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Vol. IV, No. XI

Key West, Florida

December 1979



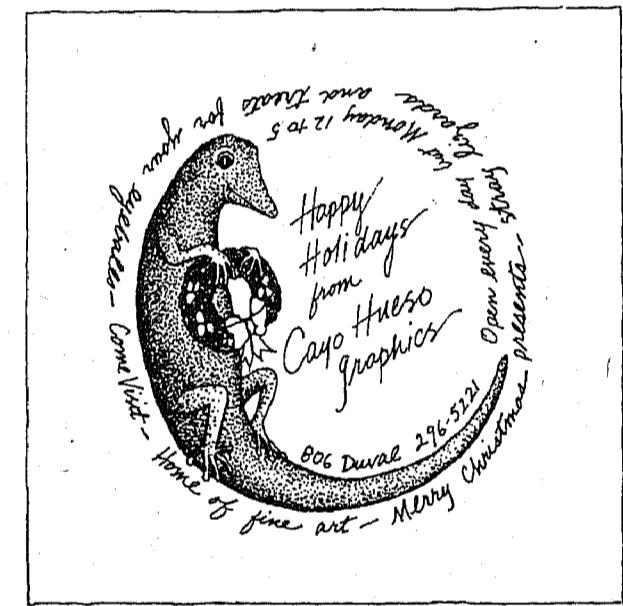


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ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....RICHARD MARSH
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT.....BILL WESTRAY

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FROM THE EDITOR

HELLO -- We're 56 pages this issue -- that's our biggest ever!

HEY, REMEMBER the marathon that was run last year? The Southernmost Road Runners Club is sponsoring the 2nd Annual Last Resort Marathon on Sunday, February 17. Monies raised by this event will go to benefit the Florida Keys Marine Institute and the Armed Forces YMCA. For information contact Ned Guardenier at 4-6911.

MERLIN CURRY'S long awaited Bar-B-Que place has opened at the corner of Thomas and Angela Streets. Merlin, a long-time political activist in Key West, returned here after living several years in another state.

I SPOKE WITH John Brock, senior planner with the state's Bureau of Land and Water Management in Tallahassee, about the Key West Comprehensive Land Use Plan and the Key West Comprehensive Land Use Plan and Map. He said that he felt that the city was moving ahead in the right direction and that agreements arrived at during the workshop meeting held here in October will hopefully result in a good plan. Brock stressed that the state wishes to work with the city 100%. Bill Westray has written a strong article about his personal experiences in the preparation of this plan and plan map, and it looks like some of the people in city affairs are still pushing heavily to get the salt ponds filled. In my conversation with Brock, he stated that he or a member of his staff would come to Key West and view at first hand the areas delineated on the map for development. I would expect that the state would be on our side in this crucial matter and reject any attempts to irresponsibly fill our salt ponds.

WELL, THE ELECTION is over. Our own Richard Marsh made a strong showing in his race for mayor and perhaps could be persuaded to try again. A lot of people are very happy that Richard Heyman won in his race for City Commissioner, and

Solares Hill joins them. The same goes for the referendum to improve salaries of the police and firemen -- overwhelmingly the city voted yes on this issue, and we supported it strongly.

GARRY BOULARD showed up with an article on the deplorable conditions of two of our local beaches -- Smathers Beach and South Beach. Unfortunately, this arrived too late for inclusion in this issue, but maybe by the January issue the beaches will be properly cleaned up. If not, we will go ahead with our article.

THE WEATHER in October and November was some of the loveliest I remember. I imagine that we are moving closer to being a year-round resort with each passing Fall and Spring.

I HAD A LETTER from a resident who was outraged to witness "the handcuffing and subsequent taking to jail of a young man in front of Sloppy Joe's. His crime was finishing a beer in the same process as leaving the bar. The young man concerned was a teacher from New Jersey vacationing in Florida for the Thanksgiving break..." Are we at it again? Surely this is the year to relax enforcing the drinking in public law so strictly. Situations like the one that the letter writer described are just too harmless to be treated so seriously -- let's try and use this law with more discernment.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH.

L.

P.S. If you liked Richard Marsh's Christmas poems, they are available on Christmas cards that are sold at Candlelight Shop, 216 Duval; Environmental Circus, 518 Duval; Guild Hall, 614 Duval; The Bookshop, 534 Fleming; Rags to Riches, Harbor House; Plaza Card Corner, Key Plaza; and Conn's Camera and Card Center, Seaside.

Our cover artist this month is Lee Martin. She also did the pelican delivering Christmas bulbs that appears inside this issue.

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With a little help from our friends . . .

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A PARTY FOR MRS. MUNNINGS

BY PHOEBE COAN

WHAT MAKES A house a home? Edna Carey, aged 62, and her mother, Hortense Munnings, aged 84, of 720 Thomas Street could tell you. Theirs is a real home. A warm atmosphere where friends, neighbors, even tourists like to drop by.

Living here for 20 years, they have found nurturing children the best role a person can play.

The neighborhood itself is friendly, peaceful. No one's afraid to say, "Hi!" "Our life here has been just right. A very quiet, simple life," says Edna. "People like you to listen to them. If it's not important, then I try to change

dissatisfaction in my home as a youngster. We were eight children. We had a good relationship, and were always close."

Both ladies agree that a good home comes from the peace and kindness of the people living in it. "Try to make things pleasant, be agreeable," they say. "You must work together and be patient," is their formula.

EDNA IS PART Cuban on her mother's side and part Bahamian on her father's side. Hortense, born in Key West, helped raise her daughter's children: Hortense, 37, Irving, 33, James, 31, and Margaret,



From the left: Rev. Carson, Sally Spencer, Herman Burton, Bernice Spencer, Andre Valdez, Mrs. Munnings, Elder Gunn, Hortense Perez (back to camera).

the conversation," she says.

SHE IS ROBUST, motherly. She has a sweetness that is essential to her personality. The house is clean, homey, without being fussy. The rooms are bright, functional, comfortable. When Edna's kids now return to visit, all the old friends come over. "We make them welcome," she says.

Mrs. Munnings says, "There was no

25. Both ladies are now widows. The husbands of each had been Civil Service workers. Mrs. Carey's first husband, Albert Carey, was a tailor. Her second husband was Irving Carey. Edna worked at the aquarium for about ten years.

Says Mrs. Munnings, "My parents never had trouble. They got along good with everyone."

Her mother came from Cuba. She was a happy lady who sang often to her child-

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ren. She never returned to Cuba. Her father was a good man, 83 when he passed on. He was a cigar maker, nice but strict, she recalls. He wanted his kids at home and with good company. Each year he took two of them for a visit to Cuba. Hortense was 18 when she first saw it.

THE LADIES MOSTLY enjoy their friends and plants and Saturday dinners after church, after which they usually visit places and people in need. I was quickly invited to an 84th birthday party for Mrs. Munnings and was happy to accept.

The party was a howling success, with many local friends, family, and out-of-towners attending. Unfortunately, previous to this birthday, Mrs. Munnings took a bad fall while hanging fresh curtains for the occasion, and badly bruised her ribs. I noticed she was somewhat uncomfortable and slowed down at the beginning of the party, but by the end of it she was joking with the young folks and really having a good time.

Hortense cleaned her plate of the good food and said jokingly, "It was a sin before God," referring to the size of the birthday cake her nephew, James Williams of Ft. Lauderdale, had handed to her.

USUALLY, THE LARGE birthday parties are reserved for the years when Hortense's brother, Andre Valdez of Philadelphia, comes to visit. (There is also a 90-year-old sister in a Key West nursing home, Gertrude Williams.) Andre, however, is always guest of honor. Now at 80, he is distinguished and bombastic. He predicted an early winter this year due to the early snowfall...first time in 85 years that it has fallen in October in Philadelphia. He asked in booming baritone, "Gentlemen, how do you feel?" (Many elders of the Adventist Church and Pastor Carson from Zion Church were present.) "Beautiful, beautiful," he answered himself. He urged some guests to eat the chicken with their hands. He only complained, "Too many women kissing!"

The motto of the party and always here seems to be: Make everyone feel comfortable! And we were. As soon as we arrived there was not one face that didn't smile or say, "Hello."

Margaret Carey, one of Edna's children, called from Gainesville, where she is in her second year of law school. She said that what was most valuable to her while growing up was the openness and sharing in her home. She and her mom are very close, despite their age difference. She says that as a child she was encouraged to bring even unpopular children home from school. She says her mother and grandmother are most in-

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their glory when they can be entertaining. "It's their thing to make everyone welcome." Even servicemen were invited at a time when this was not a popular custom in town. Margaret herself says she carries on this tradition of making people welcome where she lives.

THE GENEROUS ATMOSPHERE at the family party was infused with warmth and love -- from the many middle-aged ladies leisureing on the porch, flashing dazzling smiles, to the folks around the main birthday dinner table inside, to the groups situated at the big table set up prettily in the side yard.

The menu was simple American style food: roast beef, turkey, fried chicken, macaroni salad, tossed salad, potato salad, string beans, relishes, punch, and ice cream. There were three different birthday cakes. The largest one said: "Happy Birthday Hortense" and had a butterfly on it.

Someone was always asking: "Did you have plenty to eat?" or "Where's your ice cream?" Many folks complained of full tummies. At the cutting of the cake, a blessing was offered and "Happy

Birthday" sung. Mrs. Munnings, in a pretty flowered suit and holding her brother's hand, beamed. She's a very nice looking, dear lady. She received many lovely gifts.

AMONG THE GUESTS were Mrs. Munning's nephew and niece from Ft. Lauderdale, James and Sonia Williams. Her great, great, great, grand nephew, Cartavious White, aged 2½, now of Key West, was also present.

Locals partying at the birthday included Ruth Gunn, Herman Butler, "Bernice" Esther Spencer and her daughter, Sarah Welch, Nancy Jackson, Lucille Myah (Mrs. Carey's stepdaughter), Mr. and Mrs. Jennison, Viola Manuel, Harry Chipchase, Robert Butler, Sylvia Deane, Aracelia Laurie, Hortense Perez, and Harold Gibson, all good friends.

From Miami came Mrs. Birdivia Ledon, Mary Alice Woodside, Margaret Wiggins, Jersey Trapp, Flower Roberts, and Arudbell Roker, daughter to Mrs. Munnings and a foster mother of two. Linda Johnson from the Bahamas was also present.

Says Arudbell, "My mother's the most wonderful mother in the world, and my

sister's a very loving sister." "It is most important to try and be happy; that is best for your health," the ladies agree. "Treat everyone the best that you can, and you'll get treated the same."

"We never did think racial differences were a big problem here," says Mrs. Munnings. "We always had a lot of white friends." They set a high example of love and peace in their neighborhood.

"No contact makes for the hostilities, a lot of them," she agrees.

EDNA FINDS THAT as you get older it's good to try to have a childlike heart. She loves to watch the children, and her laugh is like a bubbling brook.

"Being alone is not necessarily bad," says Edna. But she adds that it is her friends, family, and plants that keep her happy.

"I was always interested in my children's school," says Edna. "I supported whatever they would do. I helped them and checked their homework regularly.

The teachers knew me!" She adds that children need a lot of praise and encouragement in order to feel worthy and capable.

SAYS MRS. MUNNINGS, "A religious background helps."

Edna was valedictorian of her high school graduating class at Douglass in '36. All her children were honor students.

Today's children, the ladies feel, are given too many privileges and too much too soon. "It's a question of respect," they say. Both agree that with patience and plenty of individual time, the children will respect you if you respect them. Too much discipline makes a real chore of what should be a joy. "Curtail their pleasures," they say. "Let light punishment suffice, and try to reason with them instead of using physical force. Let them know how you feel. Tell them the truth."

THEY AGREE THAT children don't feel

secure without guidelines and good adult examples before them. They're not happy with all the freedom in the world. The spoiled child, living a selfish existence, can end up in jail. The loving is most important, but without the limits being set, a child can grow up unruly and unhappy.

"Sometimes," they say, "you have to let things slide, and take them as they come. You can become a nervous wreck, if you don't ignore some of it. You gotta hold onto your sense of humor. Remember how cute they are. They're not adults."

Both advise avoiding screaming. Kids usually know when they didn't do right. They don't want to hear all that repetitive stuff. They just want to run from that. "You have to give them a chance to develop. When they're being rebellious, they mostly asking, 'Who am I?'" the ladies say.

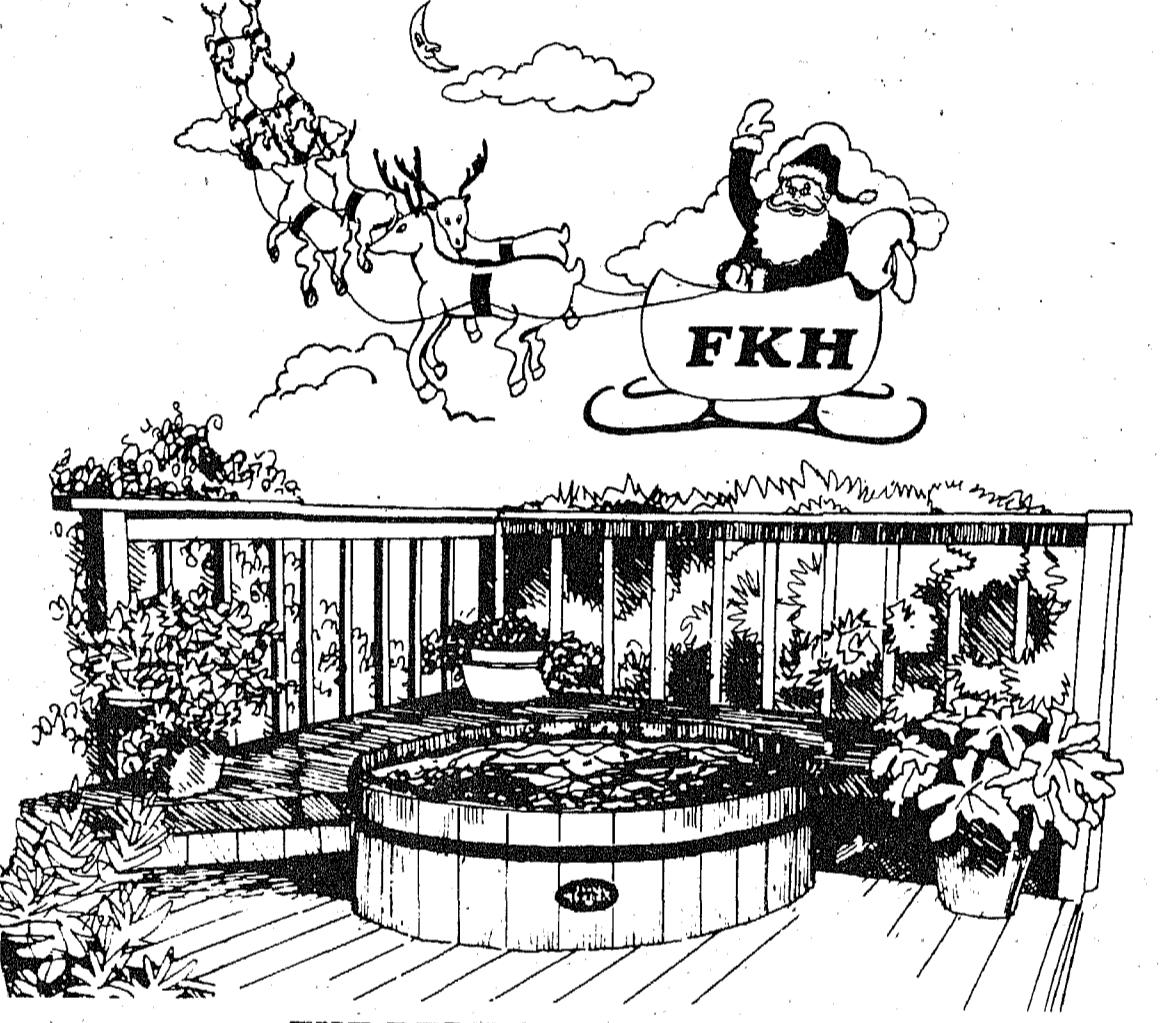
THEY SAY YOU have to let them know you are interested. "Whatever they were



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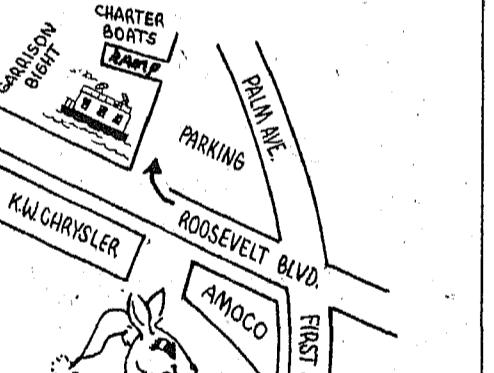
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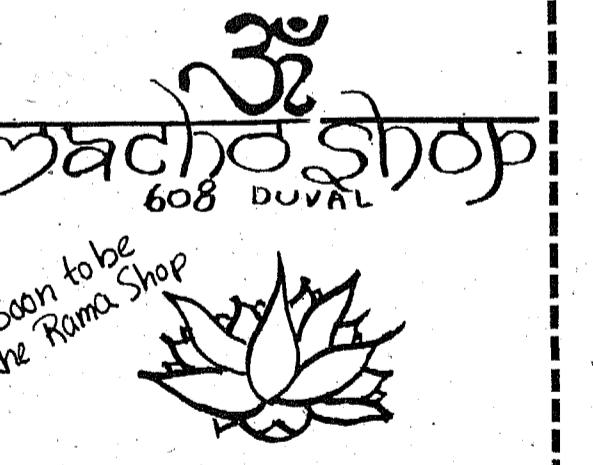
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interested in, I was interested in, so I got a degree in everything," says Edna. "You have to talk to them. Be nice. Take the time to joke and play with them," the ladies say. "It keeps them out of mischief. They need your attention. They can't help that!"

Both ladies agree that touch and cuddling go a long way. "You have to let them know that you care. A lot of mothers just forget or don't want to take the time."

"Sometimes you have to overlook a mess, in order to allow them to learn and grow. This was always their house, and we felt their feelings were more important than the house or the furniture. Put your children first."

THEY HAD LET my little son (despite my own flinching) make quite a mess on their nice clean floor. He had pulverized a rock in order to create some "magic dust." "Let the baby be a baby," they said.

"People get away from the natural state. You have to feel like you got

all the time in the world to give them. You have to get involved with the neighbor kids, too."

"Listen to them. They know what they are doing. Tune your child in. He has his own mind. Respect his way, give him a chance. You might learn something."

HORTENSE WAS JUST recently baptised (a year ago) into the Adventist Church. It was her first time in the water. It was a pleasure. When she was a girl, her mother was afraid of her drowning. The water was not as bad as she thought. She likes the fellowship of the Adventists. They take her to the jails and hospitals to tell people to save themselves, and to ask God to help them. She tells them to put themselves in His hands.

THE PLANTS maintain a big part of the consciousness of these two nice ladies. They are always rooting new sprigs and potting them for the house and for gifts. I received some delight-

ful Spanish thyme which rooted well. She advised me to throw the good green leaves into my vegetables.

She loves music, all kinds. "Sometimes I be humming along with the loud stuff (rock and roll)." Her children brought plenty of music to her.

Mrs. Munnings says that you have to pray to overcome troubles. This is better to do than complaining. Her look is intense. She pats and arranges napkins as she listens. One of her friends had told my son when we arrived at the party that he had been shy: "Don't be selfish with yourself, I love you!" This seems to be Mrs. Munnings' philosophy, too.

The sweetness here is what lifts you, even your voice. It allows you to move in their mellow vibe, to pass the time of day in a peaceful space, an un-hurried way. Call it "Key West Time," stopping by the Thomas Street house.



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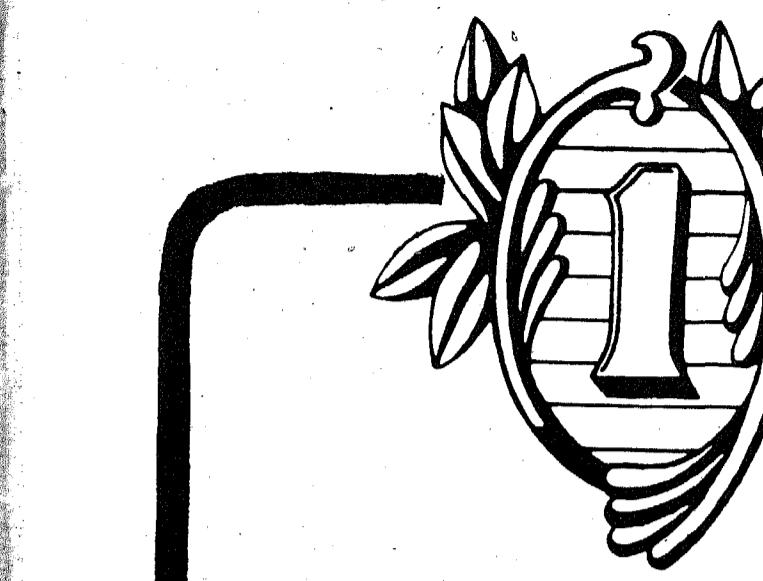
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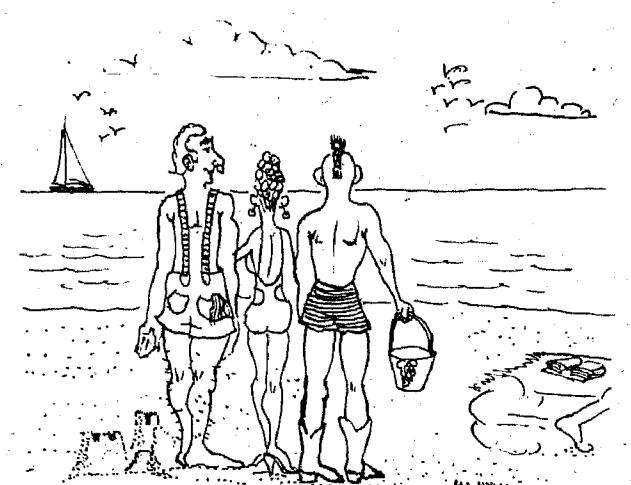
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REVENGE OF THE "Concha"

BY MICHAEL HAYES

THE FIRST TIME I saw the three of them on the beach in Key West something told me they were from out of town. Maybe it was the shiny silver high heels that the young lady of the trio wore for casual oceanside lounging (in the sand the shoes made her walk like a duck on stilts) which gave me a clue. Perhaps it was the calf-high leather boots that the young gentlemen wore in the eighty degree heat which tipped their hand. Who can say for certain? Often these feelings are more intuition than substance.

I do remember, however, that the larger fellow wore suspenders and wool cutoffs with pleats and had a ring in



his nose; that the girl had a silver lame bathing suit with daring cutouts to match her high heel shoes, and that the second

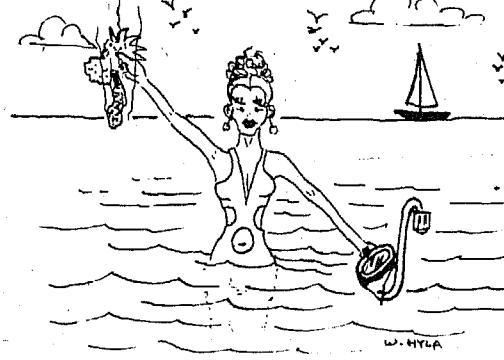
fellow had a mohawk-style haircut and what appeared to be a misspelled tattoo; it read: "REMEMBER (perhaps it is a strange cult practice and not a misspelling) RONALD" (Coleman? McDonald?) Most likely it was a visual memory device for the fellow's own name. Watching Mo(hawk), Ron, and their bosom buddy Silver Lame, I had the strangest feeling that only the elephants and the caliope were missing.

UNFORTUNATELY, ENTERTAINMENT was not their intention. I watched from the pier as they settled in for a little routine trashing of the beach. They kicked sand in the face of every ninety-seven pounder, played football across every beach blanket, shouted obscenities within hearing of every old maid schoolteacher, and in general stomped on everyone's sand castle. Their beach campaign went so well that most of the early winter tourist crowd was soon chased to the safety of the waiting Winnebagos, and the obnoxious threesome began what appeared to be a march to the sea along the pier on which I sat. Deep in my heart I hoped that the march wouldn't have the same consequences as Sherman's little hike across Georgia.

