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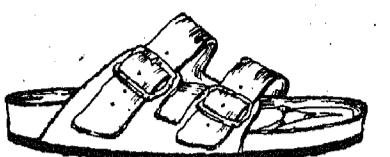
Vol. V, No. IX

Key West, Florida

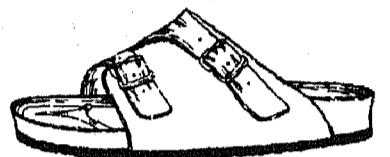
October 1980



FROM THE EDITOR



**BIRKENSTOCKS.
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LIKE SANDALS.
THEY FIT
LIKE
FOOTPRINTS.**



...footprints

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Hello

I received a letter a week ago that was addressed to Ms. Kay West, Solares Hill, etc.

Dennis Pharmacy received a flurry of calls after Frances Signorelli's column was read (or mis-read) last month. She was writing about returning to Key West at night after a trip and stopping in at the pharmacy. She wrote "A dip into Dennis Pharmacy, which is thinking of closing up," I read that to mean closing up for the night, but others read it as closing its doors for good and phoned David to find out if this were true. Thankfully, it is not true and I apologize for any confusion caused by the article.

Hey, we're bursting with ads this issue. Ordinarily we would add an extra four pages to make for more copy but this month we're hurting for money. Many of our advertisers have been unable to pay as promptly as they would generally so that has left us short and we've got to trim our expenses for this issue. Next month we hope to have our bills caught up and we expect that we will have a large paper.

Speaking of next month, I hope to have an interesting article on why some outrageous buildings are permitted in the historical part of our city. Another piece I plan to run in November is by Gil Ryder. He shares with us a very interesting correspondence he has been having with various State officials about getting a public beach at Ft. Taylor. It is amazing what one man can accomplish if he sets his mind to it - and it looks like Gil might be on the way to a signal accomplishment.

A woman called me to tell me that she was very upset that the recent candidate forums did not include questions from the floor. She feels that the voters want an opportunity to question the candidates personally and I agree with her. Perhaps we could have a candidate's night that was run like a town meeting with plenty of questions from the floor. This same

woman pointed out to me that banks didn't have to pay for occupational licenses - if this is so, I wonder why?

Is this golf course deal a little shaky? I understand that some commissioners are having second thoughts about the Woods - Arnheim proposal as it has been submitted. I hope that we can look into this for November, also.

See you next month.

WT

Our cover artist this time is Hudson Meek. An ad for her personalized Christmas cards is on page 19.



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

ART DIRECTION.....WALT HYLA

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WARREN "SUPER CONCH" LOWE

THE DICTIONARY TELLS us that a bohemian is a person of irregular life or habits who consciously or unconsciously secedes from conventionality in life and art. We often think of beatniks and hippies as being bohemians, at least in regards to their personal appearance and counter-culture viewpoints. Clearly persons with such easily recognizable counter-styles make up that group which has consciously seceded from conventionality. Those who unconsciously secede from conventionality are perhaps a truer cast of bohemian in that they are unaffectedly and uncaringly themselves.

In their lifestyles and their art, members of this second group are by their natures outside of, and unaffected by, conventional norms and traditions. Generally, the truer bohemian is a self-sufficient individual whose material needs are few and whose priorities are stacked on a more metaphysical plane. Where the beatnik or hippy is known widely for his active and often resentful denunciation of the status quo, the truer bohemian is less a protester than a doer. He is less obtrusive in his public statements and so engaged in his own life and work that he may appear only slightly eccentric, if not normal. He follows his own instincts with a belief in himself that is unassailably by conventional mores. He has his own rationales and justifications which can not logically be contrasted with more standard ones, for an untranscendable gulf of philosophy separates the two. Had he a golden rule, it would be 'live and let live.'

DESPITE A WISH to live and let live, the natural bohemian is still encapsulated in a society that places much emphasis on normality and standardness. Rather than fighting City Hall, the natural bohemian simply ignores it. His inclination is to live outside the law and, as Dylan told us, to do this a person must be honest. But in structuring his life so as to take seriously only that which he feels to be important, the natural bohemian often runs afoul of minor bureaucratic snags that cause him eventual frustration.

Warren Lowe was one such person who lived his life in a manner that he thought honest and that he knew burdened no other members of society. Yet Warren had his share of snags and quarrels with those representatives of society whose penchant is the neat classification of everyone under their jurisdiction. He was not one who consciously planned the disruption of bureaucratic processes; he simply didn't recognize their relationship to him.

BORN IN KEY West in the comfortable 1920's, Warren was the second son of Ted and Mary Lowe. Mr. Lowe was for years a

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fisherman and charter boat mate. His nautical abilities were inherited by Warren and his brothers. All the Lowes have been at one time or another fishermen or boat builders. Warren's individuality and inherent craftsmanship abilities stood out when he was quite young. As the leader of the mischievous Swamp Gang, a loose band of urchins whose realm was the salt ponds behind the airport, Warren sawed and hammered together his first construction of size--an

catches included a pile of straw hats, several wicker baskets containing fresh vegetables and a rickshaw too large to get in the window.

After the Army, Warren returned to Key West and found employment as a carpenter and, from time to time, as a musician. Through his talents he had taught himself to play the guitar. He had devised his own method of reading music, and his talents eventually embraced the trumpet, piano and saxophone. In his

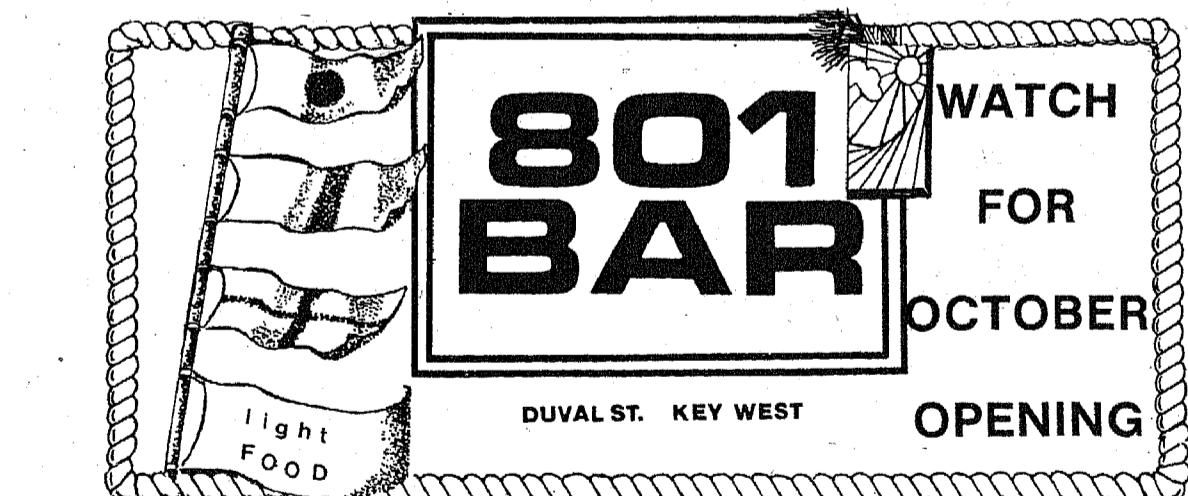


Warren Lowe and Nora Nablo—one of Key West's great couples.

Later years he composed several free flowing opuses in the vein of progressive jazz.

AMONG THE MANY jobs he had, Warren was the foreman during the construction of the Searstown shopping center, built in the early 60's. He was familiar with blueprints and specifications, and he oversaw the project with a dedicated thoroughness that several times caught the planners in error. He was not one to compromise quality to efficiency, and when he pointed out the structural weakness of the marquee on the movie theatre, the engineers didn't agree with him. He quit the job in protest—only to be proven correct a week later when a high wind blew down the marquee.

This incident was particularly meaningful to him, for it brought home to him the realization that his island hometown gradually was being turned over



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to speculators and land barons from the mainland. A patient man, only a few things raised his ire--among them bad music and shoddy construction. He foresaw a loss of character in Key West that may have been demonstrated first in the Seawtown project and which subsequently has been too often the rule rather than the exception in the island's development.

DURING THE RAPID expansion of the shrimp industry in the 1950's, Warren constructed the largest boat of his career--a 65-foot shrimp boat built in a corner of the local cemetery. This was a year-long project from which he made enough money to relax for another year. Warren was never idle. If he took a year off from formal employment he spent his time either fishing or building skiffs or playing music or--his favorite pastime--expounding his beliefs about what was important in life. His dialogues were heavily colored with the expletives and connective phrases popular among 40's jazz musicians, but his basic beliefs were not so different from the humane concepts that characterize civilized men.

WARREN'S WAS NOT a forceful voice, but it was intense and soothing at the same time. His flow of dialogue was smooth--unbroken by ums or ahs--and he was able to lay his ideas out as clearly as a poker hand. When confronted with persons of more traditional viewpoints he seldom sought to contest or refute their rebuttals to his ideas. His attitude toward those who wouldn't accept his statements, those who for one reason or another wished to prove him wrong through formal argument, was a shrug of his shoulders and a slight shaking of his head--much like an abstract painter in the presence of an inquisitive dawager. You either understand it, lady, or you don't.

IT WAS IN a sense this obtuseness

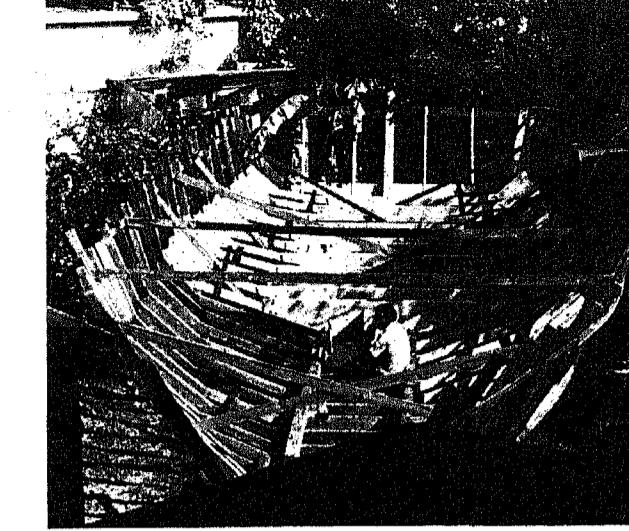
in gauging other people's outlooks that resulted in Warren's minor, but frequent, conflicts with various governmental agencies. He was not a man of excesses. He rose early, retired early and his days were seldom spent lying in a hammock. He was known to take a glass of wine or a couple of beers, but drunkenness captured him no more often than German measles. If he altered his consciousness at all it was with *cannabis sativa* but even this form of diversion he handled with moderation. And so the two years he spent in jail for the possession of one cigarette caused a change in him--a bitter change--that he seldom talked about but which was evident by an increased stridency in his narratives. Nowadays marijuana is not viewed with the gloowering condemnation that it was 20 years ago. Back then the hemp was equated with heroin, death and debilitation. It would not be fair to speculate whether Warren's slightly eccentric lifestyle was a factor in the stern, unfair sentence he received for possession of less than five grams, but it is known that the one cigarette was offered to him as a gift by a narcotics agent who arrested Warren after he had accepted the gift.

WARREN OFTEN DEFINED intelligence as the ability to cope with a unique environment. For a person of his unencumbered lifestyle, it was not so much the deprivation of material comfort that he had to cope with in jail, as the imposed structuring of his time and pursuits. Nevertheless, his natural inclination as a doer carried him more intensely into his music. Branching out from the guitar and trumpet, which he had taught himself during his adolescence, he took up piano. Within a short time he was able to give lessons to other prisoners on all three instruments. It was not long before he headed the prison's music department. Besides lessons, he organized musical groups that entertained the

mates as well as social gatherings outside of the prison. While there he also drew plans for a 42-foot schooner which he built after his parole with the help of his brothers, and christened the *Ibex*. An ibex is a sure-footed goat-like animal that inhabits the rugged piedmonts of the Alps and Himalayas. Being a Capricorn himself, it was not coincidental that he chose this same name for a later boat he built for himself.

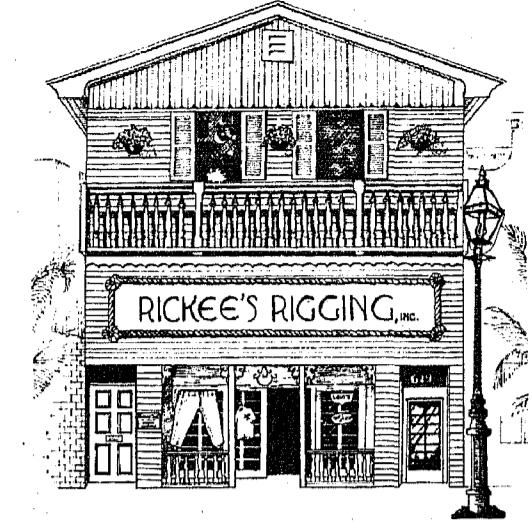
A FEW YEARS later, at a time when he occupied a shop on Greene Street where he made sandals, Warren began work on the *Ibex II*. He was out walking one day when he discovered a large piece of wood that suggested the beginning of a keel. He hauled the length of wood into the backyard of the shop and began the long job of building his boat. Unlike the many other boats he had built, this project was one financed by himself. Consequently materials could be purchased only in small quantities as money from his sandal-making came in. Rather than using a formal set of plans (except for a rough sketch), Warren measured and planned the rib work by eye, letting his instinct and experience account for the positioning of each plank. Even for a craftsman of his experience there were numerous problems in fitting the boat together. Never a quitter, his most pronounced statement that summer was the affirmative, "I'll wig it out. Just a little time and I'll wig it out." He had a plan in his mind for a work boat he could live aboard. When the exterior hull, planking and cabin were finished, a large crane was hired to lift the skeletal *Ibex* out of the backyard and set her in the water. Warren continued the finish work for several months, and he included many unique comforts even for a live-aboard work boat. Cushioned

benches, cabinets, shelves, folding table--Warren made the small interior of the 30-footer into a comfortable living room.



Warren pondering his next move.

