who was then 32. Armando was 34.

HALLOWEEN IS A TIME for pranks, but the mischief-making that began that season in 1962 was not a joke. Mrs. Fernandez began getting telephone calls informing her that her husband was "cheating" on her. Earlier, in September, she got a call to inform her that Armando was visiting Caridad, who then lived on Petronia Street.

Betty went to her dwelling, and she did find her husband there. He admitted that he had been "going" with Caridad, but swore they were finished and asked Betty to be patient. He asked her to leave him alone and not ask questions.

All this cropped up in flashbacks during the subsequent trial when Betty was charged with the killing of her errant husband.

SO MRS. FERNANDEZ attempted to comply with his request, washing his clothes, doing the housework, cooking his meals, taking care of the children, and trying to achieve a level emotional attitude by taking tranquilizers. It was brought out that the drugs she took to calm her were followed by stimulating drugs, and that the ultimate reaction was a disturbed mental condition.

Then, driven to distraction by jealousy, she asked her husband to choose between herself and his mistress.

Armando's machismo asserted itself. He got an apartment for his mistress and himself, establishing a "love-nest," as they used to say in the 1920's scandal sheets, at 1115 Margaret Street.

Betty was that time obsessed with the idea of getting Armando away from this other woman. She kept calling him, begging him to come back to her. He agreed, at least on the surface, to anything to get her to let up on the annoying questions. But the truce was only temporary.

NOVEMBER OF 1962 provided new evidence that Armando had strayed from the home fold again, but Betty could not accept the circumstances as they really were.

She learned that her husband had been frequenting Monroe General Hospital, where Caridad was a patient. Once she waited in the car while he made a visit to his ill mistress. He paid the hospital bill and tried to convince his complaining wife that he was doing so in order to set Caridad on the path to recovery, and that when that happened, he could break off the relationship.

Betty even bought flowers to send to the hospital and signed her name as well as Armando's to the card. Armando tore it up.

After Caridad was released from hospital care, Armando continued to pay her rent, bought her groceries, and gave her a weekly allowance of \$45.

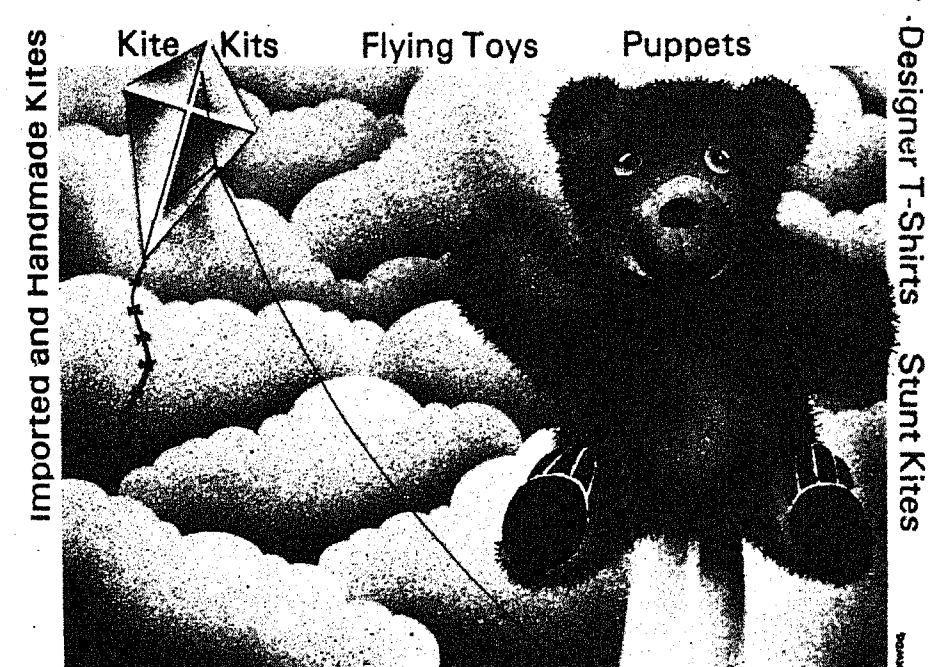
RAGING WITH FRUSTRATION, Betty followed her husband to a meeting with Caridad on Johnson Lane. She slapped Caridad, then remained in a three-way conclave. Armando insisted that they file a divorce petition around Thanksgiving of 1962. This was later withdrawn, and the embattled pair continued to live stormily together.

Christmas Eve, 1962, Betty drove their car -- and here is the scenario's touch again -- it was a lavender Cadillac -- to a party at a bowling lane. Armando said he might show up later on in the evening, and for Betty to go ahead on her own.

At the bowling rendezvous, Betty met a male friend, and they decided to go on to the Gold Coast Lounge in the lavender Caddy. The friend drove. Betty explained, "You always let the man drive."

But Armando took exception to the incident and seized all

continued on page 22



Kites

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SOME REMARKS

KEY WEST GROWTH AND ECONOMY

FOR THE PAST several years we have heard outcries from a certain small group of people bemoaning the lack of growth and stilted economy of Key West. Generally these cries of anguish were heard in connection with a clamor for the removal of the designation, Area of Critical State Concern (ACSC). These self-styled experts tried to blame ACSC for our water shortage, our sewer problems, our electrical brownouts and other community ills.

Very recently we have had occasion to review demographic data for Greater Key West in connection with an investigation concerning child care. One statistic was the officially reported and recognized belief that the population of Key West

had declined since the official 1970 census of 29,312, to an official University of Florida 1977 estimate of 25,382.

WE KNEW THAT consumption in all utility services was up. We know that it is almost impossible to find a house or apartment to live in. We felt that there was no way that our population could have declined and still continue to gobble up resources at an increasing rate. So we set out to gather our own data from official sources from which we could derive our own results. We selected the period 1974 through 1979 for our analysis. The following are some of our results:

	1974	1979
Telephones	10,411	10,909
Sewer Hookups	5,657	6,680
Voters (Reg.) (Pct. 2-16)	11,210	11,580

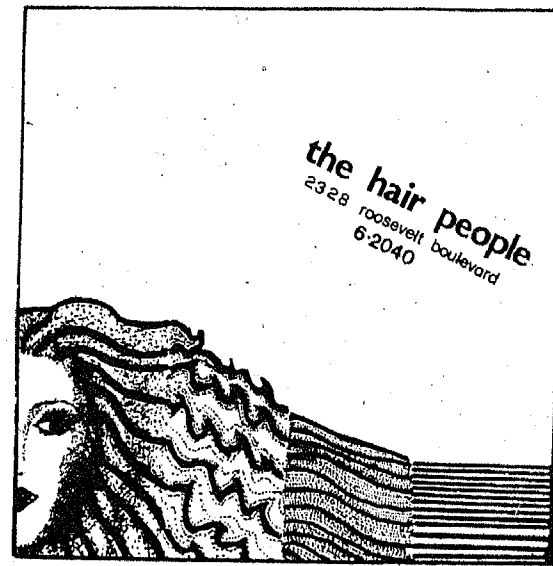
Gas Meters 2,036 2,145

Annual Water 1,576,832 1,914,037
Sales, Civ. only, (thousand gallons)
County-wide.

Electricity (CES)
Meters 14,242 16,749
Energy 305,105,849 314,542,437
(kilowatt hours)

OUR FIRST IRREFUTABLE conclusion is that we have increases in all areas, indicating that there is no way that we could have a declining population. Percentage increases in five years were as follows:

Telephones	up 4.8%
Sewers	up 18.1%
Voters	up 3.3%
Gas	up 5.4%
Water	up 21.4%
Electricity	up 3.1%
Meters	up 17.6%



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- studded leather
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LOFT
TURN LEFT FROM THE MONSTER, AROUND THE CORNER, TO KING PLAZA

THERE APPEARS TO BE close correlation between sewer hookups and water consumption. The increased water consumption is close to a million gallons a day, which would indicate a county-wide population increase of nearly 10,000 in five years. If at least one third of these settled in Key West, our present population should be over 32,500. If we used the 18 percent increase in sewer hookups and applied it to the 1970 census, it would project to about 34,500 people for today.

We examined one other growth and economic indicator with extraordinary results. This was gross sales for Key West only, as reported to the Florida Department of Revenue.

1974 Gross Sales \$133,308,750
1979 Gross Sales \$628,800,000*

Increase 372 percent
(*actual 10 mos., projected Nov. & Dec.)

IN FIVE YEARS' TIME, gross sales of everything in Key West have increased almost FIVE times. This is so overwhelming-

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ly ahead of the inflationary spiral, that it is almost unbelievable. The Key West economy appears to be one of the fastest growing, most booming in the country. We found our results so unbelievable that we actually called back to the local Revenue Department office to confirm our data, which office manager Cummings did, emphatically.

So the next time anyone "poor mouths" about how bad business is and how stunted growth has been in recent years, answer, "HOGWASH...ITS NEVER BEEN SO GOOD!"

And don't believe that Key West has experienced a population decline since 1970 -- the data indicate otherwise, and the 1980 census should confirm it.

By Bill Westray

ON SUNDAY NIGHTS, at 9 p.m., the Marriott Casa Marina Hotel welcomes a new concept in entertainment to the Calabash Lounge. Local actor-comedian Jamie Alcroft

plays host to some of Key West's finest entertainers for an incredible evening of variety. This weekly variety showcase is called "The Casa Cabaret."

"We plan to have different acts each week," says Alcroft. "As well as being a boon to local and regional club owners in their search for new attractions and talent, this cabaret will serve as a showcase for the abundance of excellent local talent."

Alcroft continues: "Rather than going from bar to club and back again, audiences can find many of the various acts they've been trying to get out to see, each week in one big show."

New acts are encouraged to audition between 2 p.m. and 4 p.m. on each Sunday before the show in the Calabash Lounge. For information, call Jamie at 296-3048.



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GUEST EDITORIAL

BY GIL RYDER

KEY WEST IS struggling along a rocky, uphill road to its own ultimate destruction. Obstacles are being placed in the road to destruction by the conscience of the community -- the voice of the people. The Key West Redevelopment Agency is, perhaps unknowingly, working hard to replace Key West with an American Riviera, of which the Truman Annex surplus property will be only the beginning.

In their struggle to attain a synthetic greatness for the island, they are, again perhaps unknowingly, taking steps to wipe out the Black community. The first really obvious symptom of this was the resolution by the City Commission to invite the County Commission to recommend a person to replace Charles Major on the Redevelopment Agency when his term expires in April. This move is, of course, a fairly obvious ploy to remove the only Black and the only voice representing the common people.

THE SIMPLE STRATEGY serves two purposes: the Agency will be rid of the only opposing voice, and, while the City Commission is not obligated by the resolution to accept the County's recommendation, they will be able to say, "Well, we offered you a voice on the Agency, but you did not recommend an acceptable person," or, if they accept the recommended name, they can say, "You now have a voice on the Agency, don't bother us anymore." They will feel secure in the knowledge that if the new member, like Charles Major, speaks for the people, he will be outvoted, and the monied interests will remain in the saddle.

The Black community, through its representative organization, Citizens for the Preservation of the Community (CPC), is making noises and taking action to halt the destruction of Key West, because that community will be the first to go as

the American Riviera is raised, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of Key West.

THE KEY WEST Redevelopment Agency has consistently listened more or less politely to the objections of the public and has just as consistently ignored them. The fact that they have included in the Conceptual Plan a statement that they will consider affordable housing for the working class does not by any means indicate that affordable housing will be included in the final plans. Remember -- the chairman, Dr. Dobert, has stated publicly, "The bottom line will be what the developer wants." Obviously, any honest, money-hungry developer would rather build homes for the rich than for the poor. Quarter million dollar homes are bound to be more profitable than fifty thousand dollar homes.

One good thing that has come out of this projected disaster is a sense of common purpose and unity among the Blacks and Whites of Key West. There's nothing

ONE COMMON OBJECTIVE is that the acreage assigned to housing shall be restricted to units that working class people can afford to purchase with federal assistance.

Section 414 of federal law provides for transfer of property for fair value of use. Obviously, if the use will be to create a rich man's playpen, the "fair value of use" will be a great deal higher than if the land were to be used for affordable housing for the working class. Why should we be anxious to increase inflation by accepting an option that creates a higher price?

IT SEEMS ODD that the Redevelopment Agency should be so hotly pursuing the goals of the 1920's -- "Growth is Progress," "Bigger is Better," "Boom and Bust," as we enter the 1980's, an era in which an enlightened people are so aware that our resources are finite, that needs must take precedence over wants, that Bigger is not Better, and that if we are to continue to exist in any degree of comfort,

THE KEY WEST REDEVELOPMENT AGENCY IS QUITE OBVIOUSLY IGNORING THE NEEDS OF THE COMMUNITY AND FAVORING THE BIG-MONEY PEOPLE.

like a common danger and common adversary to get people together.

CPC IS NOT the only group opposing the Conceptual Plan, but it is, so far, the most effective, as they have hired an attorney and formed a corporation.

Two other organizations, Save our Waterfront (S.O.W.) and Locally Organized Group of Independent Citizens (L.O.G.I.C.), are also working on behalf of the common people for affordable housing, open spaces, and freedom of movement along the waterfront.

CPC is a preponderantly Black group; SOW and LOGIC are predominantly White; although some members of each group are also members of one or both of the other groups. Aside from predominant skin color and general effectiveness, there is little difference among the three groups. The ideals and objectives of the three groups are about the same.

we must learn to "Think Small."

We have all heard the statement that a community, like a person, must continue to grow. Unfortunately, there are still people who think that means to grow physically, even though most of us were long ago aware that one should not continue to grow physically after attaining physical maturity. Such growth becomes obesity and leads to the discomfort and untimely death of the individual. After attaining physical maturity, a human being should continue to grow mentally, spiritually and philosophically to be, not a bigger person, but a better person, and so it should be with a community.

Key West must rid itself of leaders who would guide us by principles of greed through a dollar dance to disaster.

LET'S GET ON to the Conceptual Plan that will be presented to the City Commission on January 7, 1980.

First, let's see how it treats the traffic problems that the American Riviera will be bound to create. Sure enough, they have seven pages, including two maps, on the subject. The maps show the bus routes and the areas of heaviest congestion.

Pages 11-5 and 11-7 tell us that the Key West streets are not designed to accommodate modern auto traffic; that there's not enough parking; that ordinances for developers to provide parking are not enforced; that traffic delays are caused by tour trains, sightseeing tourists, trucks, recreational vehicles, drivers looking for parking spaces, strip development along roadways, and accidents caused by obstruction of intersection traffic signs.

ON PAGE 11-7 they offer possible solutions to the traffic problems:

1. Apply for federal aid to acquire right of way on land fringing Truman Avenue.

WHEN THE BLACK COMMUNITY IS DESTROYED, THE REST OF KEY WEST WILL FOLLOW.

2. Establish and enforce a Master Parking Plan to provide adequate off-street parking.
3. Investigate the feasibility of operating Duval and Simonton as a one-way pair.
4. Improve the intersection of U.S. 1 and Roosevelt Blvd. by signalization or grade-separated interchange.

PLEASE NOTE THAT nowhere in these four solutions is it suggested that the developers should pay the enormous expense of these changes and add the cost to the price of the homes for the super rich. The first item holds the key to the financing: "Apply for federal aid funding." In other words, let the taxpayers, who are mostly poor, pay for the needed changes to make the super rich happy in their vacation fun palaces. On page 11-9

it is noted that traffic congestion increases as you get near the project site, and they admit that it is unfortunate that the site is located just west of the most congested area in Key West. The Plan also says that "traffic access improvements should be developed in conjunction with minor improvements to the local adjacent street system." It does not say who will pay the bill.

THE LAST PARAGRAPH on page 11-10 states that the Key West transportation system must keep pace with development needs, and that "this can be realized by increasing the capacity of U.S. 1, improving capacity of local street network by physical or operational changes and by investigating the feasibility of waterborne transportation for access-egress to Key West."

There is nothing to suggest that the developer will pay for any of these development needs, though one must infer that if these needs are not met the develop-

ment project will make Key West famous for having the world's first completely insoluble traffic jam.

TAKE A SECOND LOOK at the #1 solution to traffic problems: Acquire right of way on land fringing Truman Avenue. You can bet your boots that houses on Truman Avenue, mostly in the Black neighborhood, will have to come down -- one tiny step forward in the destruction of Key West.

On page 7-3, entitled "Residential," the first sentence states, "A severe shortage of housing exists in all parts of Key West and in all price ranges." This statement is debatable -- whoever heard of a housing shortage for millionaires who have the money to build what they want where they want.

Genuine housing shortages exist largely among the working classes who are too poor to compete with millionaires and too rich to qualify for public housing. These are the people who need help from

the federal housing programs and they are the ones who should be given first and major consideration by all levels of government and its agencies. The first sentence of the second paragraph, page 7-3, says, "The type of dwelling units that will be constructed on the 26.4 acres designated for residential use will be determined by market conditions, demand and cost considerations that prevail at the time development of the site begins." The economic demand will, of course, be for expensive vacation homes (American Riviera), not for workmen's cottages. The expensive "Wants" will defeat the workers' "Needs."

PART OF PARAGRAPH 2 states, "Special consideration should be placed on affordable housing for the working population of Key West. The Redevelopment Agency has recognized the need for housing of this type and will commit itself to finding the best solution."

A map entitled "Alternative Site Locations: Industrial and Low Income Housing Land Uses" (page 1-15) shows five locations, but does not explain how we're going to put housing in these areas.

#1 seems to be the U.S. Navy Tank Farm.

#2, Fleming Key, is Navy property, part of it leased to U.S.D.A. for the Cattle Quarantine Station (another folly not wanted by the people).

#3 appears to be the City Dump. #4 is Peary Court -- Navy property used (but not owned) by the City. It is not surplus.