"Ahhhhh Kablooom!" With shrieks, stones, and sand clods they made quick work of the fish army that the elderly Cuban Conch next to me had up till then been peacefully feeding. This obviously annoyed the old man no end, but since the mohawk had the look of a prison barber and the big guy could have tried out for the lead in the movie, "Bongo's Daddy Gets Mad," there was little the old fellow could do. I myself contemplated a

sudden interest in running and playing in the ocean. When thankfully I was ... Saved! They decided to take on the mighty Atlantic Ocean instead.

THE THREE DONNED snorkel gear, which I imagine they liberated in mid-use, though I'll never know where they found snorkels with the ping pong balls still in the little cages (those persons born after 1952 won't even know what I'm talking about), and plunged into the water. I sat in stunned silence as with flippers and elbows they criss-crossed the briny deep -- all four feet of briny deep next to the South Beach pier. First blood was drawn when I heard the lady cry, "Look, look! A Concha, a Concha!" There in the sun-creased sky Miss Lame held aloft her ocean booty.



In her pale and bony hand she held what may have been a curved piece of ancient tin can (it is difficult to say just what an object is after submersion in the salt water for eighty-seven million years) to which clung precariously a bit of soft brown matter that under better circumstances makes it the entire length

of the "southernmost" sewage pipe. "Is not, hollered Mo, sticking his dripping and semibald head back into the atmosphere. "I seen 'em before, and they ain't a bit like that!"

"Is toooooo," screeched Silver Lame. "Awwwww, you don't know _____. Here Ron used a very practical four letter word for what the young lady presently held in her hand.

"Ask the old man," pleaded Miss Lame. "He feeds the fish! He'll know what it is!"

FOR POSSIBLY ONE of the very few times in the young lady's life she was indeed correct. The old man certainly did have the answer, or at least an acceptable one. He replied for all ninety-seven pound weaklings and their brethren everywhere. "Yes! Yes! What a nice Concha. That is such a nice Concha that you should take him home right now and cook him up and eat him!"

The old man and I laughed out loud, but they were so happy with their catch that they did not appear to notice.

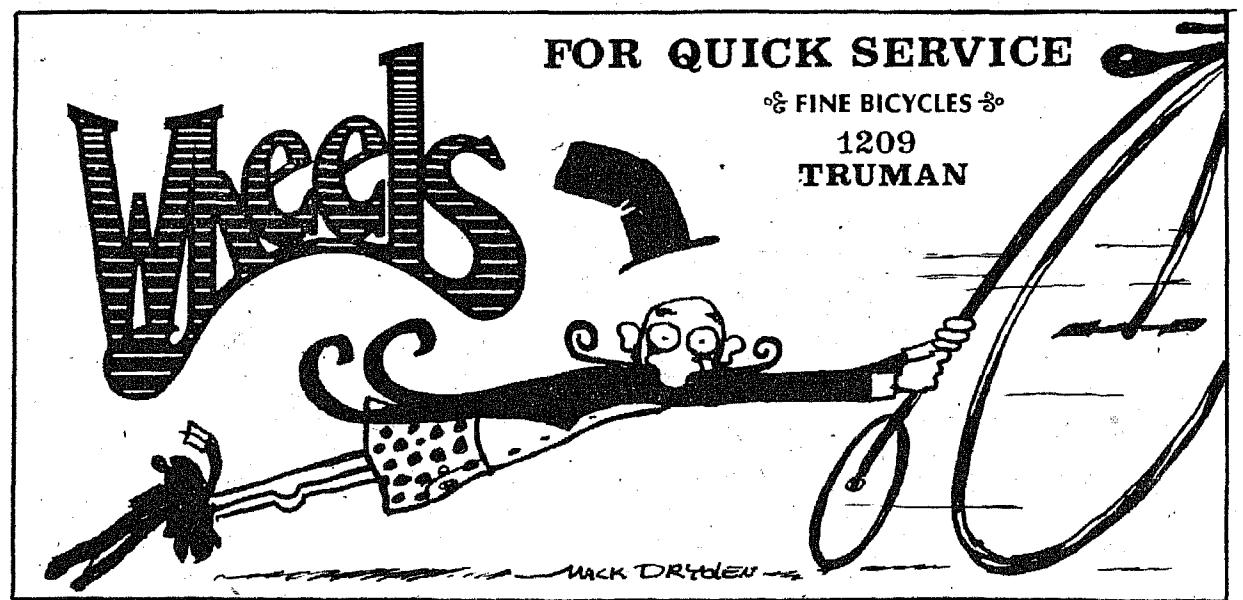
When last seen the prize "Concha" was safely tucked away in a canvas tote sack, and the ignorant threesome were headed off for a "seafood" feast. The old man went back to feeding his fish breadcrumbs, and I went back to enjoying the sun's rays. I guess there is some truth in the old saying that not all battles are won with force.



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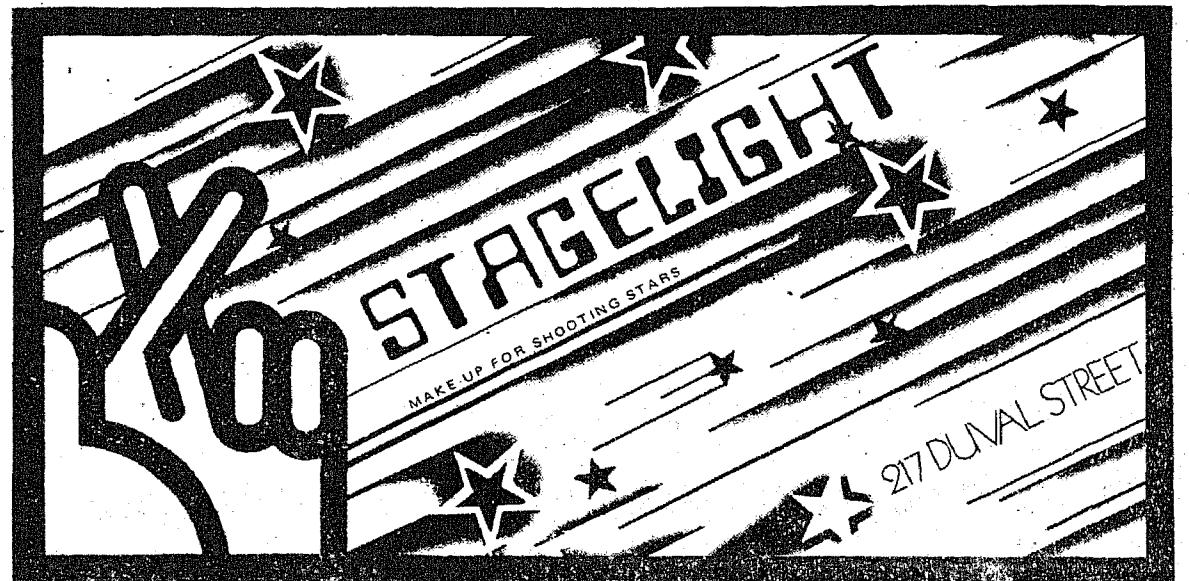
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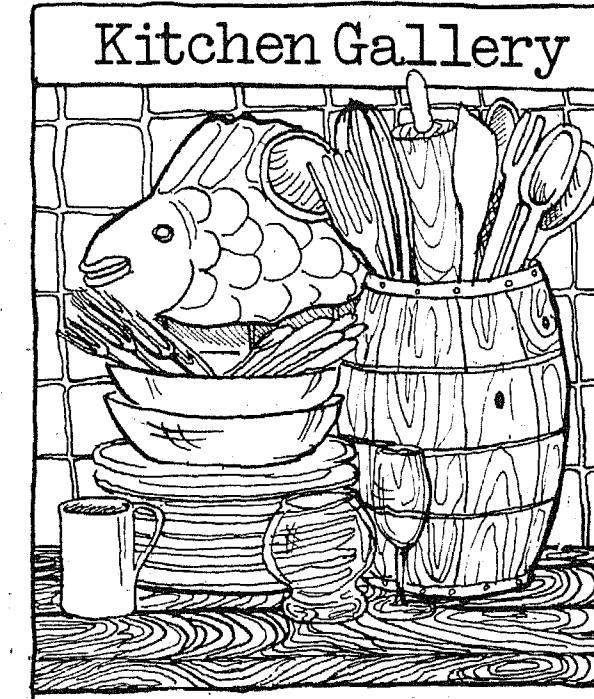
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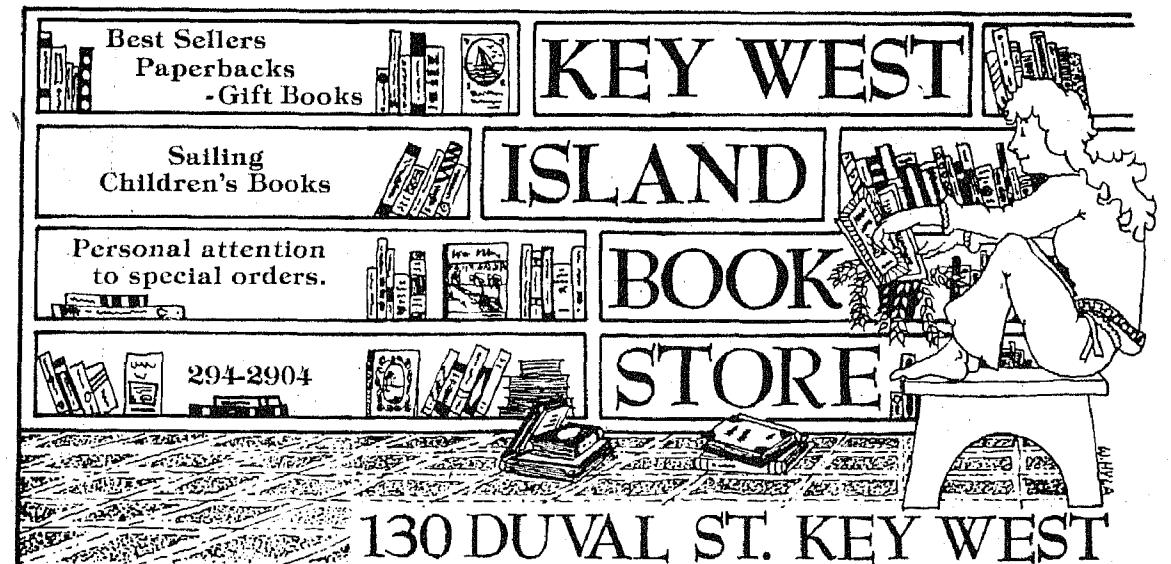


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notes & antic - dotes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

THE LEGEND OF Prince Charming -- in reverse -- is the story of Julius F. Stone, Jr., a brilliant man whose luster became tarnished as he progressed toward a career of power and acquisition of money.

He was a native of Ohio, where his father was a wealthy man and a director of the Ohio State University at Columbus, Ohio. In fact, my Master's Degree diploma from Ohio State was signed by Julius F. Stone, Sr.

YOUNG STONE LEFT his home state and furthered his education at Harvard University, where he received a doctorate in organic chemistry in 1926. Fourteen years later, in 1940, he earned a law degree there after three years of study, according to a top echelon writer, the late Richard Rovere, who produced an article on Key West and Stone that appeared in *The New Yorker* magazine, December 15, 1951. Stone had been a millionaire back in the Coolidge era when he ventured into the stock market. Came the crash of 1929, and he had lost his first fortune. But he was not at a loss for a job. He became a talented administrator in New York State, doing social welfare work under Harry Hopkins. This link ultimately forged Stone's career in Key West, since Hopkins became one of President Franklin Roosevelt's chiefs. Eleanor Roosevelt, also a friend of Hopkins and of Stone through her profound interest in social welfare, very likely had great influence in Stone's appointment, via Hopkins, as director of the Federal Emergency Relief Administration (F.E.R.A.) for all of the Southeastern United States, including Florida, Puerto Rico, and Caribbean possessions, such as the Virgin Islands.

The tremendously important assignment was made in 1933, and in 1934 Stone came to Key West to survey his territory and decide what could be done for the island, which was virtually bankrupt as far as the city government was concerned. Nearly everyone was on relief, with only a few wealthier citizens free of debt, if not of worry.

A staff of 11 FERA workers was established in Key West. Although Stone spent much of his time and effort here he also had duties elsewhere in the vast project, and assistance was needed.

HE APPLIED HIS ENERGY and expertise through 1934 and 1935, and achieved a general cleanup of the town, which had streets piled high with uncollected garbage. He established a WPA division, bringing artists to the island, among them Bill Hoffman, who still lives here. He got people to paint their homes and fix up property, with the aim of making Key West a resort town that could cash in on its natural attraction as a tourist mecca.

One of the amusing asides of Stone's efforts was his attempted introduction of wearing shorts, as was done in the Bahamas and the Bermudas. He set a personal example of donning the abbreviated sportswear, but as far as Conchs were concerned, the innovation was laughable. For example, as told by Walter Norman in his book *Nicknames and Conch Tales* (reviewed in the November issue of *Solares Hill*), one of the Volunteer Work Corps laborers appeared on the job in his underdrawers.

Declared he, "If Julius Stone can come to work in his underwear, so can I!"

THE LOCAL NICKNAME for Stone, by the way, was "Kingfish," after the enterprising character on the popular radio show of the times, "Amos and Andy."

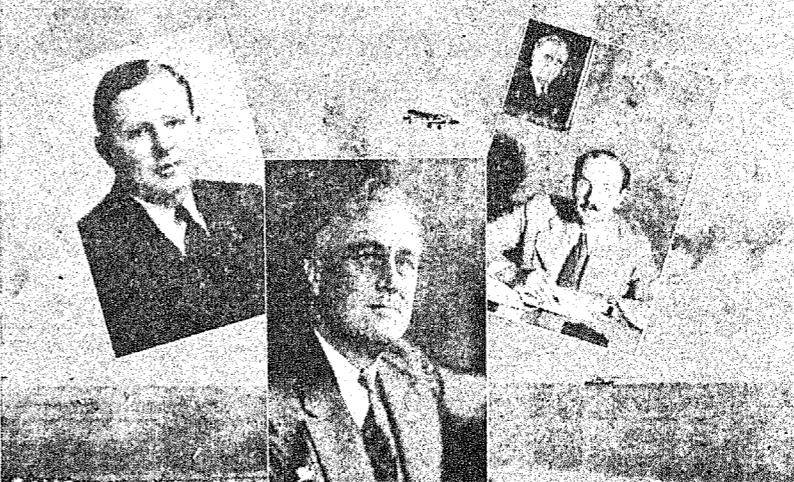
Bold methods furthered the administrator's success in putting Key West back on its financial feet. He declared the island was "in the existence of a state of emergency." He ignored standard procedures for a system that was at least on the fringe of being illegal. He confessed to writer Rovere that he used FERA funds to subsidize air service to Key West and to get the Casa Marina Hotel back in operation.

This, and the fact that he risked government funds, should have been clear indication of Stone's later ruthless methods in manipulating other people's money. But at the moment there was only a brightening on the horizon of Key West's future. Stone seemed to be a modern knight in impregnable armor.

THE FRONT COVER of *Florida Motorist* for October 1934 features Stone's photo along with that of President Roosevelt and Dave Sholtz, Governor of Florida. That year he was approaching middle age. He appears as a handsome sophisticate, with black mustache, slightly receding hairline over a deep and broad forehead. He looks alert and confident and is posed with significance, holding a pen over a sheet of paper. Indeed, his

Florida Motorist

October 1934



most quoted saying was, "With a stroke of the pen I can give it to you -- and with the stroke of a pen, I can take it away."

In following decades, he was to do just that! The motorist magazine complimented Stone and his staff on rehabilitation of Key West and Monroe County. The editorial page carried a drawing of a rainbow arched over the letters "F.E.R.A." and Governor Sholtz's comment, "The Dawn of a New Era."

A DECLARATION BY STONE stated visitors to the island were welcome, but that the FERA would prefer that they would not come at all, unless prepared to spend at least three full days. "A shorter trip would be unfair to the visitor and to Key West," he emphasized.

Endorsements of the plan were made by prominent citizens and businessmen, including William A. Freeman, Allen Cleare, A. Villate, Paul Lumley, and Porter-Allen Insurance Company. This was a challenging policy, but one which was successful. The parade of tourists began to increase.

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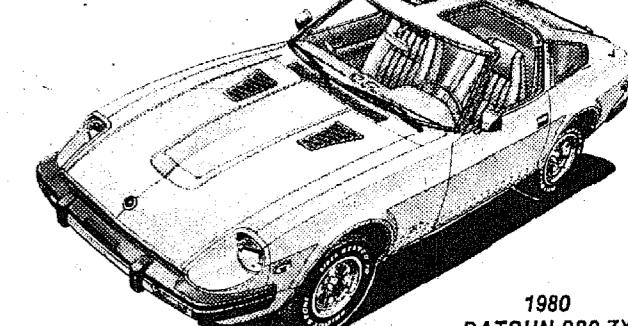
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in general, and by the time Stone departed in 1935 to engage in WPA "trouble-shooting" elsewhere, realization of his vision was shaping into reality.

AFTER TWO YEARS MORE in government service, Stone enrolled in Harvard Law School in 1937. He was graduated in 1940 and returned to the scene of his FERA triumphs. He set up his law practice here and became a real estate dealer and an investment expert, and in a short period he was a leading citizen.

During one period, after becoming a member of the Florida Bar, Stone was in partnership with attorney W. Curry Harris. When World War II came along, Harris joined the military service. After the war was over, he returned only to discover that his former law practice was non-existent. It had been absorbed by his erstwhile partner.

There was, of course, estrangement and a bitter residue for some time. Harris, however, reestablished himself and became a prominent attorney all over again, with a specialty in town property and deeds. He retired to Sarasota just recently.

SKIPPING BACK TO the early days of the "Stone Age," as it might be dubbed, Stone formed an association with a lawyer from Jacksonville, Dine Beakes. They purchased part of Boca Chica Beach from Luther Pinder and planned a home division. The pair managed to get an okay from Stone's friend, Governor Sholtz, permitting the tearing down of the old Boca Chica bridge.

This happened in 1947, and there was a protest by local people. The beach homes hope did not materialize, but Stone did organize another housing development off Rest Beach, and with reputable backing and solid partners the subdivision prospered.

Loans were easily obtainable through Stone's office at an exorbitant rate of interest -- 12 percent. A banker explained that, since this was outside the recognized limit, a way around the difficulty was devised. The trick was to borrow say \$10,000. But the borrower actually received only \$8,800.

A CLEVER ATTORNEY, as well as a sharp businessman, Stone's status in the community was increased by his legal prowess. He was the defense counsel, for instance, in the sensational 1949 Weaver murder case, wherein a woman shot her husband 11 times and went free on a verdict of "justifiable homicide."

He was attorney for Aerovias Q, the Cuban airline that operated between here and Havana, and he sold stock in it, as well. He represented a gas company and a grocery market, among other businesses. He doubled in these through investment guidance. This meant extra legal fees for advice and for legal services rendered, not to mention the investment procedure itself.

The list of clients in intermeshing interests is too long to report in full, but here is one personal example:

In 1949, I bought the gift section of Southernmost Flowers

and Gifts, then at 616 Duval Street. The shop owner was Norval Reed, and Stone was his lawyer as well as becoming mine.

Eventually, when Reed left Key West for Miami, he sold the flower shop department to my mother, Lila (Mrs. Earle) Raymer, a widow, and Stone handled that transaction, too! We all paid fat fees for Stone's multi-faceted work.

In 1951, circumstances beyond control (too complicated to go into detail here, including a death in the family and my mother's return to Pennsylvania), cropped up. At that point, the financial drain for extra help, building repairs, a rebuilt refrigerator for the florist trade, and so on, was too much to sustain without going into debt.

A new potential client with money to spend wanted to buy the business. Stone put on pressure, and we had to cut our losses and sell at a discount.

A banking official informed me later that it was Stone's habit to take advantage of demand notes and to bring about foreclosure on very short notice, not giving a chance for time adjustment.

AND SO IT WAS with many other persons and businesses. Administration of estates was another field which led to Stone's benefit. In one case, the young man who inherited his father's estate found that it "had been administrated out of existence," as his uncle told me.

A curious case came to light in August 1955, when the Public Gas Company was sued by the Keys Bottled Gas Company, doing business as the Keys Propane Gas and Marathon Gas concern. A bill of complaint was filed by Julius Stone, as attorney for the latter. He was also a promoter and had gotten various people to invest in the gas corporation.

In the complaint, Stone alleged that former employees of the People's Gas firm had taken records and documents when they shifted companies. He claimed the Public Gas concern refused to return the documents and asked Circuit Court to enjoin the Public Gas Company from "tampering with tanks and damaging bottled gas installations."

But Judge Pat Cannon of Miami denied the injunction and pronounced that the suit failed to prove all the charges. The resulting "scandal" was a discredit to Stone, and more than one person lost invested money.

WHEN THE STONES bought the former dwelling of novelist Thelma Strabel, who wrote *Reap the Wild Wind*, claim was made that the residence was the true Southernmost House, and that geographically, the mansion now owned by Hilario Ramos, Sr., was the "Southernmost" in name only.

Ramos Jr., known as "Charlie," hinted the actual survey was never made. He also said that Stone admitted he designated his