UPON COMPLETION, THE boat became Warren's home for several years. When not out fishing, the *Ibex* occupied a small pier that was at the end of a spit of marl at the Niles boatyard on Stock Island. The strip of marl leading out to his boat often would be covered by high tide, which made the boat appear to be anchored offshore. Warren enjoyed his solitary dockage--away from the shore (and mosquitoes) but close enough for supplies and visitors. His choice of dockage kind of mirrored his view of society at that time. On the outskirts of society at least he could screen who he wished to see, and indulge his outgoing manner with the few people he called



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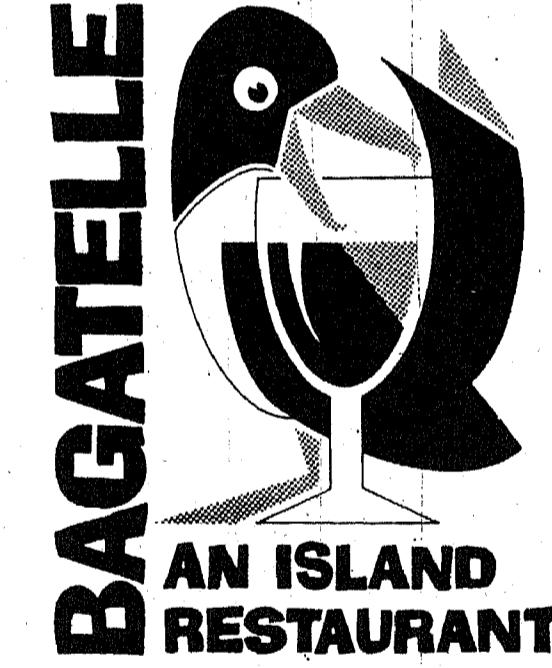
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friends. He was like a hermit who granted frequent audiences to a few understanding souls. Warren was no hermit, however, even though he seldom left his boat to go into town. Everything he needed came to him. What he needed then were people he dug being with—people whose views might not have been quite the same as his, but whose tolerance for the absurdities of modern life was as thin as his.

WARREN'S RELATIONSHIP WITH one of his closest friends was often disguised as an overburdened toleration that he felt obliged to extend because the friend, also a fisherman, had proven in the past to be very in tune with Warren's style and outlook. One day a mutual friend of Warren's and the fisherman's borrowed a wrench from the fisherman. The mutual friend said he would return the wrench as soon as possible. The fisherman replied, "I don't care when you bring it back; it's Warren's wrench anyway." When the friend brought the wrench back, the fisherman wasn't home. So the friend gave the wrench back to Warren. When the fisherman found out that the friend had given the wrench back to its rightful owner, all hell broke loose. The wrench was but a cog in the circular war of favors that Warren and the fisherman had been having during their time as neighbors. The wrench, evidently, was not to be returned to Warren by the fisherman until a spool of fishing line that Warren had borrowed from the fisherman (and lost!) was replaced. In turn, the overdue replacement of the line was because of an earlier indiscretion on the part of the fisherman in describing his neighbor as an overrated 'super-conch.' For this Warren wanted a verbal apology, which the fisherman certainly never would give.

THROUGHOUT THE COLD war, requests for help between the two friends—like wrenches, fishing gear, cups of sugar or apologies—were never acknowledged but always met. With much complaint and many

belittling comments, either Warren or the fisherman would delve into his tool chest or refrigerator or medicine cabinet to give his annoying neighbor what was requested—fully aware that the item being loaned would never willingly be returned. It was their way of giving gifts—always disguised as a loan. They'd remind each other of the list of materials or favors owed and begin the process of 'paying back' as soon as it could be established which of them had made the last loan. Their checklist of accounts receivable would inevitably not coincide, and argument and accusation would further obscure the trail of favors—like wind covering a horse's trail. The accounts receivable of both men were destined intentionally to remain forever unpaid, and to be covered by the bickerings and contumaciousness that camouflaged both of their soft spots.

WARREN'S STRENGTH OF character and dominant self-assurance were perhaps best exemplified throughout the last few months of his life. He was told by doctors that the cancer developing within him would likely prove fatal, but his attitude remained optimistic. His belief was that everyone must face death not as an end but as an opportunity to be finally assumed into the Life Force that he believed was the essence of being. He firmly believed that he was going to get better, if not in his physical being, then in his spiritual being.

It is sad that someone whose life had been so free and uncluttered by formality had to spend his last days in the stark ward of a hospital. But even there, near the end, his outlook was buoyant. His last coherent words were uttered with his characteristic smile: "I had a good day yesterday. I was sailing off the cape with N. and V.—a very beautiful day."

sh

ELECTION EDITORIAL

THE CITIZENS OF Monroe County now have a Sheriff's Department of which they justifiably can be very proud.

Sheriff Freeman has accomplished almost unbelievable results in just four short years, during which time he has stoically accepted abuse, lawsuits and unpleasant propaganda.

Freeman has undoubtedly made some errors during his first term as Sheriff, and he has been roundly criticized because of them. He has accepted the criticism, recognized and corrected errors, but he has not allowed the errors, or the criticism, to disconcert him. He has remained steadfast in pursuit of his goal: a Sheriff's Department that the citizens can be proud of.

WE HAVE ONLY to scan the headlines of the past four years to realize that Sheriff Freeman has had his department conduct a relentless war against illegal drug dealers—and if we have the patience to read the stories under the headlines, we must become aware of the fact that Freeman has had outstanding cooperation from other law enforcement agencies in these matters.

Freeman has served successfully and honorably on the Monroe County Commission and with the Florida State Legislature. Now Freeman is winding up his first term as Sheriff of Monroe County, with honor and outstanding success.

UNQUESTIONABLY, FREEMAN'S OPPONENTS will have the support of friends and relatives. Personal loyalty must be expected and respected, but the vast majority of thinking citizens should be out en masse on October 7th to give Freeman a thundering landslide majority.

The voters must keep in mind that the Sheriff himself is not a policeman as much as he is, and must be, an administrator. His job is not to go out and handcuff criminals, but rather to direct and coordinate the work of those who do make the actual arrests.

THE SHERIFF MUST also be, when the need arises, a diplomat, a psychologist, and a salesman. In other words, whether we like it or not, the cold facts of life absolutely demand that the Sheriff must be a skilled politician, because he must deal with politicians as well as with deputies, jailers, cooks, secretaries and others under his supervision. "Politician" is not a four-letter word. A little reading of history will show that both saints and sinners have worn that label.

ON OCTOBER 7TH, let's all keep in mind that Freeman does not need the job, but the job sure needs Freeman. If Freeman supporters do not get out and vote on October 7th, they may not be able to vote for him on November 4th.

Let's keep the badge on Billy!

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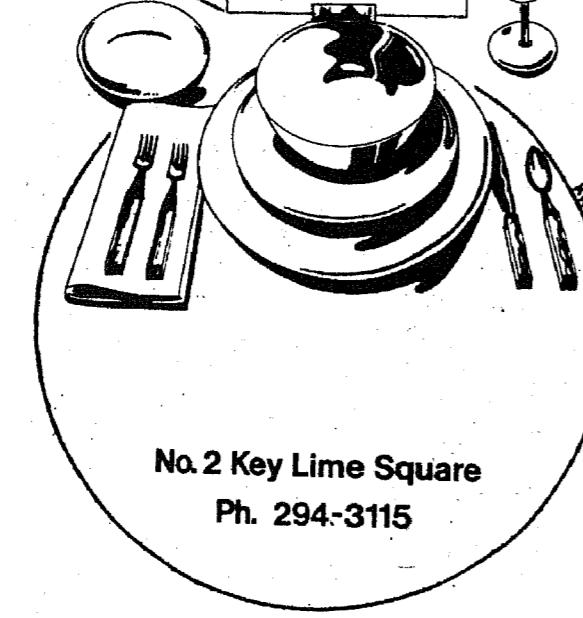
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FANTASY FESTERING

BY HELEN R. CHAPMAN

I HAD ANOTHER of my ridiculous dreams the other night. This time it was about Fantasy Fest. There I was, decked out as Marie Antoinette with a three-foot hairdo topped by a cage full of glittering palmetto bugs and wearing a hooped skirt that could knock down the bikes in front of The Bull and sweep John Dedek's patio at the same time.

As we approached Duval and Eaton, Jimmy Carter entered the parade dressed as a maharajah and riding an elephant. Everyone was throwing peanuts to the elephant, but Jimmy was catching them. The elephant bellowed in protest a few times and sprayed the spectators with oil.

SUDDENLY, OUT OF nowhere, came Ronald Reagan in full cowboy regalia, galloping a pony at high speed. He squealed to a halt in front of Carter and yelled, "You stole my elephant!" Carter peered down from his lofty perch and pointed accusingly: "You stole my fantasy!" The elephant became quite excited by all this. Six horses couldn't have created the spectacle the pachyderm then made, but the parade wasn't interrupted for long.

John Anderson came running down the middle of the road with a giant broom and dustpan. Someone called for the Sheriff, but there was some confusion as to who should be called.

A LADY AT curbside said to a friend, "What bore! Last year there were lots of naked men." Her friend replied, "Wait till the Monster float comes along." And just then it did—with everyone dressed as medieval soldiers in armor. Their theme was, "Nights of the Turn Table."

The parade continued peacefully for a while. There was one minor incident when Bun Farto was seen, costumed as a Spanish conquistadore, sneaking around lighting matches, but he disappeared when someone told him the desal plant was operating again.

WE CARRIED ON. My skirt had now collected every cigarette butt, paper cup, candy wrapper, beer can and dog dropping on Duval Street. I was thought to be a CETA employee by some of the crowd. The palmetto bugs had eaten through the cage and were working on my hairdo. Would this nightmare ever end?

We finally reached Truman Avenue where the parade speeded up, due to several floats being mugged and having to drop out. We'd lost the elephant, unfortunately, but dreams being dreams, the only one who lasted through the entire ride was me.

IT FINALLY DID end, right in front of the judges' stand. Someone was throwing loaves of stale Cuban bread at me and I didn't see the open manhole. Nothing was left of me but my voluminous skirt and a voice crying, "Let'em eat cake!"

JUST A FEW wheel revolutions. Down the road to Number Five, Hilton Haven. The particular climate in which I always find my friend Deane Heller says, "You are at Deane's, nowhere else." Deane's power is such that Deane's own existence condenses around her. Ah, the paradoxes of the writer. Deane... tough and tender, cross and generous, gallant and imperious, girlish-vampy with a steel blade mind. The arf, arf, arf of Poo, the teeny mini poodle, pink skin through tufts of white hair, arf-arf, like a small jack hammer until she is acknowledged. Fat history biographies lying about. Deane generally possesses a profound national political sense. The Martha Nell wonderful primitive hanging there. I relinquished it for a house warming gift. The accoutrements for very tricky gourmet cuisine, as Deane is a tigress at sought-after parties, occasionally with the great and the near great bobbing about. Her fluff of scarf in the hair. Lovely young-woman voice. Gaze over my coffee cup out over the tree planted in memory of Ed Heffer. The flash of cobalt, the pool. A satisfying sit with Deane and her small crystal champagne glass. Satisfying fearlessly to probe with a trusted, brilliant, ethically aware, avant garde old friend all the puzzles, contrtemps and bewilderments of Life USA, '80.

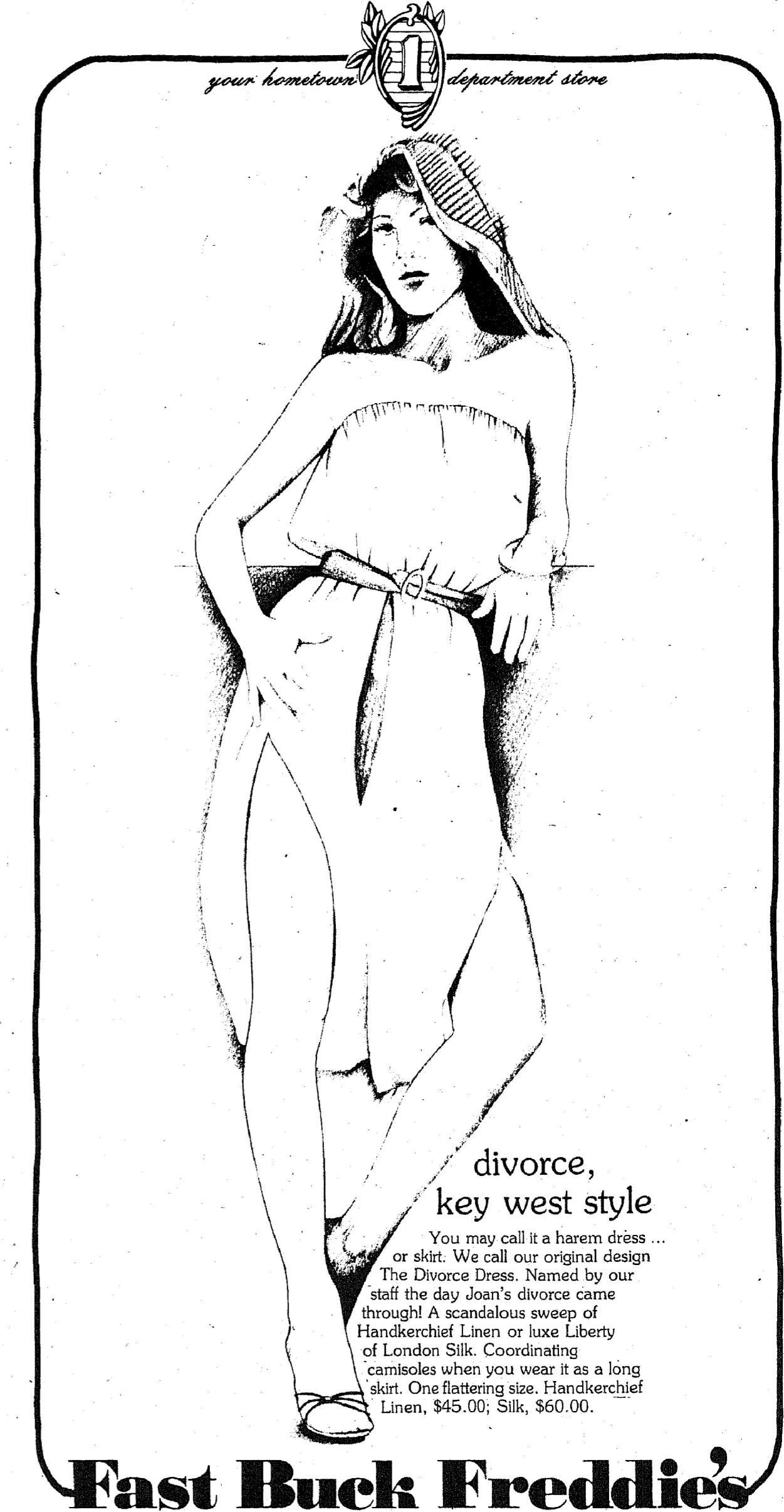


VISITING ON HILTON HAVEN

A SMALL, WET October breeze blows up the leg of my pants suit. Rain falls slantwise; the streets are like varnish. Pull up in the Fiesta. It's Merili McCoy's organic family-style house which peers out over the Gulf on that tongue of sand, Hilton Haven. Merili has her mother (Ava Hilton's) sharp, kind, deep, brisk blue eyes, though there is something of "Conrad Hilton's niece" about her. Enter a pandemonium of Life. Humming Cuisinart masticating cole slaw. Timmie, an 18-year-old of the McCoy tribe, passes through chewing an octuple layered mustard, pickle, peanut butter, chili sauce, tomato, mayonnaise, canned peach, hibiscus petal sandwich. Smell a roast in the microwave. The mayor dives out the door looking like a monarch from another planet. Or is it Picasso during his Blue Period?