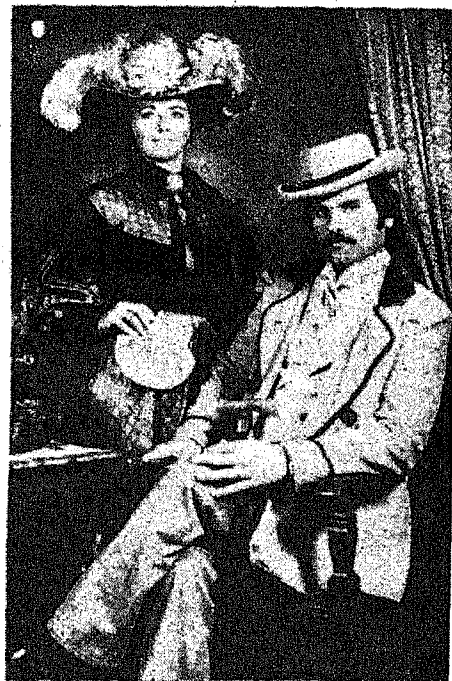
#5 is Sigsbee Park, a Navy housing area, in use, not surplus. Why didn't they include Searstown?

WHAT'LL YOU BET that the Agency solution will be to plan working class housing in Peary Court, Navy Tank Farms, Fleming Key, City Dump and Sigsbee Park? Then they'll be amazed that they can't use those areas and.... "So sorry, we couldn't help it, but Truman Annex is all planned now and we can't squeeze anything else in there."

Look at page 2-2, Table 2-1. This table, "Concensus (sic) Listing of Selected Industries," deals with types of industry considered suitable for the area.

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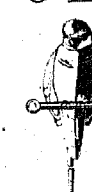
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Twenty-one such industries are named. Tufted carpets, Broadwoven manmade fabric, Tubes and Inner tubes -- let's look at just these three items. Carpet fibers today are largely synthetic, petro-chemical products; ditto manmade fabrics and inner tubes. Why should we even consider building our future on oil-based products while our oil is running out?

Why would any industrialist in his right mind want to set up plants in Key West to make rubber footwear, roast coffee, inner tubes, glass containers, etc.? Where is the market? What would be his advantage? Why would he give himself the enormous transportation problem?

OUT OF THE 21 selected industries only three seem to be realistic: Fresh and Frozen Packaged Seafood, Canned and

Cured Fish and Seafood, and Boat Building and Repairs.

There's no point in listing all 21 items. It would be impractical to go through and criticize the entire 134 pages of the Conceptual Plan -- it wouldn't all fit in *Solares Hill*. The Plan contains a lot of statistics, description of the Bus System, etc. It is a public document and copies should be on hand at the Court House, City Hall and Library for all those who would like to read it. It will remind you of your grammar school days when it was time to write a composition -- just fill a lot of pages so the teacher wouldn't want to go through it all and you'd figure she'd give you a passing mark rather than read it. Perhaps the Plan is best summed up as "Conceived in error, suffered a prolonged and arduous gestation, and was delivered a monster."

IT'S UNFORTUNATE THAT the City Commission in May 1979 was narrow-minded and hardheaded enough to refuse the County a voice on the Redevelopment Agency, though they now proclaim that they have invited the County to participate and that the County has refused the offers. The City Commission voted unanimously to keep the County out. You might note that at that time, Dennis Anderson, then Executive Director of Key West and Lower Keys Development Corporation, agreed that "what to do with lower and middle income people who will be evicted is one of our most serious problems."

In April of this year, the Citizens Advisory Committee recommended that the Redevelopment Agency should be made up of all new faces, and Commissioner Weekley reminded the Commission meeting of that. He also recommended that the Agency should not be made up of persons of one economic or social group, but should reflect a

cross-section of the general citizenry. If the rest of the Commission had heeded Weekley's advice, a lot of trouble could have been avoided.

IT IS UNLIKELY, at this stage of the game, that the County would accept the City's invitation to recommend a replacement for Charles Major when his term expires in April, as the County has its own plans now and will probably be ready for a public hearing by January 9th.

The Key West Redevelopment Agency is quite obviously ignoring the needs of the community and favoring the big-money people, as shown by statements of the chairman, Dr. Dobert:

"Anyone who'll stop the plan with a lawsuit is not a good citizen of Key West. Only a fool would put a public park or public housing on Truman Annex." (None of the three groups opposing the plan has suggested public housing or making the area into a park.)

"We can't put this type of housing in this particular spot." (They sure can, they just don't want to.)

"The bottom line is what the developer wants."

Statements like these are made because we don't have a good cross-section of the community represented on the Agency. With the exception of Major, they are all business, big-money oriented people.

Major, incidentally, is not fighting for just the Blacks, but for all working class people.

When the Black community is destroyed, the rest of Key West will follow, and the American Riviera will be on this little island, but you and I will not.

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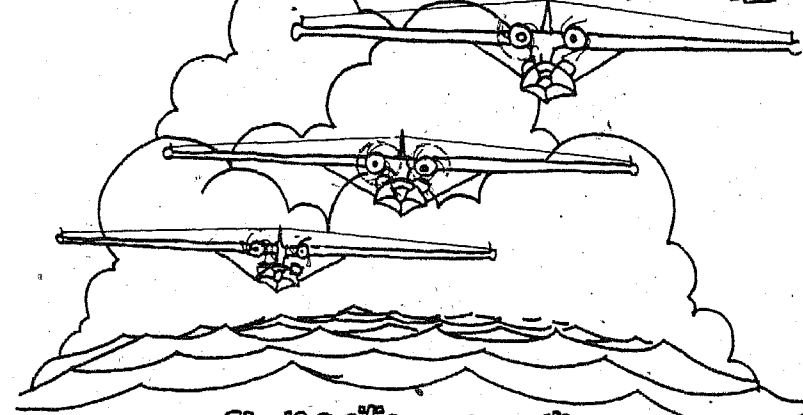
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WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY AMY LEE DE POO

PATIENCE HAS ALWAYS BEEN its own reward. I have found patience to be a much-needed skill growing up in Key West. Since there really isn't a marked difference in the change of seasons, one has to learn to endure life with a kind of permanent veneer of patience to just go from one day to the next. Life seems to go on and on, and even if the calendar tells you it is the dead of winter, the sun could be shining with such ferocity you'd wonder why they even bothered to issue calendars that included winter. Consequently, my sisters and I looked forward to our respective birthdays with the same intensity and excitement other people held for the turning of the leaves or the first perfect snowflake.

My younger sister Martha's birthday fell in early October, and the rewards of her celebration carried her over until Christmas. My older sister Kathryn's birthday fell in early April, and her Easter candy would just about be gone by then. Both my sisters were expert hoarders, and I thought they lacked the necessary gusto for complete enjoyment of life because they would never indulge in any of the free-for-all candy bliss-outs I suggested to rid them of their temptations. I found their prohibitive pretty disgusting, especially when I offered out of the goodness of my heart to help them eat their Easter eggs. Kathryn never failed to mention that I never offered to help

her eat her mushrooms or cabbage, which I considered a pointless change of subject.

MY BIRTHDAY FELL in very late May, and it was the last cause for true celebration before the long barren months of summer came. The Fourth of July did offer some relief, but I didn't see how a bunch of sparklers and a few loud bangs could compare with the standing ovations and bejeweled tiara I always thought I would get on my birthday.

(It should be noted here that I always expected to have thundering applause, a satin cape and a magic wand given to me on my birthday, but I got too old to keep expecting these things before they ever happened. Most of the time I got the dismal sound of my sister Martha tapping her fork on the table, asking in a distracted fashion, "When do we get to eat the cake?" Martha was not known for her effervescence.)

MY MOTHER ALWAYS made us feel that our birthdays were very special occasions and would remind us weeks beforehand that THE day was coming up. I would stare at the calendar and mark off the days in my mind and count them over and over again, hoping to make the time go a little faster. Time never responded to my efforts, and the closer the day came, the farther it seemed. It was harder to remain occupied out in the yard; tree-climbing offered no new discovery, and dirt held no

fascination for me.

Martha had no awareness of the tensile fragility of my excitement, and dirt continued to hold endless fascination for her. She just didn't know how to share my boundless anticipation and expectant joy. I tried to engage her in interesting conversations about my upcoming event and how wonderful it was and what I might get, but none of this concerned her, and she found it infinitely more interesting to look under rocks. I decided to remain unaffected by her fossilized personality and press on solo, if need be, with my own euphoria.

THIS PARTICULAR YEAR, my birthday fell on a Saturday, which was all the

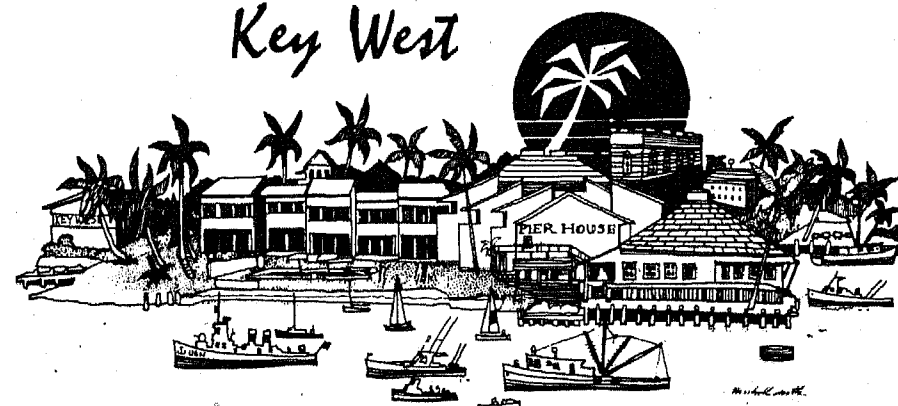
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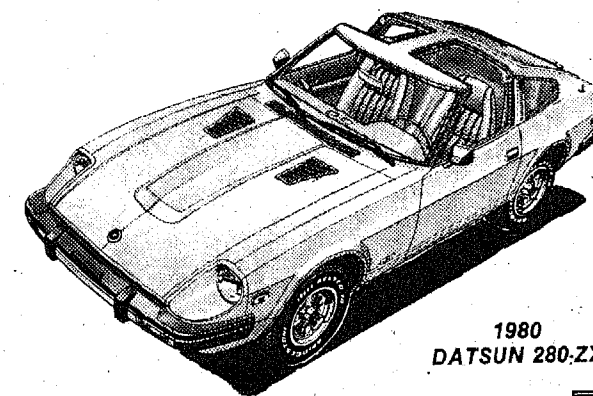
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more a sign of a perfect day coming my way. I just couldn't wait. My ever-thoughtful mother had asked me what kind of cake I would like, and I took a while deciding what the two very best flavors were in the whole world, but finally came up with the ultimate combination: chocolate cake with coffee icing. My mother never bought cakes for us because she had been a baker in the Army, and it was not hard for her to make something taste very good. Her cakes never looked like the Hollywood version of food, however, but she always drew something on them, and they had tremendous appeal and charm.

I awoke that Saturday very early in the morning, not wanting to waste one precious minute of the twenty-four hour space that was mine and mine alone. Besides, my mother was going to bake the cake the first thing because she had a lot of painting to do, and this way I would not be bugging her every ten minutes about when she was going to get around to it. The extra dividend was that I got to watch and lick both bowls, since they owed their existence to me anyway.

MY SISTERS GOT UP and went outside to play on a big abandoned boat my parents had put in the yard to serve as our playhouse. The bow of *The Four Roses* rested right up against the fence that separated our yard from the backyard of a house that faced Caroline Street. That house was very old and deserted and in a state of disrepair. The backyard of it had a cistern, and all around it the yard was a mass of tangled weeds, stacks of wooden debris, and lush, overgrown vines.

Wild cats lived under the house, and the cistern had a pipe coming out of it, leading us to believe that some dark and evil creature living there needed air. Frequently, we threw stones carefully aimed from the bow of the boat to see if we could rouse the lurking evil. The echoing plink of the rocks as they struck the stagnant water would make us squeal and run to the top of the fly-bridge. Then after the heart-pounding stopped and we all decided we were just making it up,

we'd get more rocks and get just as scared the next time.

If you got out to the boat early enough on a Saturday, you could enjoy a spell of wino-watching, since the cistern made a good place to pass out after a hard night on Caroline Street. (My father frowned on this, and we never told him if there happened to be a wino on the cistern, because he would make us get down and play somewhere else until the sun woke the guy up and he had to go someplace cooler.)

THE MOST FAMOUS WINO that used to pass out on the cistern was called Kitty Grey. Everybody knew him, and he seemed to live on Caroline Street. I didn't understand how a person could just walk around like that all the time and not have a home to go to at night, and my sisters and I felt very sorry for him. There were neighborhood boys that were very cruel to him, taunting him and throwing rocks at him as he staggered down the street. My sister Kathryn had a strongly developed egalitarian sense about her, and she always yelled at the boys who were teasing him to behave themselves -- but always after Kitty Grey was well down the street, because my father taught us to never draw attention to ourselves in the presence of someone weird.

SINCE MARTHA AND KATHRYN were out on the boat lolling in the cool, blue-green dampness of the morning and not as enthused as I thought fitting with the baking of my birthday cake, I felt compelled to run out every five minutes and issue progress reports on how the confection was shaping up. I suppose they figured if they weren't going to get to lick the bowl, there wasn't much point in getting very excited about something until you actually had it in your mouth and could really chew it up. I overlooked their bland disinterest and persisted in my efforts to be an accurate reporter. Soon the cake part was done, and my mother was beating up the icing. She used very strong coffee in it, and I was posi-

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tive it was the best she had ever made. I ran out and told my sisters it was almost done. When I got back to the kitchen my mother told me it would be best to wait until the cake cooled a little more before she put the icing on, but I was so anxious to see the finished product that I begged her to just go ahead and ice it anyway. She finally agreed, figuring it would be better to get it all over with so she could go back to painting. After the last spoonful had been smeared to the edge of the pan I at last realized the thrill of true fulfillment. There was my very own birthday cake sitting in a flat oblong pan, still warm and fragrant and exquisite with a smooth, butter-coffee icing that rivaled the floors of the Taj



Mahal. I just had to show my sisters, hoping for even the slightest glimpse of envy.

WHILE MY MOTHER WAS soaking the

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language of the keys.

bowls I decided to carry the cake out to the boat so Kathryn and Martha could get a good look at it. Martha was leaning against the window of the steering cabin on top of the deck with her knees up, shielding her eyes and squinting at the bright, mid-morning sun. Kathryn was leaning over the far edge of the side of the boat calling a new kitten closer. I didn't want to risk climbing up the ladder to get on top of the boat for fear my cake might slip out of my hands. I approached the front of the boat and called up to Martha to come have a look at my confectionary treasure.

"Martha! Come look at my cake. It's all done and I want you to see it before the candles and the writing go on."

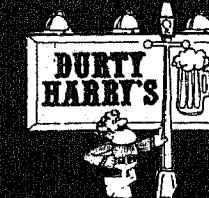
"I don't want to come down right now -- why don't you just bring it up?"
"I can't bring it up because I'm afraid I'll slip and fall...or I'll hurt

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the cake. Just come over to the edge and look at it, I haven't got all day. Tell Kathryn to come, too."

Kathryn yelled out, "I don't want to see your damn cake." Well that wasn't very inspiring, but then again, Kathryn had a singularity of focus, and I figured the cat was all she could be expected to deal with at one time anyway.

I STEPPED UP on a big rock next to the boat so Martha wouldn't be required to move very much.

"Hold it up higher so I can see it," Martha said as she rolled over and began to move closer to the edge. I lifted my arms up to facilitate her viewpoint, and, at that moment, Martha sort of slipped on the leftover dew from the morning condensation, and her grubby, grey-smear, dirty little hand found itself right in the middle of my cake. As she withdrew her clumsy paw from the pan, the icing peeled away from the warm cake leaving a naked chocolate scar in the shape of her hand dead center in the pan. Martha froze into position with her hand in front of her equally dirty face in apparent disbelief of what she had done. I was in mortal shock, screaming and crying, the tears stinging my eyes and running down into my mouth. The rage boiled up inside me.

"LOOK WHAT YOU'VE DONE! YOU DID IT ON PURPOSE! YOU'RE A DIRTY LITTLE PIG! I HATE YOU MARTHA!"

"I am NOT a pig! You're an idiot! You fool, why didn't you watch me? It's not my fault you weren't looking! I didn't mean to and you know it. Here, I'll put it back."

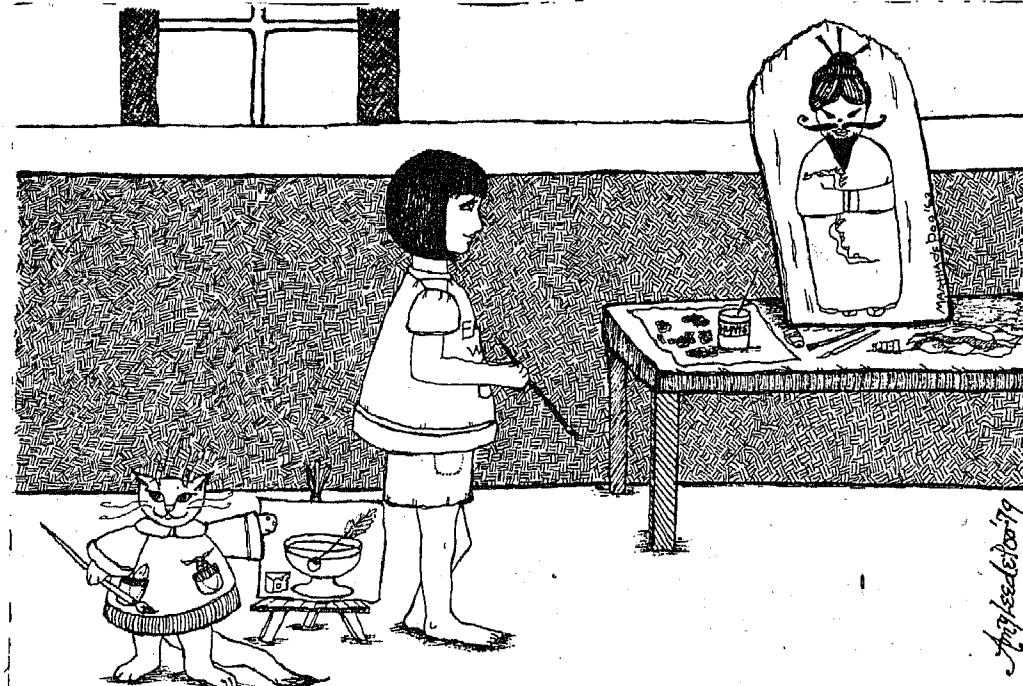
"PUT IT BACK?! ARE YOU CRAZY? YOU THINK I WANT YOUR FILTH ON MY CAKE? YOU CAN JUST GO TO HELL, THAT'S WHAT YOU CAN DO! I'M GOING TO TELL MAMA RIGHT NOW! I HOPE YOU FALL ON YOUR FLAT LITTLE HEAD, THAT'S WHAT I HOPE!"