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Shoetly

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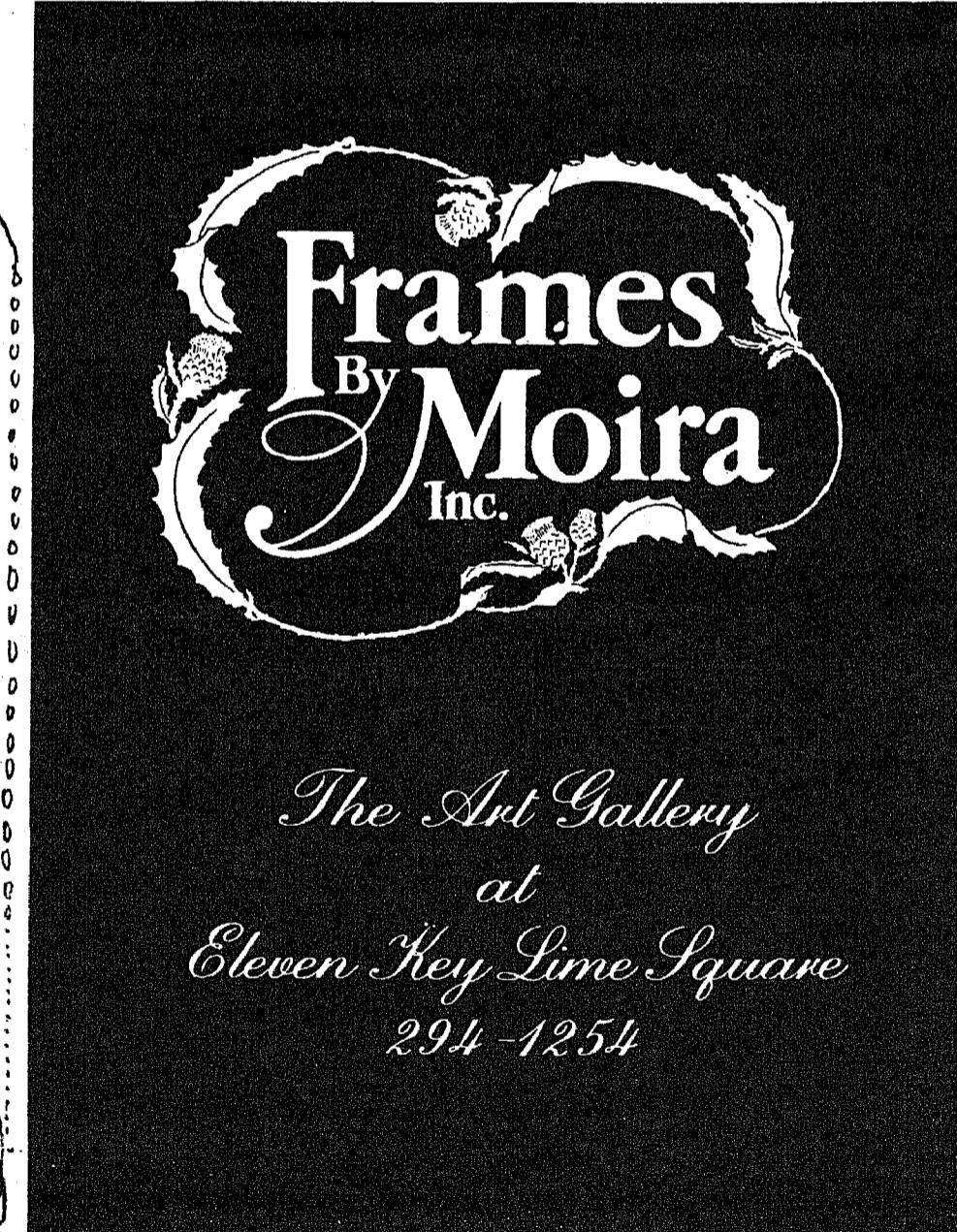
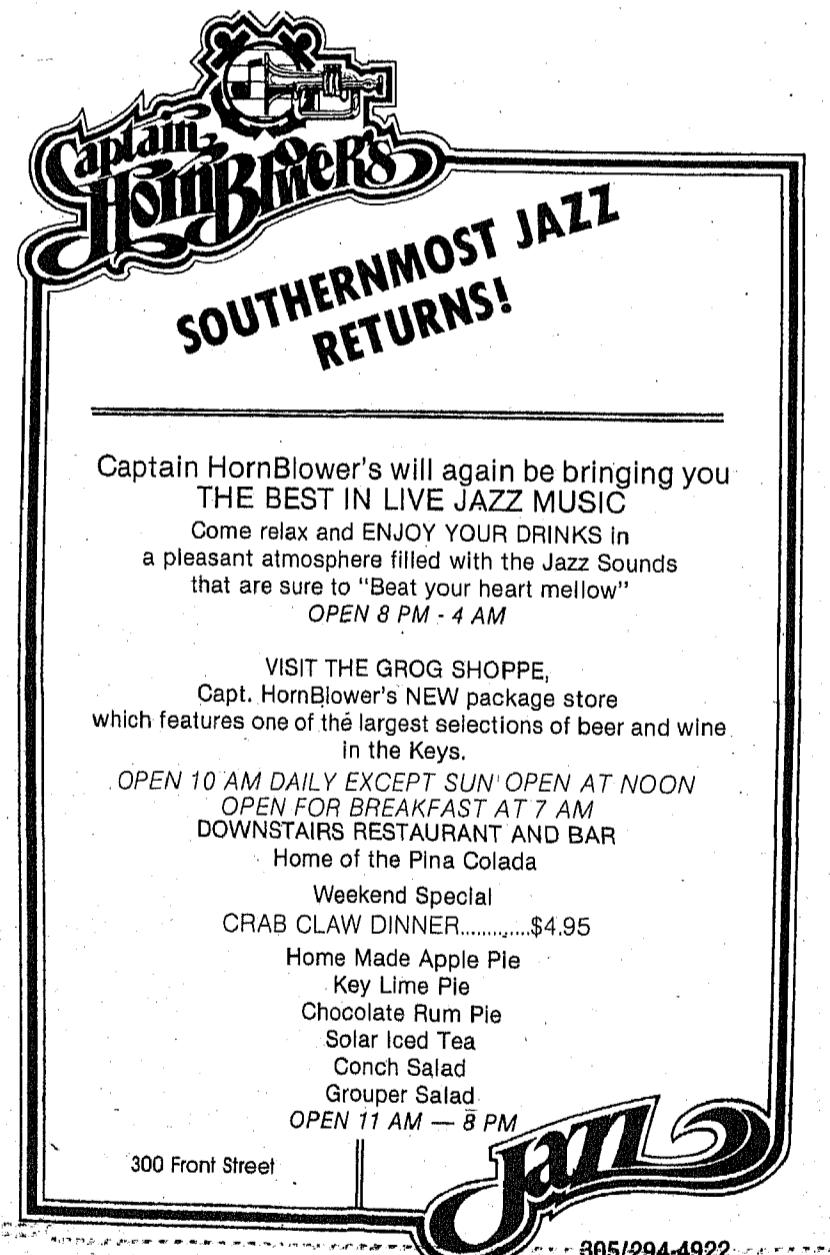
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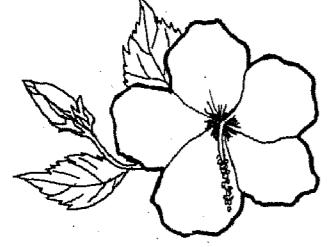
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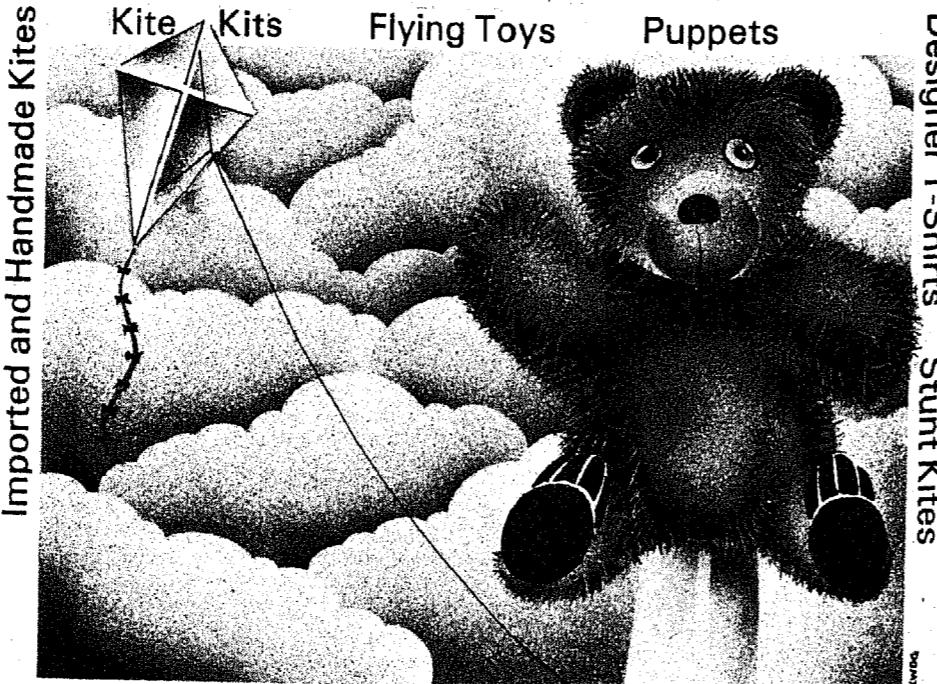
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A HOT ISSUE: BED TAX DEBATE HEATS UP THROUGHOUT COUNTRY

BY MACK DRYDEN

THE EMOTIONAL ISSUE of the so-called "bed tax" is rearing its controversial head again in Monroe County, and voters may get the chance to approve or kill the potential gold mine in the near future.

In August the county commission took the first step required by law toward getting the "resort tax" on the ballot when they appointed a Tourist Development Council. The council's first job is to recommend to the county commission how the \$2 million expected to be generated in the first two years should be spent. If the commission approves the council's schedule of expenditures, the spending plan becomes part of the ordinance the voters would accept or reject.

IF THE ORDINANCE PASSES, all hotels, motels, rooming houses and guest houses in Monroe County will be required to add a two percent resort tax to lodging bills. The revenues would be collected by the state through the usual machinery, then returned to the county minus the cost of administration.

Proponents of the tax emphasize that the tourists, not the locals, would pay the tax, and that the hundreds of thousands of dollars generated could be used to promote tourism during the summer months, when the flow of visitors slows to a trickle and many Keys businesses court financial ruin.

"This past summer was a disaster," said Don Nettleton, president of the Greater Key West Chamber of Commerce and the leader in the fight for the tax. "It started when Tennessee Williams got roughed up on Duval Street and the story got national attention. Then the gas shortage hit us, then news about the

water shortage kept people away from the Keys. Hurricane David was the *coup de grace*. There are a lot of well-established businesses in Key West that are close to bankruptcy."

NETTLETON SAID THE resort tax would provide a fund that could be used to offset negative publicity and keep the visitors coming all summer long.

Opponents argue that House Bill 2064 (which allows cities and counties to levy the tax) was written for big cities on the mainland and that it doesn't fit Monroe County's needs. They also say businesses are already collecting too many taxes for governing bodies, and that innkeepers are being discriminated against by being forced to collect the tax while other tourist-related businesses are spared the headaches.

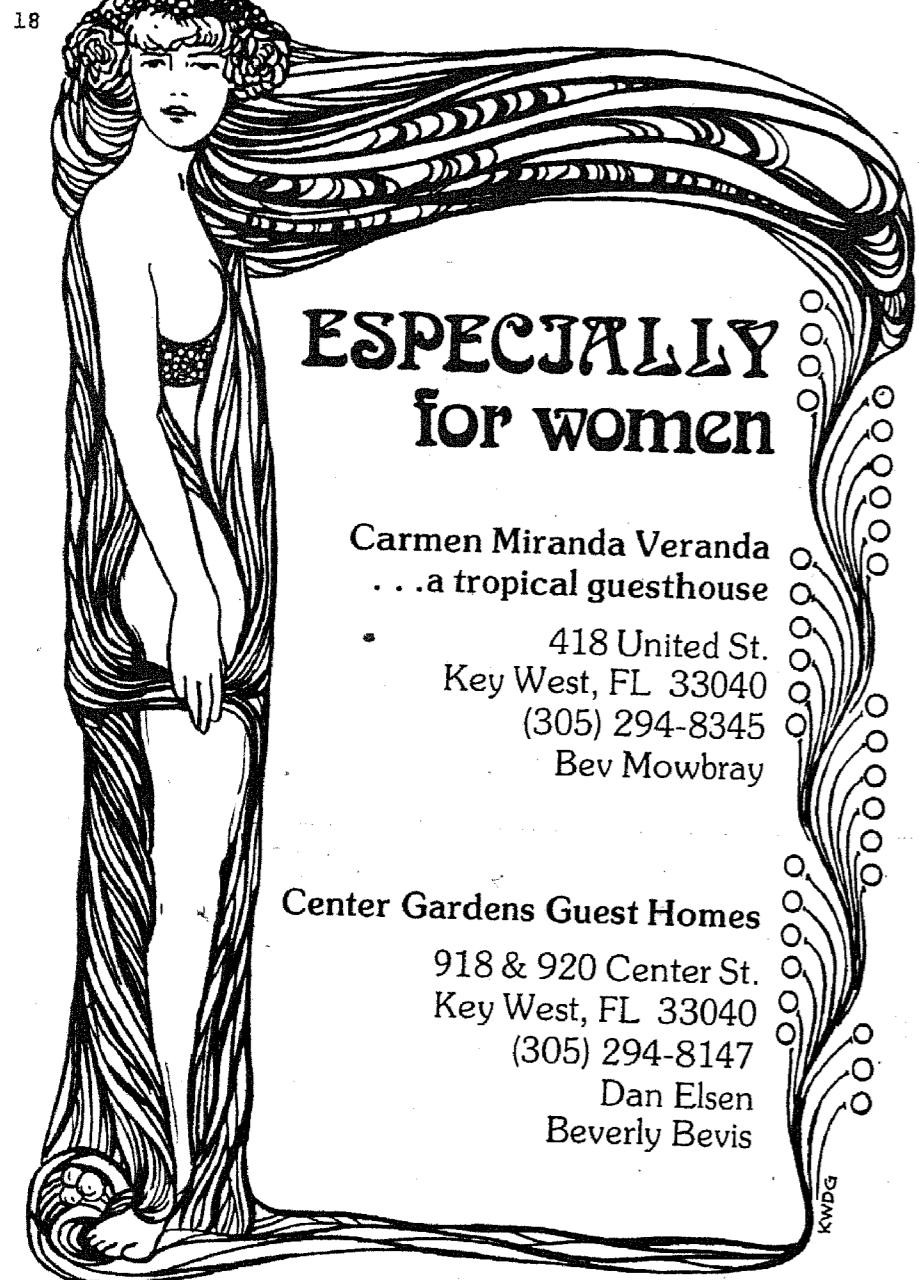
IN KEY WEST, battle lines are being drawn along familiar lines. After bitter in-fighting polarized two factions in the Key West Chamber of Commerce last year, a majority of the board of directors split with the group and formed the Southernmost Chamber of Commerce. The resort tax was one of the issues that drove the wedge between the warring factions, so it's not too surprising that the Southernmost Chamber of Commerce is as vehemently opposed to the tax as the Greater Key West chamber is for it.

Jack Smith, the president of the Southernmost chamber, said his group is not opposed to a resort tax *per se*, but that the present law is too restrictive. "The law (HB 2064) is not a good law and doesn't allow us to use the money for the best practical purposes. It was written



photo - J. Waggoner

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Photos By
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recommendations on how funds could be found to benefit the entire Florida Keys chain.

"As proposed, the bed tax, or resort tax, does not distribute tax monies collected equitably," the chamber president held.

The Greater Marathon chamber would like to see the resort tax spread over a great segment of the business community and wants the funds derived to be returned directly to the area from which it is collected. The chamber does not feel that the distribution of funds as proposed in the pending bed tax plan is fair to all areas of the Keys.

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I dreamed I rode upon a fast sleek horse and the name of my horse was imagination. I knew not how long I had been traveling nor where my imagination was taking me.

I passed many travelers on the road. Some I spoke with and some noticed me not at all. Of the ones I spoke with, some loved me and some spoke with hostility. Some wept and some laughed. All wore my face.

At length all things and people passed away. The fields and mountains were behind me. The stars no longer shined. There seemed to be neither something nor nothing around me. My horse faltered and fell and with a sigh breathed its last. But the sigh took shape and formed letters and words that hovered in front of my eyes and the words read:

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recommendations on how funds could be found to benefit the entire Florida Keys chain.

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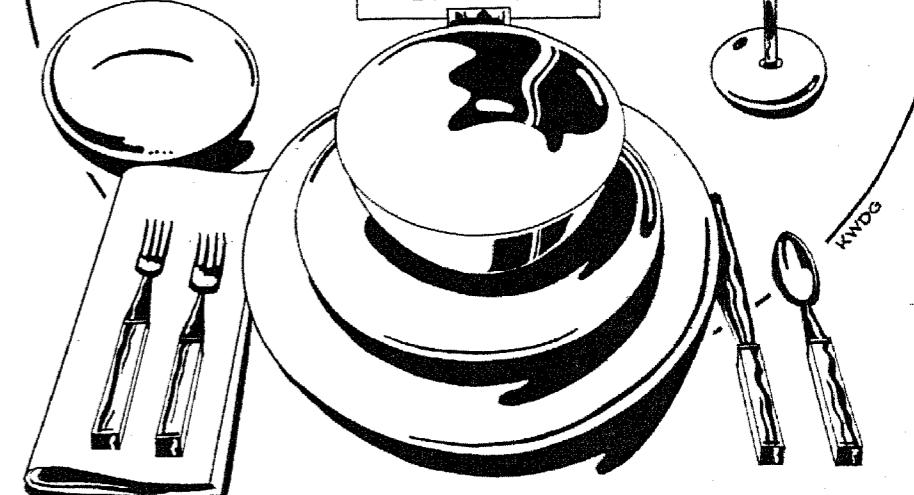
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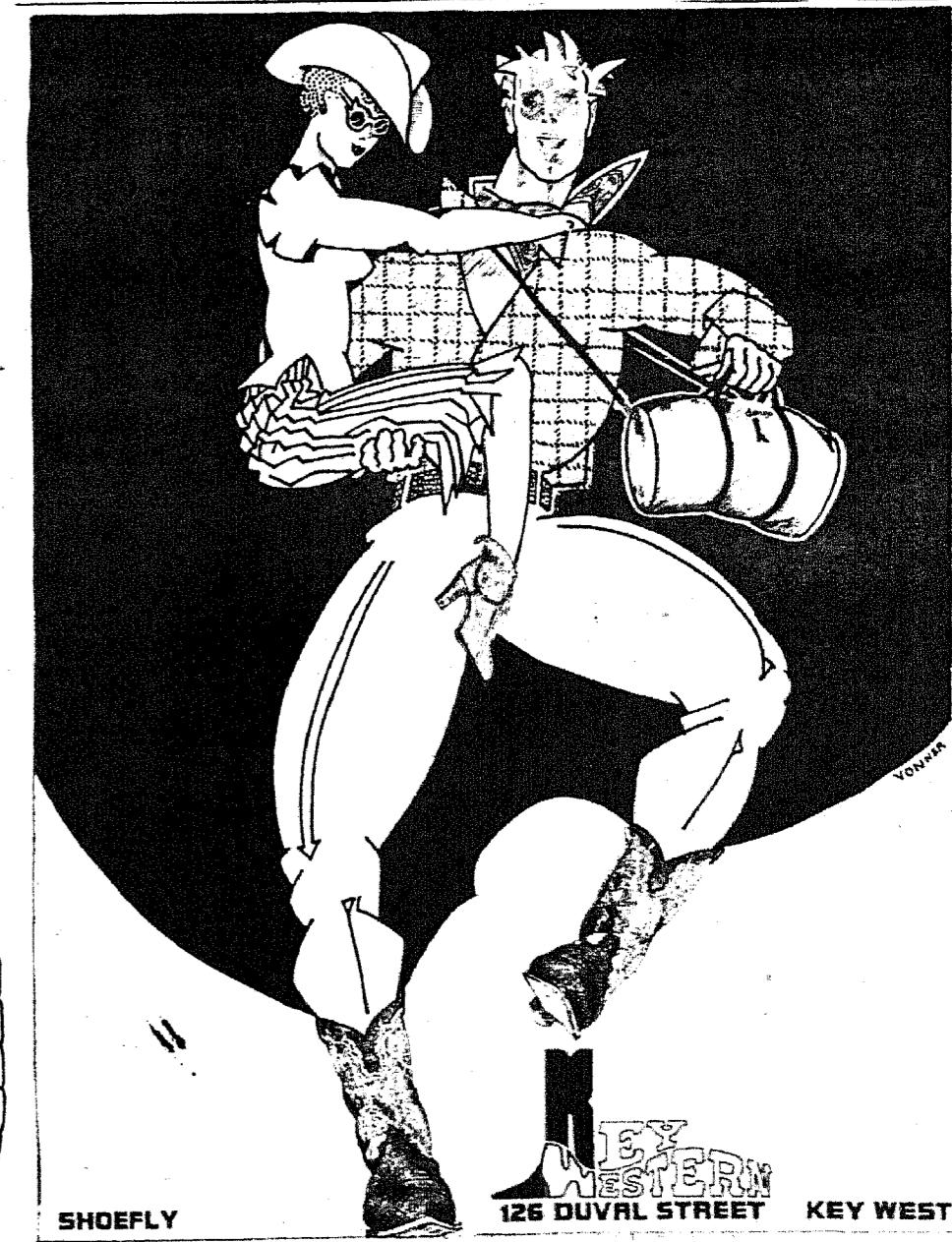
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Editorial

BY BILL WESTRAY

THE KEY WEST LAND USE PLAN

ON DECEMBER 6, 1979, at 7:30 p.m., the City Planning and Restoration Commission will hold a public hearing on the latest draft of the Land Use element of the Key West Comprehensive Development Plan. The hearing will allow for oral and written input from citizens of Key West. The Land Use Plan (LUP) is the first element in response to the Florida Comprehensive Planning Act of 1975. Additional elements will include transportation, utilities, housing, recreation, conservation and others.

Environmentally, the latest Land Use Plan has been substantially watered down since it was first presented to the public on April 2, 1979. At that time, the LUP prepared by Billy Pinder and Garland Smith of the Public Service Department contained strong language protecting the submerged preservation and conservation lands against exploitative development. That Plan echoed the constraints recommended by the Florida Keys Coastal Zone Management Study completed by the Department of Natural Resources in 1974. That first draft said that the City would "comply" with the recommendations of the 1974 study. The new draft states

that the 1974 study would be used only as a "guide and reference."

THIS CHANGE IN POLICY appears to be primarily the handiwork of the new City Planner, Keith Golan, who joined the City after the first draft LUP was written, and made an almost surgical alteration in the plan to permit filling of submerged land and eliminate constraints on use of conservation land. When pressed for his reason for the alterations, he stated that he did so after talking to other people, including owners of some of the submerged lands around the airport and their agents and

the original language of "comply" instead of "reference and guidance" to the LUP.

DURING THE WORKSHOP meeting of the Planning Commission with Senior State Planners, Ted Forsgren and John Brock, in Key West on October 23rd, Brock inquired into why the proposed City LUP did not incorporate a map. At Mayor McCoy's request for a response on this from Golan, the City Planner said that it was more difficult to get a Land Use Map adopted, with more procedural difficulties. Considerable discussion on the subject followed, during which it was

THE CITY PLANNER IS RELATED TO OWNERS OF SUBMERGED LAND WHICH HE IS IMPROPERLY ATTEMPTING TO HAVE CLASSIFIED AS DEVELOPABLE.

spokesmen. Keith Golan has stated flatly that he does not agree with state and federal law that restricts filling of privately owned submerged lands, and that court decisions upholding state and federal law are unjust. He said that he finds many of the provisions in the Florida Keys Coastal Zone Study that he disagrees with. He has further stated that he will not incorporate anything in the new City LUP that would restrict owners of submerged land from developing any way they choose, and that his decision on this reflects the guidance of the officials "who run the city."

He emphatically refused to restore

pointed out by Brock that omitting a map makes future interpretation more difficult, allows more leeway to future governing bodies, and is more subject to challenges in courts. It was then decided, primarily by the Mayor, that the City would incorporate a Land Use Map as part of its plan, using the map from the 1968 Milo Smith Plan with corrected boundaries as its basis.

Since the October 23rd workshop meeting, City Planner Golan has supervised the preparation of a Land Use Map for incorporation in the LUP. However, the new map is considerably different from the Milo Smith map on which it was sup-

posed to be based. There is no category of Submerged Land which the Milo Smith Plan contained, and all boundaries of lakes, ponds and marshes within city boundaries have been obliterated and deleted, except the bight, the harbor and the Riviera Canal. Specifically, the salt ponds around the airport have been deleted from the map, and almost all the lands south and east of the airfield have been shown as suitable for multi-family development, while the lands north of the airport, which are predominantly tidal wetlands, are marked for single family development.

ACCORDING TO THE 1968 Milo Smith Plan, there are approximately 560 acres of undeveloped high, dry land in Key West proper, and another 285 and 170 acres on Stock Island and Key Haven, respectively, available for development. This is over 1000 acres that could be built upon without filling any submerged land. If all of it were developed for residential use at an average density of 7 units per acre (as approved by the City in May 1968), we could build 7000 new living units with a capacity of over 20,000 additional people. Even half the total would accommodate 10,000 people.

There are less than 100 acres of submerged land around the airport. The owners of this land and their agents would have us believe that building

apartments, condominiums and townhouses in the submerged ponds is vital and necessary to fill the housing needs of Key West. IT OBVIOUSLY ISN'T. The truth of the matter is that the owners and speculators bought the land in order to reap enormous profits through exploitative development. These people and their agents have raised a loud hue and cry about private property rights, when their true motive appears to be to seek immense private profit rights at the expense of the general public.

OUR DEEP CONCERN now is that the private speculator interests seem to have prevailed on our City Planner to promote their interests. We don't know what pressures have been used, but we do know that Keith Golan was directly related to the late Abe Golan and Sam Golan, and is consequently still directly related to the heirs of these estates. Both Abe and Sam Golan were substantial owners of property surrounding the airport. In 1978, the Abe Golan estate was denied a permit filed by Attorney David Horan on behalf of Charles Thornburgh (son-in-law of Abe Golan and, therefore, cousin of Keith) to fill about 12 acres of submerged land southwest of the airport on South Roosevelt Boulevard.

We are appalled that Keith Golan has effected an about face from sound environmental constraints in the latest

Land Use Plan and Map, and has adopted an adamant position against incorporating the submerged land and conservation constraints contained in the Coastal Zone Management Study of 1974, which the City Commission originally agreed to comply with.

There is obviously a potential conflict of interest when the City Planner is related to owners of submerged land which he is improperly attempting to have classified as developable.

WE URGE THE PUBLIC to attend and voice their views at the public hearings to be conducted by the Planning and Restoration Commission at 7:30 p.m. on Thursday, December 6, 1979, in City Hall, and again following the City Commission meeting on December 17, 1979, at 8 p.m.

BILL WESTRAY, who has been a contributor and editorial consultant to Solares Hill since 1976, was recently appointed a member of the Planning and Restoration Commission when it was re-activated early this year. He is Chairman of that body and has played an active role in preparing the City's Land Use Plan.