THREE LIGHTS FLASH on the telephone attached beside a freezer the size of A & B Fish House. Looking about while Merili accepts a club dinner and turns down arranging flowers for a convention of Iranian mediums. Decor: faintly mod, yards of poured floors, businesslike counters, ship type metal stairway, airy space teeming with pictures, tennis rackets, skateboards, Mexican trays, water skis, flower pots, posters, a wee black and white TV set. Good, old furniture standbys like longggg table for grown-ups, longggg table for kids. (Lined up there dinnertime like a half dozen cans of Green Giant peas on Winn-Dixie shelves.) Old, reliable piano. Peep into a closet. For brooms. Dark as the inside of a city commissioner. When Merili is not working on her compost pile, she is answering the architect business telephone or renting a Hilton Haven Motel efficiency. When she is not flying out to a university women's meeting, she is shooting a whole bunch of kids ahead of her headed for St. Mary's church. Fall on knees. Ask God. Give me more time.

JUST A FEW wheel revolutions. Down the road to Number Five, Hilton Haven. The particular climate in which I always find my friend Deane Heller says, "You are at Deane's, nowhere else." Deane's power is such that Deane's own existence condenses around her. Ah, the paradoxes of the writer. Deane... tough and tender, cross and generous, gallant and imperious, girlish-vampy with a steel blade mind. The arf, arf, arf of Poo, the teeny mini poodle, pink skin through tufts of white hair, arf-arf, like a small jack hammer until she is acknowledged. Fat history biographies lying about. Deane generally possesses a profound national political sense. The Martha Nell wonderful primitive hanging there. I relinquished it for a house warming gift. The accoutrements for very tricky gourmet cuisine, as Deane is a tigress at sought-after parties, occasionally with the great and the near great bobbing about. Her fluff of scarf in the hair. Lovely young-woman voice. Gaze over my coffee cup out over the tree planted in memory of Ed Heffer. The flash of cobalt, the pool. A satisfying sit with Deane and her small crystal champagne glass. Satisfying fearlessly to probe with a trusted, brilliant, ethically aware, avant garde old friend all the puzzles, contrtemps and bewilderments of Life USA, '80.



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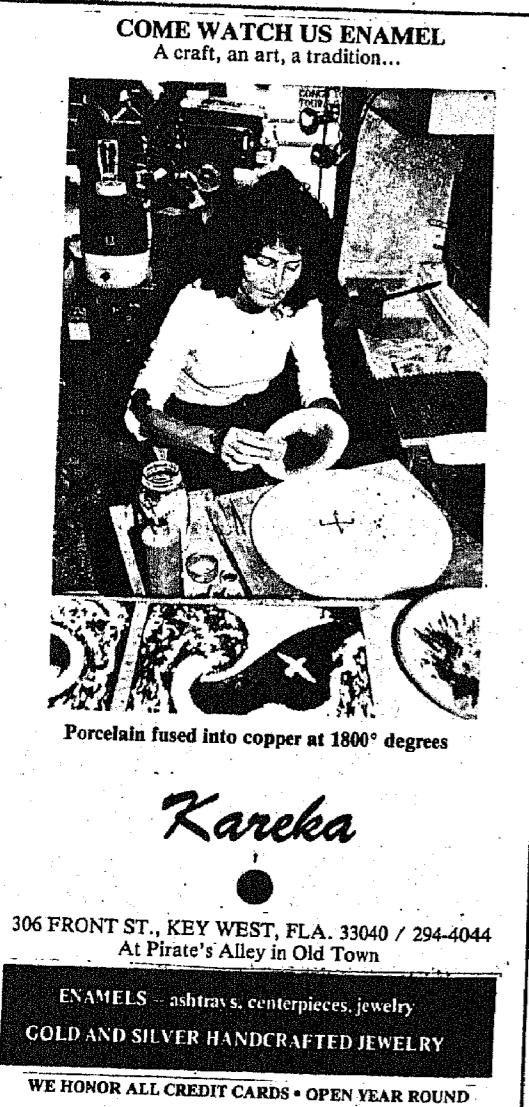
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my expertise, I'll be glad to confer," he asserted, "but I trust the Public Safety director and his personnel; I will leave them in charge of running their own departments."

WHAT ABOUT THE policemen themselves? What are their feelings about the internal workings of their department?

"No complaints, to the best of my knowledge," confided Chief James. "All grievances come to me. I have not received one in the past year from the Policemen's Benevolent Association. I don't believe they're bargaining for anything except increased wages. That, of course, is more or less a constant."

A spokesman for the P.B.A., however, did express feelings that the Key West force was significantly understaffed. "We're running approximately 43% below the national standards," he observed. "How can we give adequate police protection with so few police officers?"

WHEN ASKED WHETHER the \$3,500 in training monies could be allotted for salaries, Police Chief James answered in the negative: "That money is slotted just for schooling and preparation. It can't be used for wages."

THE OVERALL POLICE picture in Key West, then, approximates much of what it did a year ago, with the major differences being that fewer officers are leaving, thanks to the passage of the referendum. It would be safe to assume, therefore, that the quality of the staff itself is better and stronger. Deficiencies appear to stem, not from an unconcerned or irresponsible police force, but from the shortage of its manpower, which necessarily makes priority of request most important. If some flaw seems to stand out, or if the force has not responded to provide assistance and relief, the fault may lie, not in the force itself, but in the lack of it.

FANTASY FEST

LAST YEAR'S FANTASY Festival saw 3000 people at the Opening Ceremonies of the Sunset Food Festival ... the Mistress of Madness regaled the crowd with her incantation over a bubbling cauldron at the water's edge. Meanwhile, Junkanoo bands played island music and revelers spent the evening sampling conch chowder, conch won-ton, fruit delights and lots of tropical drinks. At 10:00 p.m., 450 people attended the Masked Fantasy Ball held last year at Marriott's Casa



Marina) and danced the night away. Winners of the costume competition flew off to a weekend in New York, courtesy of Marriott and Air Florida.

SATURDAY'S GRAND PARADE was outstanding. Ten thousand people lined Duval Street to watch 17 floats and hundreds of marchers pass. To say the floats were unique is an understatement: you've never seen floats like these anywhere else in the world.

The Individual Costume Competition was a study in the limitless imagination of mankind. The 1st-prize winner, an incredibly detailed robot, walked off with \$1000 cash. Runners-up received secondary prizes, and Mr. Tennessee Williams was one of our judges.

Sunday, we ate brunch, cleaned up the streets, said "Let's do it again next year," and went home to SLEEP.

THE SCHEDULED EVENTS for this year are:

FRIDAY, OCT. 31

SUNSET FOOD FEST. Takes place at the water's edge, on Old Mallory Docks, from Sunset 'til 9:00 p.m. Our own Mistress of Madness arrives in style and invokes all festive spirits to join in the revelry. Meanwhile, live bands belt out island entertainment and the crowds cruise the culinary cornucopia spread before them. We emphasize the exotic, with an array of native delicacies found nowhere else on earth. Beer, wine and tropical toddies are also available ... as well as the official T-shirt of Fantasy Fest '80.

MASKED FANTASYBALL. 10:00 p.m. 'til you're ready to call it a night. Hosted by the Key Wester Inn on the south side of the island, a total of 230 sought-after tickets will go for \$15 apiece. (Working press registered with Fest '80 will be admitted free.) This gala affair features free munchies, cash bar, live music and dancing. A COSTUME JUDGING will be held, and first prize is a Mystery Weekend for Two, courtesy of Air Florida.

SATURDAY, NOV. 1

KID'S HALLOWEEN PARTY. Bayview Park 2 to 4 p.m. Traditional games, entertainment, free candy.

GRAND PARADE OF FANTASY. This is the BIG EVENT. Fantasy as only Key West affords it. The most extravagant, outrageous floats in the world. Marching bands. And hundreds of costumed individuals marauding down famous Duval Street. It starts at 9:00 p.m. and ends when it ends. When it does, our celebrity panel of judges inspects entrants in the INDIVIDUAL COSTUME COMPETITION. A CPA firm keeps the tally straight. The first place winner takes \$1000 CASH. We top it all off with a Street Party 'til the wee hours.

SUNDAY, NOV. 2

HANGOVER BRUNCHES. All over town ... and you're gonna NEED one!

AFTERNOON ROCK CONCERT, to help you wind down your Weekend of Whimsy.

CHILDREN'S EVENTS

This year, Fantasy Festival is sponsoring a Children's Party, Saturday, November 1, from 2 to 4 p.m., at Bayview Park. A party featuring traditional Halloween games is planned, along with prizes, candy, etc. All activities are free. Children are urged to come in costume if they wish, but it is not required.

The highlight of the party will be the appearance of the one-and-only BURGER KING and his court, sponsored by the Burger King franchise of the Florida Keys. The King will entertain throughout the afternoon.

A Halloween poster contest involving all the City's grammar schools is also being coordinated. Further information on this will be released as it develops. Mrs. Sunny Kuris, director of A Sunny Day School, is coordinator of the party.

SPECIAL NOTE

Children of all ages are welcome to view Saturday Night's Grand Parade, but we DO suggest that they are accompanied by parent or guardian. This is for their own protection, due to the crowds expected, and the open consumption of alcohol in paper cups along the parade route.

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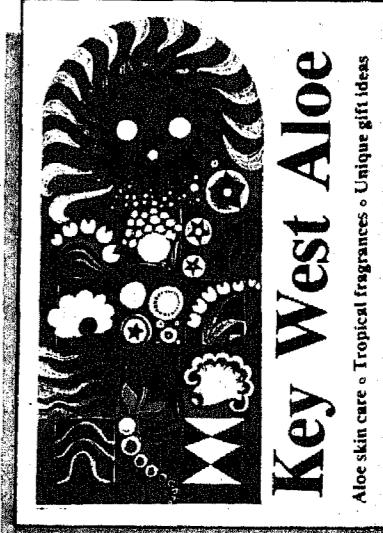
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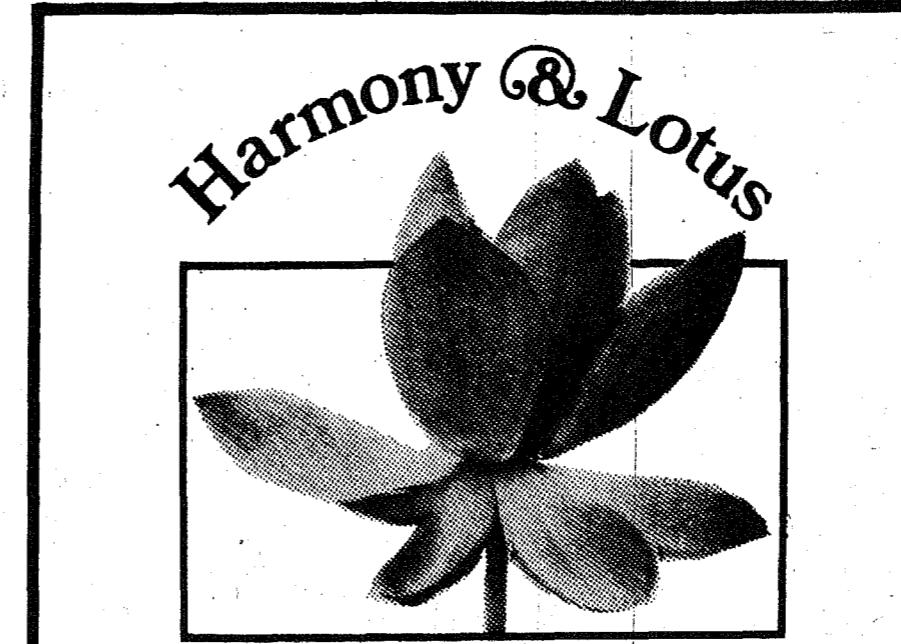
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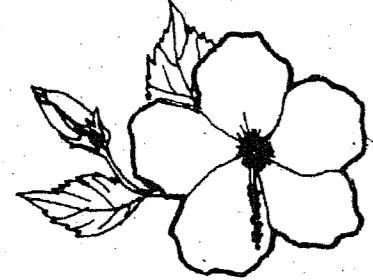
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THE DECAY OF HISTORIC BUILDINGS ON TRUMAN ANNEX

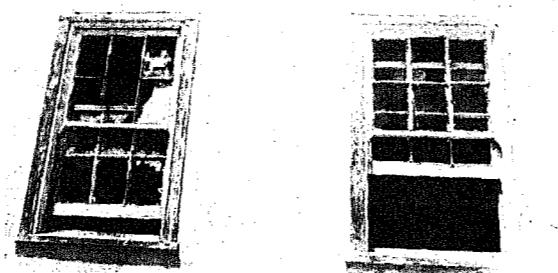
BY SHARON WELLS

Beyond the wrought iron fence lining Whitehead Street lies a collection of historic, unique structures on Truman Annex. This treasury of military edifices exemplifies a maritime architecture that further defines that special heritage of Key West.

Today, both the masonry buildings which still bear the stamp of careful craftsmanship and ornamentation, and the wood frame residences, similar in design and construction technique to Conch houses, are in danger. They suffer from neglect, lack of maintenance and non-use.

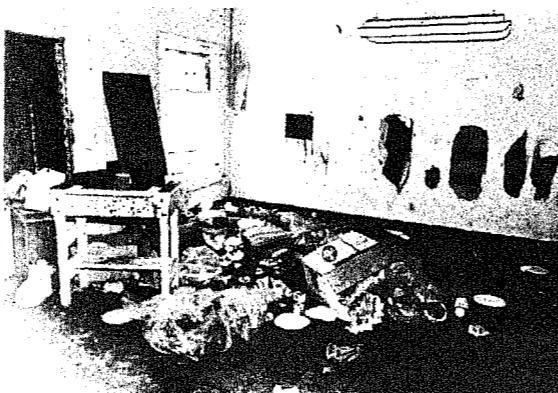
The buildings stand as ghosts of the past—many of them abandoned. Only two, the 1845 Marine Hospital and Building 21, the old Power Plant, are currently rented under the 30-day lease agreements utilized by the Key West Redevelopment Agency.

It seems a crime that proper management and maintenance of the historic buildings have not been priorities of the caretakers of Truman Annex.