ALL MY CURSES had apparently not damaged Martha's appetite, for as I retreated to the kitchen, Martha was lick-

ing her hand and telling Kathryn how good the icing was. Any person of ANY amount of nobility and character would have washed it off and not proceeded to add insult to injury by visibly relishing the source of my trauma. I was convinced that Martha was not my blood sister and that she probably had gotten confused in the hospital with one of those wolf-children born in the wild and returned to civilization by some well-meaning zealot. I was wishing she would just go back to the wilds and live with creatures more

course she could cover the spot, but the cake would never look the way it did before, and it didn't suit me to see the crumbs all glooped around the icing leaving a visible streak. The cake looked like a half-healed wound, and I got sick every time I looked at it. I could not be comforted. My mother went off to paint out in her yard, and I wanted to get as far away from Martha as I could.

I DECIDED TO GO sit under a table in my mother's studio room behind the kitchen.



sued to her style.

When I got to the kitchen my mother was still there, and I showed her what had happened. I was still crying and very broken-hearted about the whole thing, but my mother assured me she could fix it by spreading the rest a little thinner over the offensive blotch. Well, of

It would be nice and dark and solitary, and I wanted to collect my thoughts. As I sat under the table hugging my knees, feeling about as low as a person can feel at such a tender age, my swollen red eyes happened to glance up and light on a large driftwood painting Martha had just done the week before. My mother was

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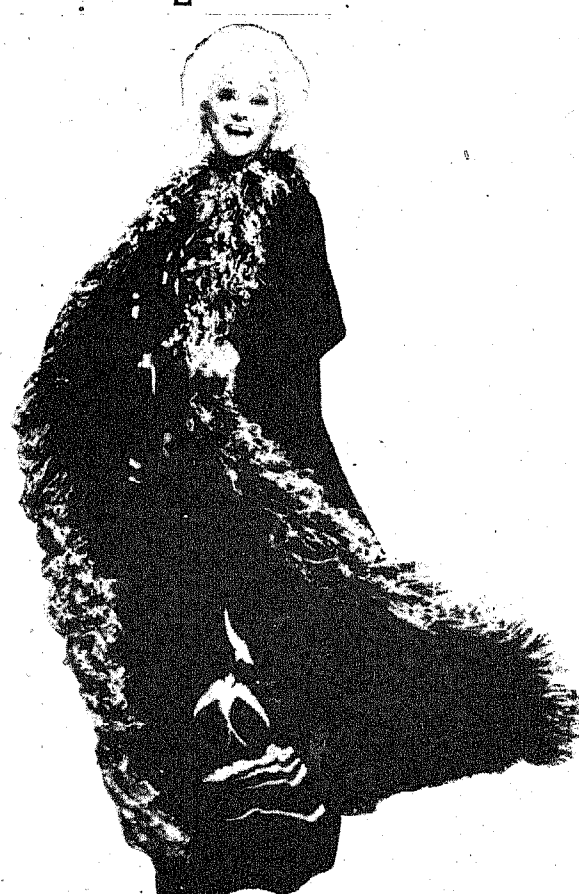
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**WHERE THE SUN SETS IN OLD KEY WEST
AT THE MALLORY DOCKS**

never one to stifle creativity, and she always encouraged us to paint. But oil paints take a long time to dry before they can be hung anywhere, and there sat Martha's latest masterpiece -- a Japanese girl in a red kimono with the sleeves together at the cuffs, since Martha couldn't draw hands yet.

The more I looked at it, the more strange I felt. I gazed at it for a few moments more, and then an unusual sensation came over me. I felt that I could both improve on Martha's artwork and soothe my sob-wracked little body at the same time. Sitting right in front was a tomato-paste can with linseed oil in it, my mother's brushes, and the piece of freezer-paper with paint squeezed on it. I could no longer control the urge to express myself, and I picked up a brush, found the black paint, smoothed it out real good just like I'd seen my mother do, and adorned Martha's sweet geisha with the largest, most debonaire mustache and beard I could muster.

SUDDENLY I FELT wonderful. The sun was shining in my life again. The world was a tissue carousel once more. I went outside to spend the rest of my birthday in peace and happiness. What with the occasion of the day, and the cake and presents later, and dinner and baths and bedtimes, nobody had purpose to go out in the back, and my handiwork went unnoticed for the time being. I forgot all about it and had forgiven Martha in my mind for being such a heathen.

The rest is rather hazy. I can remember being happily at play out in the yard on a Sunday afternoon and being yanked up off my feet by my mother, who had a shrieking beast standing behind her, crying out, "SHE did it! SHE did it!" I quite frankly did not know what she was talking about.

"Did what? What did I do?"

"You know what you did! You ruined my painting -- that's what you did!"

My mother spoke up.
"Amy, did you touch Martha's Japanese girl? Who else would have done that? Did you put a mustache on her face?"
It all began to come back to me.
"Well, I guess I did, but she ruined

too. I mentioned that on my way into the workshop, but I think the next slap must have changed that train of thought.
For the next hour I tried my best to match the color of that Japanese girl's face, but I just couldn't get the shade



my cake, and I was only trying to..."

"You were only trying to ruin it, that's what you were trying to do, weren't you? Haven't I told you never to touch somebody else's pictures? Now you can fix it!" And with that, she gave a few good slaps.

SINCE I HAD just received punishment for the horrible deed, I didn't see the logic in me having to fix the stupid thing,

exactly right. When I was all finished, the mustache and beard were gone, but the Japanese girl still looked like she needed a good shave.

Running for Mayor

BY RICHARD MARSH

ONE OF THE MOST complimentary comments about my unsuccessful candidacy for mayor in the recent election came from a Georgia native. "Back in Georgia we had an expression," he told me the first time we met after the election. "I'd rather lose with a winner than win with a loser."

Certainly the least complimentary comment was voiced by an old acquaintance who now has an office at City Hall: "I'd rather vote for Jesse James than you."

SOMEWHERE IN BETWEEN was the Conch lady who has had enough of the present regime. "We've got to get him out of there," she said of the incumbent and re-elected Mayor McCoy. "I'd vote for the devil before I'd vote for him." She told me after the election that she had voted for me.

Then there was Joe, whose reaction to my announcement of my candidacy was to laugh uproariously. After the election, when a mutual friend who didn't know that Joe and I are old antagonists began to introduce us, Joe said, "Aren't you the guy who just lost an election?"

My supporters weren't kidding themselves. They knew that the big question was, "Can a non-native of Key West, who

is politically unknown and who is publicly on record as being opposed to the big money interests, beat the Conch political machine?"

EVEN THOUGH I lost the election, I think that it is generally agreed that the answer is yes. The incumbent powers seem to feel that this is so.

At a City Commission workshop meeting between the primary election and the runoff, the subject of the leasing of city-owned property came up. Commissioner Mary Graham, who had been re-elected in the primary amid rumors that she would resign her seat within six months if re-elected, expressed her concern over the future of such properties. She turned to Mayor McCoy and said, "I hope you will look after these lands after I'm gone, if you're still here."

McCoy replied, "Well, I don't know. You'll have to ask..." And he gestured vaguely in my direction.

On the way into the commission chambers for the regular meeting I asked McCoy if he meant that he was passing his scepter on to me. "No," he said, "but you hold the balance of power," which was about as vague as his gesture.

I THINK HE WAS referring to what I had taken pains to point out: that 600 more people voted against him in the primary than voted for him. I had asked that all those who voted for me and the other three candidates opposing McCoy vote for the runner-up, Jose Menendez. The "you" in his reply seemed to be plural, including all of us who opposed McCoy.

So, yes, a politically unknown non-Conch can win against a Conch incumbent. Richard Heyman is proof of that.

I might have won also, if it had not been for all those "ifs": if I had started earlier, if those who were surprised at my decent showing in the primary had taken me seriously earlier and shown more support, if there had been more money for more newspaper ads, signs, and radio spots, if the fire fighters and the Business Guild had endorsed me instead of Dexter Springstead, if, if, if....

WHETHER I BECOME a candidate for political office in the future will depend on future conditions. Many people feel that I would have a good chance of winning because of the exposure, knowledge, and experience I received as a result of the mayoral campaign. There are a lot of things that I would do differently, and I offer them here as the wisdom of hindsight for the benefit of other potential future candidates.

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SOMEONE ADVISED ME that in order to win an election I had to just for office -- crave it more than anything else in the world. I was a reluctant candidate from the start. Last summer I was involved in discussions concerning potential candidates for the November elections. We found that those who were both good material for public office and electable were not interested in the job.

I was invited to speak at a meeting of Citizens for Responsive Government last summer, and after the meeting some members of the audience who liked what I had to say about good government asked if I was considering running for public office myself. I said that I didn't really want to be a public official, but I would consider running if an electable person who could do the job did not turn up.

A little later, Susan Sachs was putting together an article for the *Miami Herald* about the apparent lineup for election, and she called me to ask if it was true that I was considering running for mayor or commissioner, I

said yes, I was considering it, and she put that in the article.

THAT SHOULD HAVE been the beginning of my campaign, but I did nothing, waiting to see who would run for sure. I should have started shaking hands and making myself known, one knowledgeable activist told me. After the *Herald* article, he said, "Word spread around town like wildfire: Who is Richard Marsh?"

I should have qualified for candidacy early in the qualifying period, instead of waiting until the last day, one month before the election. I kept hoping someone else would do the job that I wanted to see done -- the establishment in Key West of a truly democratic form of government of the people, by the people, and for the people. I tried to forget the old saying, "Bad government is caused by good men who do nothing." After all, if the voters didn't want the kind of government they have, why did they elect the incumbents in the last election? The answer is another question: Did they have an

electable alternative choice?

WHETHER I WAS electable or not was the subject of much debate: "One chance in a thousand...40-60...a snowball's chance in hell...the Conchs won't vote for an outsider, and you can't beat the Conch vote." But then: "McCoy has gotten a lot of people mad at him in eight years; he's vulnerable...even chance...60-40." The consensus seemed to be that if I made it into the runoff, I could beat McCoy.

The nay-sayers were proven wrong in principle, although not in fact. In my own heavily Conch-populated home precinct, 100 voted for me, and 101 for McCoy, with the other candidates far behind. It was not only "new people," but many of the Conchs as well, who gave McCoy a vote of "no confidence."

Maybe next time.



dizzy and with
glazed eye i
turned to look at
dream in hand
and like from a
book i read the
lines and from
the words there-in

came the light by
which did
comprehend that
all things
yes . . . all things
came from
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NOTES AND ANTIC-DOTES continued from page 9
Betty's jewelry from her except for one ring.

THE NEW YEAR rolled in for 1963. There was some improvement in the loosened marriage ties. Betty noted her husband took her to dinner three times. Then, as she observed during the later trial, "Bang! The bottom fell out again." Matters between them became more tense. Armando began staying away from his home base for longer and longer intervals.

Spring that year of 1963 was dismal for the deserted wife, and it was made more intolerable by telephone messages taunting her about her husband's infidelity. The climax exploded on the evening of March 27, 1963. A man talked to Betty on the phone, goading her with information that Armando was at 1115 Margaret Street with his mistress. He turned on the power in the prodding, saying he was telling her what was going on because Armando had been "messing around with my wife, too, and I want to get even!"

BETTY SAT OUT on the porch of her house in pajamas and a robe waiting, since she expected Armando to come by eventually. He finally drove along in a car with friends. When he stopped, Betty pleaded that she wanted to speak with him about events. He grew angry and ordered her to go inside, then drove off with his companions.

Sure that he had gone to Caridad's place, Betty dressed and decided to go over to the Margaret Street "hideaway." Picking up on the testimony at the subsequent trial, which was held the following January in 1964, the violence that preceded it on March 27, 1963, unfolded with gathering significance. Betty told the court, "As I was going out the door, I picked up a knife (it was a 12-inch letter opener) because I had to go through a bad district of the town, and I was afraid. I rode a bike to 1115 Margaret Street. I saw my husband's car parked in front of the house."

THE APARTMENT WAS only dimly lit, and it was about 10 p.m. Betty could not see through the jalousied windows, but she heard Armando talking inside. She moved on to the porch and listened to a conversation in Spanish. "I tried the door, but it was locked, so I knocked. I heard Caridad ask who was there and I replied 'Marina,' because I knew that if I said 'Betty' she wouldn't have opened the door."

"But the door did open, and I saw her standing there behind my husband. She was wearing a negligee."

The newspaper account of the courtroom scene was described by Jim Cobb, reporter for *The Citizen*, in an admirably written story. "At this point, Betty rose up on the witness stand and became hysterical. She said, 'I just wanted to get her. I tried, but my husband grabbed me. I didn't mean to hurt him. I loved him. He was trying to keep me from her. I heard him

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fall on the floor and I saw he was hurt. I told him I would get him a doctor. There were people all around and nobody would help me. Don't you understand? I didn't mean to hurt him. I don't remember anything further that happened that night."

ANOTHER VERSION, derived from piecing together connected events of that fatal night, was that Armando opened the door, and that Betty, thinking Caridad would have been the one to do that, lunged blindly and stuck her husband right in the heart with the weapon.

She also managed to slash Caridad's arm, but when she saw that her husband had fallen and was bleeding, she dropped the long blade and attempted to revive him. Caridad escaped, screaming, to a neighbor's. When police arrived, they found Betty crouched over Armando, attempting to bring Armando back to life.

She was taken to jail immediately. She awoke next morning and repeatedly asked about her husband, evidently unaware that he had bled to death at the scene of the attack.

Bond was first set at \$25,000, and Betty remained behind bars for some time. Eventually, the amount was reduced to \$5,000, and she was released under bond in April, 1963. Her father came from Bremerton, Washington, to be with her.

THE TRIAL WAS scheduled for January 13, 1964, at the Monroe County Courthouse. The charge was second degree murder. Presiding at Criminal Court was Judge Thomas Caro. The prosecutor was Broward County Solicitor Thomas Coker, Jr.

Attorney for the defense was Henry Carr of Miami. Associate defense counsel was Key West's own astute J.Y. Porter IV. The opposing attorneys were known as "courtroom strategists." The interpreter employed was Charles Parra of Key West. His services were invaluable, since the chief witness, Caridad, had such little knowledge of English.

In the beginning, Caridad said she had had no personal contact with Mrs. Fernandez, but on the second day of the five-day trial she stated that once Betty had tried to beat her up and threatened to kill her.

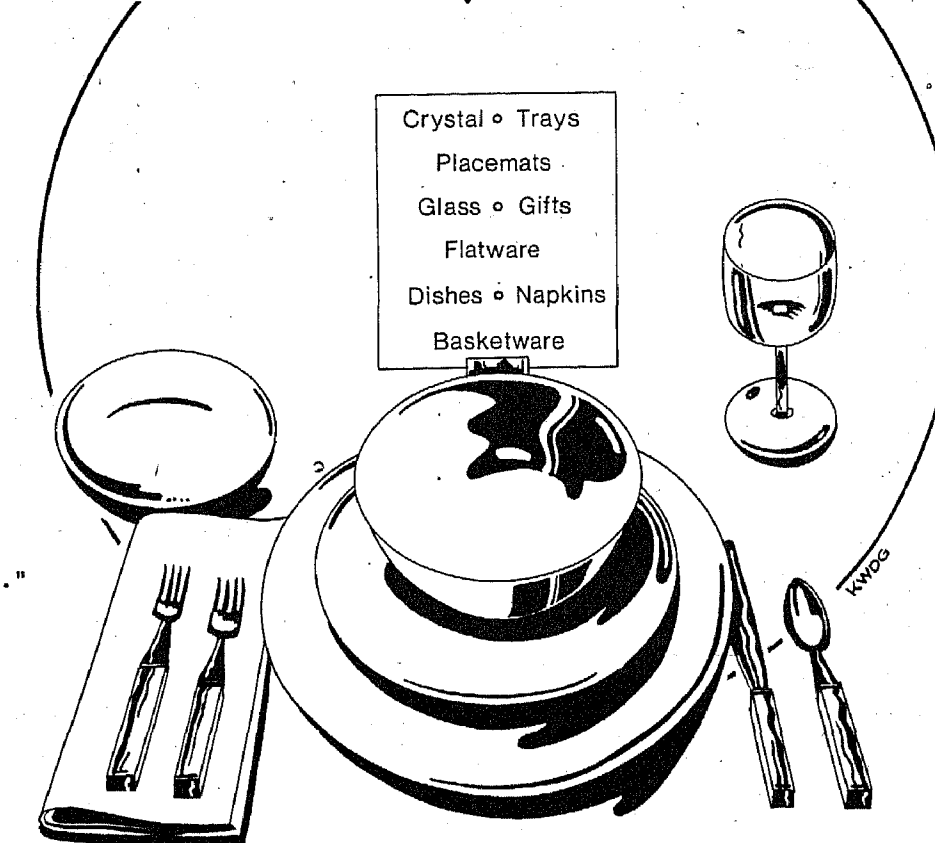
The six-man jury had been fairly difficult to select, since so many who were called admitted prejudice in the case.