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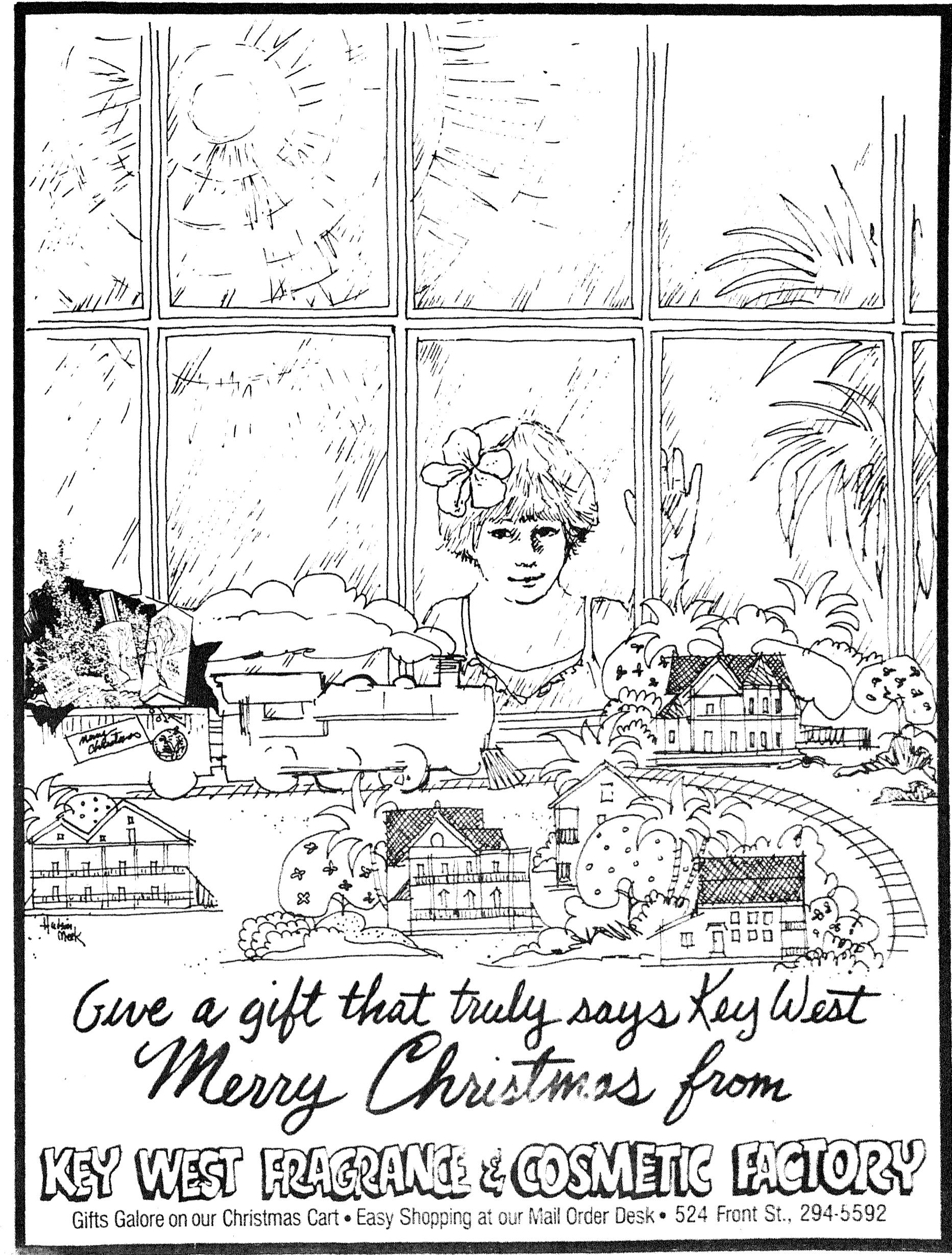
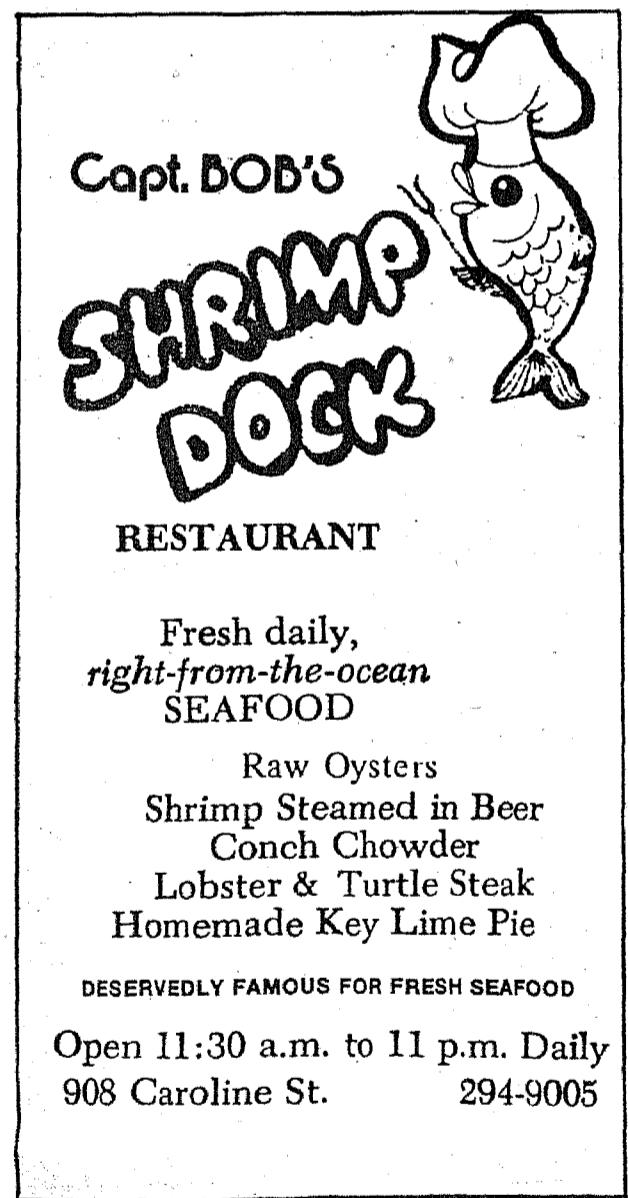
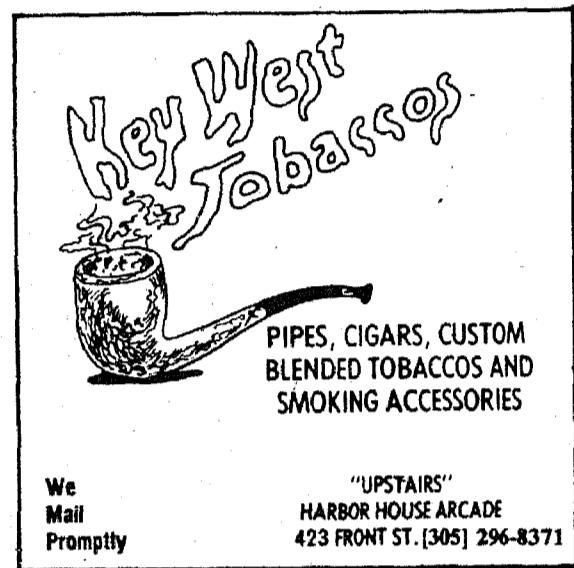
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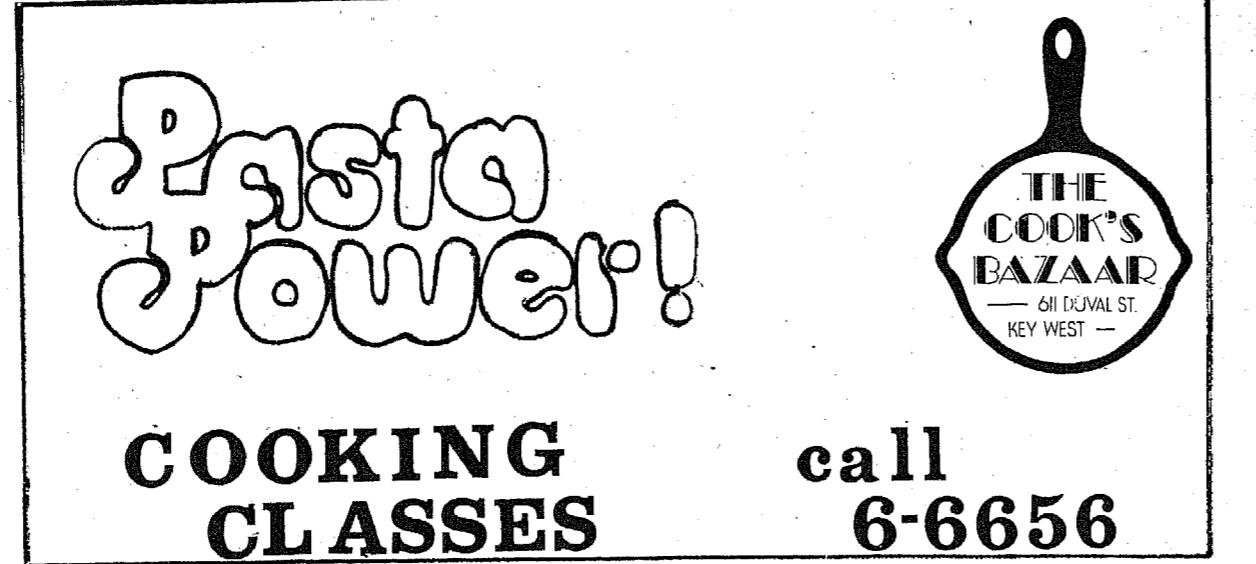
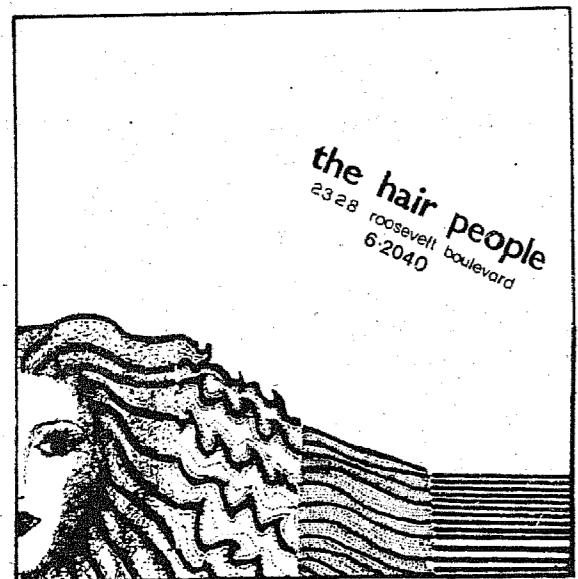
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Oh, WHAT A TANGLED Web

BY HELEN CHAPMAN

BEING THE KIND OF person who never reads a bestseller until it's at least ten years old, and maybe not even then, I recently became interested in macrame. There was really only one reason for my interest, and that was to make a hanger for a small pot in which I planned, in time, to put a nice little plant. I never rush any project. When I'm eighty-five years old, I'll still be saying, "Oh, I have lots of time."

I found directions for macrame in a magazine, but it was only after I bought a ball of jute that I read them. I didn't know about all this pinning-to-a-board business. I don't have patience to learn anything that tedious at this stage of my life. But I do know how to crochet. So I bought a tremendous wooden crochet hook, and lo! I made the pot hanger. It is not an elaborate piece of work, but it supports the pot. I have yet to get the plant. That comes next week.

NOW I HAD a lot of jute left, and my cat being bored one day, I gave it to her. She adored it and immediately took it under a wooden chair and wove intricate designs around one of the rungs. She is an especially bright cat and loves to get things into places from which it's virtually impossible to get them out. So it was over and under and over and under until she almost garroted herself. (At this point, she decided one hind paw needed washing and was momentarily distracted with that useful activity.)

The next day I sat pondering this mess of twine and suddenly realized that she had macramed the chair rung. Do you realize the odds on this happening? How many cats with how many balls of twine in how many days can write a short story?

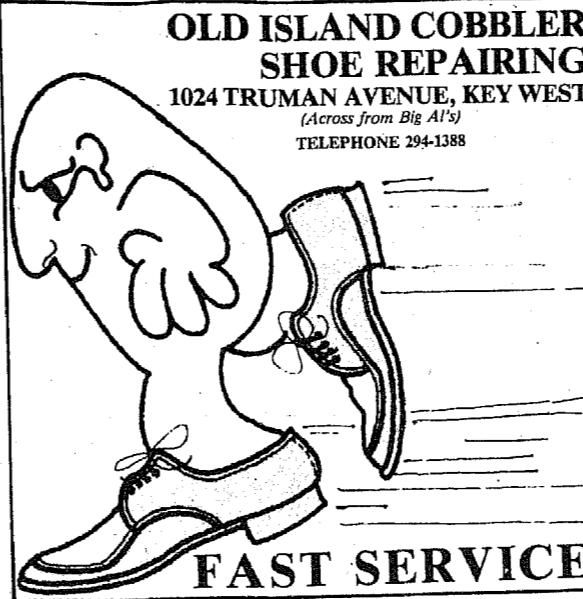
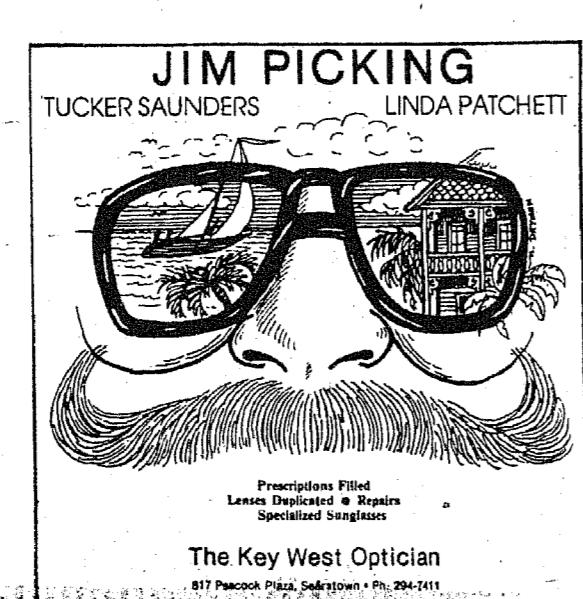
Oh, no, excuse me, that's another experiment.

NOW ASHLEY MIGHT not approve the knots she used, but I'll bet they would secure the Queen Elizabeth to the dock indefinitely. There is a certain easy carelessness about it, belying the hours of hard work she put into it. There is no way to extricate the chair short of cutting the masterpiece, and I don't want to hurt her feelings; she seemed awfully proud of it, and from time to time, adds a few more knots. Unfortunately, they are all on one side, which gives a rather unbalanced effect. But really now, how many people do you know with a macramed chair rung? Nice color, too, sort of a deep red. Or it was until dust began accumulating. Now it's a dusty rose.

Of course, I now have a tremendous wooden crochet hook which I will never use. It might be handy for stirring soup, or fetching the cat's ball from under the refrigerator (where she will promptly roll it again, between knot-making).

Or I could buy another ball of jute and give it and the hook to her. Maybe she would crochet me a scarf. I could start an industry: Kat Krafts, Inc., In The Heart Of Old Key West.

I wonder how many cats with how many balls of twine and how many tremendous wooden crochet hooks in how many days could...oh, forget it!



REVIEWING STAND

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

A PERFECT CHRISTMAS gift, or for any other occasion, for those who know about Key West, or want to know, is *Offbeat Key West - The Way It Was*, published by Conchtown Publishers, Inc. Copies are available at newsstands and book stores in Key West and the Florida Keys.

The fascinating photos are by Don Pinder, Chief Photographer of The Key West Citizen. Printing is by Percy Curry, Jr., one-time typographical head of the citizen newspaper, following in his father's footsteps. Narrative and design are done by Frank Jacobson, one-time reporter for The Citizen.

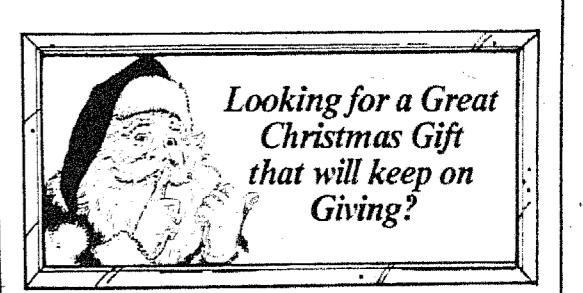
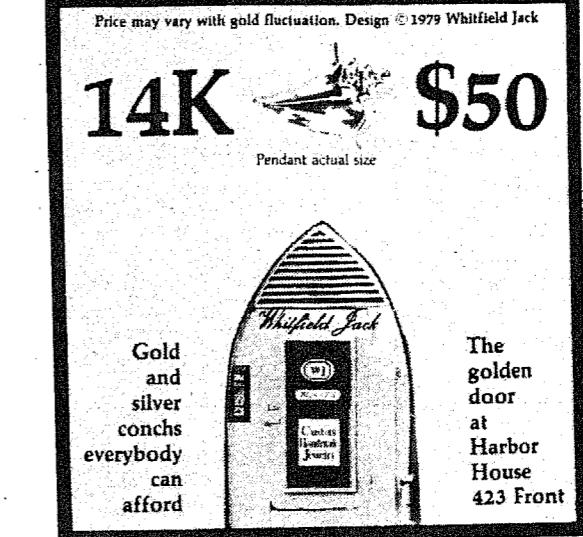
SINCE I WAS on the staff of the same newspaper for 28 years, I am doubly appreciative of their combined endeavors and can endorse fully what they have accumulated in the slick cover publication.

The selection of photographs is amusing, amazing, and comprehensive.

There are some errors in the captions and spelling, but they are minor; for example, the Von Cosel spelling is certainly not "Von Kossel." However, the revels and revelations of years gone by, from the 1930's through to recent developments, are covered admirably.

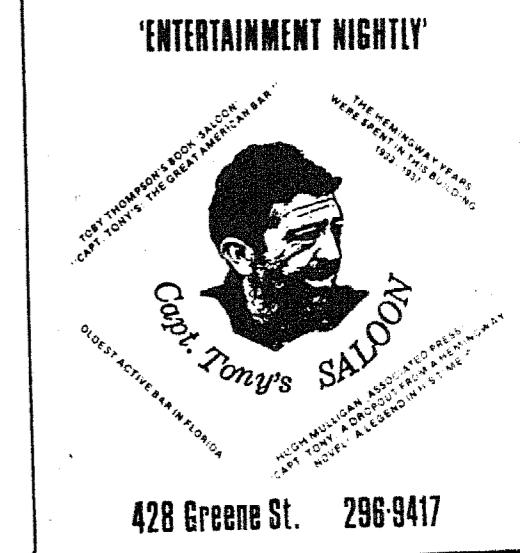
ONE OF THE FEATURES is on the notorious Swamp Gang. After perusing those candid shots of young toughs, you might be thankful that the gang is not on street corners today!

Other town characters are included in the gallery of photographs, including international celebrities such as Jayne Mansfield (she's on the cover with Gerald Saunders), and Georgeous George



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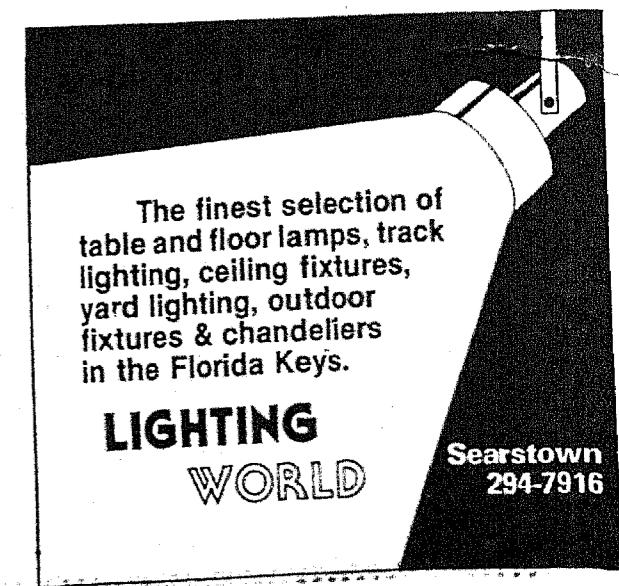
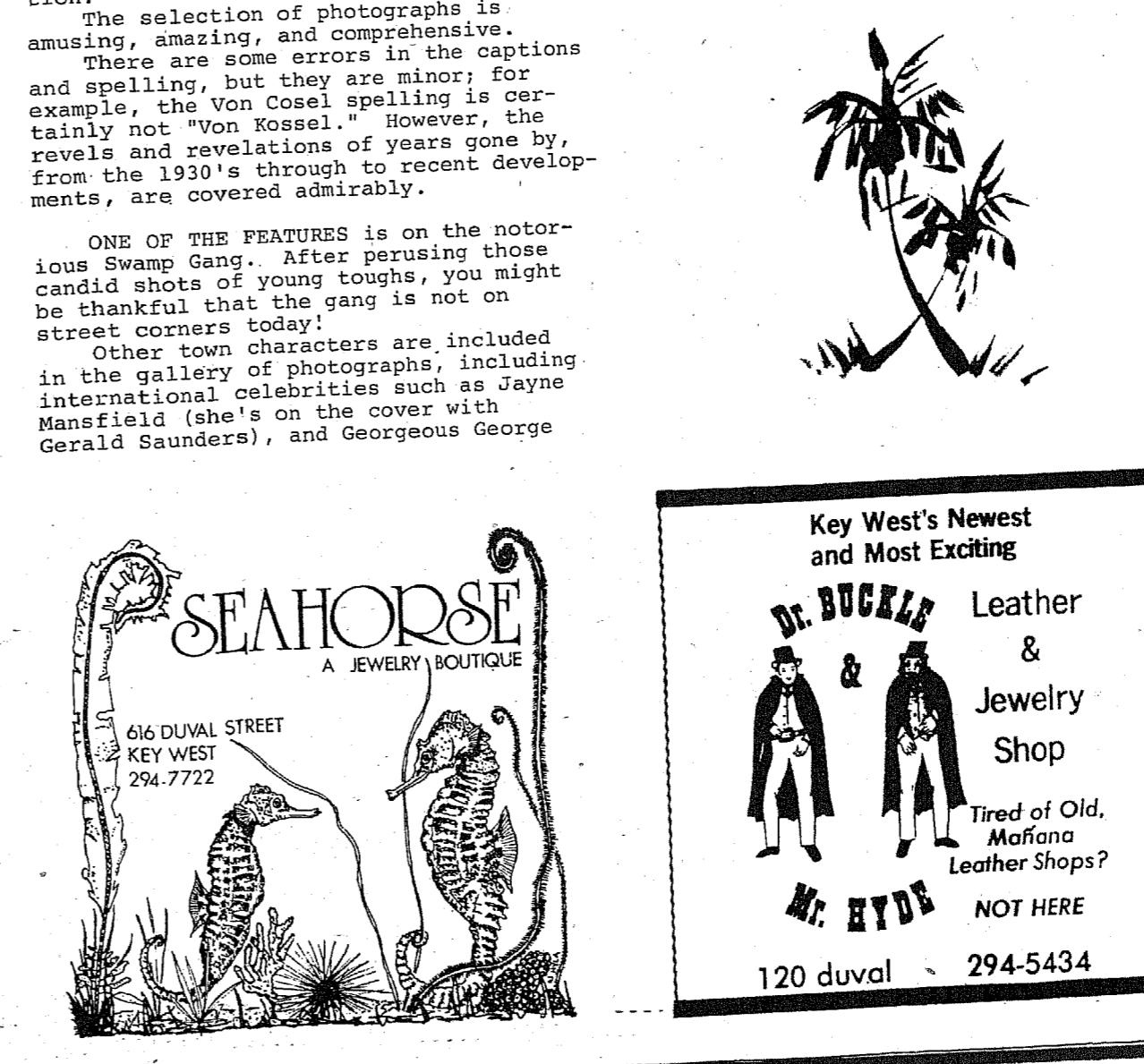
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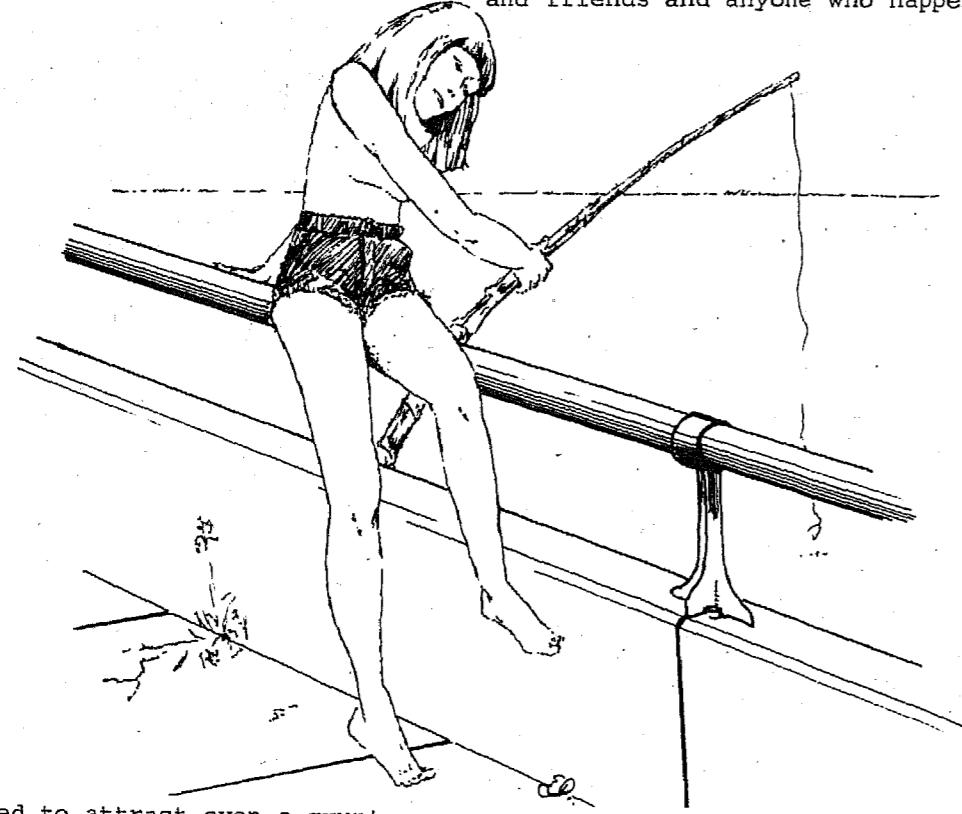
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A CHRISTMAS WITHOUT SNOW

JEFFI LIFTED THE bamboo fishing pole so that the bare hook dangled above the still water at the end of White Street Pier. Her two-year marriage to Steve the Rising Young Bank Executive had been an education, and one of the things she had learned was that it hurts to be hooked and dragged out of your native element, no matter how sweet the bait. She was not sorry that her undisguised



hook had failed to attract even a grunt. "There's no flying fish around here." The voice at her elbow startled her. It belonged to an old man with Spanish features and longish white hair and the several-days stubble of a white beard who sat straddling a nondescript bicycle. A pipe dangled from the side of his mouth. "You won't catch any fish with your hook in the air like that," he continued. "I was thinking," she said defensively, pushing her full red hair back from her face. "I guess I just drifted off."