INSPECTION OF THE area yielded the following discoveries:

- Open and accessible entry to nearly half of the 18 buildings.
- Broken windows and doors, torn screens.
- Structural damage throughout the Seamen's Barracks (Building 66) resulting from extensive roof damage and consequent leaks.
- Roof leaks in several of the quarters.



- Piles of garbage and trash within several historic buildings.
- Evidence of transients' use as crash pads.
- General and widespread decay of structural conditions.
- Lack of security.

THE DISTINGUISHED LEGACY of history contained within the walls of these structures will soon be lost. Their conservation and adaptive re-use as future extensions to Old Town is becoming more costly through negligence and inattention.

Those concerned should contact the Key West Redevelopment Agency to express their concern.

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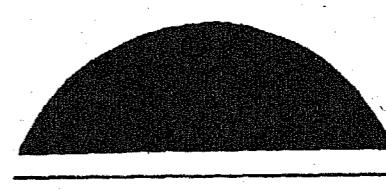
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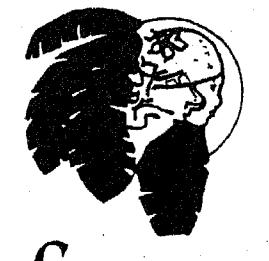
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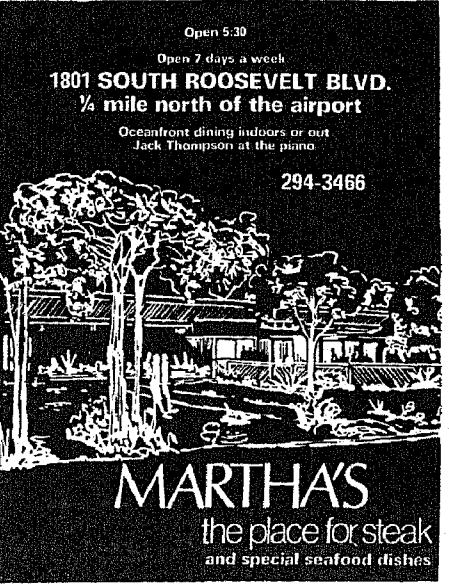
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CITY CHARTER

Gil Ryder

found a good bit of it difficult and tedious reading.

Article VIII, for instance, seems to repeat a good deal of Article III in slightly different wording.

The existing Charter was written in 1945 and since that time various things have occurred to make parts of the Charter debatable or even just obsolete. For example, the State adopted a new Constitution in 1968 and the Home Rule Powers Act in 1973, necessitating a revision of the Charter in order to have it conform with the new laws.

THE COMMITTEE APPOINTED to revise the Charter was made up of: Alton Weekley, Chairman; David Freeman; Peter L. Ilchuk; Charles Ramos; and Louis Signorelli.

All members and the Chairman worked on a strictly volunteer basis. They gave a great deal of time and effort over a period of more than six months, analyzing and correcting the old Charter, and bringing about a modification and simplification which is the new Charter.

The citizens of Key West will be asked to vote on November 4th to accept or reject the new Charter. They gave a great deal of time and effort over a period of more than six months, analyzing and correcting the old Charter, and bringing about a modification and simplification which is the new Charter.

The citizens of Key West will be asked to vote on November 4th to accept or reject the new Charter. The probability is that the majority of the voters will not take the time to read the new Charter. Therefore, Solares Hill has undertaken to have it read, and from this reading make a recommendation.

It should be understood that the reader is a layman, not a lawyer, and has no claim to professional expertise in analyzing documents—legal or otherwise.

SOLARES HILL recommends that the citizens vote to accept the new City Charter on the grounds that it is an improvement, simplification, and modernization of the old Charter. This recommendation is made even though we do not approve of all the phraseology, and we

ARTICLE VI - 6.06 specifies that the City ad valorem tax shall not exceed 9 mills for 1981, 8 mills for 1982, 7 mills for 1983, and 6 mills thereafter. No fault to find with 6.06—but—too many taxpayers believe that this will result in a 40% reduction in the tax they pay, and that is not the case.

For example, if homestead is now evaluated at \$30,000 for tax purposes, and the owner benefits by a \$5,000 Homestead Exemption, the City tax is levied against \$25,000 at 10 mills, or \$250 this year. If compliance with State law forces the tax value of that property to \$50,000 for 1981, less \$5,000 Homestead Exemption, it would mean 9 mills levied against \$45,000, resulting in a tax bill of \$405. So you see, instead of a 40% reduction, there would be an increase of almost 100% for 1981.

CARRY THIS ON to the ultimate 6 mills in 1984 and the tax on the same property would be down to \$270—still not a 40% reduction, but, as a matter of fact, still an increase over the original \$250. We must consider the possibility that Homestead Exemption may be increased to \$25,000. In that case, the same property would be paying ad valorem tax on only \$25,000, making the 1981 tax \$225 and the tax for 1984 \$150—a tax reduction of over 25%.

Unfortunately, we don't know what our new assessed values will be, neither do we know whether or not the Homestead Exemption will be increased. We can be pretty certain, however, that our ad valorem taxes, in actual money, will not be reduced by 40% this year or next.

All of this is not intended as a diatribe against Article VI - 6.06 nor against the Charter as a whole. It is intended as a word of caution for those (and they are many) who expect a dramatic drop in ad valorem taxes in the near future. We must all realize that, if the dollar volume of taxes were reduced by 40%, Key West probably could not survive as a City.

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Elijah Cates

BY PHOEBE COAN

ELIJAH CATES IS part of the bedrock of the island. At 93, he's still sound of mind and body, one of the stock of hearty, decent people who migrated from the Bahamas to be known as that special freedom-loving human--the Key West Conch.

Born in the town of Rock Sound on the island of Eleuthera in the Bahamas on August 24, 1887, Eli came to Key West in 1900 at 13 years of age. Back then, in the Bahamas, at 13 you were a man.

Traveling with his kindly grandfather Carey, he stayed on and has never returned. He points to a corner across Eaton Street, where long ago he bid his grandfather to leave without him.

HE NOW LIVES with one of his twin daughters, Thelma. She has been to the Bahamas many times to visit. Eli remembers that high land and the many green hills going east to the Atlantic. "A wonderful place, but I prefer Key West," he says.

His mom died at the age of 38, six weeks after he left Eleuthera, leaving seven children behind her. "I love you better than any child I got on earth," he remembers her telling him. He had a wonderful mother and a happy childhood. He never forgot.

Six months after his mother's death Eli's dad moved the kids to Key West. The baby was just six weeks old. They settled on Plantation Key finally, where the father got into charcoalizing. "Sometimes we'd be up all night watching the fires."

IN 1910, WITH Eli's help, his dad got 10 acres there for \$75. Eli visited and helped out all he could. "They made out all right, built a shack, lived good," says Eli. He recalled that as a boy in Eleuthera, Grandfather Cates once sent him and his brother Leon to the next settlement, Cabin Bay (nine miles away), to purchase a pair of brocks (leather shoes) for him. This was a big expedition for the nine-year-old boy, and he remembers it precisely. The kids untied the shoes at the only store in the vicinity, and each child carried one big shoe home with him. Granddaddy Cates never said a thank-you when they returned.

IN THOSE DAYS the kids would bury "dillies" in the ground to ripen, and after a day or so would return to eat them. That next Monday, down at his granddaddy's 'Skinner's Farm' at the big sapodilla tree, Grandfather gave young Eli such a kick with one of those new shoes that it sent him flying. It was a kick he would never forget. He didn't know what hit him, or that his grandfather would be angered that he was eating his fruit. A small boy carries such things with him all his life.

HIS MOTHER HAD two sisters who lived in Key West. They took care of the two little girls. Leila lives in Key West and Kathryn in Miami. The oldest sister, Maggie, married and moved from Plantation Key to Key West. She had a little grocery, first on Elgin and later on Front Street, known as Maggie's store. Her mother-in-law, Mary Knowles, was a lady Eli will ever be grateful to, she was so kind to him. She'd always sit on her porch in her rocking chair smoking a pipe. She made him a bed on the floor and always saved him some bread to snack on when he wasn't sleeping on a boat.

HE MARRIED HIS wife, Mary E. Cates ("Mamie"), the August he was 19. She was born in the Cove, but had lived in Rock Sound. They had known each other as children. "She was a lovely girl," and a lovely wife. She raised the kids," Eli

says. "Me and my boys and the girls (five boys, two girls) have earned a good living here. The family always stuck together and loved each other. The boys all had families, and my twin girls, Thelma and Ruth, always loved everybody."

Though Eli never had a desire to return to Rock Sound, his twin daughters have been there many times. "Our relatives have been very good to me," says Thelma. They pay her way to come. "Papa has many first cousins."



PHOTO BY JO ANN SAVIO

THELMA'S A TEACHER at the Navy child care center on the project. Everyone knows her as Miss Honey. She is bright-faced, hearty, and a mother hen to her aging daddy.

Eli himself is nice to look at. Kindly, noble and very straightforward, he's an open person, and realistic. He sits with straw hat, handkerchief wound in and out of his fingers, looking as natural as anything under the tree in his yard.

"Key West knows us," he says, referring to himself and his children. His progeny also include six grandchildren, 11 greatgrandchildren and one great-greatgrandchild.

HE SPOKE ABOUT what Key West meant: "In 1907-09 when I first came, there were about 7,000 people on the island. Just boat traffic. No Overseas Highway. We were cut off from the world. There was no connection to the mainland. On Front Street there were oxen with carts and a bell would ring offering the sugar apples, pineapples, pumpkins and watermelons grown on Key Largo. Boats would pull in at Mallory and there were freight boats to Miami for about \$1.50 a round trip. Nassau boats would bring people in at Curry and Sons at the foot of Simonton, maybe once a month." Sometimes relatives of his would come.

"THERE WERE NO powerboats. Everything was wind power. Banana boats from Cuba and the islands would also unload the fruit to Front Street where you could buy more than you could drag for 10¢. Boxes of ripe sugar apples (two dozen a box) went for a quarter.

People enjoyed their lives, he continued. "When you woke up in the morning you knew you'd either go to the boat to eat or you'd have a job for \$1.50 a day. I worked many weeks for \$9

a week. We'd pay \$6 a week for groceries. We'd get all the potatoes we could drag for 10¢. A loaf of bread was 5¢. As the years grew, the prices grew too!

"For entertainment there were places to dance, or porch visiting. The San Carlos had movies and there were dances on South Beach and street dances, too."

ELI'S SONS, JACK, Kermit, Johnnie, William and Ben, are still in close touch. Bill has died, and some can remember him as city recreation director. He was with the Brooklyn Dodgers after high school, and has helped make the stadium happen for Key West little leaguers. Perry Court's Wm. G. Cates field was named after him.

Eli says he always had mostly good luck with his children. "They were all good and healthy. Every night before they go to bed, they come to see me. If they can't, they call. Johnnie comes to visit in the morning." Jack had just been there that day.

THE SECRET OF bringing up good children is the father not drinking, Eli contends. "None of my children ever saw me drink. I drank a little when I was young and out at sea. But, when I started a family, I put that out. I never been to jail, either."

"My children also had a good mother who stayed home with her children and didn't get dressed and go running out at night. We had a good family. I'll tell you right now, honey, I wouldn't trade my family for all the money in the world. You treat your children good, and they'll be good to you."

"Everyone helped out and shared in the old days; but the women were a lot kinder than the men. Without the women, children wouldn't have managed at all. The men were very strict."

MISS HONEY SAYS that even her daddy was strict. "You didn't tell him no. You did what you were told."

Eli remembers one time at Rock Sound his momma had to spank him. He hoped she'd forget about it when he went to bring in the wood. She didn't, and he always remembered that spanking and never disobeyed her again. Still, in those days, the women were the kinder lot.

SITTING UNDER THE fringy tree in the front yard by his Porter Place apartment I am struck with the clarity of detail the old gentleman has. It's a blessing. He hopes never to be crazy, says it's his last and only worry.

"I remember things from when I was six," he says. "Like how we'd catch the jacks by the full moon with nets.

"We'd split them and salt them and flap them over to sit a few hours. Then we'd sell them at Nassau for four shillings for 50 of them. That was a lot of money in those days." Four shillings was about 50 cents.

ELI FEELS KEY West is the best place for a man to live. "More freedom here than any other place. You could do things here that they'd put you in jail for in Miami ... like just sitting around. They might talk to you here but they wouldn't be as harsh. These days are not as free, but I still wouldn't change for any place else. Been here too long, and I don't want to go anywhere. I love Key West."

"I bought and paid for three houses since I've been here. One on Olivia, one on Frances and Elgin--a big two-story--and one on Angela where the kids grew up."

THOUGH AT 13 Eli only had a third-grade education in the Bahamas, he was still able to go right to work with his knowledge of navigation, when he came over. At Rock Sound they taught the alphabet, then the compass and then navigation.

A person in those days could work a 10-hour day on land for \$1.50. There was

more money to be made working on the sea. He went sponging right off, and on his first trip made \$13 for four weeks, which was pretty good pay, Eli says. In those days a can of corned beef was 10¢.

IN 1917, AT 17, he captained a fishing boat, the schooner Malvania. He was still not old enough for captain's paper for the boat, so another man held the papers for him. He got his citizen's papers that same year.

When he went for his captain's papers in Jacksonville, he could say his compass front and back, and this, with his practical knowledge, more than made up for the lack of formal education. He could demonstrate this to the examining board by showing how, if you threw a board in the water, you could calculate where it could be found hours later, judging by the speed of the current and an allowance for wind.

"THE SEA IS either good or bad ... always changing." Like life. "Hard to write about the sea. It's a rough life. But so is working with people on land sometimes," he said. "Our weatherman in stormy weather was the barometer. My boy Jack still has my old barometer, and I knew how to read to the 10th and 5th. I carried it everywhere I went. Bought it for \$30. Can't buy 'em for less than \$400 or \$500 today. It's just as accurate now as in 1910 when I got here, as captain of the *Gertrude*," he says proudly.

THROUGH THE YEARS, 'til his 80's, Eli fished. He says he was still crawling all night long catching 200 to 300 pounds when he was in his 80's. Or, he'd be "poling" in a skiff for sponges in good weather, sometimes bringing in \$200 a week.

He agrees it's activity that keeps a person going, and that stopping doing things is like giving up on your life.

ELI SAYS WHEN he was 40 he was "outspoken ... didn't take nothing off--of anybody. But I treated everyone good as I could. I didn't care if you didn't like me. I'd still like you."

"At the fish houses you deal with men you work for, and they could be difficult. On the sea you can have a crew of 14 dissatisfied men if things don't go right. Keeping them on a boat for weeks at a time could be real trouble for a captain."

"I often think about when I was out on the boats and out to sea disheartened. If I get home, I'll never do this again; I'd be thinking, sometimes, when it was really rough ... But, then I'd go right back."