The foreman was Charles Loudon. One of the jurymen was Winthrop Biddle, a resident who was from Philadelphia, and later became a Key West eccentric character. Another member of the jury was Thomas Harper of Sugarloaf Key, who in the aftermath procedures, felt he had to "justify" the verdict.

There were 17 witnesses called, and the prosecution tried to bring out in cross-examination that Mrs. Fernandez was not the loyal wife she was supposed to be. However, her image as the devoted mate, although perhaps marred, remained intact for

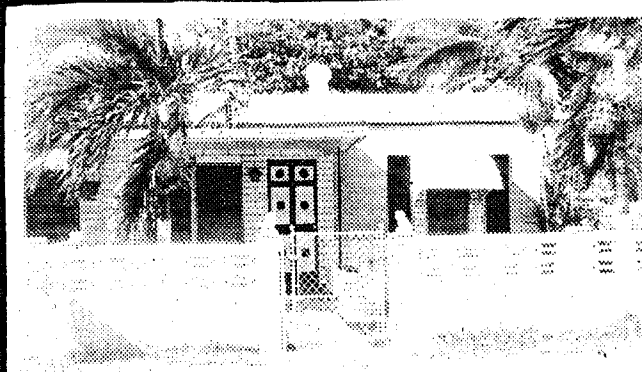
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Plate & Platter

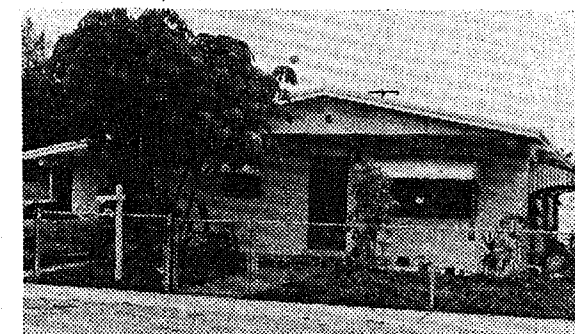


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STORY AND LAYOUT BY "DINK" BRUCE
PHOTOS BY APRIL JOHNSON

WHAT THE HELL am I doing here?
It's two in the morning, twenty knot winds from the northeast, fresh and cool, twelve- to thirteen-foot seas from all directions except...oops...there's one from there.

Conrad, the captain, is down, having taken two severe tumbles in the cabin when the *Bedouin* lurched. Randy, the navigator, is having trouble with the flu, making his watch standing truly a heroic effort. The ladies are spread out below and in the cockpit aiding with moral support and song now and then. The black mountains of water always moving.

MAN MUST BE crazy! But think of this wide Gulf Stream and those J-24's bouncing up and down, and the day before hearing that six refugee men, women, and children crossed in this same weather from Cuba; and they had to beat into the wind.

Was that??? Yes, I heard it!
A boat in trouble.
Terry's ears picked out a mayday.
"Vessel in distress. This is the *Bedouin*. Can you read me?"
Silence. Time is suspended.
"Mayday! Mayday! This is (static). We are taking on (static)."

"Vessel in distress, this is the *Bedouin*. You are weak and broken. Please repeat your name and location."

Silence.
Finally, the Coast Guard at Key West picks up the *Wanderlust II* taking on water but thirty-five miles from Cuba.
We find out later she is safe in Key West, having turned about and returned safely, but heavily burdened with her cabin partially filled with Gulf Stream.

THIS DOESN'T HELP at this early morning watch, knowing somewhere in the dark windy ocean there are other sailors in or near disaster.

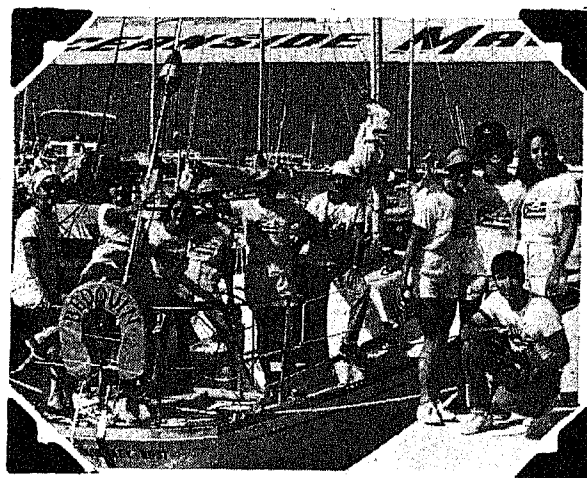
4:30 a.m. Lights, Cuba.
All night boats have been in sight; but this is a beacon, as it turns out to be the airport at Varadero.
5:45. The finish line, a blue flashing light and two committee boats.
Safe! Whew!!

Everything is piled up below, foul weather jackets, life lines, food, towels, and water. Water has leaked from a scupper drain into the electrical panel. No engine.

We're going to need a tow into the harbor.

Sunrise. Everyone stretches out to dry as we run before the wind the twelve miles to the inlet.

AS WE REACH the inlet we find we are



The crew

not the only boat with engine problems, and the marina dispatches a boat to tow us through the narrow entrance.

Help is in the form of a fifty-foot Ferro Cement fishing boat, one of the fleet of six or eight built for the Cuban tourist effort. It's an unlikely looking savior, and the fear of a floating concrete versus a fiberglass racing boat in the choppy sea is definitely a tired thought.

Now get a line, some weight to throw, half full milk carton, tie to line. Tie line to hawser, ok?

Ok, throow.

I'm in the water.

The Cubans are cheering.

Great!

Scramble up quick.

Wave!

Welcome to Cuba.

THE TOW THROUGH the inlet and tie-up at the marina dock is expert and friendly with a deck full of lady crew members getting the primary attention.

Dock-tied and dog tired, everyone wants to swap stories and compare notes on the finish. Some are swearing never to go to sea again, but all are safe, although there were some mishaps. A collision left a two and a half foot hole in one boat and a broken bowsprit on another.

Find out I'm not the first in the water, as the bowsprit sent two of the crew of the *Solon Goose* plunging as they were rammed by the schooner; but all that's past as the sun's shining and all are in tired good spirits.

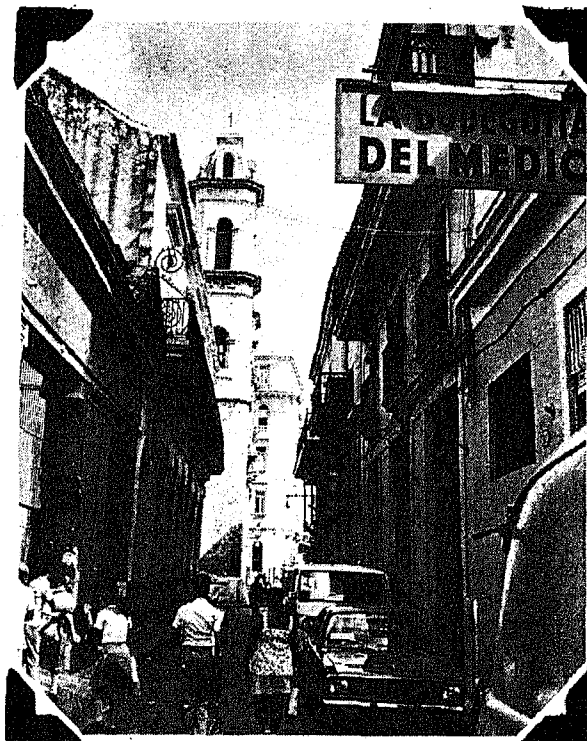
AFTER A QUICK display of passports and passing out of numerous bureaucratic forms to be filled out and signed, our group splits into many directions. Some to hotels, some to explore and photograph.

Sleep, O, sweet, sweet sleep.
Can't! Too tired.
Nap?
Ok!
Thanksgiving! It's Thanksgiving! Turkey, cranberries, pumpkin pie, wow! This cruise goes from a night of wet rains and peppermint candy with an occasional mouthful of water to a banquet. Thank you, Becky and ladies.

Sleep.
Good morning, crew.
Coffee con leche and pumpkin pie.
Everyone begins to tell of the adventures of the previous day of wanderings.

LAWSON RELATES A story of a sailor who shortly after arriving in Cuba lost his passport in the Varadero town amusement park. This set off a town-wide search for the lost identification. Men, women, and children scoured the area. The bus driver drove in circles, and in no time all was returned intact except for perhaps the embarrassment of the sailor.

There's mention made of some tours, and Tom Ford recommends a trip to a cave



Havana street scene

about twenty miles inland. The price is seven pesos (about \$9 in American currency) including mask and flippers, and fifteen for tanks and gear.

After a truck drive through the sisal fields, we arrive at the path to the cave, a short walk into a jungle of air plants and ficus trees.

A hole fifty yards wide, a descending path to a roofed cathedral of stalagmites and stalactites.

A CRYSTAL-CLEAR pond in a cool and shadowed overhang with a look back at the lush green foliage. Everyone, divers and snorklers, are satisfied at this point with the natural beauty.

Forty-five minutes of a feeling of suspended animation, swimming in the shaded natural light of the small pñons and sculptured walls with the rivulets of air ascending from the tank, produce a high no substitutes can deliver. The cavern descends to perhaps sixty feet. I'm told that a layer of salt water intrudes into the last few feet.

Forty-five minutes is the maximum I can endure, and a slightly shivering explorer scampers to the sunlit opening. Prize for the day, a snorkel, perhaps left centuries ago by a Neanderthal diver.

THE AFTERNOON IS spent in a confusing bus trip in search of a bar. It seems the primary means of transportation in Cuba is by bus. They are inexpensive (five centavos) and usually filled to capacity.

"Madam! Ah, señora, uh, pardon, no offendo."

Hope this next stop doesn't develop into a meaningful relationship.

After an hour and a half of riding in a circle, we end up right back where we started. So the next attempt is by taxi.

Success, the Dupont Mansion.

A large limestone building built in the Palm Beach era of extravagant winter vacation homes. A massive wooden bannister and two wonderfully romantic paintings of pirates of the Caribbean in the Pyle/Wyeth style. The bar, which is in the old wine cellar, serves perhaps the best Mojito, a Cuban mint julep, the national tourist drink.

(1 teaspoonful of sugar
one half a lime
one part rum
seltzer water
leaves of mint
shell of lime
Serve in a high ball glass with cracked ice.)

MOST CUBANS DON'T frequent these areas, but a few young men seem to be



Varadero gingerbread

ever-present to practice their English and make perhaps contacts for the usual blackmarket or refugee possibilities. The awards banquet.

Everyone seems to be running on some extra battery packs since the race finish. No one knows how they finished, and we are sure we're in the standings.

Everyone to the buses! Great land cruisers with bars.

Off to the party.

An Epicurean feast.

Two small sailboats serve as tables, adorned with mounds of seafood. Baked pastry animals, lifelike lobsters, turtles, and alligators. At the bows stand two large cauldrons of chelo: one of lobster, the other shrimp. The cook has the energy and spirit of Zorba the Greek with a band that evokes memories of Carmen Miranda. Zorba the Cook glides about the tables enlisting all the fair lady sailors to dance with him. The spirit all naturally leads to a wonderful wheeling conga line.

EVEN THOUGH FOREWARNED that the food can be something less than the best, I find my advisor going for her second plate of lobster and shrimp. I have to join her in our clean plate club. Terry decides the pastry turtle deserves a new home, and soon everyone has a souvenir. Ours we christen I.A. Turtle Khomeini. What, no prize!?! Fourth in class, twelfth overall.

"We been robbed, Mom! Shoot, we weren't racing anyway, only had a jib and main and a one-armed crew. You wait till next year. Yeh! The rest of you guys might as well sell your spinnakers and move to the mountains."

Huh! Racing.

WELL, WE DID make arrangements to get a bus to Havana to visit the Hemingway home and the Floridita Bar. Now to find some folks to go.

The sun rises clear. The wind is moderate from the southeast. No wicked weather front as predicted -- yet. Twenty enthusiastic Americans are willing to pay the eighteen peso fee (about \$22 U.S.) to cover the trip and lunch at the Floridita.

So we're off. Down the palm-lined shoreline of Varadero to the colonial style of Matanza, past the thatched little ranch home with the royal palms, just like the murals at El Cacique.

Notice! Our guide, Sergio, points out on our right the modern concrete housing development built by the co-op brigade, a system by which the government provides the materials and the tenants the labor.

Our guide is twenty-eight and a professional tourist-oriented young man who must learn two or more languages.

He's courteous and as curious about us as we are about him. We are somewhat reserved, not wanting to offend each other with questions that might embarrass.



Soccer on Havana street

OUR FIRST INTRODUCTION to the city is through the tunnel that leads under the harbor past the famous Morro Castle.

Habana -- 1959? -- 1979? Well, the cars say 1959.

But look at that Ford! And a '48 Chevy. Perfect condition.

Americans!
"On your right, the fortress of the city built in the 15th century to defend the gold from Columbia and Mexico." Disembark! A tour guide's nightmare. "Hey, Lawson, where you going?" "Oh, just down the street to shoot some pictures."

"O.k., but don't get lost." April's off in another direction clicking away. We go into the fortress.

NEXT, A WALK down the streets of colonial Havana. The cathedral, museum and shops, beautiful.

Kids! Chiclet? Chiclet? Pencils? Cigarettes?

Sergio warns them to scoot to no avail. A strange man in plain clothes approaches -- instant dispersal.

Here I am wandering free. It's Spain! Perhaps Madrid again. No it's different. No advertisements for Sears Roebuck or coke, and no gun-toting police.

Reboard the bus.
Past a section of the old city wall. We turn off a typical suburban street onto a long gradual inclining estate drive. A profusion of tropical foliage. The Hemingway home.

IT'S A STRANGE tribute the Cubans have made. The home and grounds are as Ernest left them nearly twenty years ago.

Each room full of the mementos and furniture of a lifetime spent with adventure and conflict. Everyone must have their thoughts of the man and his legends. Mine go deep. The man called Papa and his family are like relatives. The furnishings and particularly the animal mounts are some of the ones that adorned his home in which I played as a kid.

No pictures of the interiors, please. Strange, but we're told it's government property, and no photos are allowed. No problem. The pictures are in my mind.

I'm tardy in boarding the bus. One last look.

Yes, the spirit of a man is still visible in his shelter.

BACK TO THE CITY and the crowded old streets. A bustling shopping atmosphere. The Floridita, home of the daiquiri, (1 teaspoonful of sugar

1 part rum
the juice of a lime
shake with cracked ice and serve in Manhattan glass).



Vintage car

Everyone is seated in the dining room. The splendor of another era.

Daiquiris, watercress salad, lobster salad, scampi shrimp, a glass of wine and coffee. Delicious. And, it's a plump group of sailors who reboard. I notice too, that the restaurant is busy without our group, and the other diners appear to be Cubans. Another interesting sidelight is that tipping is not acceptable in the revolutionary state. This is hard for the grateful Americans who are accustomed to rewarding good service.

A STOP AT the cemetery, a study in monuments.

Some shopping at the tourist shops; T-shirts, cigars, rum.

A sleepy, singing ride to the Varadero marina.

Sunday morning, time to go. The electrical problems solved by local electricians for the amazing cost of twelve dollars.

Weather clear, light winds from the southeast. No norter in the news, must be stalled.

Bedouin crew votes to run home rather than race to Havana.

It takes twenty minutes to clear customs in the now partially deserted marina, and we are escorted to the open sea. All wave to the small boat with men aboard. Raise sail.

IT'S A LEISURE sail with all hands relaxing in the sun.

1:30 a.m. Monday. Safe harbor, Oceanside Marina.

No reverse! Crash! Hello, dock. Well, it's solid. Not a mirage. We're home, Jimmy.

"Some of us sailors call her home. She's big and she's strong and she's mighty."


Some of us sailors call her our own. Guess that's the reason I treat her like a lady.

Treat her like a lady, Treat her like a lady, And miss her when I'm gone."

"Treat Her Like a Lady,"
Jimmy Buffett.
By permission of the artist,
Dec. 1979.)

The End





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MORE PUTTERING ON THE GOLF COURSE

BY KATHLEEN HARGREAVES

THERE'S A POLITICAL joke going around town that says Key West was unanimously chosen as the 1980 convention center for an exclusive club with a very restricted membership. What's the name of the club? The World's Worst Golfers. Why did they choose Key West? Because that's where you'll find the World's Worst Golf Course.

Sad but true. Considering its 12 months of summer, sunny skies, and an uncanny ability to induce the pursuit of pleasurable pastimes, Key West would like to boast of one of the finest 18-hole championship golf courses in North America. Instead, the city is saddled with greens long since turned brown, filled with beer cans, tin-cantrants and chuckholes.

According to city fathers, all that is about to change.

FRONTING U.S. 1 on Stock Island, the city-owned, 160 acre Golf and Country Club has been threatening rejuvenation for most of the past 20 years. Mirroring the painfully visible, slow deterioration of Key West's historical homes, the Golf Course has continued to lie fallow long after Conchtown was saved from the wreck-er's ball.

But things take time in Key West. Soon, we're told, all that will be different.

With golf bags second in importance only to tooth brushes, many avid sportsmen have travelled the length of the Florida Keys only to discover that the greens of their indoor-outdoor motel room carpeting are better than those offered by the Key West Golf and Country Club. And unlike surfboard-toting winter immigrants, whose

attentions are soon distracted by the city's multitude of other charms, disappointed golfers, like elephants, never forget.

WHILE IT IS probably true that tourism has not suffered as a result of conditions at the Country Club, it is equally safe to assume that the city does not have a reputation as a golfer's mecca, and probably never will. Most serious golf buffs wouldn't hang around the greens long enough to inquire what's par on the first hole.

Every winter, the problem is compounded. Increasing numbers of cars filled with affluent tourists -- the wives hoping to find bargains in coral, the husbands hoping to find solitude on the golf course -- arrive in Key West only to discover that coral costs as much as it did in Connecticut and the golfing is better at Stanford than it is in balmy Key West. Long before these \$150 a day tourists discover Hemingway's garret or Gumbo Limbo trees, they have vowed to spend next year's hard-earned vacation money in a place that offers jewelry bargains and challenging fairways.