THE OLD MAN nodded his understanding. "This your first time in Key West?"

"No, I was here once before, about two years ago." It was their honeymoon. She couldn't get enough of the relaxed island lifestyle after the excitement of the wedding, and Steve couldn't leave quickly enough to plunge into the Chicago business world for which college and his father had prepared him. Jeffi had dared to suggest that they invest their wedding money in a business in Key West that would belong to just the two of them, and it had been the occasion of their first quarrel.

As if he had been following her thoughts, the old man asked, "You vacationing alone now?"

The lesson that a woman alone in Key West is a fruit to be plucked had been brought home to her several times by party-minded young men -- some of them dazzlingly handsome in year-round tans -- and some older men as well. So she answered reluctantly, but proudly, "Yes, I'm vacationing alone this year, and I'm enjoying it." She had found that adding that last part was usually enough to fend off any unwanted further conversation.

"You're the first person I met who enjoyed Christmas alone," the old man said in a tone of disbelief. "Or did you drift so far off that you forgot that tonight's Christmas Eve?"

SHE HAD FORGOTTEN. "It's the snow, I mean, I knew, but I keep forgetting,

right on the corner. Just ask anyone where Cecil and Stella live."

A SHORT STORY BY RICHARD MARSH
ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHNATHAN D. LEACH

With that he pushed off and pedaled away, leaving Jeffi staring open-mouthed.

IT WAS A TYPICALLY miscellaneous afternoon mixture of tourists, artists, and end-of-the-roaders scattered around the bar and clustered at tables that Cecil squinted into from the doorway of Captain Tony's Saloon.

"Hey, Cecil," Captain Tony greeted him from a stool at the bar between two admiring college girls. "Can I buy you a Christmas drink?"

Cecil carefully negotiated the low step into the bar and sat next to one of the girls.

"No thanks, not today. I'm in too much of a rush. Lot of stops to make yet. Maybe just a small brandy to keep me going."

"Pam," Captain Tony called to the barmaid. "Brandy up; water by. Time to gather in the strays again, eh, Cecil?"

"A lot of people in town. No one should have to spend Christmas alone. You'll come by, won't you, Captain? You know you're always welcome. And bring your friends with you if they're not busy. Anytime this evening and all day tomorrow."

"Brandy up and water by," said Pam in a Mississippi drawl, setting the glasses in front of Cecil. "Merry Christmas, sir."

"Thank you, miss. You're invited, too. Bring your husband or boyfriend along. To your health, and yours, Captain, ladies."

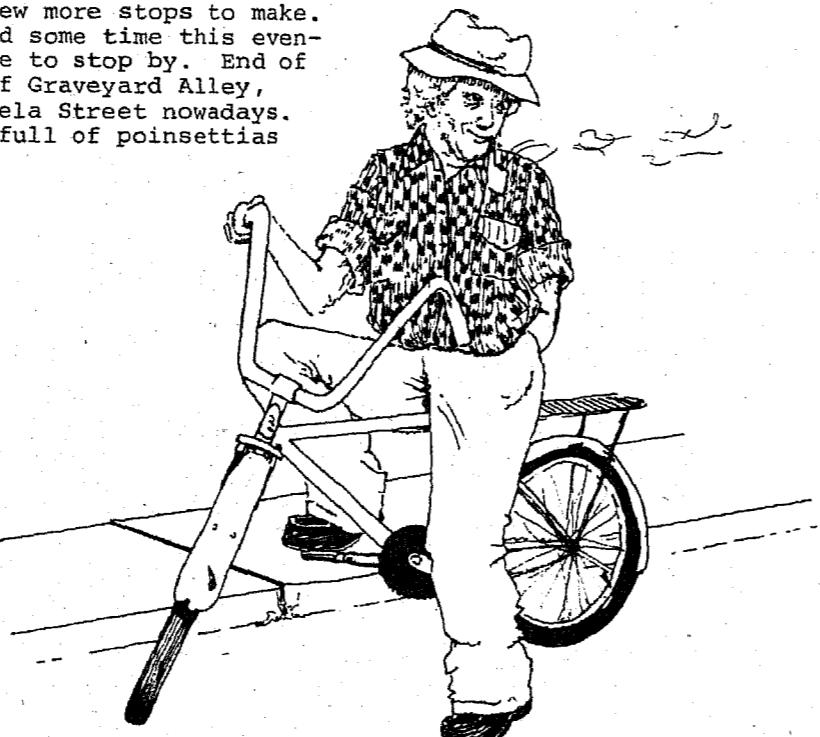
DOWNING THE BRANDY quickly and chasing it with a gulp of water, Cecil excused himself and made his way slowly around the bar.

"What are we invited to?" Pam asked Captain Tony.

"Cecil and his wife, Stella, put on a Christmas feast every year for all their friends, and Cecil always goes around looking for people who don't have anyone to spend Christmas with. Get Tim, and we'll all go over tonight when Annette and Denise and Janet come in to relieve you. They can go tomorrow. Set aside a case of Heineken and a couple bottles of brandy to take with us.

"Look. He's reeling in another one."

They all watched as Cecil approached a man sitting at the other end of the bar, writing in a notebook. Cecil stood about ten feet away for a moment, then went up to the man and began talking.



Soon, Cecil left, saying, "Merry Christmas. See you all later."

Then the man Cecil had been talking to closed his notebook and came up to Captain Tony. The man was in his twenties, bearded with glasses, and physically well toned without being overly muscular. He had the private but comfortable air of a traveller accustomed to feeling at home in strange places.

"Captain Tony," he said, "that man who just left invited me to a Christmas feast, and I'd like to take something when I go. I saw you talking to him, and I thought you might have a suggestion."

"Cigars," said the Captain. "He used to be a cigar picker and packer -- you know, picked them out for quality and packed them in boxes. I've seen him smoke those long Key West Smokers, the ones with a twist on the end, when he's not smoking a pipe. That's the kind of cigar-makers used to take home with them at the end of the day. They were allowed to take some, you know."

"Mr. Culmer still makes them at the Cigar Factory in Pirate's Alley. Just tell the lady behind the counter who looks like a gypsy -- Eleanor Walsh -- that you want a box of Key West Smokers for an old cigar-maker, and she'll set you up right."

FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS FROM Libby, the desk girl at the Eden House, where she was staying, Jeffi walked the two blocks to the cemetery and started hesitantly down the dark, narrow, potholed alley that is now called Angela Street. She stopped at the corner of a lane that had no street sign and admired the poinsettias that grew so high that they obscured the lower half of the house behind them.

"Excuse me, I'm looking for Poinsettia Lane," said a voice. She looked up to see a young bearded man with glasses.

"I guess I found it. I've never seen poinsettias grow that tall. In fact, I've never seen them out of a pot before. Do you know where Cecil and Stella live?"

"Sure," said Jeffi with the confidence of a tourist directing another tourist. "Just at the end of this lane. Are you going to their Christmas dinner, too?"

They started down the lane. "Cecil invited me this afternoon. I brought a box of cigars to contribute to the dinner."

"Oh," said Jeffi. "I never thought. I didn't bring anything." "That's alright. You can have half my cigars."

JEFFI GIGGLED at the thought of walking into someone's house with a handful of cigars, and she remembered that it was the first time she had giggled in a while.

"No, I couldn't do that. It would look silly."

"Then you can lead the Christmas carols."

Her face fell. "Oh, no. I can't sing."

"Nonsense. Everyone can sing. Besides, it's Christmas."

"No, I mean I can sing, but I'm not supposed to. I tried to be a nightclub singer in Miami Beach right after the ...right after I left Chicago, but I strained my voice and only lasted two weekends. I think I was too tense. It was my first try at being a professional singer."

"So you're just down here on vacation?"

"Actually, I'd like to set up a little seamstress shop here and do some part-time singing when I get my voice back. I'm a small town girl at heart, and Key West feels comfortable. And you?"

"I travel a lot and do whatever I can to make an honest buck. I just haven't gotten around to leaving Key West yet. I keep putting it off. This must be the place."

A BABBLE OF VOICES drifted from a well lighted old Conch house. They knocked at the open door and were greeted with a chorus of "Come on in."

People were standing and talking and sitting and eating from their laps.

Someone said, "The food's in the kitchen," and Jeffi and the young man found their way to a long table groaning with dishes of food.

"I'm Stella," said a regal, motherly woman standing behind the table. "Welcome to the feast, and Merry Christmas."

SHE REACHED OUT to squeeze Jeffi's hand and shake the young man's.

"I'm Jeffi, short for Jennifer."

Cecil invited me."

"Of course," said Stella. She turned to the young man. "And your name?"

"Jeffi," he said.

Jeffi blinked.

"Your name is Jeffi, too?" she said.

"No, your name. I've been wondering what it was since I first saw you at breakfast at Rich's Restaurant at the Eden House the other day."

"Then you two knew each other before?"

said Stella.

"Sort of," said the young man.

"We just met," said Jeffi.

"Cecil?" Stella called.

Cecil, standing at the kitchen sink in a little alcove, glanced in the direction of the table and shrugged.

"Well, never mind," said Stella.

"Fill your plates and come back for more when they're empty."

"Thank you," said the young man.

"My name is Tom, by the way. I'm glad to meet you. I brought a box of cigars. I'll leave them here on the table."

"Actually," said Jeffi, halfway through her plate of food, "I did notice you at Rich's, but I didn't recognize you in the dark tonight until you mentioned seeing me."

Tom laughed. "And I noticed you noticing me, but ... well, I'll explain later."

When the crowd had settled and only a few late-comers were still eating, Cecil pulled an old guitar down from a hook on the wall.

"I guess I play along to accompany some Christmas singing?" he asked, holding the guitar aloft.

"I can strum the chords, if someone can start us out on 'Silent Night,'" said Tom, looking at Jeffi.

"I can't sing very loud," Jeffi said, "so you'll all have to help out."

She sang in a breathy whisper, and a ragged chorus started to follow her, but the chorus soon faded to a hum that supported her voice without obscuring it.

A tightness that was in her throat at the beginning of the song relaxed, and by the end she was able to hit the high note in "heavenly" with something like her usual voice without strain.

She held out her hands and shook her head to stop the applause.

"Say, you really can sing," Tom said.

"Your voice sounded all right."

"It's not like Miami Beach. I'm more relaxed here. But I think I'll just hum along when you get to 'Deck the Halls.'"

After the carolling, the crowd started to thin out, and Cecil and Stella were kept by the door with goodbyes.

"You were going to explain something later, you said," Jeffi reminded Tom.

"Is it late enough now?"

"It's a song I was working on this afternoon when I met Cecil at Captain Tony's. It sort of explains what I was saying earlier." He took a notebook out of his pocket. "It goes like this." He sang:

"I don't know what your name is, I don't guess I ever will. I see you here the same time every day. And if I wasn't shy I think I'd ask you who you are,

But I don't have the nerve to let you hear me say:

"What's your name? You look like someone that I've met. I mean I know that no one's introduced us formally, and yet You look like someone that I'd like to get to meet --

If I could only find a way to speak.

"I think I've found the answer. I've

decided what to do. I'll make a song and sing it to the air.

I'll make it say 'I like you, and I'd like to know your name; And I'll sign it from someone you've seen somewhere."

When he finished singing, he studied the guitar strings and said, "It's not quite finished yet, but that's basically the way it goes."



"Could I make a suggestion?" Jeffi said.

"Sure. What? It's sort of your song, too."

"Add some verses -- like every other verse -- that tells the girl's point of view. Maybe she would like to meet him, too, but she's too shy to make the first move. She could sing alternate choruses. And then the chorus changes the last time, and they both sing:

"What's your name? You look like someone that I know.

I mean I know that no one's introduced us formally, and so I think it's time we let our voices try this harmony. And sing a shy 'I like you' melody."

"I LIKE IT. Why don't we work it out tomorrow morning at breakfast?"

"Sounds good to me," Jeffi said. "I could probably even spare an hour or two after breakfast as well. Tomorrow's Christmas Day, you know."

"I'll just cancel all my appointments for tomorrow, in case it takes longer than a couple of hours. Hey, it's getting late. Everybody's leaving."

"IT'S PRETTY LATE," Cecil said when they came to the door to say goodbye.

"Do you want me to call you a cab?"

"I'll see Jeffi safely back to her hotel," Tom said. "It's on my way home."

Cecil nodded, and his eyes twinkled -- "like a tropical Santa Claus," Jeffi thought.

"Well, we didn't get any snow this year, Jeffi," Cecil said. "I hope it didn't ruin your Christmas."

"Christmas is Christmas," Jeffi quoted him. "It doesn't matter where you are. Thank you for inviting me to your feast ... and everything."

Cecil shrugged and looked at the floor.

Stella said, "You come back soon and see us. Both of you. You won't be leaving Key West right away, will you?"

"Not right away," Tom said to Jeffi.

"Not right away," Jeffi said to Tom.

"That's good," Stella said to Cecil.

Cecil shrugged and nodded.



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PLEA BARGAINING, PART II

BY KATHLEEN HARGREAVES

IN THE OCTOBER ISSUE, *Solares Hill* looked at plea bargaining, a courtroom procedure which offers a defendant judicial consideration in exchange for a pre-trial guilty plea. In the United States, plea and sentence bargaining accounts for the final disposition of more than 80 percent of all criminal cases. In Monroe County -- and Key West specifically -- that national average is exceeded by 15 percent. In Key West, plea bargaining is not only a judicial way of life. It is, with minor exception, the only game in town.

This month, *Solares Hill* examines

What the court ultimately decides on O'Neill's case -- whether charges are summarily dropped, negotiated down to second degree murder, manslaughter, or less, or recommended for trial -- depends on the collective efficiency of Key West's law enforcement agencies.

ACCORDING TO REPORTS, O'Neill and Michael Fowler argued over which of the two men would sleep on the Gulf Oil dock near Mallory Square. Fowler's body was recovered from the water at the Navy property adjacent to the Pier House. After being picked up for hitchhiking,

"PROSECUTION IN THIS TOWN IS VIRTUALLY NON-EXISTENT.... OUT OF 100 CASES, I'D SAY THREE TO FIVE GO TO TRIAL," CPL. FRANK HATT, KWPD

the procedures of local law enforcement agencies in an attempt to discover why, out of every 100 cases, as few as five ever make it to trial.

WITHIN A PERIOD of 32 days, John Joseph O'Neill was arrested on three separate occasions. He pleaded guilty to the first offense, hitchhiking, and was released from jail in two days. Two days later, he was arrested again and charged with burglary. Records showed no police report had been filed. Without a police report, the state attorney's office was unable to prosecute. O'Neill was back out on the streets. Three days later, he was behind bars again. This time, the charge was first degree murder. Three could prove to be O'Neill's unlucky number. He just might make it to trial on a murder rap.

O'Neill allegedly confessed, but claimed that the victim was still alive when thrown in the water.

Unless fees for a private attorney are located, O'Neill, a drifter from Massachusetts, will be represented by the Public Defender's office, which handles approximately 80 percent of all cases in Monroe County.

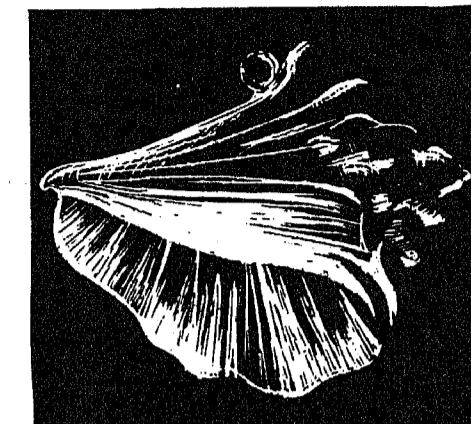
ACCORDING TO JOHN KEANE, Monroe County Public Defender, the purpose of his office is to defend the constitutional rights of every client to the best of its ability. Plain and simple. The Public Defender's job has nothing to do with a client's guilt or innocence. That decision is made in court.

"Our responsibility is to see that the rights of the indigent-accused are

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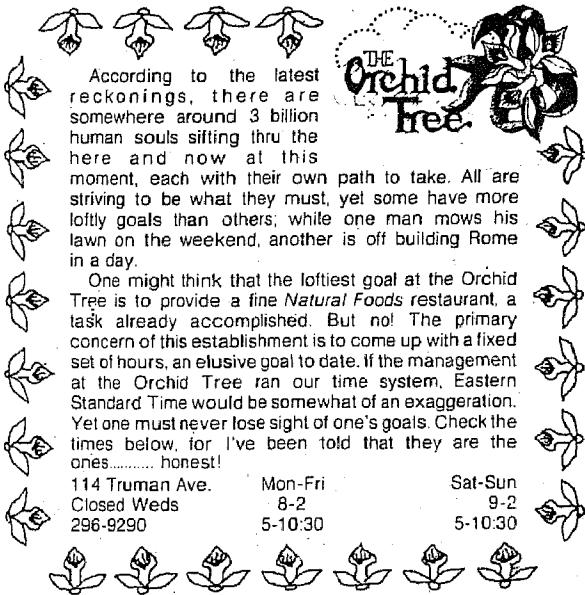
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not violated," says Peane, explaining that the number of acquittals secured by his office has nothing to do with the measure of how well a Public Defender's office conducts itself.

"Gideon vs. Wainwright, 1963," says Peane, adding, "if by protecting the rights of an individual we secure an acquittal, then we've also accomplished something else. But we don't keep win-loss records in this office. We've got lots of people who've gone to prison. And we still think we've done an excellent job, because that man had his rights protected. He was properly convicted with all due process that's owed to him."

IN OTHER WORDS, the Public Defender's client receives the same rights as would someone with all the money in the world and who was represented by a privately

to legally exploit that error for the benefit of our client. It's our obligation," Peane said.

A RECENT EXAMPLE of just such an error was the State Attorney's failure to process (within a reasonable length of time) a murder indictment against a local man who had allegedly walked into the police station, confessing his crime. That oversight was responsible for his release. Case dismissed.

Depending on who you talk to, this sort of behavior happens "all the time" or rarely. Rick Fowler, Assistant State Attorney, maintains that his office is overrun with paperwork.

"We're drowning in a sea of it right now," remarked Fowler, gesturing to a half-dozen eight-inch stacks of reports and file folders. "We've had approximately 1,450 felonies come into this office since the first of the year. I personally think I'm doing a pretty good job of

"IF, AFTER REPEATED REQUESTS (TO THE POLICE DEPARTMENT), I STILL DON'T HAVE THE INFORMATION, THEN I DECLINE TO PROSECUTE." RICK FOWLER, ASS'T STATE ATTY

appointed counsel.

Included within the Public Defender's mandate to protect clients is a vast area of legal activity which includes making sure the prosecution dots their i's and crosses their t's.

"You have to remember that those are human beings over there in the State Attorney's office. In our case, if we blow something, there's going to be an appeal. If the State Attorney misses one simple statement, like venue, identification, value (in reference to the monetary distinction between some misdemeanors and felonies) the guy's going to walk out free. In the process of the courtroom pressure cooker it has happened that the (prosecution) has blown an absolutely airtight case through human error. I'm not complaining. I'm not pointing a finger at them. We make errors, too. But when they make one, our man is going to walk. And it is our job

handling my share. What criteria do I use? I ask myself if I've done the best I can with the time and energies available to me," he explained.

EVEN THOUGH THEY theoretically work on the same side of the judicial system, the police and the State Attorney's office are frequently at odds about the way cases are handled. The police view their role as removing law-breakers from general society. The State Attorney considers the processing of those arrests vital to the smooth operation of the courts.

"Why do we resort to plea bargaining? To move the caseload," Fowler explained. "It's more a question of mathematics than anything else. Plea bargaining moves cases. You have to remember that we only have 17 or 18 days per month available for hearing trials. That doesn't allow us an awful lot of time

for each individual case. Nobody likes plea bargaining. It turns us into paper shufflers. But what's the alternative? It would take a ten-fold increase in courtrooms, staff and budgets to carry every case to trial. The State encourages plea bargaining. Their Open Discovery procedure was instituted to facilitate plea bargaining," Fowler explained.

ALTHOUGH RELUCTANT TO identify themselves in print, a number of Key West policemen point a collective finger directly at the State Attorney's office when asked to explain why so few cases are ever brought to trial. Their assessments of prosecutors range from "lazy" to "inefficient" to "incompetent."

Corporal Frank Hatt is the most outspoken member of the group.

"As far as I'm concerned, prosecution in this town is virtually non-existent. We've got guys who've been on the force for four or five years and they've never been to court. We've got guys who don't even know where the courtroom is! Out of 100 cases, I'd say three to five go to trial," Hatt said.

His figures are right on the money. The total number of felony trials handled by the Public Defender's Key West office in 1978 amounted to three. Keep in mind that their office is responsible for 80 percent of the total caseload in this city. Then, add to those three trials a few more cases represented by private counsel, who handle the remaining 20 percent. The numbers work. If you are arrested for a felony in Key West, odds are 20 to 1 that your case will be disposed of before it ever goes to trial.

Chances are considerably larger that you'll go to court, but that visit will, more likely than not, find you negotiating a plea or pleading guilty as charged in consideration for a negotiated sentence. Jury trials are simply too expensive, too time-consuming and too slow to expedite the large number of cases pending in Key West.

police against the State Attorney's office is their failure to notify the arresting officer regarding the disposition of a case. Some police claim that the only way they have to find out what's happening on a case is to ask a reporter --- or the accused, himself.

As one man explained, "I'm not talking about cases that involve a small amount of grass. It doesn't matter what the guy is charged with. He never goes to court, anyways. If you ask the State Attorney what's happening, they tell you to call the (County) Clerk's office or they tell you 'we'll call you when it goes to trial.' That's the end of it. We never hear another thing about it.

"Say you arrest a guy for robbery.

"As far as I'm concerned, prosecution in this town is virtually non-existent. We've got guys who've been on the force for four or five years and they've never been to court. We've got guys who don't even know where the courtroom is! Out of 100 cases, I'd say three to five go to trial," he said.

WHEN ASKED ABOUT the severity of the problem, another officer said, "Sure, lack of money for salaries bothers me. But that's not the major problem. The worst problem facing a Key West policeman today is the lack of support, the lack of prosecution by the State Attorney."

According to police, the failure of the State Attorney's office to pursue the arresting officer's charges through to a conviction results in a variety of personal attitudes adopted by members of the force. Some officers, convinced that arrests will never be brought to trial, simply refuse to write reports. Their attitude is, why spend six hours of my time on paper work if the guy's gonna walk or plea bargain himself down to a misdemeanor.