HE HELPED BUILD the fish house at the foot of Margaret Street in 1910, bringing the cement and building the docks. He ran the fish house, trying to get along with the fishermen, and he was conscientious in his work.

After leaving Thompson's he went to Miami briefly to work for East Coast Fisheries. Then, later on, to Marathon, and then back to dear old Key West where he opened a fish house on Front Street.

MOSTLY, HE LIKED his friends like Earl Adams and "Wink," Earl's dad. They went fishing with him. "Wink was one of the best ever lived in Key West. He didn't drink and stuck with his family. Never got into trouble," says Eli.

"All my life, I ate any kind of fish with grits. Call me a Conch ... didn't matter what kind of fish. The boys used to help catch shellfish with a net. None of them became fishermen, but we'd catch some shellfish and Kermit would sell them. Earl will remember buying plenty of them," he chuckles.

NOW, FISH MAKES him sick, and he eats what his Cuban neighbor lady prepares for him each day. He likes her potatoes, chicken, beef, and especially her chicken soup. He's in good health, really, for his age. One eye has been blinded by cataracts, but he still sees

fairly well out of the other one. "One thing, I got my good mind. Some lose a lot of their head after 75."

"If you go to too many doctors, you'll die. Only one doctor takes care of me, the one above, Jesus Christ!" he exclaimed. "The good Lord knows I've done the right thing and I lived right. We all gotta face the Lord some day. I know I done wrong in my life--but I tell the Lord, and I let him know I'm sorry for it."

ELIJAH STILL TAKES a nice walk in the evening, is up for breakfast at 8, has a nice lunch at noon, tea later on, and bed time is at about 10. He still finds much to enjoy and loves to watch the ball games on T.V. Eli still bathes himself daily, makes his own tea. "He doesn't like the way I do it," says Miss Honey.

He has taped the history of Thomp-

son's Fish Company for the Monroe County Public Library, and has also been interviewed by other historians.

HE POINTS OUT a rose tree in his yard. Big red hibiscus roses it has when it blooms out, he tells me. "This is the first tree of this sort I have ever seen in Key West. It had to be cut back some, but it's springing up nicely again. Tulip roses they call it in the Bahamas." Eli's proud of the rose tree, like he's proud of a lot of things in his life.

When asked, "How does it feel to be 93?" he replied, "I have a good appetite and I love where I live, but your body starts to pain you."

Sitting there patiently under the trees, birdlike, observant, rare and sensitive, the old man looks most natural. From 13 to 93 in old Key West.

BY SCOTT ATWELL

EVER SINCE PULLING a football helmet over my head for the first time, the sight of Key West High School Stadium has intrigued me. Or, more properly, I suppose, pleased me.

Though violent in nature, I have always been fortunate to find a sort of peace there. Within its confines lies a vivid and colorful history of a golden grid era when Key West football was an institution of pride and success.

It has been two years since I quarterbacked the 1978 Conch football team here, but my immense respect for this structure has remained constant. I can recall slouching back into the bleachers after a long, hard practice and scanning the late afternoon premises in search of the Mira's, Stickney's, Menendez' and other figures that over the years brought so much excitement to this arena.

IT'S ABOUT THAT same time of the day now, and a few players are still out on the field finishing up practice. The sun has all but passed beneath the rafters and the view from high atop the stadium offers a relaxing perspective--soothing in its simplicity.

Amongst the quiet, however, it is not too difficult to envision a roaring crowd, and the great teams they cheered for.

Harold Allen, frontrunner of Conch coaches with most career wins, fielded many great teams here between 1957 and 1963, while compiling an amazing 49-18-3 record.

Ed Beckman, head mentor from 1952-56, went 31-15-5 in five seasons, placing him second on the all-time win list.

NOW OVER TWO and a half decades after the Conchs first played here, those youngsters out on the field find themselves associated with a similar success story, beneficiaries of a new era that enters its fourth season in Key West football.

Proprietor of this new regime is Gene Roberts, a man of genuine optimism, with a smile that comes easy and a down home style something on the order of baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrelet.

In the first years of this new effort, successful campaigns were merely written off as one-time events, but after three seasons of consistent, winning football, Key West is now recognized as a program with integrity.

Since taking over the reins as head coach, Roberts has orchestrated one of the most dramatic about-faces the State of Florida has seen in over a decade, stringing together a 27-7 since 1977. His winning percentage is a healthy .789, tops among Key West coaches.

THIS SUDDEN TURNABOUT arrives after

titude of the players towards a coaching staff and vice-versa. Players not being able to wait to get out on the practice field and learn. You will find these things in any successful program."

IT IS TRICKY, this business of dealing with kids, and one must be careful not to ignore the responsibility a coach has to his players. Roberts takes pride in his ability to communicate.

"I'm not an untouchable like you might find in pro football or somewhere else down the line," explains the 39-year-old Key West coach. "Some people you can't reach or relate to. I feel this has been one of my pluses."

"Not taking anything away from anybody, but when I first got here there were signs all over the place saying, 'Do Not Enter.' One of the first things I did when I got here was to take those signs down--there's still one I haven't got to yet, but I will. You have to let the players know that if they have a problem they can come in the office and say, 'Hey coach, can I talk to you for a minute?' You have to be available to them even if you are in a meeting or something."

IF DEBUTS CAN indeed be graded on a scale, consider Gene Roberts' as a Key West coach "10." State power Deland was in town for the 1977 opener, and few

blended into cataracts, but he still sees

ful ball control offense. Coaches Dave Evans, Bobby Menendez and Mario Valcarcel built a defense that played with intensity and fire. The 1978 defense may well have been the best in Florida. Ed Dees, Terry Dilner, Pat Labrada, Glynn Archer Jr., John Atkins, Everett Atwell, and Mike Rodriguez all worked with the junior varsity program, putting in long hours over the years.

IN ROBERTS' THREE years as director of the Key West program, many outstanding athletes have gone on to play college football, including his son, Preston, who earned a scholarship to Florida this year. "Being able to watch my son mature into a good football player was one of the most rewarding things that has happened to me," Roberts said. The most noted, no doubt, is Robert "Speedy" Neal, a high school All-American now a freshman at the University of Miami. Neal virtually rewrote the Key West High record book on his way to being, according to one football magazine, the sixth best high school player in the nation.

Other fine players include dynamo Jay Paul, a fiesty three-year starter at halfback now playing at Fulsom Junior College in West Virginia. Bob Channell, two-time First Team All-State kicker, went on to Southwest Louisiana while Jimmy Rodriguez, another All-State player, is now on the Nevada-Las Vegas team. Paul Sheddan earned a scholarship as an offensive lineman at Division IAA National Champion Eastern Kentucky; Verna Staffney, a two-way performer with the Conches, is now playing at a small school in Kansas. Frank Sauter and Paul Kessling also went on to college ball.

Not a bad accomplishment for a man who had once tried to get out of coaching.

"I TRIED TO quit but I couldn't," Roberts reveals. "I believe some men are directed to be ministers, and some men are called to do other things. I think that Gene Roberts was called to be a football coach, and he has a lot of young people who look to him for certain things. If I don't give them these certain things, then I am letting them down, and I am letting myself down be-

cause I am not doing the things that my God wants me to do.

"The Lord has a place for you and means for you to do certain things, so



Offensive Line Coach Tommy Roberts, Gene Roberts and 1977 quarterback Kevin Butler.

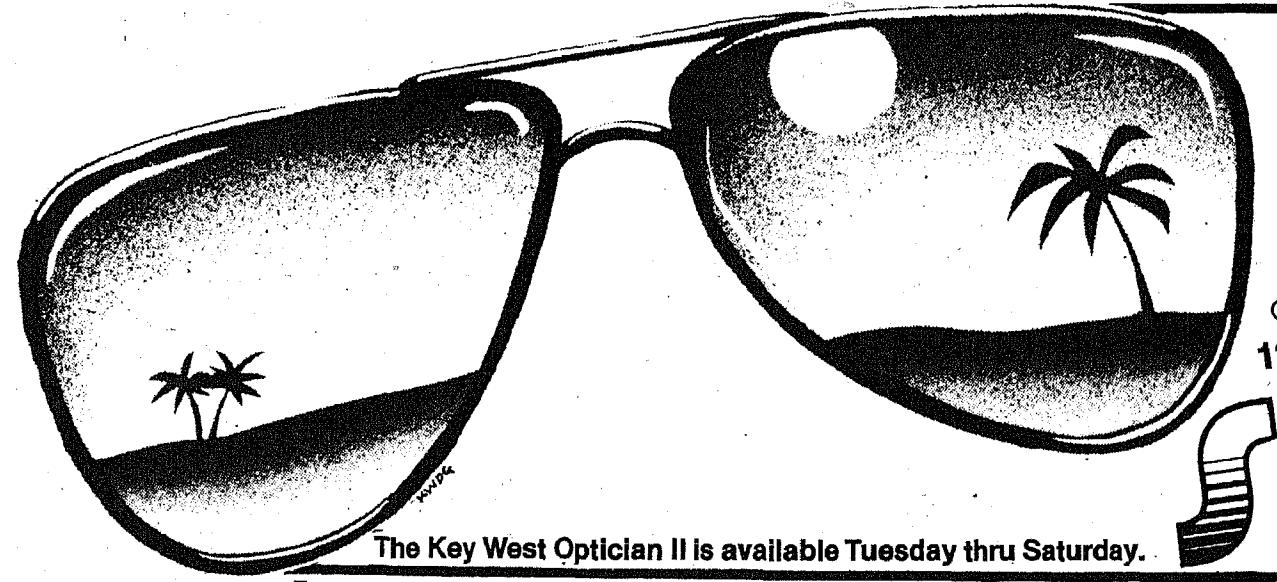
you might as well not buck Him. I got out of coaching and was just going to do it on a voluntary basis so I wouldn't have to put up with all of the pressures --but it didn't work that way.

"Now all of the people I coach are

not going to grow up and be the greatest individuals in the world, but I have to try. If one person is borderline and I can have something to do with him being successful or going down the right path, then I have accomplished something."

DUSK HAS NOW settled in at High School Stadium and street lights shoot bleacher shadows across the field. Things are quiet now but memories of the past three seasons ring loud and clear.

The 1980 season is upon us, and though the Conches are riddled with youth, this campaign brings promise of similar success, the kind Key West has been used to. But no matter the outcome, the Gene Roberts era has arrived, destined, it seems, to revive a once-depleted program. A turnaround that has returned gridiron prosperity to the island city, and once again made Key West proud of their Fighting Conchs.



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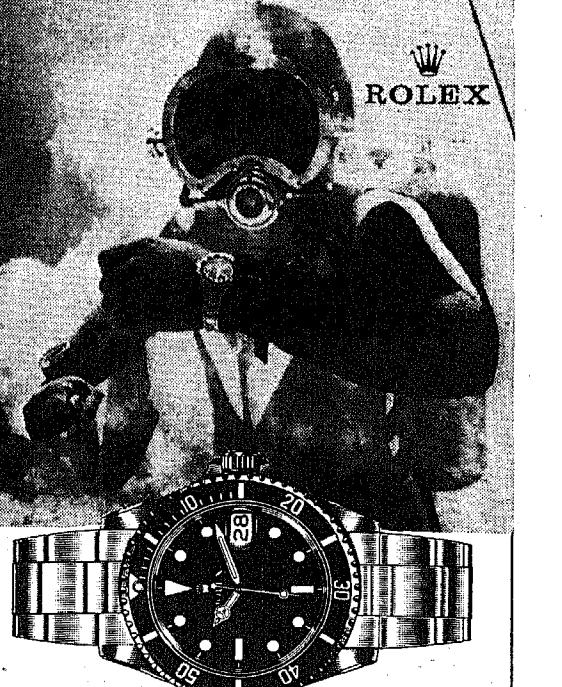
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Notes continued from page 11

alarmed. All they could see was the naked torso of a man crouched behind a disposal container, flicking on a flashlight and brandishing a long-bladed knife. The steel could be seen and gleaming in the rays of the flashlight. The figure was partially concealed in shrubbery near the trash cans, but this didn't interfere with the sound effects that accompanied glimpses of a thrusting knife. The madman was singing a number from a Gilbert and Sullivan light opera, according to the frightened but music-minded woman who telephoned to the police.

THE PATROLMAN ARRIVED, sans siren in order to sneak up on the prowler. He drew his nightstick, but not his gun, and crept silently into the parking reserve where he could see a bent-over, shadowy figure intently at work with a knife on something lying on the ground ... something that looked like a bundle of rags ... although it could be a ...? The officer extracted his own big flash and pointed the glaring stream of light on the mysterious crouched bushwhacker!

THE ENSUING DIALOGUE occurred between the hunter of souvenirs and the bewildered hunter of a suspected wrongdoer, perhaps an insane murderer.

Cop: "What are you doing there?"

Harry: "I am pulling the lion's claws. Oh, good evening, officer."

Cop: "Lay off distractions. I asked you what you were doing in the bushes."

Harry: "And I told you the truth. I was pulling the lion's claws."

Cop: "What lion? And you come out in the open with your hands up! But bring all the weapons with you."

Harry: "Okay, but I don't want to let go of my lion."

Cop: "You got it on a leash?"

HARRY: "I CAN explain everything, sir. Just give me a chance."

Cop: "Okay, but come out of there. Put your hands above your head and bring all that stuff with you."

Harry stood up, clutched the precious lion's pelt in one hand along with the pliers. In the other he brought the borrowed butcher knife and the flashlight. He staggered out into the open lot, and the cop looked at him with astonishment.

Cop: "Drop everything at your feet and brace your hands on the car hood."

HARRY OBEYED AND was frisked for concealed weapons. As the policeman encountered the protruding flowers in the region of Harry's trouser fly, he froze and backed off to have a more thorough look at Harry's getup.

Cop (with a snort of disgust): "What the hell is this?" Then he examined Harry's crazy quilt pants. "What kind of costume is this? You were at a masquerade party?"

Harry: "Well, no, it wasn't exactly a masquerade. It was a suddenly Last Summer party."

COP: "I THOUGHT you said the party was tonight, not last summer ... Just where is this party?"

Harry: "It IS tonight. In fact, it's just across the avenue and probably still going on. We called the affair suddenly Last Summer after a Tennessee Williams play."

Cop: "Hmmm. Well, that accounts for a lot of these weird goings-on, I suppose."

AT THIS POINT the exasperated police officer kicked at the pile of discarded rug-pelt. Harry protested.

Harry: "Please, sir! Don't disturb that pelt. You see, that's what I've been getting the claws from and I want all of them."

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Cop: "Let's see your I.D. and driver's license. Who are you, Harry?"