The direction taken by this article is not a typical one. It does not say who's done what to whom. That's because, so far, no one's done anything to anyone -- or anything.

THE KEY WEST Golf and Country Club is in deplorable shape. On that, everyone is agreed. But so far, how to remedy the problem has been a question much more difficult to answer.

In 1962, the City of Key West decided

it was time to get out of the golf course management business and do something constructive with their 160 acre white elephant. They advertised for someone to come in and properly manage the property. One year later, an agreement was signed with Key West Country Club (KWCC). They would restore the deteriorating country club and turn the golf course into a money making proposition. There was only one hitch. KWCC asked for, and received, a commitment from the City to subordinate ownership of approximately five acres in the heart of the golf course and offer it as collateral for a \$120,000 loan from First Federal Savings and Loan (FFSL). That happened in 1966.

UNFORTUNATELY FOR THE CITY, KWCC defaulted on the loan in 1975, forcing FFSL to threaten sale of the property in order to collect monies owing. Coincidentally, the president of FFSL and the secretary of KWCC were one and the same person. Once burned, twice shy, Key West decided that the smartest thing it could do would be to put the entire 160 acres out to tender on a 99-year lease, inviting proposals from any developer willing to put together the paperwork.

The first bid, presented by a local developer, offered to assume golf course operations and develop perimeter land for residential use. This plan called for the subordination of all golf course acreage as construction mortgage collateral. In return, the developer would pay the city anywhere from \$7,500 to \$10,000 rent per year for the next 99 years. One hundred years from now, the city would have received approximately \$950,000 income from a property that would have made millions for its developer. Not such a good deal, thought the city fathers -- especially when you consider what 160 acres of Key West property would command on today's open real estate market. So, they held off.

EVERYTHING CAME TO a head in 1979.

According to Mayor Sonny McCoy, development proposals for the property had been received from eight interested parties. The City Commission laid down some ground-rules. The city's primary interest in leasing the property was the development of a championship-quality, 18 hole golf course. Peripheral land, capable of residential development, was only offered as an inducement to potential builders. Any monies generated from residential development was secondary.

Narrowing the applications from eight down to three and then down to two, the City began studying proposals.

THE COMPETITION WAS between two local men who were partners in Cayo Hueso Ltd., the developers of Marriott's Casa Marina Inn, and Tradewinds Venture, a partnership formed, in part, by a man who had been active in development on the Lower Keys and the firm, Brickman Ltd., owner/operator of the Highland Park Country Club in Illinois.

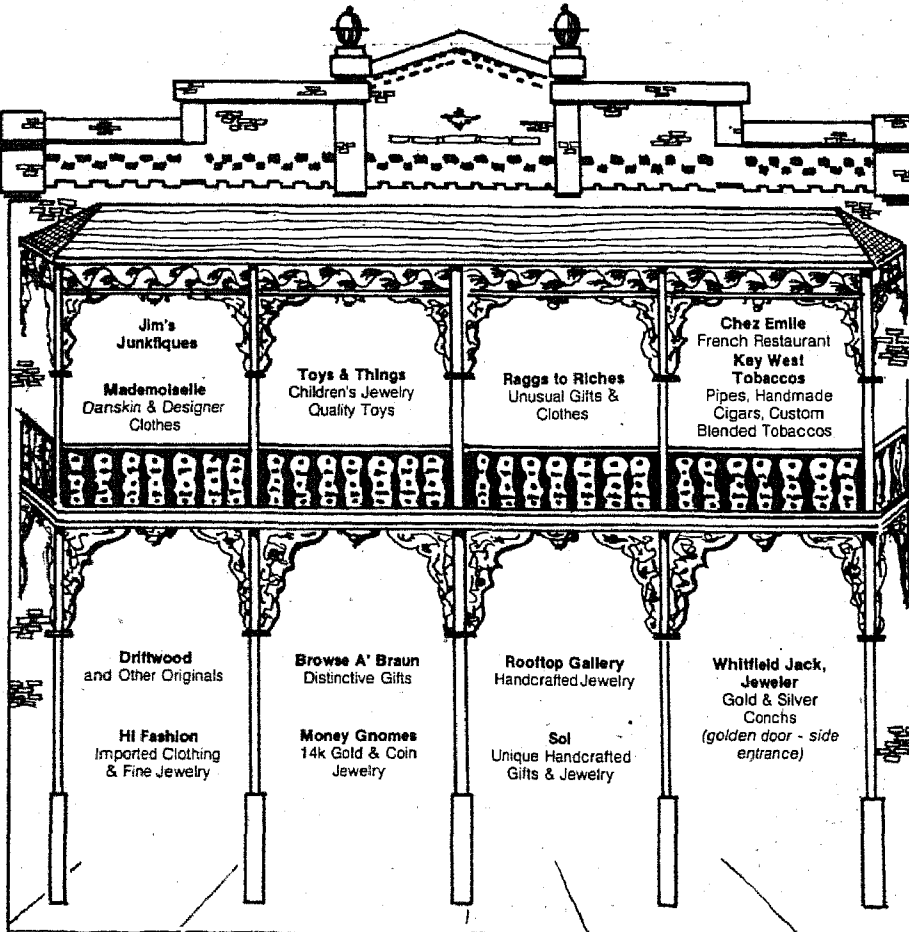
Both applicants offered excellent credentials.

The two partnerships addressed the City Commission on October 13 and revealed their initial property assessment, their thoughts about its potential, and their plans for development.

Although residential development was stressed as being secondary, much of the discussion involved the number of units developers hoped to place on the Golf Course property -- and how much money the City would make off the deal.


REPRESENTED BY attorney Mike Halpern, the local group, Norm Wood and Toby Arnheim, speculated that they would spend an estimated \$2.5 million on golf course redevelopment. Tradewinds attorney Jim Hendrick said it would be necessary for his clients to spend well in excess of "\$1 million...whatever is necessary..." on initial development.

The local group pointed to their success with Marriott's Casa Marina Inn.



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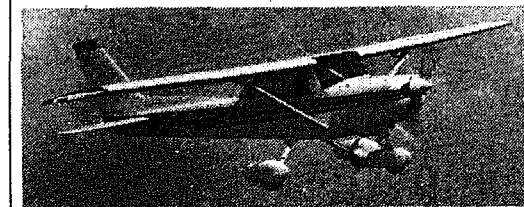


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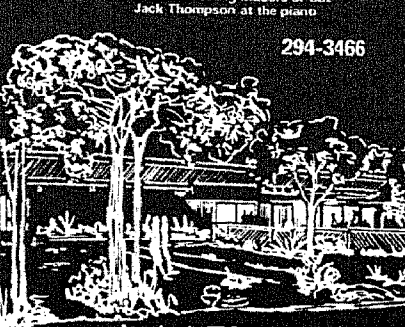
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UP TO THIS POINT, the plans were relatively parallel. A major difference surfaced during discussion of the number of planned residential units.


Proposing development of 500 condominiums or townhouse units on approximately 20 acres of property, the Wood-Arnheim plan translated to a density of approximately 25 units per acre, comparable to maximum allowable multi-unit structures found in large cities.

Comiros Ltd., the planning firm hired by Tradewinds, recommended construction of only 300 similar units on the 20 acres, lowering maximum density to 13 units per acre. Tradewinds also suggested that areas of land unsuitable for either the golf course or condominium units could be used for low to moderate income housing. The City Commission remained noncommittal.

AND THEN CAME the revenue discussions. Wood-Arnheim promised to reimburse the City \$100,000 for money it had spent to protect the Golf Course from foreclosure proceedings. Offering the City payment of \$2,000 per residential unit constructed and sold on the golf course, Wood-Arnheim assured the commission that city coffers would be enriched by approximately \$1 million, depending on the final number of acres actually used for residential development. They furthermore promised to pay an additional \$100,000 per year in land leases. The City would also receive three per cent annually of all golf course and country club receipts. A rough calculation shows that Wood-Arnheim promises to pay the City of Key West approximately \$1,200,000 between now and the completion of the golf course property development.

Computing projected city revenue a little differently, Tradewinds offered to purchase the existing golf course facilities from the city for \$100,000. Proposing to initially pay \$3,200 per residential unit (four per cent of the condominiums' gross sales) the group computed that Key West would receive \$960,000 from revenues produced by rental of the condominium units. Future annual revenues

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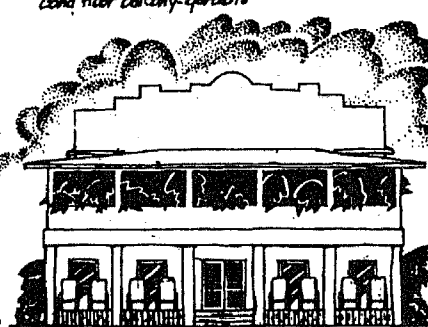
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Eden HOUSE

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would run from a minimum of \$35,000 to a maximum of \$75,000, depending on the inclusion of rental fees in the calculations. As a hedge against inflation, Tradewinds also offered to pay the City one-quarter on one per cent of the re-appraised value of the average apartment for each 20 years remaining in the 99 year lease. Like Wood-Arnheim, Tradewinds also proposed to pay the City a percentage of operational fees extracted from use of the golf course facilities.

FOR ALL INTENTS and purposes, the dollar value of each proposal was the same.

The only issue that posed a serious problem to the developers was the matter of water consumption. Tradewinds felt a secondary system would have been adequate; the City felt a tertiary system more appropriate. The water solution offered by Wood-Arnheim promised to "seek the best alternative plans for water and topsoil available at the time we are ready to begin construction." There are only three alternatives: sewage effluent, a reverse osmosis plant or pipeline water. Tradewinds thought the Wood-Arnheim solution a little nebulous and countered that their water supply would come from the proposed sewage treatment plant.

The Wood-Arnheim group initially wanted the City to guarantee any money spent on acquiring property abstracts, surveys, topographical maps and equipment. When it was pointed out that such an agreement would leave the City ultimately responsible for approximately \$150,000 — a situation that would, in effect, have the City providing funds for private development — Mayor McCoy altered the terms of the agreement, making the city responsible for only the purchase of an abstract and survey.

WHEN ALL WAS SAID and done, the contract was tentatively awarded to Wood-Arnheim. The permanent contract will not be available until early June, 1980. During that time, Wood-Arnheim must proceed with immediate improvements to the

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golf course and locate a solid group of investors for project financing. Until the permanent contract has been drafted, Mayor McCoy promised that both the city and public will actively "monitor and evaluate" the progress made by Wood-Arnheim.

Tradewinds spokesman Jim Hendrick said he wasn't surprised by the decision. "I had some indication that it was going to go that way. I don't think it (the decision) was necessarily based on the merits of both proposals. The fact that Wood-Arnheim are local developers and have the Casa Marina to their credit might have also influenced the Commission."

POINTING TO A failure to raise redevelopment funds for The Villas, a middle-income residential project handled by Wood-Arnheim, Hendrick said he wouldn't be too surprised to hear the local group was unsuccessful in their attempt to raise financing for the Golf Course.

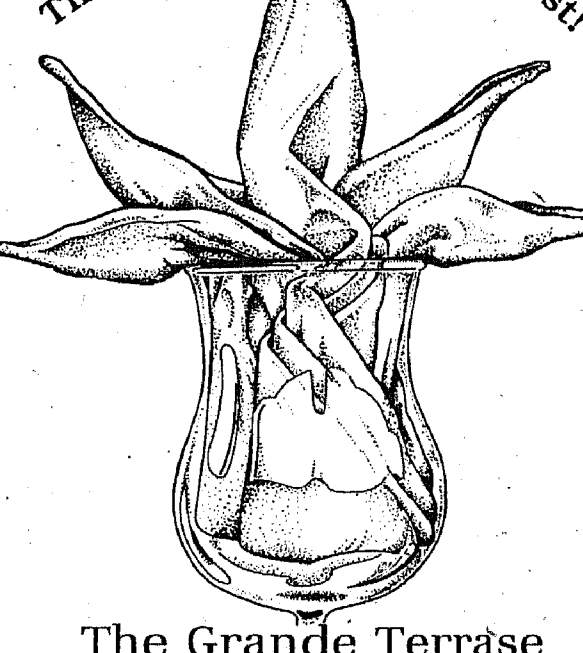
If that should prove to be the case, how would Tradewinds react? "Make no mistake, Tradewinds is still very much interested. And they have the money to back them up should circumstances change in their favor," Hendrick added.

While Wood-Arnheim are busy sprucing up the golf course for this season's influx of tourist golfers, Fred Weismann will be doing just what Mayor McCoy promised. He'll be spending a lot of his time monitoring progress at the golf course. Golf is not a hobby to Weismann, it's strictly business.



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It should, by now, be obvious to some of you that this ad is generally devoted to varying attempts at literary polish, dimly conceived stabs at wit or profundity, hi ho and so it goes (shouldn't it?). But this month that is not possible because this space is devoted solely to inform the reader that: **THE ORCHID TREE, YOUR FRIENDLY NATURAL FOODS RESTAURANT, IS MOVING TO BIGGER, MORE COMFORTABLE QUARTERS AT 921 TRUMAN AVE. AROUND THE MIDDLE OF THIS MONTH. THERE WILL BE AN EXPANDED DINNER MENU. KEEP IN TOUCH.**

Next month this ad shall again devote itself to wit and profundity.

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Fresh Ideas

BY STEVE KLEIN

IT IS APPROPRIATE to question whether City Electric System is an electric power company, and thus a true public service, or just an obedient addict of the petroleum fuel supply industry. CES' fuel supply and cost problems lead to difficult life-quality, maintenance, and financial compromises.

The proposed "tie-in line" to the mainland offers expensive, vulnerable hopes at best and shows that CES' long term strategy to supply power to its customers is not to supply it at all.

THE FRAGILE NATURE of the local economy has been illustrated lately by the armed forces withdrawal and the subsequent agonizing over the surplus property by so many interested parties. The CES revenue lost and planning indecision resulting from the military absence serve to strengthen the idea that Key West's best strategy is one of maximum self-sufficiency. Maintaining and improving our quality of life is an ideal which we all strive after. To these ends I would hope that the Utility Board members, CES management, and we, CES customers, might devise some tactics to change the foreseeable future and liberate CES from the bonds of OPEC.

THE FREE POWER available in the Keys area is abundant to any observer. At Fleming Key Cut, the Gulf side of Bahia Honda and at Vaca Cut in Marathon, the tidal flow is sufficiently strong to endanger boat traffic as well as swimmers. Many small channels, bays, points, passages (Saddlebunch, Sugarloaf, and Summerland are examples I am aware of) have their own dependable tidal rip currents. There is also power in the Gulf Stream current, the energy of ocean waves, and the thermal gradient energy present between the cold water in the Florida

Straits and the shallow reef and Florida Bay waters.

The idea of sea driven turbines has been detailed in both Key West and Miami newspapers. Wave energy generators, as reported in national magazines and on national TV are being developed in America, Asia, and Europe. A 50 kilowatt OTEC (Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion) plant will soon be in service in Hawaii. This last news is reported in two recent popular national magazines and also reveals that similar 100 megawatt plants are being planned. The basic technical details and operational histories (if they exist) of these concepts are described in later paragraphs.

THE POSSIBILITY of local decentralized power generation is highly appealing. The general advantages of a non-polluting, inflation-proof, and non-privately-owned fuel resource are self-evident.

The Keys have a prime ability and need for energy production based on marine sources. As a test community for such techniques Key West is at the forefront. Road and sea access are available. The mainland is relatively close. On the surplus Navy property there is space to house the engineering facilities needed in such projects. Local expertise in marine enterprise is another related bonus.

THE CITY OF KEY WEST has been fortunate enough in the past to invoke Federal financial help in innovative municipal projects: the Desal plant, upcoming Sewage Treatment Plant, and new city buses, to name three. (The very point at issue here, cost of energy, has put the first of these progressive schemes in jeopardy.)

The expertise of local politicians in wooing money from Washington is a

matter of record. There are also diverse and reliable sources of income in Key West and Monroe County. Imaginative efforts by CES, local officials and institutions would make the financing of tidal or ocean power generation a project in which public and private firms and individuals of all levels could participate.

THE SEA IS A major source of life here; the reason for Key West's and the Keys' existence. Our isolation from the mainland demands sacrifice and blesses us at the same time.

The uniqueness of our island home is sometimes a disadvantage, which shall best be overcome by the resources we will always have: ourselves and the sea.

HARNESSING TIDAL FLOW to generate power has been done successfully by submerging "bulb turbines" (ducted propellers) in fast flowing currents. Variable pitch turbine blades enable the generators to spin in the same direction regardless of incoming or outgoing tide. The best known example of tidal power



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Bhagavad-gita 5.16

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generation is the project at St. Malo, France. There a river estuary was dammed and the 28-foot tides helped to produce the flow velocity needed to spin 16-foot diameter turbines generating 10,000 kw each.

After six years of operation, in 1973, the St. Malo plant had experienced no equipment failures, and the only work required was routine maintenance. The plant exceeded its design expectations by producing 560 million kw/hrs per year (520 million were expected) and proved to have the lowest operating cost of any comparable output generating plant in France.

PLANS FOR BUILDING two more similar plants were put aside when the nationalized French Power Board decided that atomic fission plants were a better thing. At the time the typical French A-plant was about half the initial cost of a tidal scheme, and financing methods amortized this cost over 10 years. The

life expectancy of an A-plant was projected to be 25 years. The St. Malo tidal project was amortized over a 30-year period and is conservatively expected to produce clean, safe electricity for over 50 years. Since 1973, rising prices of atomic fuel have brought tidal power's cost effective date closer than originally predicted.

OCEAN THERMAL ENERGY CONVERSION (OTEC) is similar to the heat exchange principle used in R/V gas refrigerators. The working medium is ammonia rather than "Freon." The warmth of the surface sea water vaporizes the working medium to gas, which spins generator turbines. The gas is condensed back to liquid by cool abyssal water drawn up through a pipe. This closed ammonia cycle system is workable wherever there is a temperature difference between surface and depths of at least 27 degrees F. The water drops to below 3000 ft. about 30 miles off Key West, and at this depth the average water temperature is low enough to make OTEC a feasible technique.