Others take the opposite approach. They make a habit of "loading" the arrest sheet, a practice wherein exaggerated charges are laid against the accused, even though the arresting officer knows the claims won't hold up in court.



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FRANK DOOLITTLE, Chief Investigator for the Public Defender's office, explained the procedure and the rationale behind it.

"Suppose I suspect that someone has been doing something illegal for a long time but I can't prove it. Suppose I'm driving along in my squad car one night and see that person veer over the center line. I pull him over. I charge him, maybe, with careless driving. I suspect he's been drinking. I give him a breathalyzer. He blows .15. Now, I've got him for Driving While Intoxicated. He starts liping off to me. I get him for Resisting Arrest Without Violence. So far, they're all misdemeanors.

"I argue back. He puts his hand on me and I get him for Battery on a Police Officer. Now, we're getting into the felonies. I go to put the cuffs on him. He resists. He pulls his arm back and is doing so, brushes my arm. Now, I've got him for Resisting Arrest with Violence. And just before I put him in the patrol car, he tries to run. Now, I've got him for escape -- a second degree felony. Plus, maybe I tack on an Improper Driver's License, Fleeing and Eluding... I'm going to write down every possible charge I can think of. I know they're not going to hold up in court, but I also know that when he goes there tomorrow morning, the judge is going to post bond on each and every complaint I cited. This man is going to have to

post a hellacious bond. He might not be able to come up with it. Now, I've got him where I want him -- behind bars. At least for a little while, I know he's not going to be out on the street selling those drugs or breaking into houses like I thought he was," Doolittle concluded.

WHETHER OR NOT the officer has the right to act that way is not really the issue. It's done. Police, frustrated by what happens in the State Attorney's office, feel justified in handing out some immediate law and order. Improper charges, unsustainable charges, only exacerbate the problem of extra paperwork at the State Attorney's office. That, in turn, results in more cases being thrown out of court, which translates into additional frustration for the police. The vicious cycle goes on and on.

The most often cited complaint levelled against the police by other members of the judicial system is their failure to write an accurate report. Rick Fowler says he runs into the problem so often that he now has a form on which he lists as many as 15 to 20 cases that require additional information from the arresting officer. He explains the process.

"I receive an arrest affidavit. If there's not sufficient information, I request a report. I usually wait ten days. If I still need more information,

I send a memo to the officer. If there's no answer, I redirect the request to his superior. If, after repeated requests, I still don't have the information, I decline to prosecute," said Fowler.

Although the police questioned by Solares Hill cannot categorically deny that improper reporting is responsible for a large number of cases dismissed by the prosecutor, they insist that their personal experiences with the State Attorney's office do not involve failure to supply reports.

"I know my paperwork is turned in. The cases I'm talking about were not dismissed for lack of reports," one officer replied.

DESPITE THE FACT THAT a significant amount of time is devoted to the subject of report-writing in the police academy, it is the one aspect of police work that seems to fall by the wayside after diplomas are handed out. For every arrest an officer makes, he must also file a series of reports. It is upon these reports that the State Attorney's office ultimately bases its decision to proceed with prosecution, dismiss the case, or begin steps leading to a negotiated plea. Frank Doolittle, who went through the academy, offered his thoughts.

"I maintain that the number one biggest mistake, the biggest problem the police have, is writing reports. It's drummed into their heads. Maybe it's

overemphasized. And yet, the FBI instructors will stand there and tell them they know that after they've been on the force a short time, they'll begin to file sloppy reports, shoddy reports, no reports at all. They won't follow up with their paperwork. Report-writing is very important. I don't know why it is, but it's a universal problem with police departments," he said.

Without properly written reports, the State Attorney cannot proceed with a successful prosecution. One of the responsibilities of a State-appointed prosecutor is the determination of criminal intent: the decision whether or not a crime has been committed. In order to take a case to trial and extract conviction, sufficient evidence must be presented by the arresting officer.

If the officer fails to clearly describe the crime committed, if he describes one crime and charges the accused with another, if he neglects to provide sufficient evidence or witnesses, when appropriate, the person accused of the crime stands an excellent chance of walking away from a conviction.

IN EFFECT, a competent policeman is expected to be an unbiased witness to a crime, a reporter, and a para-legal, not to mention a psychologist and a keeper

of the peace. That's a pretty tall order for anyone, let alone someone who constantly deals with the worst elements of society for under \$10,000 a year.

It is, however, his job.

The Monroe County Public Defender's office has a 47 percent dismissal rate. It is one of the highest in the State. That either means that an awful lot of innocent people are being arrested, or a lot of guilty people are being put back on the streets because of mistakes made within the legal system.

THE FACT THAT A person accused of a felony in Key West stands 20 to 1 odds of never going to trial illustrates the dichotomy between the workings of the real legal system and the fantasy served up to the American public on television and movie screens.

I'm not a betting person, but I'll wager you this: if I'm ever arrested for a felony, I'll post bond, ask to be represented by the Public Defender's office, and insist on a trial by jury. If I'm not lucky enough to be back on the streets because of some error or act of expediency within our judicial system, there's not a doubt in my mind that by the time my case comes up for trial that plea bargaining pot will have been sweetened so many times I'll feel like a

kid in a candy store.

I wouldn't worry about going to trial until I was called into the courtroom. You don't agree? Think about it. When's the last time someone offered you 20 to 1 odds?



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by Ruthi Calabrese



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My name was embroidered in bright red thread,
And my grade was determined by the bow that was red.
Blond little pigtail, snaggle tooth, too,
The next year my tooth grew and my red bow was blue.

I'd sit in school embroidering, with bandaids on my knees,
And as soon as I'd get home I'd climb hills and trees.
At night I'd string beads on the floor in candle light,
Then my mom would tuck me in bed and kiss me goodnight.

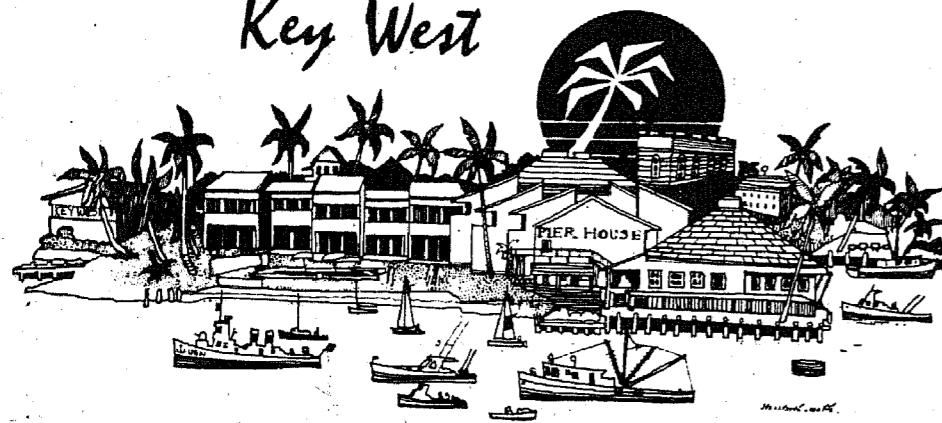
I'd get up early the next day, brush my teeth,
And bathe in the irrigation pool.
Then I'd run off and skip the two miles to school.
That life was so perfect, just like a dream,
Certainly easier than now at seventeen.

by Rachel Duffy



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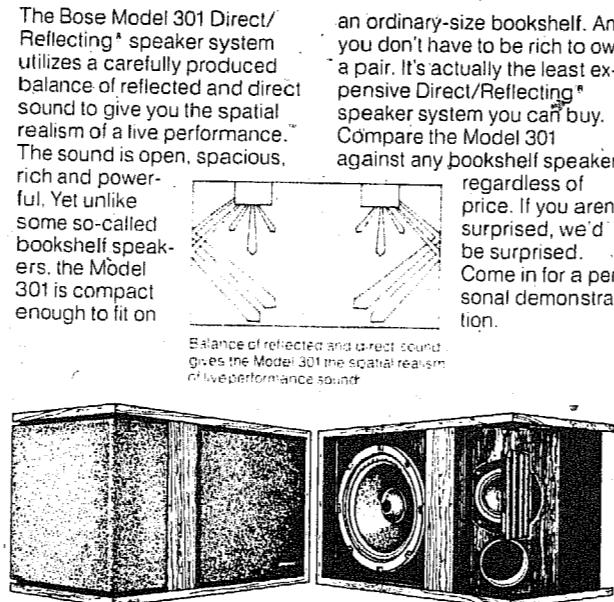
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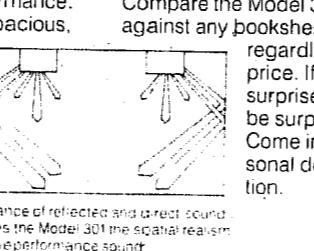
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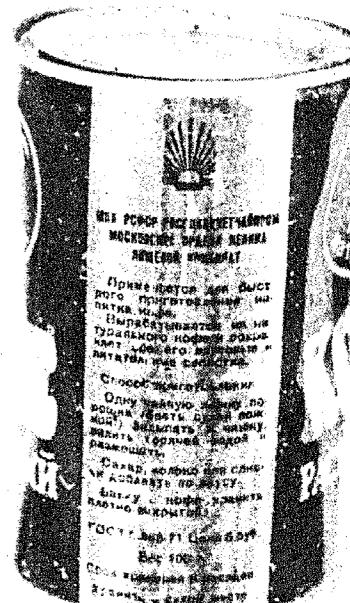
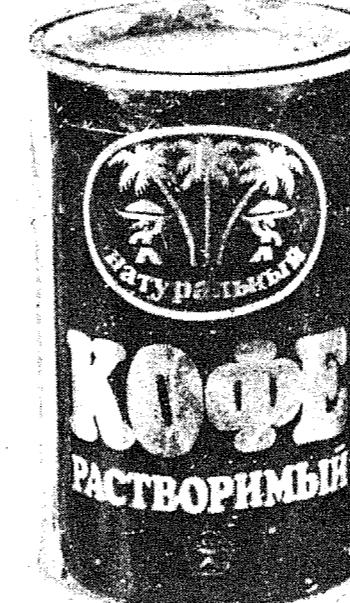
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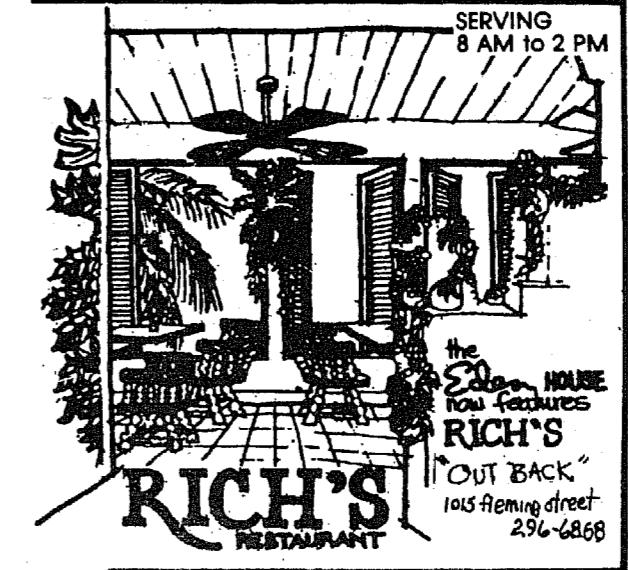
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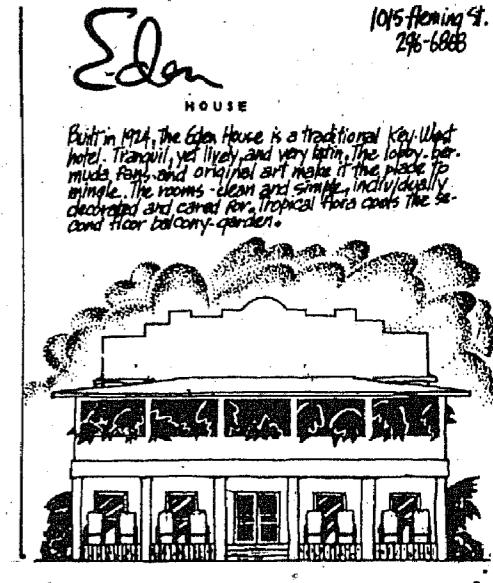
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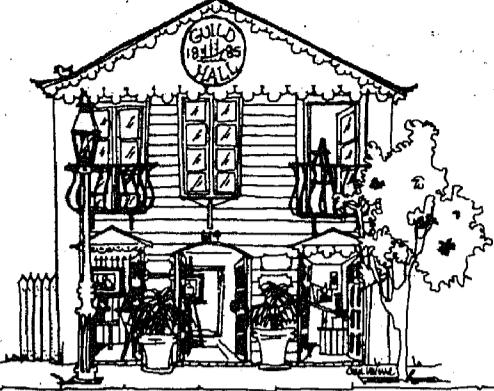
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"Winnie" Russell, CENTENARIAN

BY MALCOLM ROSS

"How does it feel to be a hundred years old?"
"Am I a hundred yet?"
"Oh, yes, you're a hundred."
"Well, I guess I'm older than I thought."
"But, how does it feel to be a hundred?"
"It feels good."

IF REGENERATION IS, as it is reputed to be, one of the characteristics of those people who are born under the zodiac sign of Scorpio, then one local lady is living testimony to this trait. With a smiling countenance as un wrinkled as that of an adolescent, local Scorpio Winifred "Winnie" Russell recently celebrated an event that is shared by few



fellow human beings, her one hundredth birthday.

Born November 19, 1879, at 718 Southard Street, she has spent most of her century of life on "the rock" with the exception of one week during World

War II, when she went to West Palm Beach to visit the sister of her father. Winnie's father, William Wallace Knowles, came to Key West from Rock Sound in the Bahamas when he was a teenager and soon found employment as a sponger at the time when spongefishing was Key West's major industry. After a short time in Key West, he met a young lady, one Adeline Brady, who had herself come from the Bahamas a short time before and from the same community, Rock Sound. They had not been aware of each other's existence while in Rock Sound, but Key West was to become the locale of a wedding and a partnership which was to last many years and produce a family of seven sons and four daughters.

CIGARMAKING WAS SOON to follow on the heels of the blight-doomed sponge industry, and many people in Key West flocked to the cigar factories for employment, including young Winnie Knowles, who spent about ten years working as a "stripper" in the factories, stripping the stems from the leaves of tobacco which were rolled into cigars.

Winnie's clearest memories of Key West are of a horse and buggy community with mule-drawn streetcars. The horse and carriage was due to be replaced by a horseless variety, and the internal combustion engine was destined to change the world and pollute its atmosphere.

AT THE AGE OF NINETEEN, Winnie married Richard B. Russell, who drove a gasoline wagon and delivered the commodity to customers in the days before gas stations became the popular mode of distribution. Winnie continued to work in various cigar factories around Key West after her marriage, until the pressures of a growing family forced her to stay

home and raise her children.

Her children numbered six: Sybil and Carl, who are still living, Bernard and Ruby and two who died in infancy. Winnie herself attributes her longevity to the fact that she always honored the Fifth Commandment. "It gives you long days to live when you treat your mother and father good."

WINNIE NEVER THOUGHT she would live to be a hundred but is appreciative of the gifts which the Almighty has bestowed upon her: "The Lord has been good to me." She has had the lifelong gift of fine health and a hearty appetite, which still allows her to enjoy her favorite dish of black beans, rice and steamed chicken, as well as everything else that is put before her on the table. Insomnia has not been a problem for her, and she is quick to drop off to sleep, savoring an afternoon nap as well. Sufficient exercise may have also attributed to her longevity, and until a recent bout with pneumonia at ninety-three she was able to walk downtown at least once a week for lunch at Kress.

The three days in the hospital slowed Winnie down somewhat, and today she is restricted to her house and environs at 9 Jerome Street, where she has lived for the past 64 years. Nine Jerome Street is the only house left on Jerome Street, which is actually not a thoroughfare anymore and barely gives the impression of being a street, due to having been filled in with lawns and shrubbery. It is probably no longer even a fixture on a map of Key West.

BECAUSE OF HER infirmity, Winnie has not been able to attend the church of her faith, the Glad Tidings Tabernacle. Winnie was originally a Methodist, but television has become a new recreation and has allowed her to watch religious programs, which she greatly enjoys. With the aid of her two children, friends and an automobile she was able to be present

at the one hundredth birthday party which was thrown for her at the church.

Besides son and daughter, Carl and Sybil, Winnie has the satisfaction of knowing that her issue includes two grandchildren, seven great grandchildren, and four great-great grandchildren. A long and happy life is a rarity today, but somewhere within Winnie Russell's nature -- a proper balance of physical and spiritual energies -- may lie the key to longevity.



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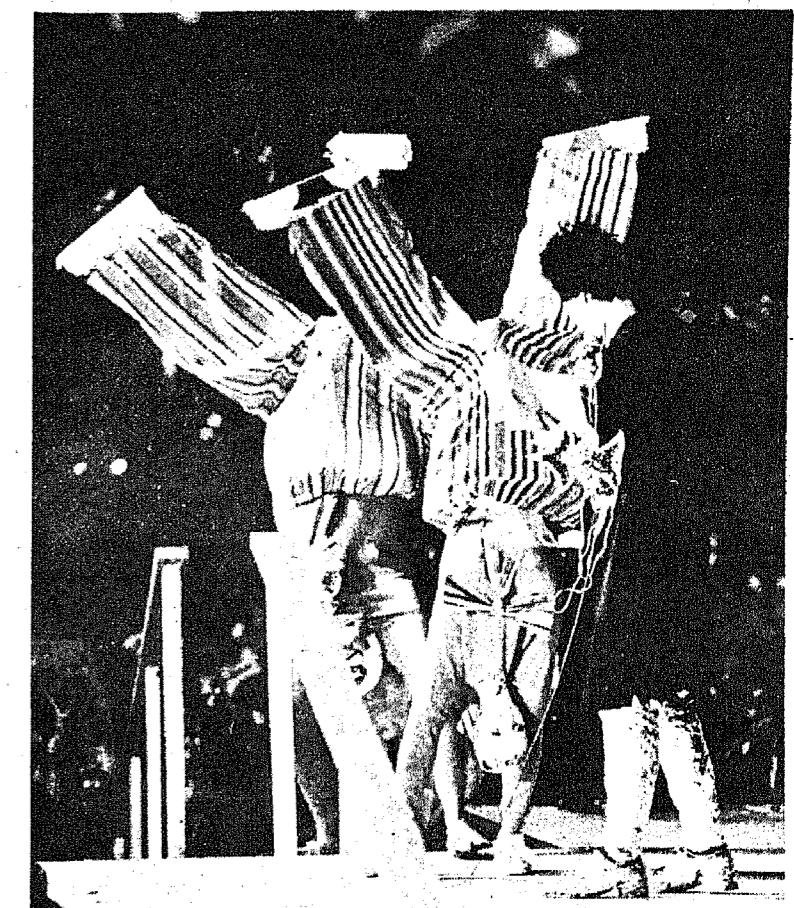
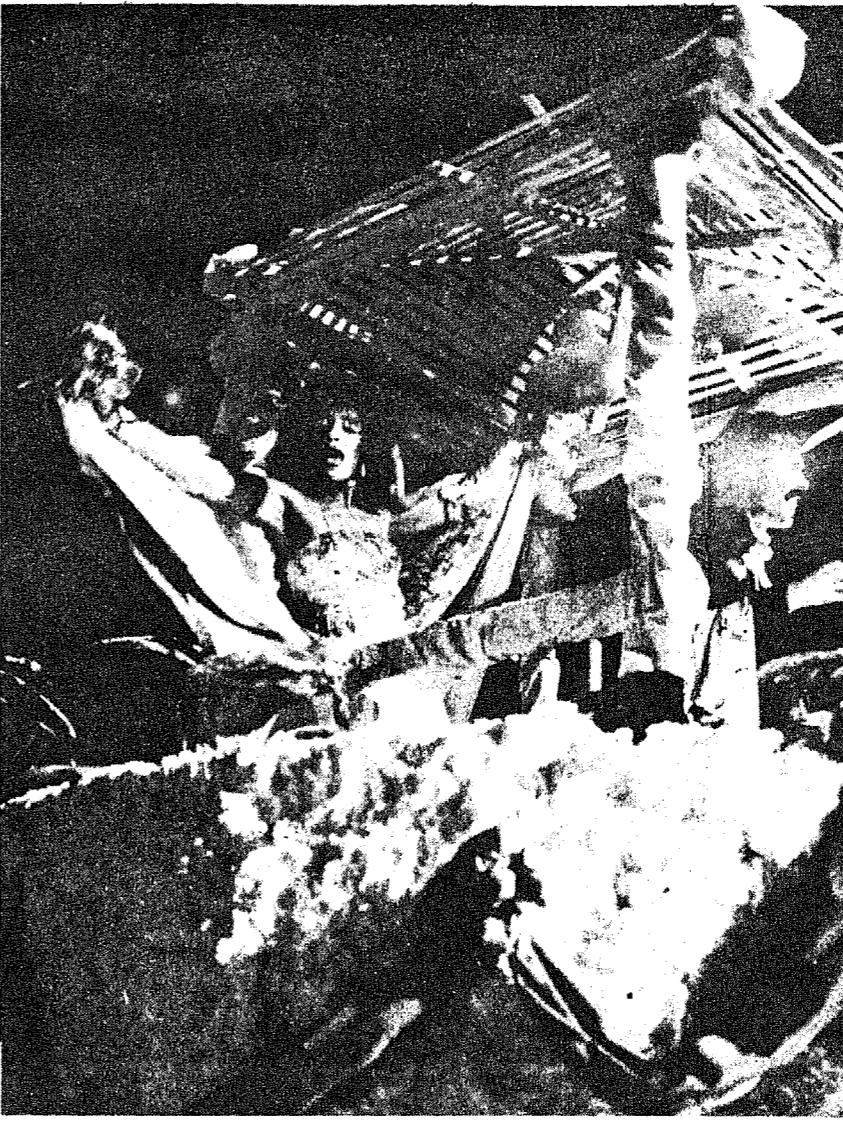
One lady had always fantasized being a hood ornament, so she disguised herself as a ship's figurehead.

A lady who has been a "native" of Key West since the fourth grade was a "Conch," wearing a large conch shell to win the first runner-up costume prize.

An air conditioning mechanic from Marathon really "got into" his work and built a robot costume of air conditioning ducts to win the \$1000 first prize.

"Dracula's Bride" screamed the entire length of the parade from the top of the prize-winning Fast Buck Freddie's float.

Flamingos, butterflies, sheiks, more than one Dracula -- all manner of fish and fowl, flora and fauna (including one faun) -- danced and strutted the weekend away in what observers called the most spectacular celebration Key West has ever seen.



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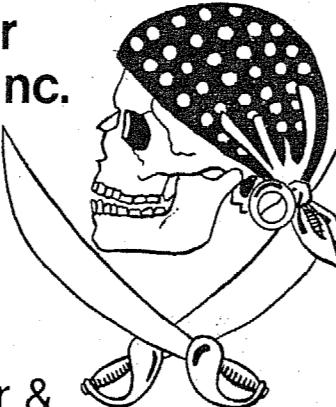
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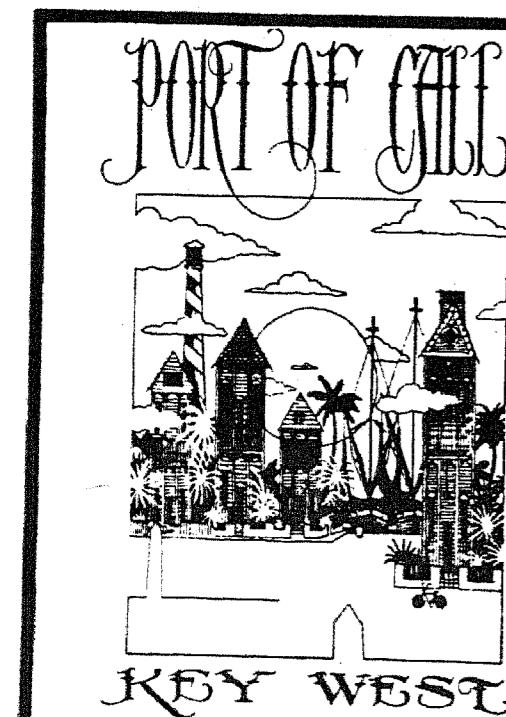
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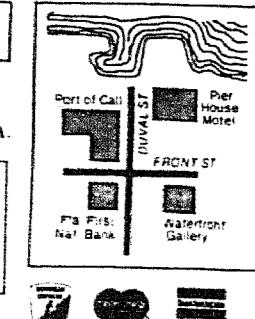


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Sweet or Dry Vermouth	Seafood Salad
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Lillet	
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Apple Juice	
Soda Drinks	
Milk	
Espresso	
Cafe con Leche	

POETRY

BALLAD FOR A MOCKINGBIRD by Harriet Ferguson

Old Key West is just the quaintest town!
Its technicolor world is full of sound.
And the sweetest sound you've ever heard
Is the music-making of the mockingbird!