Harry: "I sell whales' teeth and I am a beachcomber."

COP: "YOU SELL whales' teeth? I thought the whales were an endangered species and where in hell can you sell their teeth? Besides, we don't need beachcombers in Key West. I think I oughta run you in at least on suspicion."

Harry: "Look, sir. I'm not just a beachcomber BUM type. I am a beachcomber PROFESSIONAL. I search beaches to pick up curios and gift items for my shop in Nantucket. I thought that since whales' teeth were a best-selling item--I just find them on the shoreline, I don't kill whales for their teeth--that lion's claws would be a similar souvenir to sell at my place. The pelt rug was given to me so that I could extract the claws."

THE PATROLMAN SIGHED, but he finally realized that Harry might be a nut, but he was a harmless one, and the cop had had a busy day. Besides, the jail was already overflowing.

So he said, "Well, I'll let you go this time. But don't let me find you trying to pull any more lion's claws or twist lion's tails. Now--pick up your belongings and get the hell out of here!"

HARRY ALERTLY FOLLOWED the command and prepared to walk back across Truman. The policeman pursed his lips as he once more surveyed Harry's ensemble, the flower clump in front, and then noted one last oddment: From Harry's belt hung the lion's tail which he had chopped off from the rug and thrust into his belt. There it swung as Harry sauntered off, trying to appear nonchalant and singing to himself.

The cop had one more question. "Say, what's that first line of that tune you're singing?" Harry decided to be bold. "It begins: 'O! A policeman's lot is not an happy one...'"

THE OFFICER NODDED in agreement. "You can sing that again, brother!"

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Mack & Jamie

HEY--GOOD NEWS for our many Mack and Jamie fans! They've been burning up the Northeast and are heading back our way, for a few engagements including a special "Mack & Jamie What We Did On Our Summer Vacation (Or The Return Of The Boomerang) Comedy Show" which will be put on October 24 at 9:00 p.m. at the San Carlos.

TICKETS ARE \$4.00 apiece and will be available at selected Key West stores.

AT THIS POINT let me hand the column over to Mack with some excerpts from his letter:

"DEAR BILL: Tonight we head to Philadelphia for four days, then we come back to get ready for the trek south. Yeah,



we're coming home to South Florida for a while. About a month, to be exact, and we thought you might be interested in letting some of your readers know where we're going to be.

"BEGINNING OCT. 6 we're going to be at the Comic Strip on Federal Highway in Ft. Lauderdale every night through Oct. 18. On the 9th, we're also doing a show at Le Club International, which is at a yacht harbor in Lauderdale.

"ALL OF THE above is for sure. You can count on it. The following is at this point speculation, but we're going to give it a shot. We'd like to do a show in Key West. (They're going to Ed.)

"THINGS ARE LOOKING very good. It looks like we've nailed down a spot on an upcoming HBO special about comedy duos, hosted by Bob and Ray and with guests like Cheech and Chong, George Carlin and Jack Burns, etc. We're apparently going to be the 'new' duo on the scene, Bob and Ray's 'discovery.'

"A TALENT SCOUT at ABC saw us at the Comic Strip in New York and set up a screen test for us. We did it a couple of months ago and it was very exciting. We did about 15 minutes, and we had the cameramen cracking up.

"SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE will probably have us on the show after they get rolling. They're going to do three or four shows without guest comedians first, to establish their rep company, then we're apparently high on the list of potential guests.

"THE MERV GRIFFIN people are coming to see us Sunday (*The audition went well*), and the Tonight Show people, it is rumored, want us to appear first on their show before we do these other things.

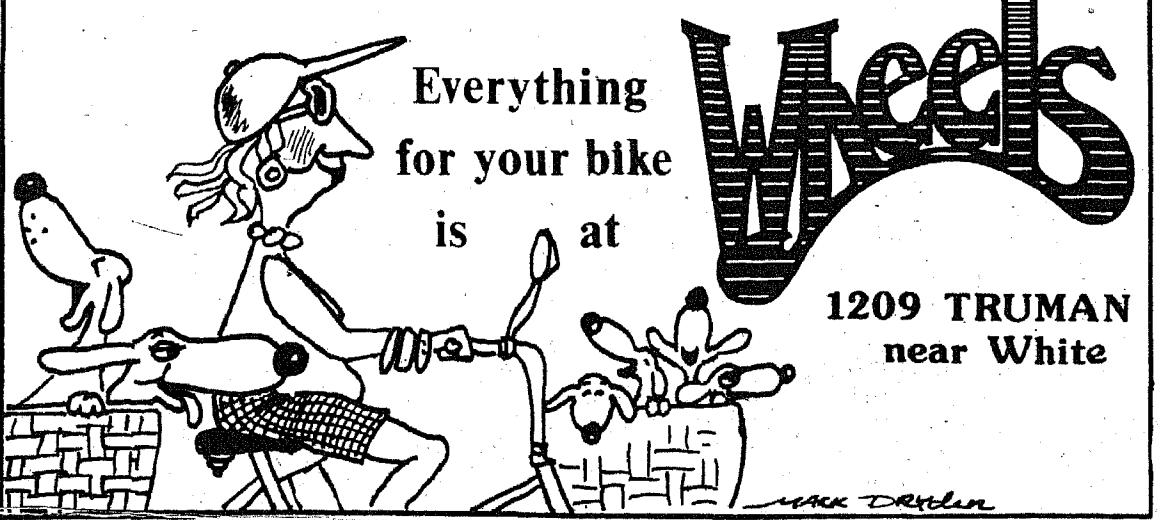
"IN SHORT, BILL, whatever we're doing, everyone seems to love it. One of the biggest agencies in the country is hot on our trail. They want us to sign now, but we're holding out until we talk to a couple of others.

Sincerely, Mack and Jamie"

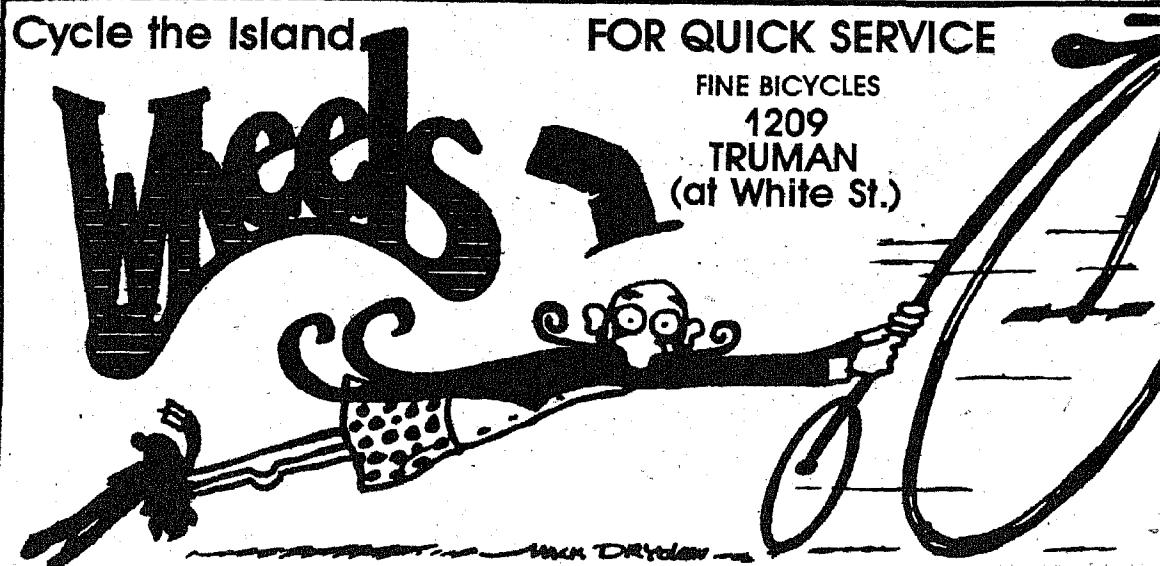
OK, MACK AND Jamie, come on down and we'll all see you October 24, 9:00 p.m. at the San Carlos.

WT

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POETRY

TO EACH, HOPE

To each his own, To each his own,
To each the harvest of crops once sown,
These words have lingered throughout the years
To some as Joys--To some, as Fears--

Today is but consequence of yesterdays hope,
That tomorrow may find us more able to cope,
For yesterdays passing has only today,
To answer the memory, of time passed away,

Yet hope must be somehow the force of our lives,
Though fortune, or fate, hope always survives,
As change is the catalyst, hope is the mold,
Which makes us as vessels, our virtues to hold.

Man is but hope, in his essence to be,
His purpose created, to waken, and see,
As man must obtain, all the virtue he's shown.
To show him himself, is to give each his own.

By MARK A. KRAWIC

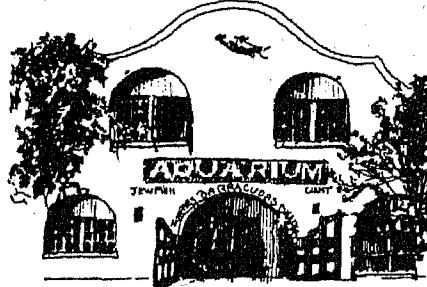
Willingly comes the new day,
A graceful swoosh of lady's skirts
sweeping through the fields of new things growing.
I awake, after a long night of travels
to what places I cannot imagine,
And sprout some silvery thoughts
to widen the eye, add hope to
the refreshed soul.
Water drips upon the rocks
to smooth the long, conglomerate
adventure
of nature which touches my heart,
teaches it to light and sing,
say: "Thank you for everything."

By PHOEBE COAN

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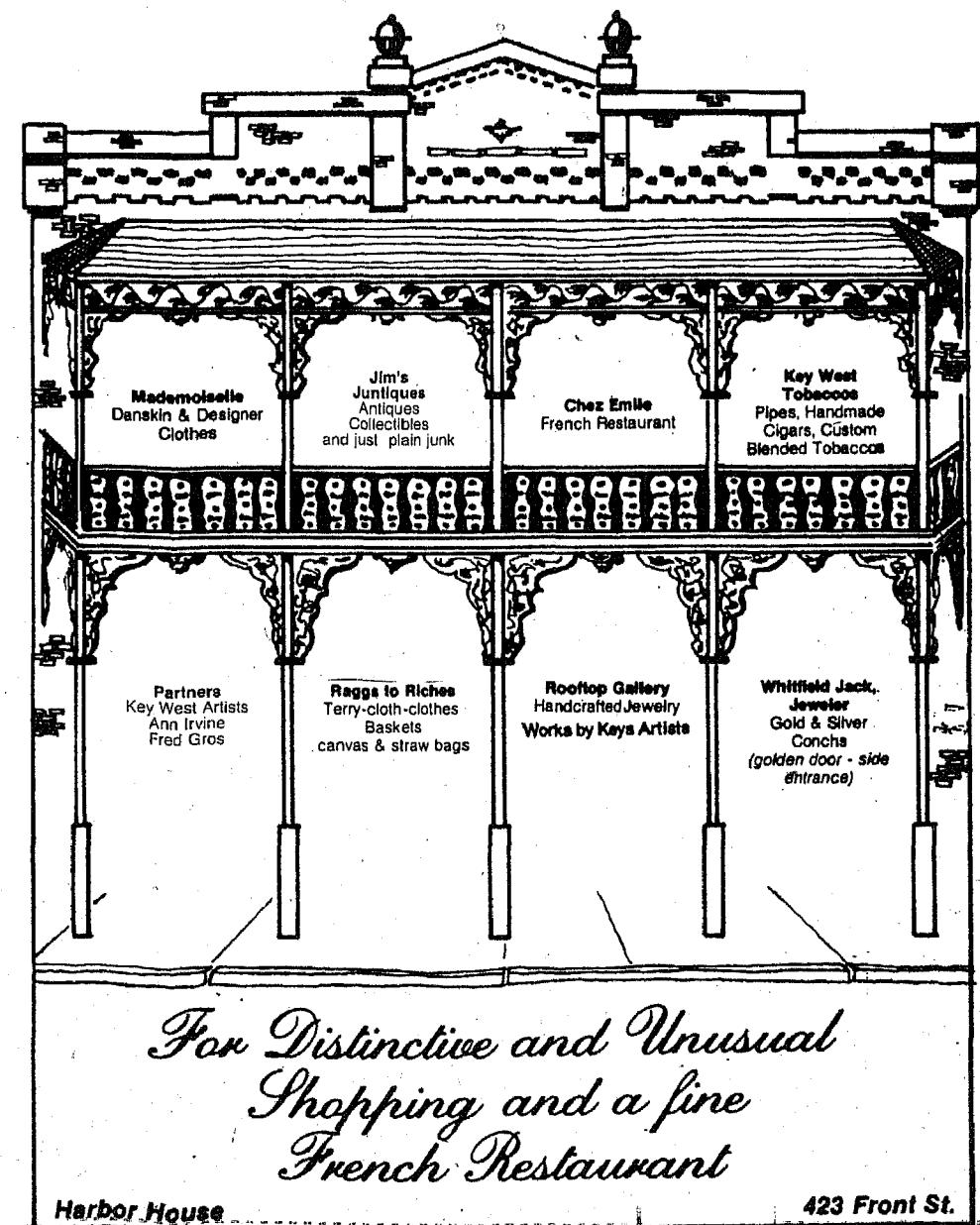
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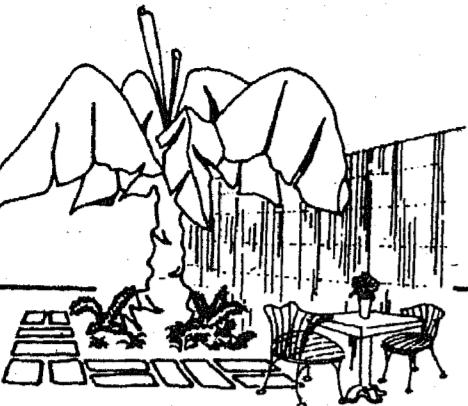
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FORTY WATTS

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY AMY LEE DE POO

HAPPINESS CAN BE measured by the contentment with one's surroundings. As a small child of five, I was not only very content with my surroundings, I was genuinely happy with everything life had given me: a mother who loved me and gave me good things to eat, a house with interesting places to play all around it, two sisters and a dog named Lily. Life was smooth then and I expected it to always be this way, never-ending continuance of blue skies, soft breezes and the come-hither dampness of mossy bricks. I felt myself to be a complete person. I had been taught to swim when I was a year old and I already knew how to write the entire alphabet and even had a fa-

complete. Naturally, my two sisters, Martha and Kathryn, could also swim, and Kathryn could write the complete alphabet while Martha continued to struggle. But I still felt they lacked that certain *joie de vivre* that God had placed on my head, a crown of happiness that would shine ever brighter as my life wore on.