The earliest recorded example (and only example I could find) of the OTEC principle at work as a generator plant was built at Matanzas Bay, Cuba (94 miles directly south from Sugarloaf Key) in 1921. This unit successfully produced its design power of 22 kw but was destroyed by a hurricane shortly after completion. Perhaps some reader might be familiar with this project and would fill in some details of its operation. A French engineer, Georges Claude, is credited with the project's concept and supervision.

TURBINES 300 FEET in diameter are proposed to generate electricity from the Florida Current and Southern Gulf Stream. Anchored firmly to the ocean floor at depths between 50 and 1000 feet, the 2-5 knot current could spin ponderous turbine wheels at 1 r.p.m. Geared generators inside the turbine hubs would achieve high revs in a cool, stable environment. The seasonal meanderings and local flow

variations of the Gulf Stream suggest preferred sites for the turbines. From Key Largo to The Bahamas, the Straits of Florida narrow to about 50 miles, thus confining the flow. This area, where the most constant yearly flow has been recorded, would provide the most desirable site(s). This basic concept was proposed by local naturalist Jim Hardiman in 1971. Engineering studies are being carried out this year at the University of Florida in Gainesville.

Ocean wave action is an energy source being researched for practical application. Engineers in Great Britain have built experimental linked floats which, when bobbed up and down by waves, pump hydraulic cylinders. One-way valves allow hydraulic pressure to build up. The pressurized hydraulic fluid is then tapped to spin conventional motors powering generators.

IN JAPAN the engineers' working medium is compressed air instead of hydraulic fluid. The Japanese are using a linked float system comparable to the British idea. Lockheed Corporation, in America, is experimenting with large structures to "funnel" waves into a chamber where a turbine/waterwheel will be spun from the force of the incoming water.

The concepts mentioned range from very efficient to monstrously inefficient and well-proven to purely experimental. Engineering, environmental, and cost factors of each technique require careful study by qualified people. There are better ways for CES to serve the needs of its customers, us, than to connect up to the problems of the mainland.



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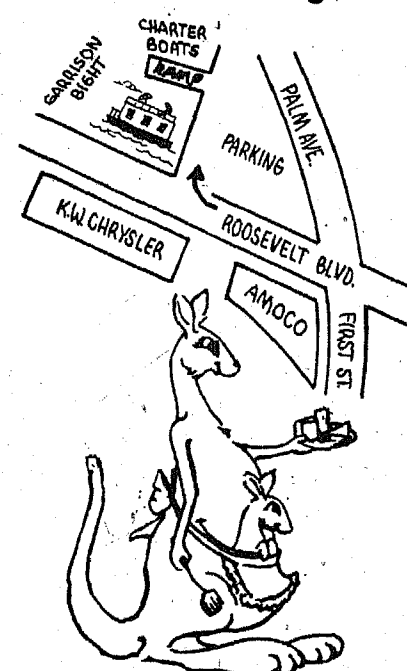
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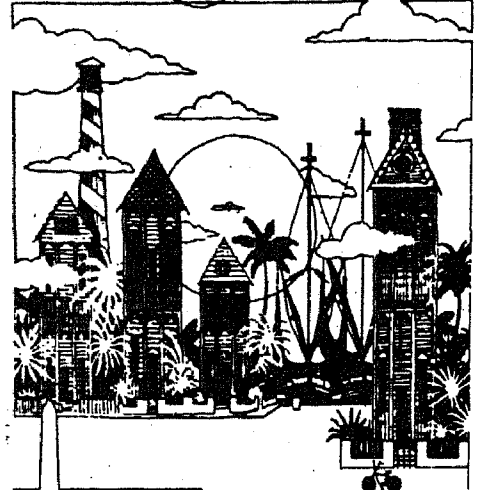
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NOTES AND ANTIC-DOTES continued from page 23

the most part. In fact, she was applauded by spectators when she appeared the first day, and sympathy, at least on the part of women at the trial, was openly expressed.

PROSECUTOR COKER LASHED out at Betty, accusing her of being a home-breaker. "Fernandez was a married man when you met him. You broke up that marriage," he proclaimed.

Betty replied, "I didn't consider that I broke up that marriage," inferring it was already "shot."

Coker then remarked, "When you returned from a trip to the Northwest you found Caridad doing to you what you had done to Gloria, Armando's first wife."

Stung, Betty retorted, "That was entirely different. I didn't torture anyone!" Coker cut in sarcastically, "You just stole a woman's husband."

The trial played to huge crowds in a five-day sequence. J.V. Porter hammered away at an important impression based on sex. He said, "She was a wronged woman, driven to the point of desperation by an indifferent husband."

Attorney Carr underscored that Mrs. Fernandez was "acting in defense of home and family."

PROSECUTION'S MAIN LINE of attack was, "She took it upon herself to act as judge, jury and executioner, instead of the divorce court procedure." Addressing the jury, he averred, "If you give a not guilty verdict, you are saying she had the right to do as she did. The honor of Monroe County rests with you. Yours is the ultimate decision as to WHAT KIND OF LAW ENFORCEMENT YOU WILL HAVE IN YOUR COMMUNITY."

What kind indeed? On January 17, after five tumultuous days packed with excitement, the jury brought in a verdict of "not guilty."

The accused sobbed when the verdict was read. Then she threw herself into the arms of her father and turned to embrace her attorneys, Porter and Carr. She rushed to thank the jury, and there was a babble of tearful happiness.

As for Prosecutor Coker, "he appeared dumbfounded by the verdict," according to reporter Cobb.

BUT ALL KEY WEST was not in accord with the outcome. A bitter feeling against the widow was disclosed in arguments over the not guilty verdict. And on January 20, arson was committed by two unidentified men who burned the \$4,000 lavender Cadillac, property of the deceased Armando, but which Betty was still driving around town. She also received threatening telephone calls telling her to "get out of town."

Since Mrs. Fernandez was considered not legally responsible for Armando's death, because she had stabbed him accidentally instead of her intended victim, she could expect a widow's rights to her share of his estate. She was made official administratrix of her husband's property, since he had died intestate. The claim was filed January 28, 1964.

Two claims against the widow's right were filed by Armando's mother and his sister, but Betty objected. The relatives did not pursue litigation, and after three years their claims were dropped.

Final settlement did not come until August 21, 1970, when Betty left all heritage rights to the children, who had been six and four years old at the time of her trial.

The final documents were signed by Betty in 1970, but her name had changed.

She had married again.



A LETTER

Dear Bill,

Living in Miami, I happened on a unique Jamaican woman, Hazel Harrison, 88 years old, who has resided in Miami for some 50-plus years. Visiting with her, one can envision Miami as it used to be -- her tales of the Seminoles roaming the streets, arms laden with handiwork for sale, convinces me more of this area's once resemblance to South American (and all Latin American) countries. Amazingly enough, her husband once lived in Key West, although I'm not sure he was a native, leaving in the early 1920's or 30's to come to Miami. If you have ever passed the stone marl house on your way to the city beach, then you have evidence of his handiwork, for he built the place, according to Hazel. He was a photographer in the Keys -- perhaps you have run across the name before? Will Harrison. I would like any tidbits on him if you have!

Anyway, Hazel is quite a poetess, and I thought you might appreciate some of her tropical verses and perhaps publish them in your paper.

From her collection of "Florida Poems" --

In my garden there is a patch of
banana trees
Their broad green leaves flag in the
wind

Like tattered sails after a storm.
The strong tropic sunlight
Gleams through their flowing leaves,
Making deep blue shadows
As they wave to and fro.
Perhaps now that summer is here,
They will send forth their purple shoot
Looking downward to the good earth,
Massing their green fingers in perfect
rows
Awaiting maturity.

Another --

The purple bougainvillea
Against my pink wall
Vie for the sunlight with the allamanda.
But neither has the fragrance of the
simple jasmine
That perfumes the air
Unconscious of her power
To make me draw my breath.

Hope you enjoyed them as much as I
do!

Kathy Manning

"SAVE."

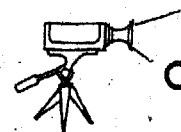
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Back Again ... Bow Red & George

BY PHOEBE COAN

I SAW BOW RED at Fausto's the other day, and he said, "Oh there you are! I've got a story for you. The REAL story of life at Loggerhead Key."

It wasn't too long before we got together at his place above the new Fisherman's Cafe. "We had a big family with 7 kids: George, Charles, Carl, Clement, Burland (Bow Red), and the girls, Mary and Karen. Dad was a lighthouse keeper. Bow's father got transferred to the Loggerhead light. (This is in the Dry Tortugas, made up of Garden Key which contains Fort Jefferson, Bird Key, Loggerhead Key which has the Coast Guard and the lighthouse, etc.)"

Dad had built an eight-foot skiff for fishing around Loggerhead Key. One day Carl and Bow went out too far. Dad was working at the time on the light with Harry Bawin.

"Mr. Johnson," Mr. Bawin said, "your boys are too far out." Dad said, "Oh that's okay, I got two more at home."

BOW HAD BEEN BORN at Punta Gorda Light-house. Then Mr. Johnson was transferred to Loggerhead. The children were schooled in Key West.

"I never did get back to Punta Gorda," Bow said.

During the school term, the children lived in Key West. When school was out, the boys stayed with their Dad at the lighthouse on Loggerhead Key.

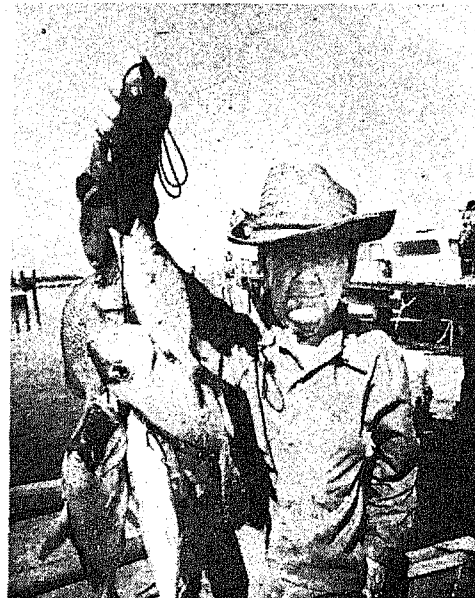
"Once we'd get out there, there was no place to go. There were no boats, except once in a while. It was a lonely place. But then every place is if you don't know where to go."

BROTHER GEORGE, HOWEVER, claimed there was never a dull moment. "There was always something to do," he said. "I'd do it all over again -- for the fresh air, sunshine, good fishing and

swimming."

Bow first knew Loggerhead at the age of 6.

"We spent some rough days there. Times when there was no ice, radio, sometimes not enough food."



Bow Red

The hardships had compensations though. George reported that as youngsters they would take a lantern around at night. Two young fellows looking for turtle tracks. They'd put a frame from a box over the turtle eggs they'd find. Then, when the turtles would hatch, they'd free them. It was fun watching all the goings on.

"The government gave Dad a dinghy to use twice a week with a 15-gallon gas allowance, so we would go the four miles

over to the Fort and visit the large Cuban fishing boats there. They'd sell the coconuts there.

"We went swimming and shelling and fishing. You could get snappers, grunts, Jewfish, and grouper right off the dock. There were lots of sharks, too, and even devil fish, big enough to tow a ship. They've got big wings on them and can go in four feet of water."

"The dock was long, and there was white sand all around. You could see the shark shadows 18-20 feet long in the shallow water. One time a relative got her foot out of the water just in time."

BOTH BROTHERS REPORTED that they found beautiful shells. "The sun on the shells glorified their colors," said Bow.

George had his own aquarium. He loved collecting fish. Before noon, he said, one could collect dozens of crawfish. They'd steam them and take them to town to sell for 50 cents a dozen.

"Conch and crawfish were thick and good, and we ate a lot of it," said Bow. "Not much crawfish anymore."

Mrs. Johnson is much remembered for her good coconut pies with their tasty crust. Coconuts were plentiful, of course. When she wasn't out there, their dad fed them out of cans. He later lost his life due to ptomaine poisoning from a can of corned beef.

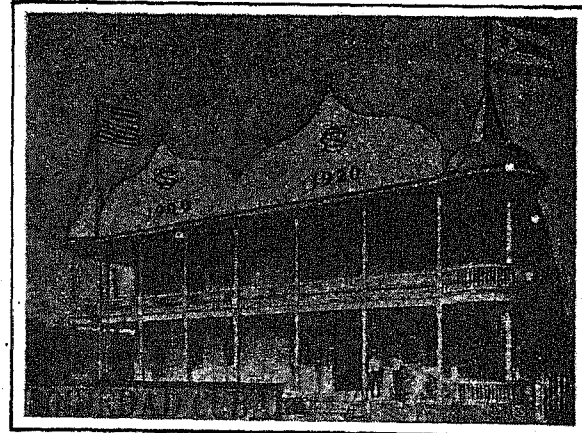
IT'S BEEN SAID that living out in nature can be like praying. The boys spent some time reading the Bible, Bow said.

Bow and George share their apartment now and live peacefully with each other to this day. They have their manner of looking after each other in a kindly and considerate way. "We never tell each other what to do," said Bow.

In 1920, Sociedad Cuba opened its doors at 1108 Duval and established a tradition of elegance and splendor in the heart of the community. Pageantry, flowers, grand balls and dance cards helped unite the Cuban Club members with other residents of Key West and set the tone for harmonious living in a festive atmosphere.

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AT LOGGERHEAD (the north end) there was a laboratory where the young boys spent a lot of time helping the fish doctors out. They'd pump air for the divers. They learned how to use sardines to catch any fish except snappers.

"Snappers are hard to catch. They snap the line and make a run for it. The sea is a good place to go to forget your worries," Bow said.

Bow still fishes when the weather is good. His boat, the Queen Elizabeth IV, serves him, doll-sized as it is. He prefers fishing with a hand line. "It's faster," he said.

DURING THE TIME of World War I, Bow used to help his Dad light the lighthouse light, which was much like a gas light the way it gets lit. "That light must stay lit all the time. When you get ten miles out at sea, the light can be seen flashing. Ships see the light, they look for it. It can go out because it's a fine hole where the kerosene goes up to the mantle. Sometimes you have to clean it with a wire."

"You have to hurry. If the light's out three minutes, Washington would want to know why. It did happen once in a while."

"It's very beautiful inside the lighthouse. It's the tallest light in Florida. Now the Coast Guard operates it."

"That light was built to stand. Its foundation is eight feet under. Wind can't hit the light because it's round, and the wind goes round it."

"There were plenty of wrecks. Scavenging was good as a result. The bad weather and rocks were reason enough for the lighthouse."

During World War I it was dangerous because of all the submarines that came to those waters. The Germans wanted ships to get wrecked, and unsuccessfully shot at the light.

MANY INTERESTING THINGS were found from the wrecks that did take place. One time, George reported, they found two old Spanish gold coins.

"Things change," said Bow. "Life changes everything."

"We liked living there at Loggerhead. You have to know your way down there to get there. We used to leave on Dad's boat, which was kept at the Standard docks, at four in the morning and arrive by dark. Now it's a 20 minute trip by plane." In a boat Bow said he never was in trouble. "I know what to do.... Avoid bad weather!"

"One time," George said, "due to weather, we came in sight of Cuba. We had to turn back."

ONE DAY, BOW called down from the balcony by his apartment, where he was



George

catching a breeze. "What a nice dog," he said, as usual (even though the dog Queenie wasn't with me). Sometimes he's around, gracing the benches, reading a newspaper. There's always a friendly look in his sea-blue eyes. Sometimes a child-like enthusiasm will bubble over when you see him. This goes down good. "Red always was a joker," said George. "He likes to make people laugh." We were sitting over a coffee at the patio by the spiffy new version of Pepe's Cafe. There's a picture of George there and one

of Bow holding up a line of mullet.

"Life at Loggerhead Key never had a dull moment," George was saying, filling me in on the particulars. "We had FUN. You don't have that much fun in these days."

"I wish I were back at the lighthouse now. Daddy was strict, but I can remember all the good things. I miss the shelling, fishing, the good times."

"Daddy would make model boats. Sometimes his hobby was making crystal radios. We'd hold the wires for him."

"At one point there were six keepers, and Dad was the head one. We'd get to play games with all their kids. The lighthouse was in the center of the island. All us kids would run around it."

ONE DAY WE SAT at the bench by Turtle Kraals, Bow and I. "Boats are for pleasure. It's a peaceful life," he was saying.

"You can leave your worries behind you once you get out. There's not much work left on the sea nowadays. But the sea is a good place to live. What with the high costs of living, the pressures."

"For a while there, you know, there was just four people on Loggerhead Key. Me, my brother and two lighthouse keepers. We'd go to bed at nine, get up at six or seven. Dad would give us jobs to do like raking the yard, and then we'd fool around, fish or swim. Now it's not so lonely there. It's a national park. There's people and boats coming to the area."

"I could've been a lighthouse keeper, but I didn't want the job."

"I like it where I'm at now. George and I don't fight. We get along good."

BOW, I NOTICED, had little sailboats printed all over his shirt and a somewhat sad expression on his face. "I like to do most anything. I love to go to the show. I really liked Rocky (Rocky II)."

As for the lighthouse, Bow says, "I don't want to go there now. I spent enough time there as a boy."

He never has gone back. But he's never lost the deep impression life on Loggerhead left with him.