When the mockingbird sings his song,
There's nothing in life that's wrong.
This is a lovely place,
Caught here in time and space.

When the mockingbird trills all day,
What mockingbirds have to say,
Magic is all around,
Made by that wondrous sound.

'Cause he's in love, they say,
The mockingbird sings that way.
(When I'm in love, I, too,
Sing all the whole day through.)

So, we wait all the season long,
Just for that sweet-bird song.
And when he starts to sing,
Once more we believe in spring!

SUNDOWN REVERIE

Striking amethyst orchids
Light the rosy-colored dusk

And brilliant sunsets fade
Behind my views

Of leafy palm fronds floating
In the jasmine-scented breeze

While night approaches
With quiet settled hush

We dance among the immortals
In the hollows of our eyes

More sustenance than this
A man may never find

by Teri Axford

KEY WEST by Robin Kaplan

The fluid juggler, shifting weight,
Speaks of rhythm, balancing
Time on his palms.
Three lit torches
arc under one leg and over his shoulder.

This Gulf sunset is vivid. Five musicians
play uncommon lutes and mandolins.
I hear, "There was an old gal from Key West,
who had to take weight off her chest..."
From the lyrical "fur-people" worshipper.

Two sailboats parallel the pier,
one with a canvas handpainted erotic,
the other one white. Tourists gape
at the iguanaman dripping with reptiles.

Down here we're much thinner-skinned,
quicker to breed, faster to shed.
Each of our newest skinlayers
is built of cells conceived on this island.

We make the conscious choice to keep
ourselves and others healed and living.
There are no secrets.

Praise the palmetto
For enormity and gentleness.
Praise the newt for dexterity, expression.

Then the cry from bananabread man,
"Don't blame me if it's all gone soon;
get it now, hot and fresh." He cycles the wharf.

On the deck, some hands are loaded,
long on princes, long on queens.
Then the nighttime inkstain wash
of waves permeating sand. The air and water
merge at equal temperature.
This island's breeze is a mix of sea,
lime, and frangipani. Seabeaten,
wooden facades mask paradise gardens,
tropical birds, sculpted pools and waterfalls.

This is a view of America
and her people
on an island 90 miles north of Cuba.

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SERIES A: STAGE COMPANY

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THE THREE PENNY OPERA • APRIL 10, 11, 12(M), 12(E), 13

The immortal, bawdy, boisterous Brecht/Weill opera that mesmerized generations of New York city-goers. Led by Mark the Knave and Pirate Jenny, purity and sin are nonchalantly exposed in the racy, rowdy raucous underworld of Victorian England.

SERIES B: VISITING ARTISTS

LES BALLET TROCKADERO DE MONTE CARLO • FEBRUARY 3

Accoladed on five continents, the fabulously triumphant, all-male ballet company that has conquered audiences around the world with their zany interpretations of classical ballet. We cannot insure your sides will not burst with laughter at their hilarious comic antics.

MANO A MANO • FEBRUARY 4

Our Fine Arts Center will be the bunting for Anita Sheer (Montoya's only student) and Laurie Randolph, like two to explore the two traditional schools of guitar playing—classical and gypsy.

THE ENSEMBLE GUILLAUME DE MACHAUT DE PARIS

• MARCH 16

Was formed in 1974 to perform works of the medieval and renaissance periods with just the right mixture of musical scholarship, historical accuracy, interpretive skill and performance spontaneity. Comprised of one of the leading countertenors in France and three noted instrumentalists, the success of these troubadours among early music enthusiasts and the general public was immediate.

THE CLAUDE KIPNIS MIME THEATRE • APRIL 3

The Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre has earned a reputation unsurpassed in the art of mime. A student of that great French artist, Marcel Marceau, Mr. Kipnis has gathered a truly exciting young company that silently explores the humors of everyday man with rare insight.

SERIES C: GREENE STREET THEATRE

ANYTHING GOES • FEBRUARY 21, 22, 23(M), 23(E), 28, 29, MARCH 1(M), 1(E)

The wonderful wacky world of civilized, urbane Cole Porter. Need we say more? Sail along on an ocean cruise with numbers as the Delights? "Get a Kick Out of You," "Anything Goes," and "All Through The Night."

EQUUS • MARCH 13, 14, 15(M), 15(E), 20, 21, 22(M), 22(E)

Peter Shaffer's suspense packed psychological puzzle that has become a '70s modern morality play with a cult following. A complex, disturbing confrontation that examines man's need to worship and society's demands of conformist behavior.

TWELFTH NIGHT • MAY 8, 9, 10(M), 10(E), 15, 16, 17(M), 17(E)

The love story by William Shakespeare. The Bard's forest fantasys romps along through comic couplings, hilarious high jinks and preposterous shenanigans that will have you rolling with laughter. If music be the food of love, play on.

A TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER STAGE COMPANY

B THE VISITING ARTISTS SERIES

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Notes and Antic-Dotes continued from page 13
abode on South Street, near the corner of Whitehead, as the genuine Southernermost house simply for "commercial enhancement." The hassle disrupted a friendship between the Ramos family and Stone for awhile.

STONE AND HIS attractive wife, Lee, whose first name was actually Lucille, had become part of the upper social structure of the town, and they acquired many friends, which of course aided Stone in his monetary ventures.

He was president of the Key West Art and Historical Society along about 1953-1954, and he became a director of the Florida First National Bank.

Stone juggled all of his diversified financial schemes with wiley skill for more than a decade. A reputable bank official noted that Julius Stone kept his various investments extremely secret, and no one but he knew exactly what was being transacted.

Ultimately, his wizardry juggling of a wide range of business interests and investments became too complicated. He began to lose control of the precarious balance system. In short, money acquired for one thing was put into something entirely different, and some investors sustained losses. In a number of cases invested funds disappeared entirely.

ARTIST ALICE BREDIN, widow of the late Judge Aquilino Lopez, who was so closely associated with Stone for a long period in early years, said that her husband's law practice was separate from Stone's, and that although they were together for some time in real estate, Stone and Lopez broke off business relations and severed even friendship when it was revealed that Stone was engaged in suspicious financial activity.

"My husband was upset and decided that Julius was too much of a dealer," Lillian Lopez said. "He became a judge and was a dedicated man in judiciary matters, while Stone continued to mix law and investment involvements."

The roster of "victims" lengthened. Among the losers were Frances Edwards, who operated the Banana Tree Grill; Ruth Alfeld, who owned a trailer park and bought the Flame Restaurant; Gertrude Ricketts, who operated a private school (she later married Cmdr. Ray Byrns); Ethel Decker, a crippled florist who got caught up through mortgaged property in Mexico; and Dr. Aubrey Hamilton and his wife, Belle. Stone was godfather to the Hamilton's children, but even this togetherness was violated when Stone demanded several thousand dollars more than Hamilton had put into the building of a semi-supermarket.

SOMETIMES, SOMEWHERE, along in this mid-1950's chronicle of wheeler-dealer expansiveness, two widows fell prey to the complicated designs of Stone's financial intrigue, and the attention of federal authorities was brought to bear on the situation.

As far back as 1955, the Stones erected a new home at Trinidad, Cuba, and numerous friends from Key West were invited to inspect it, including Adeline and P.J. Ross, Lillian and Aquilino Lopez, and Burt and Betty Garnett, to name a few. So it was no secret that the Stones intended to establish another residence out of the country.

Despite the revolution in Cuba, the Stones went ahead with plans to leave the United States. They liquidated holdings here and began moving possessions to Trinidad.

FIDEL CASTRO TOOK OVER Cuba on January 1, 1959, marching into Havana, and at first his triumph was met with approval by sympathizers here.

In the summer of 1959, Stone was still a director at Florida First National. His picture was published in *The Key West Citizen* on July 1, 1959, as a member of the Grievance Committee. Ironically this group was set up by the Florida Bar to watch over the legal ethics of lawyers in the organization.

Meantime, bank officials began to ease Stone out of his bank directorship, and, although it can't be verified, due to governmental policy Stone's business ventures, or rather misadventures, continued to be probed. I spoke with at least 20 Key West people, and all of them agreed that he was on a "wanted" list and seriously in debt.

CHARLIE RAMOS HAD a note from Stone, dated September 12, 1959, in which Stone wrote that he and his wife were busy packing in preparation for the move to Cuba.

Lee Stone went back and forth, supposedly on Aerovias O Morales, Cuban Consul in Key West. But Lee was also transferring personal property, documents and funds.

Now for the final severance move, and Julius Stone's method of evasion by making restitution of any debts or taxes.

He arranged secret contact with Old Island Realty Company for transfer of the deed to his home on South Street. His wife Gilchrist executed the deed for the property for which Lucille Lee Stone signed January 19, 1960.

The stamp value was duly registered later and was recorded as \$45,000. The house was purchased from the Stones by Granville and Evelyn Smith, of 1120 Von Phister Street. The warranty deed was signed "Julius F. Stone, Jr.," but no address was given for him.

Shortly after the official registration of the sale in the Monroe County Courthouse, Stone flew to Key West in a small plane and landed at the Key West International Airport.

THE POPULAR VERSION is that he did not leave the plane at all, and that the exchange of the deed for a prescribed sum of money took place aboard the plane. The late Aileen Williams of Old Island Realty was the courier.

However, Stone DID leave the plane, and DID set foot in Key West. First of all, he was seen off the plane and at the airport here by Anne (Mrs. Guy) Carleton. She says he did not speak to her but turned around and vanished in the terminal.

Secondly, Mrs. Aquilino Lopez asserts that the plane sus-

tained mechanical trouble, and Stone was obliged to stop overnight at a motel. He did notify the judge and his wife of the sale of the house on South Street. He took off next day as soon as possible, flying out of Key West for the last time. He was in possession of the purchase money.

The plane may have been the one he owned privately, which was flown by a special pilot. During a summer vacation in the very early 1960's, Chief Photographer of *The Key West Citizen*, Don Pinder, went to Nassau in the Bahamas. It was known then that Stone, if not an actual fugitive, was being investigated for his fast "deals." Pinder met Stone on Bay Street, Nassau, and they had a drink together in a bar. Stone said then he was temporarily living on one of the out islands of the Bahamas. He did not disclose the exact location.

THE RELATIONSHIP BETWEEN the Castro government and the United States became more troubled, and, as 1960 advanced, Americans were in disfavor in Havana. Trinidad, as an outskirt locality, was considered dangerous, so the Stones left for the comparative safety of the capital.

There they operated an antique furniture store on the famed Prado of Havana, but only for a short time. They retreated to Jamaica, where Lee died in 1963.

She had been a beautiful woman, noted for her charm. The day I met her, she was wearing brightly colored ribbons braided into her hair, Mexican style, and impressed me with her genuine warmth of personality.

THERE IS A GAP in the history of the Stones following Lee's demise in 1963. Little or nothing is known of his maneuvers between then and May 1965. It was then that Anne Carleton once more, unexpectedly, encountered the ex-patriate.

She was getting ready for a coach tour to Scotland and was standing in line at the American Express in London, England, when she saw Stone. They renewed acquaintances, and he told her that he had been married just the day before to Christine Beakes.

The very attractive Christine, widow of Dine Beakes, former law partner of Stone's in years past, was known as the Hibiscus lady, because of the blossoms she wore in her hair. She lived in a house on the waterfront during World War II and was at one time suspected of being an enemy spy. This rumor was unconfirmed and was denied by people who knew her well. But, as usual, this island was a hotbed of gossip, and Christine never did live down the suspicion.

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Despite the revolution in Cuba, the Stones went ahead with plans to leave the United States. They liquidated holdings here and began moving possessions to Trinidad.

Within the next two years, wanderlust, perhaps compulsory, took over again, and Stone, presumably accompanied by his second wife, travelled on toward the East. The aimed-for destination is not known, for in 1967 Julius F. Stone, Jr., died in Australia.

There the communication ceased.

Hilario Ramos, Sr., said that the Stones lived in Spain

proper for a time, then took up residence on Majorca, a resort

island off the Spanish Coast.

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took over again, and Stone, presumably accompanied by his second

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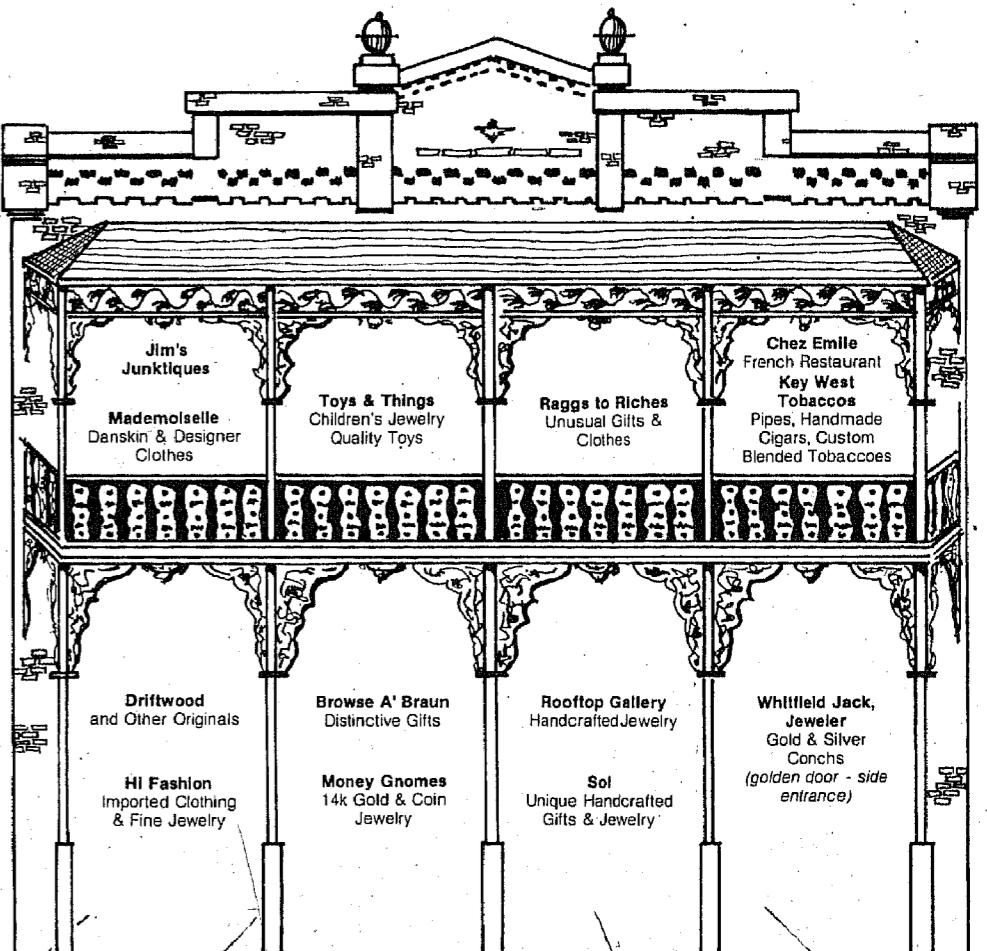
is not known, for in 1967 Julius F. Stone, Jr., died in Australia.

DETAILS OF STONE'S DEATH are vague. It was said that he died of a heart attack. The news did not reach Key West until he had been dead for a long time.

His only child, a daughter named Julia, who was graduated from Bennington, married twice, and her whereabouts at present are unknown.

And so ends the Prince Charming saga, on the other side of the world, far from Stones' homeland, like the central character in the story, *Man Without a Country*.

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Chili Dog

FORESIGHT IS A valuable thing to possess. In the process of growing up, it is a sporadic companion, since by the time one is old enough to be able to look back, percentage-wise, there is really very little to look back on. This paradox was the core of every disaster and shameful humiliation I suffered as a budding human being -- poorly developed foresight. There were times I would have rather died or endured exile on Stock Island because I lacked the necessary foresight to avoid a situation of personal embarrassment or, even worse, personal punishment.

My sister Martha, who was a year younger than me, had an even more pronounced inability to foretell disaster brought about by her various indiscretions and habitual disregard for warning signs. Her mind could readily seize the plot of an episode of Deputy Dawg (sic) but she had quite a bit of trouble when it came to remembering simple instructions, such as how to pour milk from a carton, and rules of play, such as not climbing on the roof.

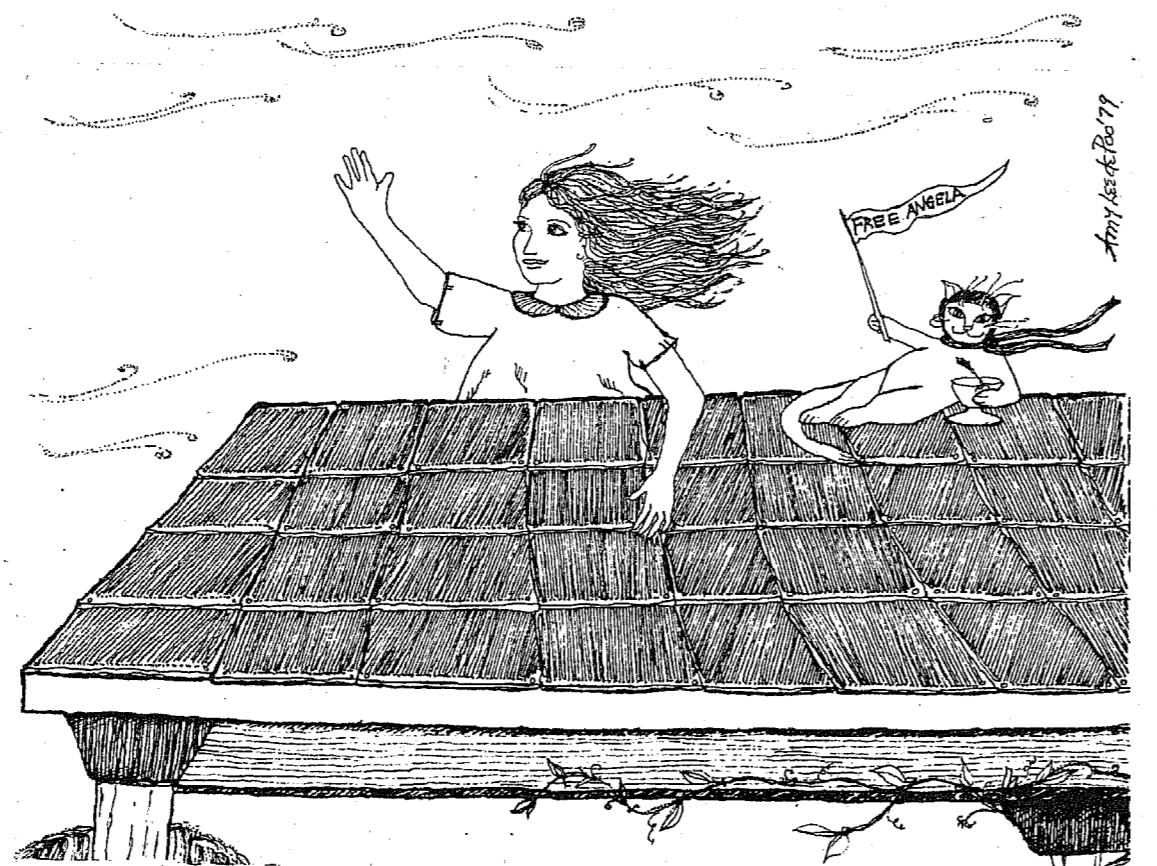
Perhaps she just forgot. But her forgetfulness seemed to manifest itself at the most awkward and inopportune moments. Oftentimes she would just be peering over the edge of the roof to proclaim the wondrous view of the ocean she was receiving and how gloriously refreshing the breeze happened to be when my father would be arriving home from work. Then she could tell me about an hour later how gloriously dark and mysterious the cracks in our wall were, having pressed her nose in the corner where the view was less than inspirational.

I FREQUENTLY WONDERED what trick there was to living life for just one

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY AMY LEE DE POCO

day without getting into trouble. I watched my parents, and it seemed so effortless to them. In fact, nobody ever yelled at them or made them stand

and he always got the same answer, it was, "What are you, stupid?" I never once said yes, and to the best of my recollection, neither did they. We



in the corner or questioned their intelligence. If there was one inquiry that I must have heard ten thousand times asked of me and my sisters by my father,

ALWAYS said NO, but he continued to ask this same question for years and I considered this to be in direct conflict with his general philosophy that if you

ask a person a question and they answer you, you shouldn't have to ask it again.

My father John also preferred a direct answer to his questions, but, as age and awareness crept up on me, I noticed that at times he would ask questions and never wait for a reply: "Haven't I told you that a thousand times?" and "Don't you ever stop and think before you do something?" or "Don't you know a hammer isn't a plaything?" At those times I would have been more than happy to accommodate him with my perception of a numerical judgment pertaining to just how many times he had told me something (and I was sure it was nowhere close to a thousand). But in his mind there existed too fine a line between smart cuteness (which he detested) and a ready answer I may have been able to come up with. Generally, I found it less painful to think my answers out silently than pipe up with a remark he might deem more worthy of a good clout than an appreciative ear.

THERE WAS A PERIOD of time when my sisters and I all seemed to have great difficulty in staying on the good side of our father. We all attended Harris School, which was only five or six blocks from our house on Dey Street, and that was about the farthest point we were allowed to go without getting into trouble. But even then caused problems, because at times we would forget about the time, and an innocent game of kick-ball could result in punishment for arriving home late. It seemed as if every single day brought yet another disaster.

Nobody could go twenty-four hours without doing something bad! I began to wonder if possibly our food had been contaminated by an insidious spy seeking to alter the behavior of three otherwise very good children. I had seen too many goblets secretly defiled by poison rings in the glut of B-movies we thrived on.

Maybe there was something in the milk. I noticed that whenever my sister Martha got around a carton of milk, an accident happened. If it was in the afternoon and she wanted a glass of milk

to go with her cookies, the carton would slip out of her hands and it would spill all over the floor. If it was in the evening, and we were all seated at the table and having dinner, her elbow would knock her glass and it would run all over the table. Then everybody would have to pick up their plates while my mother ran and got a dishrag to wipe it up. She spilled her milk with such alarming regularity at dinner my father began to keep track, and for seven nights in a row she knocked her milk over. She even got to the point of such distraction that when someone ELSE was pouring a glass for her, she would be clutching the glass firmly with both hands and then cough, and the glass would slide forward and milk would once again find itself puddling all over our table. My father was beginning to think there was something seriously wrong with Martha, being perhaps cursed with a rare affliction that came on with the dinner hour.

AS THE WINTER SEASON closed in and darkness fell earlier and earlier, my sisters and I were acutely aware that Christmas would soon be upon us and that our behavior had better improve. John made no secret of the fact that reward fell most heavily on those that were truly deserving, and I trusted his memory enough to try to grab hold of my fate so that my record could speak for itself come Christmas morning.

Kathryn was doing quite well in having kept herself either out of his line of vision or out of earshot so that anything offensive she may have done went unnoticed. Martha was not having such an easy time of it, however. Along with her milk disasters, Martha was possessed of spells of memory lapse. It wouldn't have been so bad if she had forgotten how to misbehave, but that would have been asking too much. Martha had forgotten how to listen. John had a peculiarity of wanting to not only be heard when he talked to one of his children, but to be listened to so carefully that you would never forget what he was telling you. This trait applied especially

ly severely to matters concerning behavior. Martha's behavior seemed to be getting worse and worse.

ONE EVENING IN DECEMBER we were all waiting for dinner. I was sitting on the floor with a book while John watched the evening news. It was rather cold and blustery outside, and we could hear the pine trees rustling behind our house. Every so often the aulacis trees would slap the side of the house as the wind whipped them back and forth. My mother was in the kitchen making chili, something she considered appropriate for blustery weather. I thought to myself how cozy it was to be inside the house safe and warm, and I was glad I was not a cat or a monkey huddled somewhere in a pile of rags to keep warm.

Just then, Martha came running down the stairs in search of a pair of scissors, since she was making cut-ups upstairs in our room. John reminded her not to run in the house and that stairs in particular were meant for walking.

Martha slowed down, found her scissors, and went back upstairs to finish her cut-outs. Perhaps twenty minutes passed.