I DID NOT REALIZE it then, but I have come to believe that the reason I felt myself to be on such an even keel had a lot to do with the fact that I was the middle child in a group of three girls. The oldest, Kathryn, always had to be the responsible one and learn everything first. The youngest, Martha, eternally the baby in the family, was perhaps over-cautious and consequently developed a firmly-rooted streak of stoicism in her personality. Thusly the



vorite letter--the letter M, which I always underlined when I wrote my name to show my special feelings for it. I imagined that there were not very many other things people had to master in life before they could consider themselves

order of my birth gave me the advantage of feeling totally at ease and confident most of the time.

THERE CAME THE day when Kathryn was sent off to school. I knew she was going

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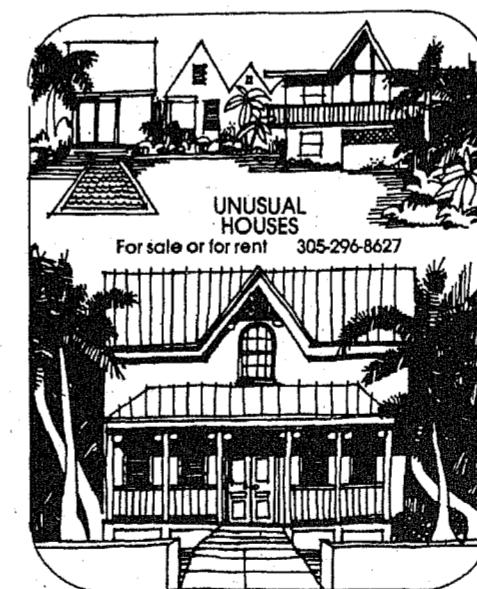
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to be going somewhere because I heard my mother and father mention it a few times, but since it didn't concern me directly, I had a vague detachment about the whole thing. This only meant to me that Kathryn would not be around for part of the day and Martha and I would be left to ourselves. This certainly could be no drawback; there would be one place less to set for dolly tea-time (and tea-cups were at a premium), there would be no struggle for the blue crayon (crayons were also at a premium being that Kathryn adopted a fastidious approach to coloring and didn't like to use the broken ones), and Martha and I could freely dress the dog, Lily, without fashion judgement from our older and very particular sister.

WE ADJUSTED TO her departure from our midst quite readily. The front yard became our private province to rule over as we pleased. Of course it was even better for me because I assumed the position of authority Kathryn once held, and since Martha was only four I could subtly orchestrate our activities as I saw fit. Martha was soft and round and cuddly and she had a big stomach that hung way out over her cotton underwear, the only clothing each of us wore. She was like a big doll to me because once she plopped herself down and became interested in something, she could stay busy for the longest periods of time doing things by herself that were quite entertaining. She could put marbles in a jar. She could take marbles out of a jar. She could line up all the green ones in a crack between the bricks. She could do anything. I could see she had a great career ahead for her in show business, probably in a circus. Martha was the perfect companion.

OUR MORNINGS BEGAN to assume a very pleasant routine. We just seemed to go together like bacon and eggs. First we would get up and go downstairs for breakfast, always the same, Cuban bread with lots of butter, sometimes with



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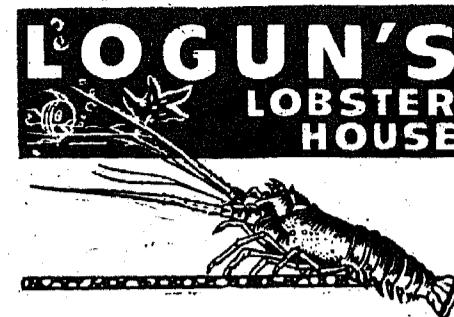
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us use the same pair of underwear for the dog each time, because once you cut a hole for her tail, it made the underwear too revealing for her taste. Our mother did not appreciate this sharing of our underwear with the dog. (Martha did not mind the extra breeze in her sacrificed pairs of underwear, but I always considered it a severe breach of social etiquette to wear a pair of dog underwear to the store.) After we dressed Lilly up we would sit with her in her dog-basket and talk to her as if she were a person. I don't think the dog minded the dressing up so much as she did having to play along with the verbal charades for protracted periods of time.

IF WE WERE in a play-with-water mood the other side of the yard best suited that purpose. The sun glinted off the bowls and pans of water we set up and threw back diamonds of light if you squinted. I loved to watch Martha make rock soup because she undertook it with such seriousness and believability. To test her, I would ask, "Is it done yet?" She always stirred it a few more times, smelled it and answered with great au-

thority and brevity, "Almost." Martha had a flair for one-word answers.

AND SO WE sailed along through life together, content and amused with each other, positive we had the distilled essence of a dream-like existence in our possession forever. But the dream was not to last.

I distinctly remember my mother calling us to her and telling us we were going to have to go to nursery school. I couldn't imagine what that might be—I knew what a nurse was and I assumed we were going to be surrounded by women in white dresses and caps. It was too horrible to think about, I hadn't done anything wrong, and as far as I knew, Martha hadn't either, so why were we being sent away like that? My mother was an artist and most of the time she spent at home painting, but she had gotten a job painting a mural or doing the sets for a theatrical production (I don't know which) that was going to take her about a week to complete. She could not take us with her and she could not leave us alone. The only solution was to send us both to a place she had dug up called

Miss Jean's Kindergarten.

THE WHOLE IDEA repulsed me, and Martha was too stricken to even cry. My mother even said that if we liked it, we might even want to go longer than a week, perhaps even a few months, a concept of time so foreign to me I thought my mother must have lost her mind. One DAY was a lifetime to me and the prospect of wasting away in a nursery school was utterly devastating.

SHE TRIED TO soothe us and told us how much fun it would be, there would be other children there (I had no desire whatsoever for other children; I knew two already, Martha and Kathryn, and that was enough) and we would sing and play games and probably even learn the Pledge of Allegiance. (That sounded like a disease.) "What's more," my mother said, we would "get to wear dresses and socks and shoes each morning and...." THAT did it! I knew I was going to be sick now. The thought of having to be dressed up like a monkey and be made to sit around with a bunch of people I didn't

want to do just destroyed my hopes for eternal happiness. Hopes destroyed or not, we both were going to attend nursery school starting the very next Monday.

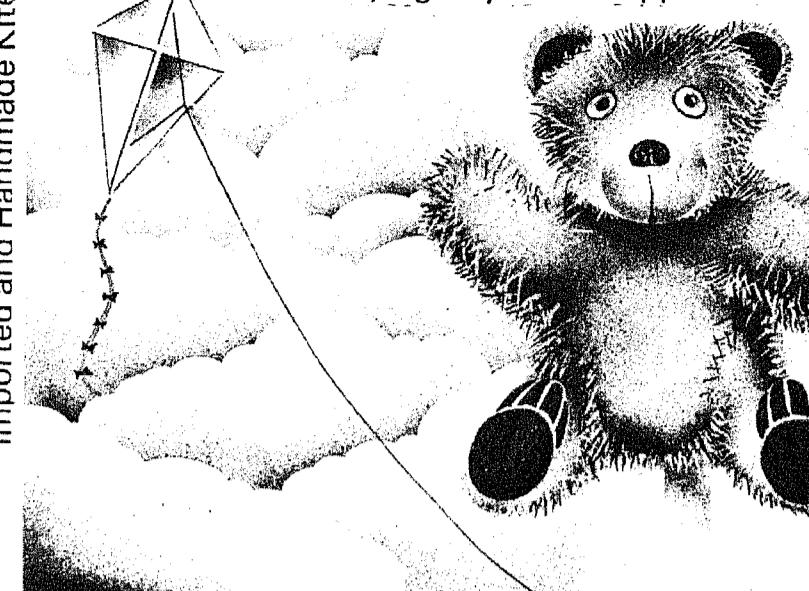
THE WEEKEND PASSED rather grimly. Nothing could cheer Martha or me up. I sat inside coloring most of the time, probably with the mistaken notion that the farther I stayed away from the front gate, the lesser the chance I would have to leave through it on Monday morning. Martha was no barrel of joy either. She didn't talk very much before and with the added burden of higher education at hand, she ceased to communicate completely. We felt like condemned prisoners headed for the gallows. To further heighten our discomfort, my thoughtful mother had built a small bench out of blocks and a board for us to sit on while we waited for the school car to come around and pick us up in the morning. We could see the bench through the front window and it served as a painful reminder of what was to come.

BLACK MONDAY ROLLED around and Martha and I were not in a happy mood at all. I couldn't believe how unaccommodating and constricting the clothes my mother had dressed us in felt. We never had new clothes anyway, always wearing hand-me-downs from children of people my parents knew, or dresses my mother made to suit her rather arty tastes. To this day I still can't recall where she found shoes for us because I don't remember owning a pair until I entered the first grade.

ANYHOW, OUT WE marched that Monday morning to sit on the bench and wait to be carried to this ungodly institution known as nursery school. I felt extreme betrayal of my health and safety for being allowed to be taken in a car driven by a stranger to be deposited in a room full of other strangers. How did my mother in fact know this person was a responsible driver? What if she made a wrong turn and drove over the seawall by the shrimp docks? Anything could happen. My rich, fruitful and rewarding future was at stake. I felt I had learned enough on my own—I didn't need nursery school, and Martha didn't need nursery school (all that Martha needed was a bath.) Still, my mother had no other choice and we had to go through with it.

WE POSITIONED OURSELVES on the bench and prepared ourselves for the inevitable. A few moments later my mother came outside to give us a hug and a kiss and placed the largest, reddest apple I had ever seen in my hands. She explained that it was the policy of the school to have children bring a piece of fruit with them to be given to the teacher. The teacher then cut all the various pieces of fruit up and each child got a few slices of this or that. We understood that well enough; she said goodbye and went inside.

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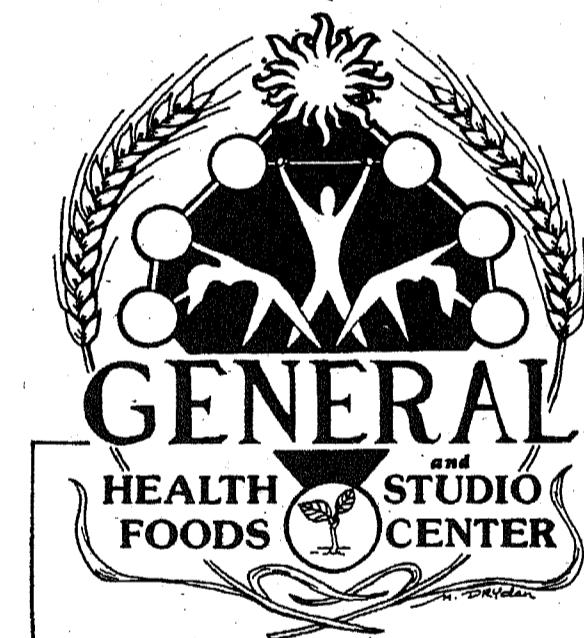
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THE WAIT WAS ON. It is very hard for a small person to judge time, but I would have to say that we waited a full hour and no car ever arrived. It was getting warmer and warmer as the sun rose and still no nursery school car. We were getting a little hungry too. Finally Martha said she would like a small bite of the apple. I couldn't see the harm in her taking just a little bite, after all it was a very large apple and I was a little hungry too. She took a bite and handed it back to me. There was just a speck missing, what with Martha having very little teeth to go along with her four-year-old body.



THE APPLE HAD suffered no irreparable damage, it was so huge and all, so I took a healthy bite and handed it back to her. I had managed to remove a good chunk of the apple which left a soft place with no skin exposed and Martha proceeded to gnaw on this apple and do it as much justice as her tiny teeth and mouth would allow. After a spell of watching her bury her face up to the nose in this apple, I snatched it back and took some good juicy bites out of it myself. Then my stomach started to ache a little bit and we decided we had had enough. I continued to hold the apple in my lap and we waited a bit longer for

the car to show up. All this time my mother was in the house finishing up her chores and collecting her paints to go wherever it was she had to go. Presently she came outside and was shocked to see us still dutifully waiting on the bench.

"WHAT THE HELL happened? You're still here! Why didn't you go?" "They never came to pick us up. We've been right here the whole time," I answered.

"I can't believe it! Something must be wrong. Let me go call and find out why they never came to pick you girls up."

Moments later she came back outside and explained to us that the driver does not go to each house until the mother calls in and confirms her child will be attending that day, or that was the way I understood it. Maybe it was because it was our first time and we had not started nursery school at the same time everyone else did. It was all very confusing. Then my mother looked down and caught sight of the mangled apple, by now browning around the edges of where we had bitten, making the once-luscious fruit take on a most unsightly appearance.

"WHAT HAVE YOU DONE to that apple?"

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"Well, we were getting hungry, and Martha said she was thirsty, and they never showed up so we thought..."

"Never mind, it's still good. I'll just trim off the bite marks a little. They'll be here to get you in a minute anyway. I'll be back in a second--don't move!"

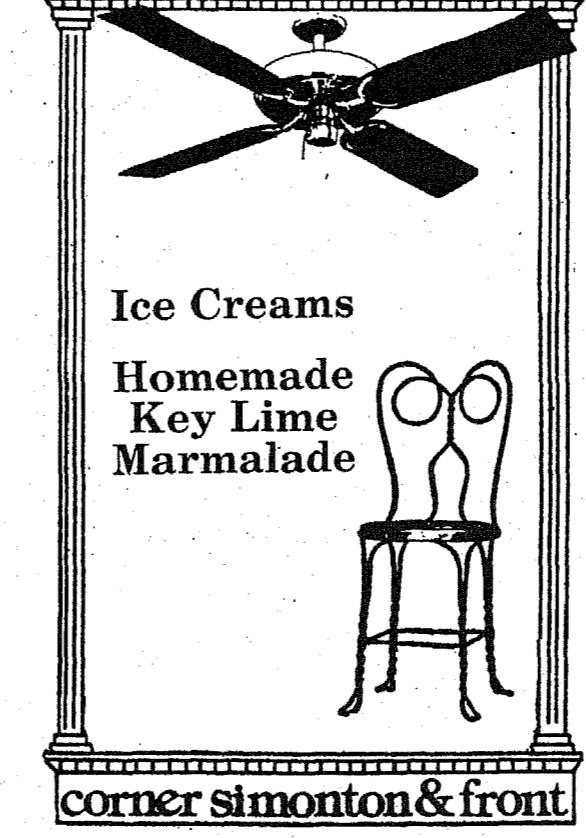
WELL, THAT WAS just great. Here we had sat and patiently waited to be dragged off, the car never showed up, we had to walk in late in front of everybody and our apple was noticeably deformed. I couldn't think of a worse fate.