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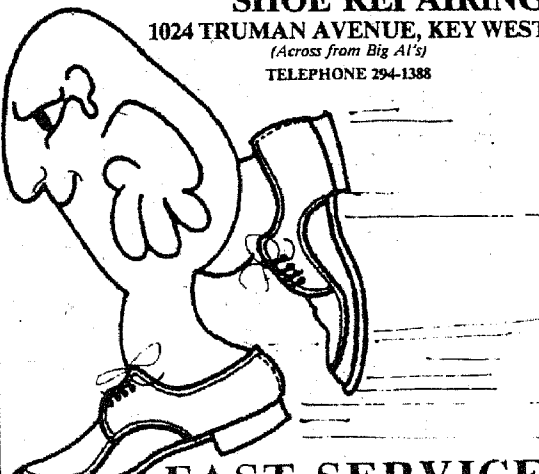
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Old Island Days

BY BETS REYNOLDS

ITS HISTORY

IN 1960, as a part of a reception given native son Mitchell Wolfson, who had bought the lovely old home now known as Audubon House and completely restored it, seven prominent women of Key West, who had chaired the reception committee, included a visit to a few of Key West's handsomest classic Conch homes. The tour went so well that the women decided to make the tour an annual affair. More houses were added, a dance, a dinner. Year after year, events were added. The first project of the now named Old Island Restoration Foundation was to persuade the City fathers to rescue and renovate a sagging dock which once was the home of the Mallory Ship Lines. In succeeding, the OIRF also found themselves a headquarters in the former ticket office of the company.

From the original seven ladies and three houses to tour, Old Island Days has grown to a membership of over three hundred and a two-month annual celebration of over 30 events.

THIS YEAR'S Old Island Days begins with a full day's activities on January 28 and ends on March 30 with the traditional Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet.

Island eating is always a good way to give out samples of what it's all about. Tropical foods with names like arroz con pollo, Key lime pie, mango ice cream, ropa vieja, delicious shrimp dishes, lobster dipped in butter, papaya juice, avocado salad, Cuban sandwiches, black beans and rice. It's all available all during Old Island Days.

The island is at its best with all

its exotic plants and flowers, and concentrated in one spot it is truly impressive. This year on March 7, 8, 9 the Key West Garden Club will hold their annual flower show in their own fantastic setting, an 1861 fort right on the ocean's edge, West Martello Tower, which the Club maintains year round.

THE PIECES DE RESISTANCE each year, of course, are tours of the Conch homes which abound on the island. Along with them are samples of more modern island living. This year there will be two day tours, 10 a.m. to 4 p.m., on February 8-9 and March 14-15; and the novel evening tour of homes aboard the famous Conch Train on February 29 - March 1. A nominal fee is charged for each of the tours, and each is entirely different from the others.

KEY WEST HAS a large quota of artists in its midst, and the annual Sidewalk Art Show up and down the streets of Old Town in the warm sun would put anyone in a mood to start an art collection. The show goes on for two solid days, this year on February 22-23.

AT MALLORY SQUARE there are a number of former warehouses used in the old shipping days to keep stores for the huge clippers. They are still being used. One is headquarters for the Chamber of Commerce; others are a Community Center, Old Island Offices, a Shell Warehouse, a sponge store and the charming little Waterfront Theater. Here the Key West

Players hold forth all season. Two plays will be on tap this year, *Happy Birthday Wanda June* January 28 - February 2, and *Company*, set for March 3-7.

THE THRILLING Massing of the Colors is held at St. Paul's Episcopal Church on March 24. Most of the organizations in the city participate in this very patriotic and colorful ceremony, bringing in dozens of national emblems along with their own club standards.

THE ANNUAL Conch Shell Blowing Contest seems to be the one event that the most people of all ages enjoy the most. It is open to anyone of any age or sex, tourist or native and on the spot if so desired. There are prizes for each age bracket and a chance for everyone, all pure fun. It will be held in the Community Center on March 22 beginning at 10 a.m.

The big, beautiful Conch horns may be found all around the shallow waters of the island. By snipping off an end, one can make a lovely resonant sound come from the shell. In older times they were used for signaling from ship to ship or from ship to shore. The shells are decorative, and the little animal inside is prized by islanders and is delicious in the famous chowder, in salads or raw with lime juice.

Ages entering in the contest have ranged from three years to 78 so far. At the close of the event, a trio made up of musicians playing two conch shells and a piano put on a small but effective concert. One of the players has been heard on national TV.

THE WRECKERS AUCTION is named for those more romantic days in Key West, when the big sailing vessels put into

shore and held auctions for everyone to attend and buy the strange and beautiful wares from far-off countries.

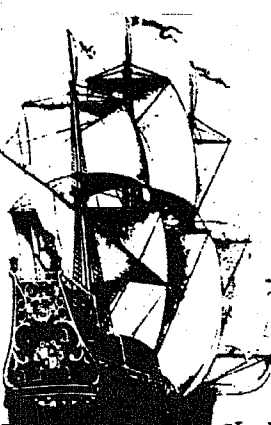
This one, however, is for the benefit of all the small helpless animals at the Humane Society and is always a barrel of fun with everyone ending up with some great bargains and some things they really don't know what to do with. It goes on for two wild evenings, February 21-22, beginning at 7 p.m. at NCCS Hall on Duval Street.

THE CROWNING CLOSE of Old Island Days comes with the biggest show of all -- the Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet. It's held at the full of the moon, because that's when the shrimp go to the sea's bottom and make themselves too hard to find, and on Sunday since that's also when the hard working little boats have the time to be a part of Old Island Days. This year the date is March 30.

Crews and/or friends get together and, without making any pretense of hiding the rust or stains on the usually busy vessels, decorate them all from stem to stern, all with a theme pertaining to the shrimp business. They goodnaturedly compete with each other for trophies, and there is much noise and laughter. Following the two passes by dockside so judges and onlookers may get a good view, the boats make one more turn to be blessed for a safe season and a successful catch. The ceremony is solemn and impressive and most colorful.

Nearby, a few feet away, a group prepares great containers of succulent shrimp along with a dozen or so assorted sauces made up by the ladies of the island, and you may taste them all for a small fee. This begins at 11 a.m., as do preliminaries of the boat contests. At dockside are bands and singing and loads of fun for everyone, ending only after the last boat has headed for its berth and the last spoon of sauce has been finished off.

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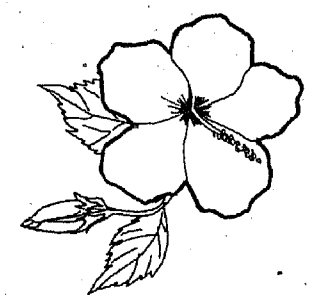
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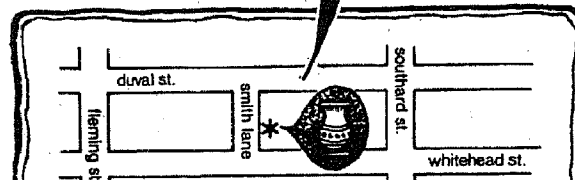
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Jan. 23 - Feb. 24

ARTS & ARTIFACTS SHOW, "Keys' Heritage," East Martello Gallery 9:30 - 5:00 p.m. daily, sponsored by Key West Art & Historical Society.

Jan. 24

GLENN MILLER ORCHESTRA IN CONCERT at the Key West Inn. ALA on the ocean. Information 296-5671.

Jan. 28 - Feb. 2

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY, WANDA JUNE" by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr. 8:30 p.m. Waterfront Playhouse, Mallory Square. Box office open 11:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m. Beginning Jan 21. Tel. 294-5015.

Feb. 1 - 2

"TROPICAL FEVER FOLLIES," Mary Immaculate High School Auditorium 8:30 p.m. Sponsored by Florida Keys Memorial Hospital Auxiliary.

Feb. 2

SCOUTING IN THE SUN - 10:00 a.m. to 5:00 p.m. North Roosevelt Blvd. adjacent to Miniature Golf Course. Sponsored by Buccaneer District Boy Scouts of America.

Feb. 3

LITTLE MISS OLD ISLAND DAYS BEAUTY PAGEANT. 1:30 p.m. at Glynn Archer School Auditorium. Sponsored by Island Productions.

Feb. 3

OLD ISLAND DAYS RALLYE. See Historic Key West. Starts 2 p.m. from park area adjacent to East Martello Gallery, S. Roosevelt Blvd. Registration starts 1 p.m., nominal fee. Sponsored by Ecurie Vitesse Sports Car Club.

Feb. 5

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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE BY EMMA CATES

Sun in Capricorn, after 20th in Aquarius
Venus in Aquarius, after 15th in Pisces
Mercury in Capricorn, after 20th in Aquarius
Saturn in Virgo, retrograde after 6th
Jupiter in Virgo, retrograde

Mars in Virgo, retrograde after 15th
Uranus in Scorpio
Neptune in Sagittarius
Pluto in Libra, retrograde after 23rd
North Node in 1 degree of Virgo

THE FULL MOON on January 2 in Cancer aspects the money houses in the chart of Key West, in good aspect to Jupiter. The financial picture for 1980 is very good.

The new moon on January 17 in Capricorn intensely aspects the stellium of planets in Capricorn in our horoscope. The future looks very positive for the City. New investments and developments will continue to improve the material success of Key West.

Saturn, our ruler, will be in a favorable position all year. The chart shows new beginnings are in order for our town. The birthday of Key West is January 18. The aspects on that day give us clues to the year ahead. The moon in Aquarius is in the same sign as our natal moon. This is indeed a very good placement.

Our co-ruler, Mercury, is in Capricorn in the same sign as our natal Mercury. The area of communication between the populace and the government will be much smoother than previously. This in itself will be a great improvement to the continuous bickering and disagreements of the past.

The placement of the other planets

also shows Key West will be a cleaner, more peaceful town in which to live. We shall continue to be "famous" in the eyes of the world.

The new decade of the 80's is nothing but positive indeed for Key West.

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EYESORE BEACHES

ONE DOESN'T USUALLY need a calendar to find out what time of year it is in Key West. If the streets are filled with a wide variety of people; empty stores are suddenly occupied and displaying colorful fronts; and parks, beaches, streets, and alleyways seem to be relatively clean, then it's safe to assume that the great winter tourist season has arrived. This is always complete with the giant influx of visitors from faraway and the efforts of local residents to do almost anything possible to make those visitors impressed and comfortable with the many diversions this island has come to be known for.

This year, however, as the first weeks of the season are upon us, the above description seems to be somewhat altered in one very important area: the beaches here. While on the face of it this may seem to be a relatively minor issue, it is more than obvious that a sizable number of those visitors are attracted to Key West for reasons of weather, swimming, fishing, and lying in the gloriously warm sun. All activities that require the existence of a good, clean, and safe beach the entire family can utilize.

TWO BEACHES IN KEY WEST, Smathers Beach (located on S. Roosevelt Boulevard) and South Beach (at the end of Duval St.), appear to be fairly engulfed in the debris left from the natural tide of the ocean bringing in dead seaweed, and litter from those inevitable thoughtless folks who believe that a garbage can is wherever you feel like getting rid of your Coke cup, candy wrapper, yesterday's paper, etc. Besides being an eyesore and embarrassment to the citizens here, these mounds of debris offer an additional burden: broken glass from discarded bottles

that can be especially dangerous to the vulnerable feet of children and adults alike.



The result of neglect.
The shoreline of Smathers Beach.

THE RESPONSIBILITY FOR the day-to-day conditions of the various beaches located in Key West is divided between the city and the county. South Beach and Smathers Beach are part of the City of Key West's public property. Higgs Beach (located off Atlantic Boulevard next to West Martello Tower) is in the domain of Monroe County.

When asked about the lack of clean-up and care at South Beach, Key West City Manager Ronald Stack expressed surprise. "I didn't know it was as bad as all that," he said. "Sure, we haven't had any men out there for awhile, but that's because of the weather we've been having lately. What with the high winds and tide, it just wouldn't do any good to clean it up right now. It'd be dirty again in a day."

Stack pointed out that "at least 15 times a year," city crews plow and rake out the leftover garbage and debris at the

beach, although he admitted it had been several months since such a crew has visited South Beach. "Now keep in mind that these men are busy. Cleaning up the beaches is not one of our main priorities. We're lacking in our budget and we're trying to get done what we can," he stated.

PERHAPS AS AN ANSWER to the lack of funds for the clean-up crew, their time spent on a given site, and the equipment upkeep, Stack disclosed to *Solares Hill* that members of the City Commission voted recently to apply for a federal grant pertaining to "general improvement" in the city of Key West. "What this would mean, if we actually get it, is that we'll have more money to use for keeping the beaches clean on a regular basis. Along with the beaches will be the parks and streets. But this is by no means a sure thing yet."

Stack failed to say exactly how much money the grant application asked for or when it might be granted. However, an insider at the Federal Grants Co-ordination Office here stated that such grants usually take anywhere from "3 to 6 months" to be answered one way or the other.

If such a timetable is correct, then it would be safe to assume that the 1979-80 winter season here will be sorely lacking in adequate manpower, upkeep, and the time in general that should be dedicated to the care of these beaches by the city.

MARIO DAVILA, SUPERINTENDENT of the recreation crews that are normally responsible for cleaning up city property, mentioned that the men who are supposed to be delegated to South Beach and Smathers Beach have been working on other sites lately because of a lack of adequate manpower. "But we try and get out there when we can," he added. "It seems to be about a once-every-three-weeks thing, although,

like I say, the men have been doing other things for the city lately."

As for the county beaches, employees of the Monroe County Public Works Department have been actively engaged in a campaign entitled "Clean-up in the Keys." Such effort has been relegated to picking up litter from the highways, cleaning up the parks that are operated by the county, and taking care of the sand and shore at the beaches. The work has not been without results. The conditions at Higgs Beach (also known as the Monroe County Beach) are generally considered to be good, as can be proven by the number of visitors and year-around residents that use the facility and can be seen there in large groups on any given weekend.

A LACK OF adequate funding for cleaning up and maintaining the beaches and parks has been a serious problem on the county side also. Ed Stickney, Supervisor of the Monroe County Roads and Parks Department, claimed that the 1979-80 county budget is "the thinnest I've ever seen. In years past we've had to work with a lack of funds before, but this time around, it's been tight right from the start," he said.

Stickney was quick to point out that county workers will be striving every day to keep Higgs Beach in the best possible shape, even with the advent of vandalism to the newly constructed restrooms and showers. "We've found that the best possible approach to take with all these problems (vandalism, litter, and tight budgets) is to get out to the parks and beaches on an everyday basis. That way we don't let it pile up on us," he said.

ED PHELPS, SUPERVISOR of Buildings and Grounds at the Monroe County Public Works Department, has stated that the work done by his crews at Higgs Beach and several other beaches up the Keys hasn't been exactly easy. "You wouldn't believe some of the things we've had to contend with. At Higgs Beach seaweed hasn't really been a problem for us because of the way the beach is sort of locked in between the White Street Pier and our own wooden pier at the beach. But vandalism, now

that's another thing."

PHELPS went on to relate some of the horror stories of his profession: "I don't know what would cause people to do some of these things, but we've had wood forcibly taken off the piers and used for people's camp fires. We've had, especially during the winter, all kinds of people sleeping at the beaches during the night, and leaving the next morning with a trail of litter following them out of the beach. They do this at the parks around town, also."

PHELPS pointed out that county clean-up crews have been especially annoyed at some of the "pranks" pulled at the small park in front of the Key West International Airport. "Some of these old benches there, that have been there for years, have been abused by people that throw large rocks on top of them. This is old wood, and sometimes it is not repairable."

BUT WHILE PHELPS and his crew appear to be making a valiant effort to fight the tide of carelessness and vandalism, the city's clean-up crews appear to be throwing in the towel as far as Smathers Beach is concerned. The largest beach in Key West, named after former United States Senator George Smathers, Smathers Beach has had the ill-fortune of being affected by two negative developments: a generally lousy shore line (with some piles of debris ranging from two to three feet high), and a lack of caretaking and maintenance at the public bathrooms there. At one time a much touted venture because the bathrooms were supplied with two showers each and a unique open-air type of ceiling design, the facility today is a statement of neglect. Besides the litter and garbage that are strewn about the floors, the showers are all broken and turned off, and the toilet facilities seem to be perpetually leaking.

LARRY RODGERS, DIRECTOR of the Key West Chamber of Commerce, claimed that so far his bureau hasn't received any complaints or feedback concerning the state of affairs at the beaches. He said, "It's obviously a thing of a lack of money. I know that if the grant the

city has applied for goes through, it should solve most of our problems here." Rodgers added, "Of course the season is just starting. If the situation at the beaches is pretty bad, I'll probably hear something."

One thing that the city fathers here seem to have forgotten is the first lesson in promotion and salesmanship: keep up what the public sees the most, no matter how bad finances or conditions are. While no one here who has seriously studied the financial status of the city and county budgets would suggest that provisions can be easily made to provide for a thorough and regular clean-up of the beaches, there should be better direction as to what the priorities truly are concerning where valuable money and time should be spent.

UNDENIABLY, DURING THE winter season (roughly November through April), a better effort should be made by both county and city organizers to take care of the essentials at these much-observed beaches. This would not require a huge amount of time and resources, but simply a better delegation and dispersment of those available supplies -- supplies that are already at hand.

Not enough can be said about the situation. Perhaps a small incident that occurred recently at Smathers Beach, and was observed by this reporter, would illustrate the point better. Two elderly women from France were speaking in their musical language to a local resident about Key West. Their conversation was spiced with phrases and words of broken English, but all of the participants seem to be understanding one another nonetheless. After the local resident got ready to leave, commenting, "Well, I'm very glad you've enjoyed Key West so far," one of the women grabbed her arm excitedly and pointed toward the rubbish shore. She suddenly gestured in a most unmistakable way, pinching her nose and throwing her head backward, signifying the world-renowned symbol for "It stinks." The local resident, somewhat embarrassed, could only shrug, saying, "I know, I know."

(Since this article was written, South Beach has been cleaned up. We hope this will continue on a regular basis. -- Ed.)