Martha came running down the stairs a second time. John looked up.

"Martha, didn't I just tell you not to run down the stairs?"

"Well...uh, I guess you did..."

"What do you mean you guess I did?"

"Did I or didn't I?"

"You did just tell me not to run down the stairs."

"Well, if I just told you not to run down the stairs, why did you just run down the stairs anyway?"

"I forgot."

"Oh. You forgot, did you? Well, I'm going to help you remember the next time not to run down the stairs. Now you can go to the top of the stairs and walk down them. And when you get to the top -- don't stop -- turn right around and walk down them again."

"But how long do I have to do that?"

"Until I tell you to stop, that's how long you have to do that. Now get started."

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NEW YORK - FIRE ISLAND - KEY WEST

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TURN LEFT FROM THE MONSTER, AROUND THE CORNER, TO KINO PLAZA

corner simonton & front

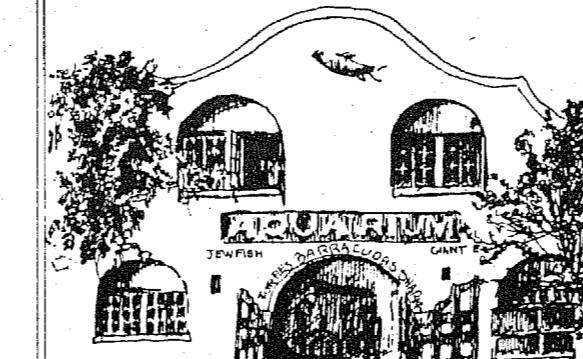
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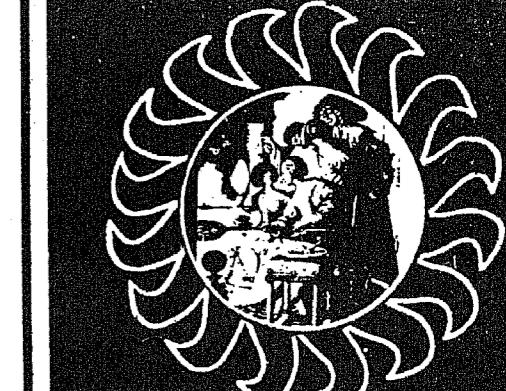
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I THOUGHT THIS to be very unusual, and I put my book down to watch Martha go up and down the stairs. I must say that she took it like a little soldier and looked straight ahead on her trips down the stairs, but I knew that when she got to the top where he couldn't see her, she probably made ungodly faces and mouthed unspoken comments. What made it even more interesting was that each time she got to the bottom of the stairs she thought it was to be her last trip, but John kept his eye on the television and uttered the word "again" at her, except that he broke it up into two very distinct words: "A" and "gain," which made it very funny to me. I put my book up to my face and snickered with a wet hiss, although I didn't wish to be noticed. John noticed.

"So you think this is happy-time, do you? You think this is funny? How would you like to join your sister on the stairs?"

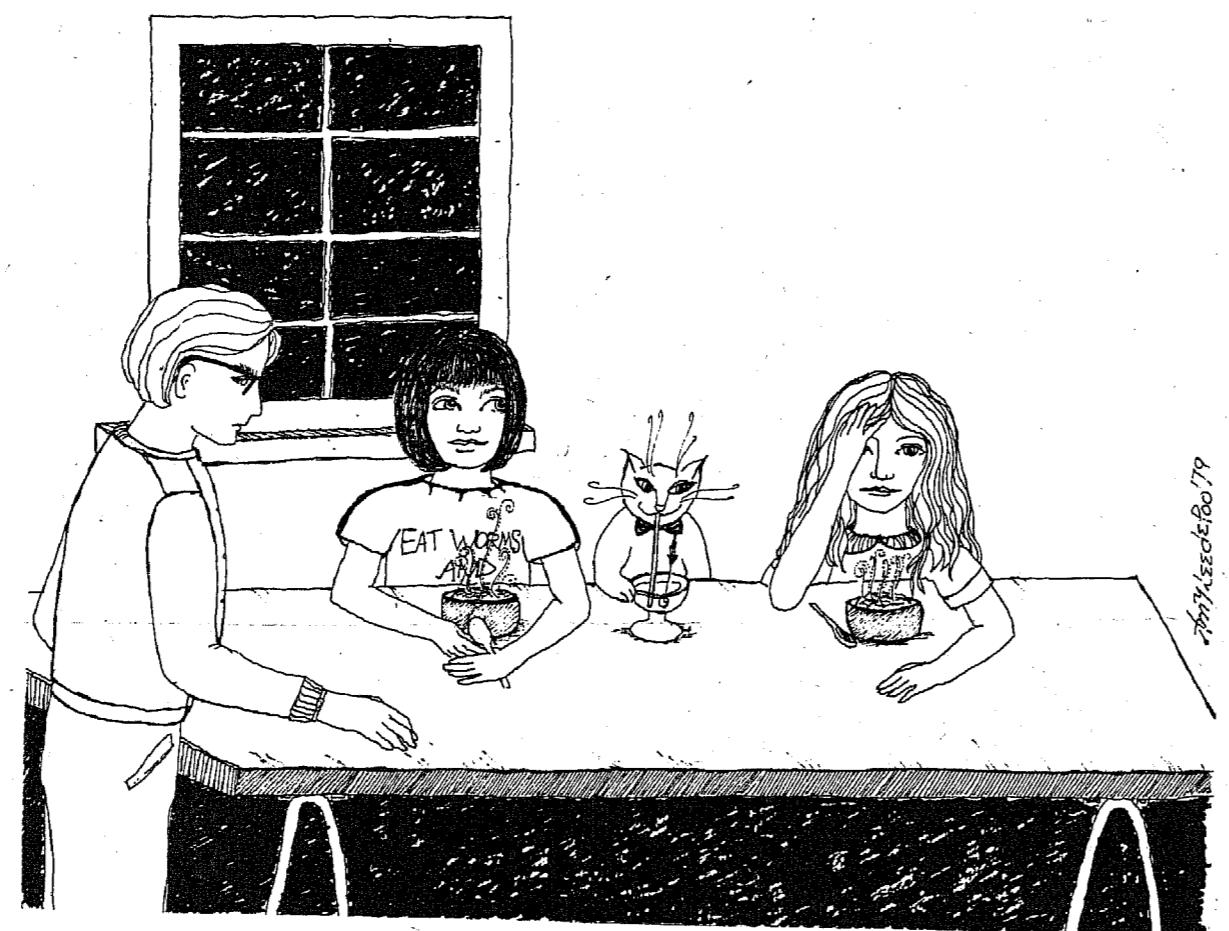
I immediately found no humor in this situation and shut up. After a few more trips slowly up and down the stairs, Martha finished her lesson in stair-walking and was allowed to resume her previous business. A short time later we were called to dinner by our mother.

OUR DINNER TABLE was really a long door that my father put iron legs on. He sat at the end of the table, Martha and I sat on one side, and my mother and my older sister, Kathryn, sat on the other side. I sat closest to my father, which put Martha a little out of his direct sight. My mother served up the chili in bowls, and, since it was very hot to begin with, the bowls made it stay hot all the longer. This didn't bother me, because I knew enough to start eating from around the edge where it was at least a few degrees cooler.

Martha was still in a very sullen mood from her many trips up and down the stairs and complained that her chili was too hot to eat. John made a few comments on the poor and starving child-

ren of Africa and that she had better be damn grateful that she had anything at all to eat. This further darkened her state of mind, and she put her elbow up to rest her head on her hand while her

I TURNED TO LOOK at Martha, who was oblivious to the fact that she was being watched. And there she sat with her head in one hand and her hair dangling over her chili bowl. But that was not

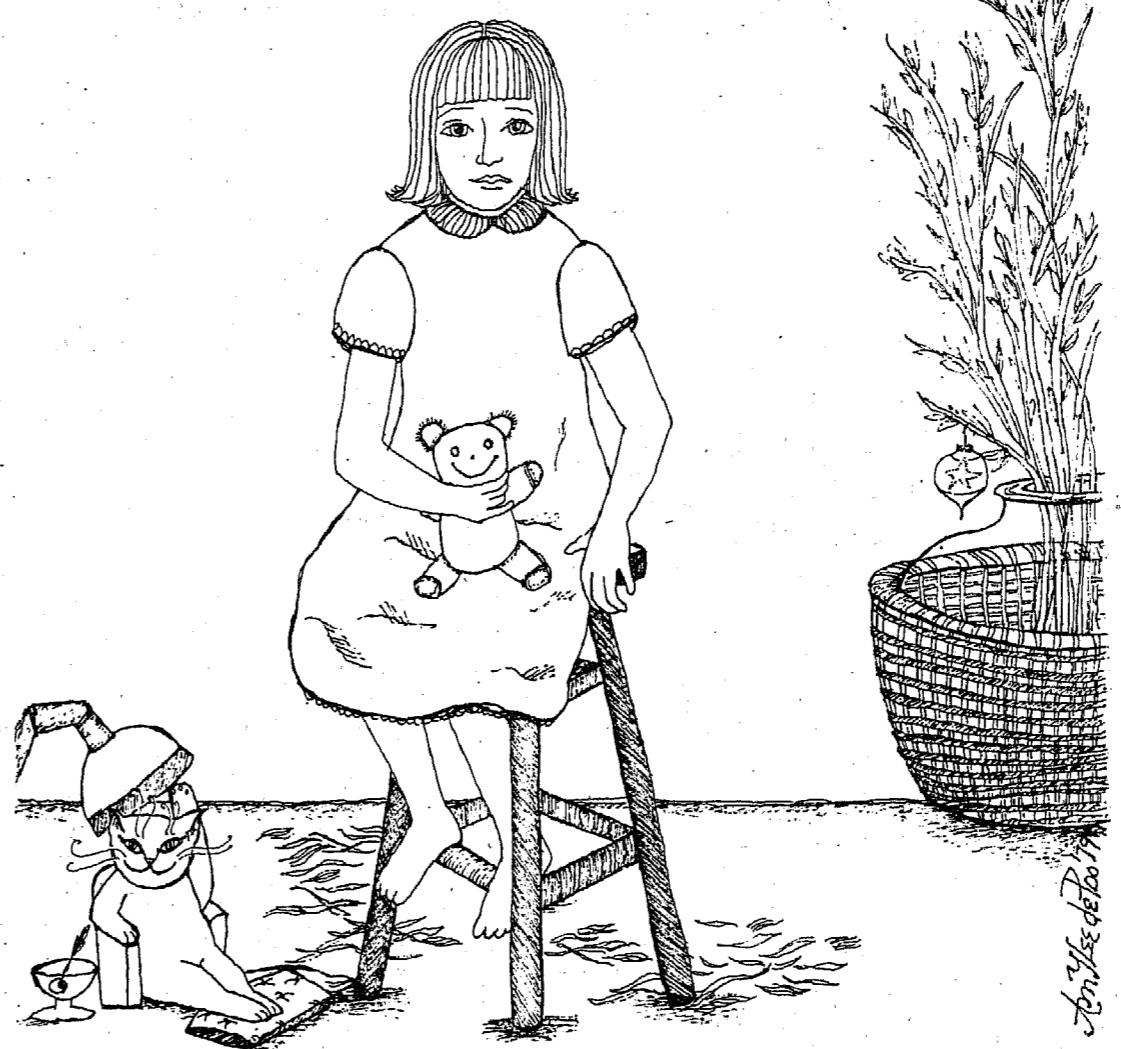


chili cooled enough to eat. I must have been leaning forward and very interested in my supper, because when I leaned back in my chair I heard John gasp. Evidently he was speechless.

the worst of it. Martha was using her other hand to make good use of her dangling strands by DIPPING them into her chili and sucking the ends! I thought it was quite similar to one of

Jane Goodall's National Geographic Spec-
ials where the ape makes a primitive
sponge out of crushed leaves, but John

His voice rose to an alarming pitch.
I thought she was going to be killed on
the spot.



did not see any hereditary genius in
this feat at ALL.

"WHAT IN HELL ARE YOU DOING MARTHA!"

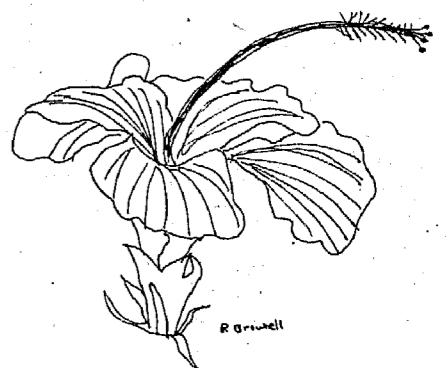
MARTHA WAS DUMBSTRUCK. I don't think
she realized she was doing anything at
all anyway. She couldn't answer. My

mother had gone back to the kitchen to
get glasses of milk for us. I was glad
that at least we weren't going to have
to endure spilled milk, since Martha
was banished from the table. But not long
before she was asked a lot of questions
for which she gave no answer:

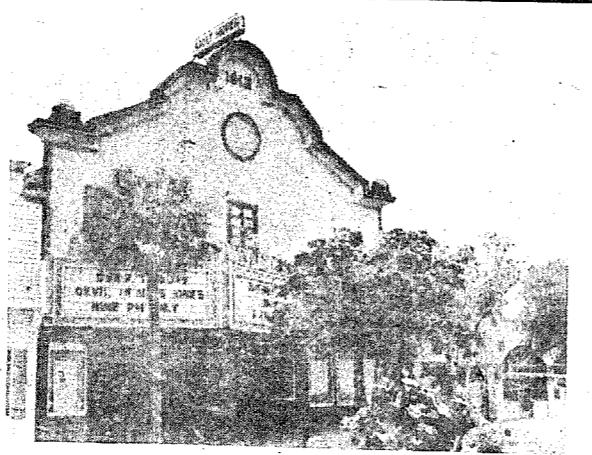
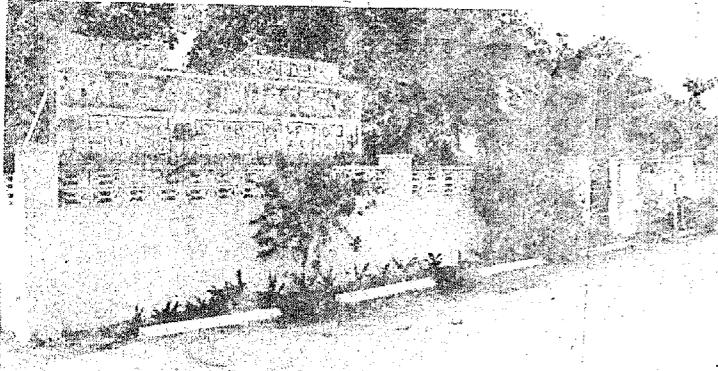
"IS THAT WHAT YOU THINK HAIR IS FOR?
WHAT ARE YOU AN ANIMAL? WHERE WERE YOU
RAISED -- OUT IN THE YARD? DO YOU WANT
EVERYBODY TO EAT LIKE THAT? DO YOU THINK
THAT'S CUTE OR SOMETHING?"

I never heard so many questions in
my life, and while I was trying to
think up what I would have said if they
asked me any of those questions, my
mother went and found the scissors. And
after we all had finished dinner, Martha
was relieved of some of her lengthy
eating implement.

Christmas looked like it was a long
way off.



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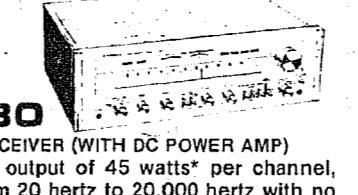
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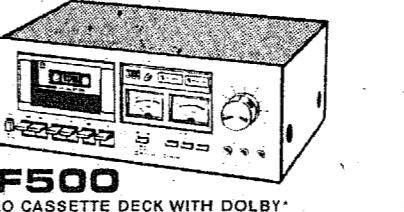
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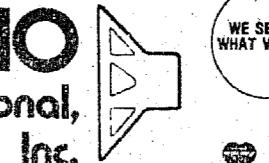
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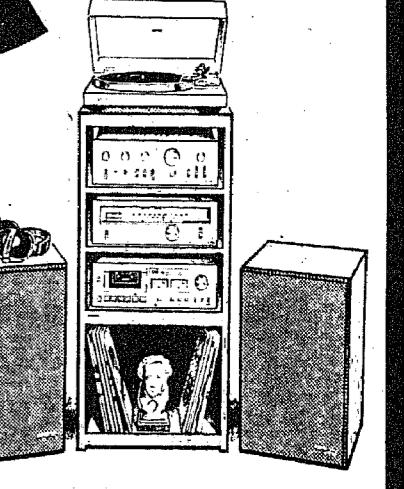
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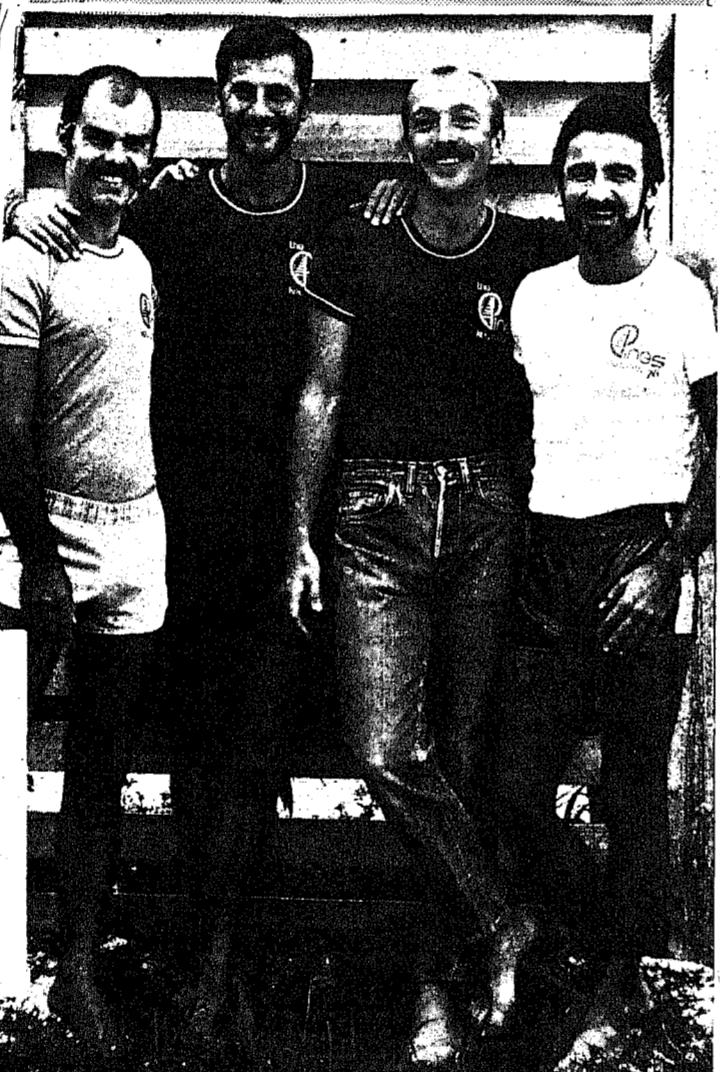
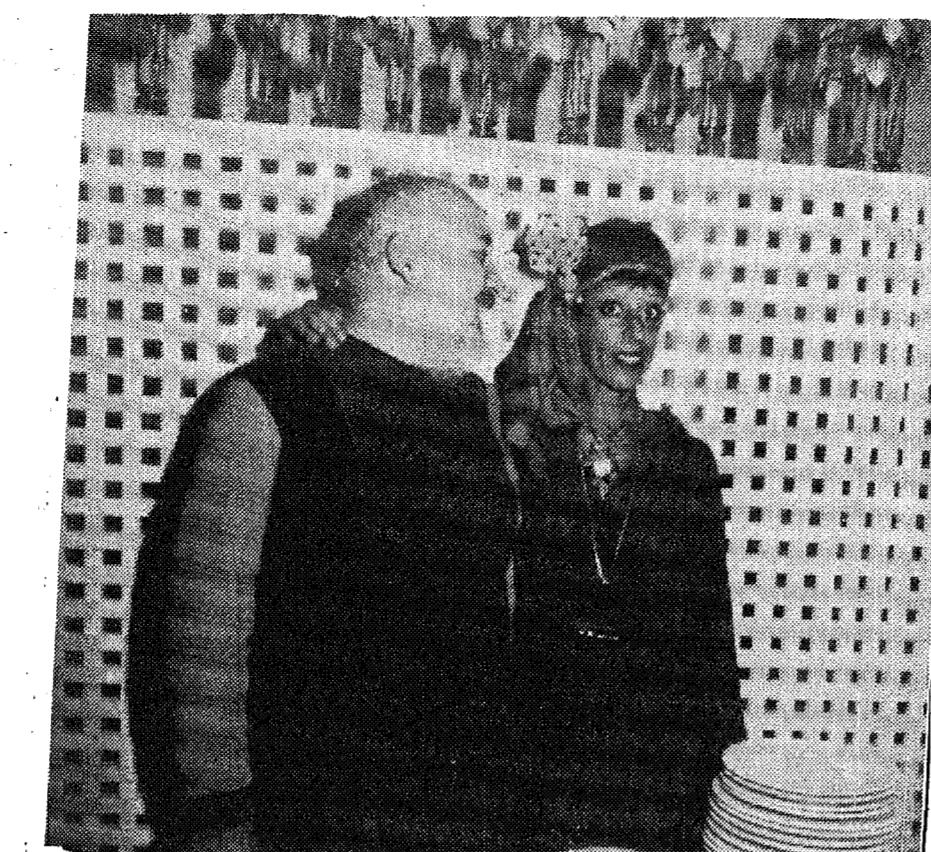
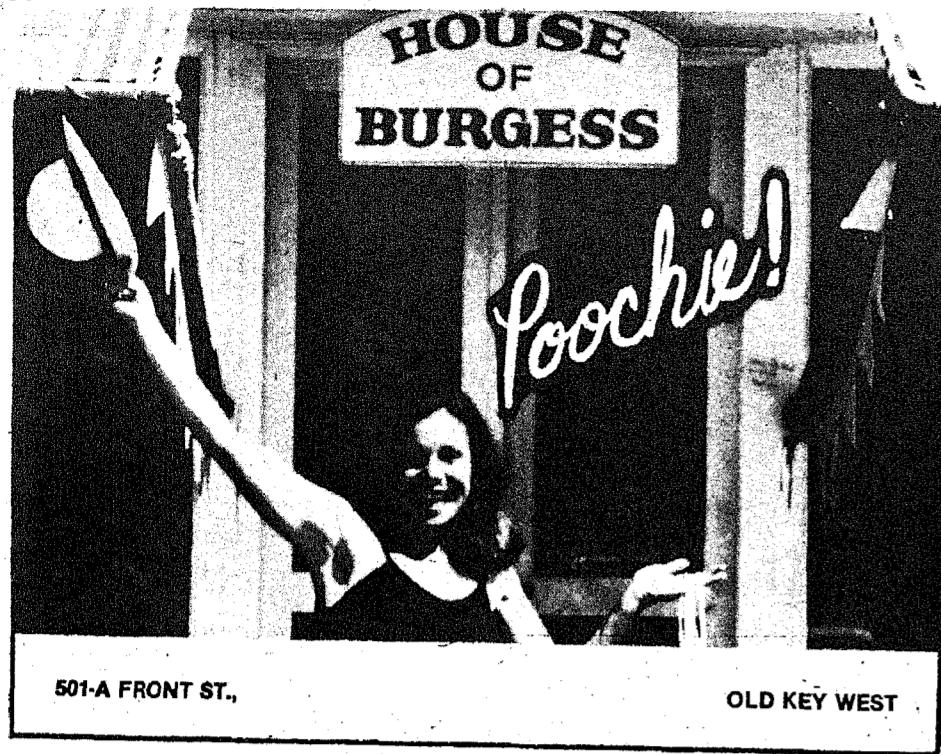
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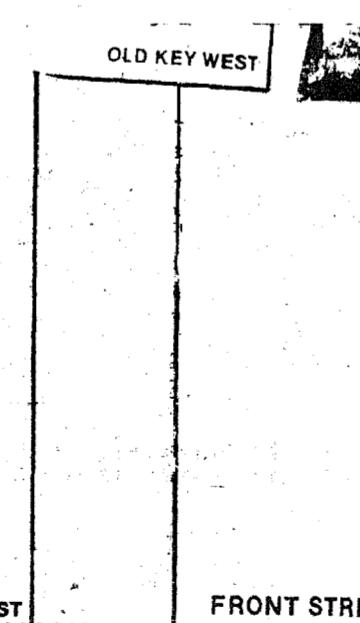
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