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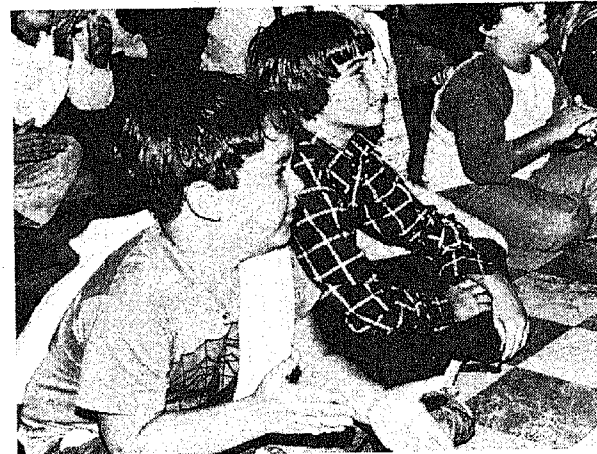
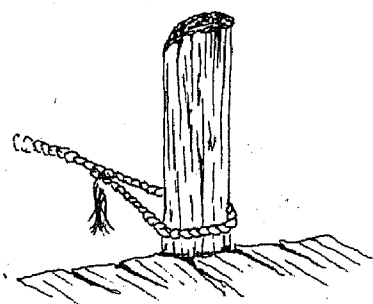
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PHOTO AND ARTICLE BY GARRY BOULARD



photo by Janet Fox Belland

In last month's article about the 84th birthday party of Hortense Munnings, her daughter, Edna Carey, was unfortunately left out of a group photo. Here is a picture of Mrs. Carey to rectify the omission.



More than three thousand Key West youngsters have enjoyed the plays of M&M Productions in the past year. The Mark Book Show was written by Timothy McShane, designed and directed by Robert Mowry, and featured Celeste Day. The group is now performing and conducting workshops at the Red Barn Actors' Studio, 319 Duval. McShane and Mowry will teach workshops in theater for young people at the Tennessee Williams Center in the spring.

Solares Hill wishes to apologize to writer Dorothy Raymer and all concerned for a mistake we made in laying out copy on an article on Julius Stone. In it we referred to Alice Bredin as the widow of the late judge Aquilino Lopez. The copy should have read: "Alice Bredin, widow of Commander Hugh Bredin, Royal Navy, who owned a bookshop, gave money to Julius Stone to invest and never heard another word about it."

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BUZOGANY

PHOTO AND ARTICLE BY RICHARD MARSH

ONCE, WHEN I WAS very young, I had a dream that I had built a boat. Its lines were proud and graceful -- a miniature Queen Elizabeth. Next morning right after breakfast I nailed two boards together in the shape of a "V," and I puzzled for the rest of the day over the next step towards translating my dream into solid reality. The boards eventually became part of a treehouse, and the experience was the beginning of the realization that there is an art and a craft in the turning of a mental picture into a tangible object.

John Buzogany studied at Carnegie-Mellon in Pittsburgh for five years for a metalcraft degree, but his great leap of comprehension came with post graduate



clusively in Key West -- Goldsmith, at 114 Fitzpatrick. "The uniqueness of the shop," he said, "is the continuity in design and workmanship. Everything in the shop relates to everything else."

He does not wear jewelry all the time, selecting the right piece for the appropri-



ate occasion. He will test-wear a piece to see if it "fits:" if it wears well and the color works.

At the age of 29, John is young for the technical excellence he has achieved and the praise he has received, from raves in the *New York Times*, *Vogue*, and *W* to a local man known for his taste, who stood at a display window at the Goldsmith shop and vocalized his admiration to me.

freelancing with jewelers in Florence, Italy, where he was affected by the European standards of perfection.

"That's where I really learned to move metal," he told me, "to make metal do what I want it to do."

FLORENCE HAS A long tradition of technical excellence in the crafting of gold and silver, he explained, and his words glowed as he described the atmosphere of the city in which jewelry-making is a way of life, almost as natural as breathing.

The artist that John became in Florence thrives in the atmosphere of Key West, where he finds it easy to structure himself a schedule of bench work, non-bench work, and relaxation that produces four major and 30 minor pieces a week.

THERE IS INSPIRATION also in the subtropical flora and fauna, resulting in a fantastical sea unicorn -- a sort of sea horse with a horn --, an octopus, and a dolphin, executed in the Italian tradition.

With insight and a becoming modesty, John said, "God does a terrific job. I don't want to copy His work. Cameras can duplicate. I use natural forms as a starting point."

John works in gold, silver, and platinum and precious and semi-precious stones. He prefers 18-karat gold, of the metals, and likes various stones for various purposes, for example, when an amethyst and a peridot (opposites in the color spectrum) came together with barley-shaped pearls for a necklace. Of the stones, he prefers pearls, "one of the few stones that has life -- it's not cold."

JOHN'S ARTISTIC INSTINCT goes past the production of jewelry. He is also concerned with the display of the pieces in the shop that carries his work ex-

The Key West Players

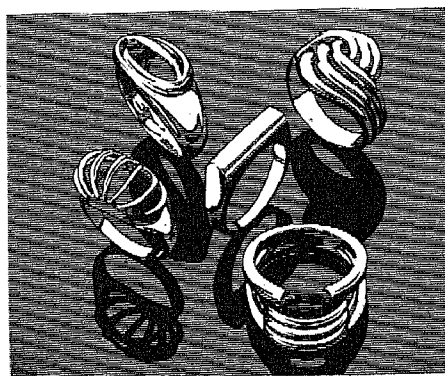


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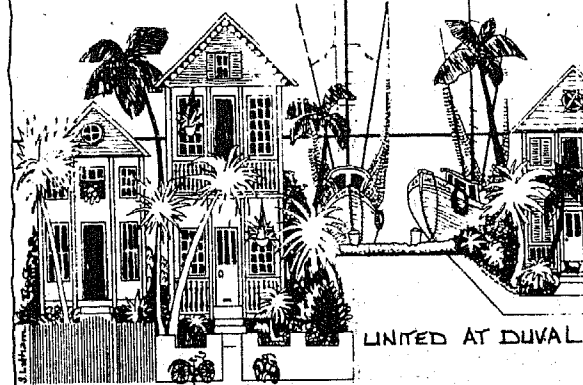
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The Yankee End of the Rainbow

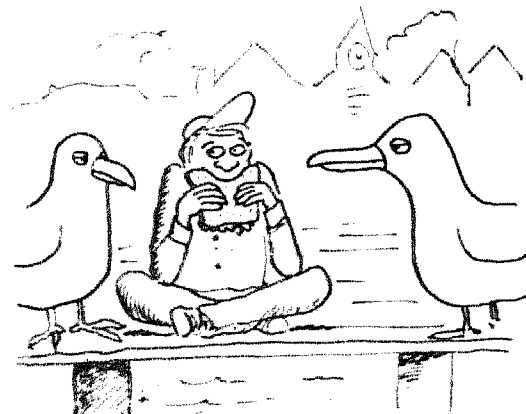
WRITTEN AND
ILLUSTRATED BY MACK DRYDEN

KEY WEST SUMMERS hang on forever, and along about September I decided I needed a little change. So I drove 2000 miles toward the North Pole and stopped in Boothbay Harbor, Maine.

I found a room, walked downtown, and met a Conch Train driver named Rex who had a stack of recent Key West citizens with him. Some change.

Rex sells tickets for a boat tour of the Maine coast every summer until winter sets in, then heads back to Key West to drive tourists around until about April. We stood in the bright sunshine, buttoned up against the nice breeze coming across the beautiful little harbor, and decided Key West is a great place to leave every once in awhile.

REX WENT BACK TO WORK, and I sat on a nearby dock with the papers he'd given me and read about the fun-loving Monroe County Commissioners and the latest burglaries. I was sitting there eating a sandwich and reading when two enormous birds zoomed in and stood on the dock beside me. When their shadows first darkened the end of the pier I thought they were condors or maybe helicopters, but it turns out that common Maine sea-gulls make Florida seagulls look like sparrows. They're huge, and they intimidate tourists for a living. These two stood about three feet away glaring at me like, "You're not going to eat that WHOLE sandwich by yourself, are you?"



THEY INTIMIDATE TOURISTS

I was new in the territory, so I gave them two big crusts apiece.

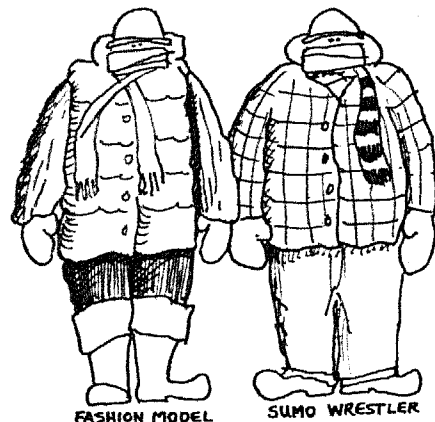
But I was going to talk about the similarities between Key West and Boothbay Harbor before I got to the contrasts. The most obvious one is that they're both little tourist towns that are empty when they're not full. When Key West is overrun with snowbirds, Boothbay is a frozen ghosttown; and when Key West merchants are sweating out the long, dead summer, there's not an empty room or parking place in Boothbay.

BOTH TOWNS ARE of course check full of boutiques and gift shops, both have a slew of grand old homes, they're both fishing towns, and they're both on the end of a single highway that connects them with the mainland. Boothbay Harbor is on the tip of one of a hundred rocky fingers that jut out from the Maine coast.

They catch a lot of lobsters in Maine, too, you might have heard. The tops of the traps are rounded instead of squared off like they are in Florida. And Maine lobsters have big claws, unlike their mellow southern cousins.

SO MUCH FOR SIMILARITIES. People don't even speak the same language in Maine, some of them. The Down East accent is as thick as ice on a pond. Up here, for example, "fox" is not an animal, but the things you put beside the spoons on the table. A "patty" isn't a hamburger, but a festive occasion, as for a birthday. For a solid week I didn't know my landlord thought my name was Mark, which sounds exactly like Mack in Down East. I figured it out only af-

ter he told me his daughter had always "made good macks in school." They don't say R's unless they're not there. They say, "That's a good idear," for example, and, "I saw him in Africker." My landlord explained that "the R is silent when you write it."



FASHION MODEL SUMO WRESTLER

THEY LOOK DIFFERENT, TOO, since the sun is kind of shy up here. That doesn't make them sickly, though. Pale little kids who have bookworm complexions by Key West standards are out there scraping up their knees and fighting over footballs just like the brown little yard apes in the tropics. And I must admit I'd forgotten what a "ruddy glow" looks like. Such things don't occur often in the tropics, probably because nobody drinks hot chocolate in front of fireplaces. Until I got to Maine I didn't realize how accustomed I was to seeing naked bodies all the time. Up here everybody looks like they're about to go deer hunting. La difference between the sexes isn't evident like it is in Key West. Wrap a body in jeans, flannel shirts, down vests, coats, boots, mufflers, and hats and you can't tell if there's a fashion model or a sumo wrestler inside.

IN FACT, keeping warm is the all-pervading theme in Maine. With fall practically over, winter looms like an icy giant just over the hill. While WKWF gives away suntan lotion and T-shirts, a Portland station is giving away a woodburning stove and a cord of wood to the person who guesses when the first inch of snow will fall on the city. Stacks of firewood grow taller every day outside nearly every home. Magazines and newspapers are full of stories about the high cost of fuel oil and how poor people are coping. Whole families are making arrangements to move in together for the winter to save fuel costs, and various schemes for "beating the sheiks" pop up in every publication and on the airwaves. I browsed through a county fair last weekend and the most popular exhibit was a new gas-powered wood-splitting machine (something of a paradox, I thought) that could out-split a strong man two to one. (The next most popular exhibit was a contraption built by the Maine Department of Highway Safety that demonstrated what seatbelts could do for you in a head-on collision at 10 m.p.h. Even the grown-ups got a kick out of watching teenagers get their eyeballs jarred loose.)

ANOTHER ALL-PERVADING topic in Maine and all of New England is the current nuclear power controversy, which erupted at the Seabrook plant just over the New Hampshire state line earlier this month. There's a reactor just 12 miles up the road from Boothbay Harbor in Wiscasset, and lots of local breadwinners are glad to have it. The kids like it, too, because they can swim in the hot water that flows out of it while the creeks and the ocean maintain a refreshing 45 degrees even through the summer.

Not everybody likes it, though. A popular bumper-sticker reads "Split wood, not atoms," and there are lots of "No Nukes" T-shirts and sweatshirts around.

I talked to a bartender who dates a security guard at the Wiscasset plant, and now I'm convinced a resourceful Boy Scout could sneak in and melt us all to China. The guards are nice, though, she told me. They've got a few foxes tame enough to practically eat out of their hands, which makes me feel a lot better.

MAYBE I DIDN'T mention that it's so beautiful up here it brings tears to your eyes. I was here for the legendary fall foliage extravaganza, and it's everything it's cracked up to be. Instead of hurricane tracking maps in the daily paper, they have a map with shaded places showing the "peak foliage" areas of the state and if they're on the increase or decline.

I've driven all the back roads around here, and there's a subject for a calendar photograph around every curve. It might be bitter cold, but in the scenery department it beats the shorts off Key West. The people who have been to Key West don't mind telling you that, either. Here's a conversation I had with a restaurant owner:

"Wheah ya from?"

"Drove up from Key West."

"Key West? Hmph! Dink town."

Dinky town. Dirty, stinkin' town. Felt like a rat in a trap in that dink town. Couldn't breathe. Hot as hell. Dinky, trashy, stinkin' little town."

"Yeah, I like it."

"Like it? -----! Dink town. I wouldn't live there if you paid me."

THIS WAS MY first encounter with a "crusty old Yankee character" who says what he thinks. He didn't care if I was the president of the Chamber of Commerce. He thought the place stank. I can understand how he thought Key West was "trashy." They don't have trash in Maine. Every can and bottle is worth a nickel or more up here, and not even school kids throw nickels away. Heck, they don't even have billboards to liven up the highways. Very boring. Nothing to see but mountains and trees, rocks and clear streams, quaint homes and white churches for miles and miles. They have this provincial idea up here that trash and junk cars and peeling billboards and campaign posters and yard sale signs on telephone poles somehow make the state less attractive to everybody -- particularly tourists -- so they don't allow them to occur.

ALTHOUGH THE MAINE littering law has teeth in it, the main reason it's so effective is that Mainers (that's what they call themselves, although outsiders sometimes make the mistake of calling them Maniacs) take littering as a personal insult. They're almost fanatically neat. A friend and I were on a driving tour and we started pointing out neat rows of houses until we eventually realized it was like pointing out palm trees in Key West. Every row of houses is neat. Even the WOODS are neat in Maine. It's amazing.

I went for a drive the other day and picnicked at an absolutely breath-taking cove. Then I ran into a flagpole maker. For some reason I'd like to investigate, every Mainer who is not a communist or otherwise anti-social has a flagpole in his front yard. This guy actually made nothing but flagpoles for a living. Try to sell a flagpole in Key West sometime.

After that I browsed in a little country store where the old lady behind the counter had made all the pumpkin and blueberry pies that were on sale. Ah, Maine.

When I got back from my drive, my landlord asked me when I was going back to Key West and I told him. "Figgah you'll be back heah next summah?" he asked me.

I figgahed I'd love to.

PLANS ARE IN full swing for the first "Keys Heritage Show" ever held at the East Martello Fort Art Gallery and Museum, Ida Barron, executive director of the Society reported today. The show, which will combine paintings by native Keys artists with antiquities loaned by old Conch families for the occasion, will begin on January 22 with a preview and reception for members of the society and their guests.

An ad hoc committee is scouring the Keys and Key West itself for works of art by native painters and sculptors, while Mrs. Barron and volunteers from old families of the Keys are seeking out articles of historic interest for display. George Cook, for example, will loan for exhibit one of the original bells that was used in the 19th Century cattle drives in Key West. At that time, cattle were landed by barge at the north end of Duval Street and driven to the slaughter house where Rest Beach is now located. Ahead of the cattle came the bell man to warn the citizenry and get unwary pedestrians out of the street.

MRS. BARRON URGED members of all old families in Key West to bring forth antiquities of local origin and interest for this pioneer attempt to portray the Heritage of the Keys. Similarly, paintings by native Key West artists now dead will be as acceptable, as well as the current work of living Conch artists. All entries for the exhibit must be delivered to the East Martello by Sunday, January 20. Potential exhibitors who have questions about requirements for the show should call Ida Barron at 296-3913 or 296-6610. Mrs. Barron also urged that anyone with tips on the locations of items of special historic significance should call her at the same numbers.

The "Keys Heritage Show" will follow the extremely successful Annual Members Juried Art Show and will run until February 24 during the height of the Old Island Days celebration.


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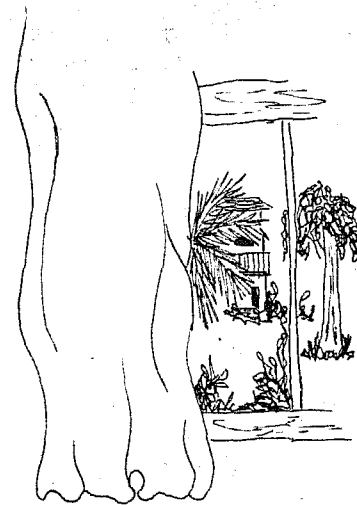
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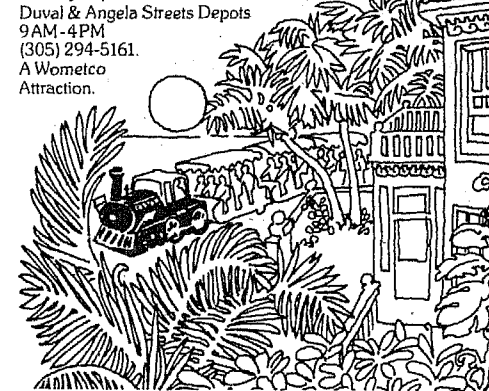
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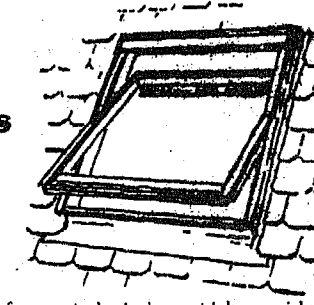
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