However, by the time the car arrived, another half hour had gone by and when we finally did get to the nursery school, it was almost time to leave. All the children were having their play period, so Martha and I merely went over by the fence and stood there next to each other the whole time, with our backs to the other children. Before I knew it, school was over for the day and we were driven home. Arriving home, we both noticed how much we liked our own yard much better than the one at the school house. Ours had interest, excitement, familiarity and comfort, while the schoolyard was bare, utilitarian and safe for throngs of active kids. It was no comfort to be home, however, knowing we had to go through the same routine the next morning, except this time my mother would have the foresight to call ahead and we would have to start nursery school that day right from the beginning.

I DIDN'T SLEEP well that night. The horror of going back to that school with its dusty-grey dried-up mudpuddles in the front street and scraggly grass in the play yard cast a morbid pall over my slumber. The whole idea was so uncolorful to me. My yard was a kaleidoscope of silvery spider webs, brilliant red hibiscus blossoms, shimmering soft green tamarind branches and a solid stone walkway with a nice crack in it. These things gave meaning and a sense of purpose to my life and giving them up, even for a short period of time (as my mother said it) was almost more than I could bear.

FINALLY ALL THE children were seated and roll call began. Martha was at the back of the room staring blankly at the surface of her table. She was not adjusting. I was at a table near the front of the room and folded my hands to show I was at least in control and ready to answer any and all questions put to me. I desperately wanted to show that I was an unusual and bright child with my

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THE NEXT MORNING arrived and true to form, my mother dressed us up like circus-monkeys once again, and we had to go sit out on the bench, fruit in hand, to await our keeper. The car pulled up, the back door was opened and Martha and I got in the back seat of the station wagon where two other children sat that I didn't even know. I edged over and sat as close to Martha as I could. My one consolation was that I had my beloved sister to comfort me and help me keep my breakfast down. I was a very sensitive child and quite unaccustomed to being shunted around in strange cars full of even stranger people. It almost would have been kinder of our mother to send us off to Communist Russia.

WE ARRIVED AT the school and were herded into the main schoolroom, as stark and brittle as any environment could be that didn't look like home to me. Being that Martha and I had missed the first-thing-in-the-morning procedure the day before, we felt quite ill at ease as the other children made their way to their assigned places. I kept her close to me and we both awkwardly found two chairs at a table and were about to sit down together when the teacher came over and took Martha by the arm. Evidently they were going to SEPARATE us! This was just too horrible. I suppose the logic there was that we were sisters, newcomers, and were likely to talk between ourselves thus causing disturbance in the classroom. And I suppose the teacher sought to integrate us into society as quickly as possible by leaving us to make do with the other children around us. Martha did not fancy that IN THE LEAST and her face showed all the acceptance and grace of a monkey that has just been hosed down.

FINALLY ALL THE children were seated and roll call began. Martha was at the back of the room staring blankly at the surface of her table. She was not adjusting. I was at a table near the front of the room and folded my hands to show I was at least in control and ready to answer any and all questions put to me. I desperately wanted to show that I was an unusual and bright child with my

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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE
BY EMMA CATES

Sun in Libra, after 22 in Scorpio.
Mercury in Scorpio, turning retrograde
the 23rd.
Venus in Virgo.
Saturn in Libra.
Jupiter in Virgo, after the 26th in
Libra.

Mars in Scorpio, after the 11th in Sagittarius.
Uranus in Scorpio.
Neptune in Sagittarius.
Pluto in Libra.
No Node in Leo.

There are no retrograde planets in the heavens as the month of October commences. This is a very positive sign for productive activity. The ruler of our chart, Saturn, is in Libra after 2½ years in Virgo, to be joined by Jupiter on the 26th of October. The Sun will also be transiting the sign of Libra conjoining Pluto's long transit in that sign. This stellium of planets will be in the 5th house sector of the chart of Key West—a very favorable position. It also will be squaring the Capricorn Sun of our charts, so some of the changes that the city is experiencing may be strenuous and stressful, but ultimately for the best interests of the community.

The New Moon on October 9th in Libra trines the midheaven. This should initiate good publicity for Key West for a change.

The Full Moon on October 23rd in the sign of Taurus aspects the nodes in the Key West chart in the houses of creativity and friendship, which will mean good vibrations.

Our co-ruler Mercury turns retrograde on October 23rd in Scorpio. There will be some delays and possibly confusion in the area of work and health after this time. This planet goes into

direct motion again during November.
The moon will be changing signs from Virgo to Libra on October 7th, Election Day. The stellium of planets in Libra will be favorable for candidates born under air signs Libra-Aquarius-Gemini.

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SPECIAL EVENTS

Oct. 5 Prince Alfonso of Spain visits Key West for the culmination of Hispanic Awareness Month. Dinner-Dance at Hilario Ramos Estate, with music by Ellie Russell and the Fantastics. Formal attire optional, 8 p.m. Tickets obtained through Historic Preservation Board, 294-7511.

Oct. 6 San Carlos Institute's membership benefit for old and new (prospective members) features an evening of film, "bocaditos," sangria, and music by Coffee Butler and His Cups, 8 p.m.

Oct. 6 PUBLIC HEARING, Board of County Commissioners of Monroe County, Conference Room, 302 Fleming St., to decide whether or not to declare a moratorium of building permits. 4:00 p.m.

Oct. 31 thru Nov. 1 and 2 FANTASY FEST WEEKEND BEGINS! Seafood Fantasy Fest, Wee Hours Fantasy, and Masked Ball Fantasy! Panic, Kids Fantasy Fest, Parade and Fantasy Party! Fantasy Rock Concert, etc.

Nov. 1 STREET FAIR, 900 block of Duval St., 3-7 p.m. Game booths, auctions, arts & crafts, music, dancing, food, drink, etc.

THEATRE

Actors' Registration, THE RED BARN ACTORS STUDIO, under the direction of Ruth Newton and Richard Magesis, 294-5721. Behind the Woman's Club at 319 Duval St. Classes to begin Oct. 7.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER (TWFAC), Junior College Road, Stock Is., 294-9081 or 294-6363.

Oct. 5 An Evening With Harry Chapin, Two shows, 7:30 and 10 p.m.

Oct. 12 & 19 The Key West Children's

Theatre Ensemble presents the world premiere of the 2nd episode of "Dan The Man, Detective," and "The Invisible Guy" -- two original plays by M&M Productions under the direction of Timothy McShane, Robert D. Mowry and Tony Klein. 3:30 p.m.

Nov. 1 & 2 Pat Carroll in "Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein, Gertrude Stein," Nov. 1 at 7 p.m. and Nov. 2 at 8:30 p.m.

GALLERIES

ARTISTS UNLIMITED, 221 Duval St., 296-5625. Hours: 12 to 5 p.m., or by appointment at any time. The oldest private art gallery in Key West, with quality local artists and good Haitian art, including works by the self-taught surrealist Jacques-Enguerrand-Gorgue, whose works are part of the permanent collection of the Modern Museum in New York and Paris.

EAST MARTELLO GALLERY & MUSEUM, South Roosevelt Blvd., 296-3913. 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily except Christmas. Oct. 8 thru Nov. 1 One Man Show, presenting Joe Loeber, Mixed Media.

GUILD HALL GALLERY, 614 Duval St., 296-9359. 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. daily including Sunday. An outstanding array of original art and prints by Key West professionals. Featured artists: Walter Ashe, Barbara Bauer, Robert Birbeck, John Cryer, Barbara Hodgens, Joan Howe, Walt Hyla, Ann Irvine, Fran Kebusch, Maxine McMullen, Irma Quigley, Bea Sackett and Stan Sharpe.

KEY WEST ART CENTER, 301 Front St., 294-1241.

EVENTS

Oct. 8 Regular membership meeting. Slide cassette workshop on water color to be presented by Edgar A. Whitney, A.N.R.; A.W.S. Public invited to attend free of charge.

MOIRA, The Art Gallery in Key Lime Sq., and FRAMES BY MOIRA (custom framing) 294-1254. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily except Sunday and Monday. Jim Lehmkuhl, Artist in Residence. Ready-made standard size frames in stock. Professional discount.

POETRY READINGS, ETC.

GUILD HALL POETRY SOCIETY, 614 Duval St., 296-9359. New time: 8 p.m. First Sunday of every month. An open reading. Refreshments.

Oct. 5 Featured Poet: Thomas Gibbs.

THE MONDAY NIGHT SALON SESSION, a variety of creative evenings with Robin Kaplan, by invitation only. Persons interested may contact Robin at The Bookshop, 534 Fleming St., 296-9089.

FILM

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER (TWFAC) - See above, theatre.

Oct. 6 Katherine Hepburn in "Summertime," 8:30 p.m. The first in the "Great Actresses in Film" series.

MONROE COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY, 700 Fleming St. New phone: 294-8488. Children's films continuing Saturdays at 10 a.m.

SELF-HELP

ADULT EDUCATION. English as a Second Language. Courses free of charge. Newcomers to Key West welcome to begin at this time. Call Sylvia Gonzalez, 296-8827, for additional information.

ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS. Meetings at various times and places. For more information, call 294-9026.

EMOTIONAL HEALTH ANONYMOUS. Meetings every Thursday 7:30 p.m. at the First Congregational Church, 527 William St., and Saturdays at 10 a.m. at the United Methodist Church, 729 Fleming St.

OVEREATERS ANONYMOUS. Meetings every Tuesday at 7:30 p.m. at the United Methodist Church, 729 Fleming St.

CONSCIOUS PREGNANCY CLASSES, including classes in nutrition, breathing, health, yoga, etc. Call 296-6259 for information.

Oct. 27-31 "Gardening in the Keys," a one-week course given by Raymond Zerba of the Florida Keys Extension Service. Seating limited to 100 people. Free. To enroll, write P.O. Box 2545 Key West. Course to be given at the Tennessee Williams Auditorium in the Monroe County Public Library in Key West.

MAIL-A-BOOK PROGRAM, for shut-ins and those who find it difficult to travel to the library conveniently. One hundred new book titles recently added. May be obtained through libraries at Marathon, Key Largo, Islamorada and Key West, as well as bookmobiles. Will mail to anyone in Monroe County. Catalogs, etc. available at 700 Fleming St. Library. New phone: 294-8488.

WOMEN'S CENTER, 602 Duval St. Hours 8 a.m. to 4:30 p.m. weekdays. Phone 294-8481. Call for exact times, etc. Class schedule for October.

Oct. 6 Advanced Life-Saving.

Oct. 7 Cardio-Pulmonary Resuscitation (CPR) one night only.

Oct. 20 & 27 Coping with Solitude and Loneliness (Boca Chica).

Oct. 21 & 28 Same course as above, at the Key West Library.

Oct. 6 & 13 Communicating What We Mean (Boca Chica).

Oct. 7 & 14 Same course as above, at the Key West Library.

Oct. 21 & 26 Defensive Driving (TWFAC).

WORKSHOPS IN LIFE DRAWING AND PAINTING, Tuesday, 8 to 10 p.m.; Fridays, 2 to 4 p.m. (\$2-\$3 model fee.) For further information, call Malcolm Ross at 294-8301.

SENIOR CITIZEN NEWS

Senior Citizen Center, 600 White St. New phone: 294-4641, Ext. 363. New hours: 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. Monday thru Friday; 12 Noon to 5 p.m. Saturday and Sunday.

Oct. 13 Regular meeting, 8 p.m. preceded by an hour of free blood pressure testing for senior citizens. Legislative leaflet questionnaire to be distributed regarding the joint committee of the Retired Teachers and the A.R.P. Guest speaker to be announced.

Circa Oct. 31 Halloween Dance. Exact date and time to be announced.

REGULAR EVENTS

AQUEDUCT AUTHORITY MEETING, 1100 Kennedy Dr., 296-2454. Next meeting: West Palm Beach, Oct. 9 & 10. Time to be announced.

CITY COMMISSION MEETING, first and third Mondays at 8 p.m., City Hall, corner of Simonton and Angela streets.

CITY ELECTRIC UTILITY BOARD MEETING, second and fourth Wednesdays, 5 p.m., Board Room, 930 Caroline St.

MONROE COUNTY COMMISSION MEETINGS, 294-4641.

Oct. 6 Key West, 10 a.m.

Oct. 21 Plantation Key, 10 a.m.

MONROE COUNTY PUBLIC LIBRARY

Oct. 4 Book Sale, first of the new season, rear of 700 Fleming St. Hardbacks, 25¢; paperbacks 10¢. 10 a.m. to 3 p.m.

MARATHON LIONS CLUB DINNER MEETINGS, second and fourth Wednesdays at the Indies Inn, Duck Key, at 7:30 p.m.

Please send notice of events of public interest to Solares Hill, 513 Fleming Street, Room 3, by the 20th of the month preceding the event.

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GET READY FOR FANTASY FEST

October 31 - November 2



Fantasy Fest... Western Civilization's only known three-day celebration of Halloween... held on America's original Fantasy Island: Key West, Florida.

If you somehow managed to miss Fest '79, be advised that it was the most opulent, extravagant, gala party this town has ever seen. Three days of it, non-stop. 3000 people at the Sunset Food Fest on Friday... 7000 at the Saturday night parade... gorgeous floats... incredible costumes everywhere. (Don't be surprised if you find a gorilla serving you your favorite drink!)

This year promises to be even better, even bigger.

FANTASY FEST IS ONLY ONE MONTH AWAY! IF YOU HAVEN'T ALREADY COMMITTED YOUR PARTICIPATION, NOW'S THE TIME TO DO IT!

FLOAT ENTRANTS!! WE NEED YOUR APPLICATIONS
in by the 10th of October. Don't wait! The Grand Marshal is working on float line-up now. Call 294-9535 for an application. Then mail it — with your check — A.S.A.P.

WIZARDS!! PLACE YOUR ORDERS for the official Fest t-shirt now!! There is only ONE official t-shirt of Fantasy Fest '80. If you haven't already done so, order now!

AND GET TO WORK ON YOUR COSTUME FOR A CHANCE AT

\$1000 CASH PRIZE

The Fantasy Fest Committee P.O. Box 1426 Key West

FOOD BOOTH FOR FRIDAY'S SUNSET FOOD FEST. We still have a few left. 10' x 10' spaces rent for \$50. each. YOU keep the proceeds. Call 294-5161 for an application.

DECORATE YOUR SHOPS, HOMES, CARS, BIKES. Put yourselves and your employees in costume. Put Key West on the map by insuring the success of Fantasy Fest '80. Press galore will be in town to record it!



**Good News
DEPARTMENT**

IT'S VERY EXCITING to encounter a person of any age with the spark of aliveness. Add to that spark, a willingness to chat, and you begin to know the colorful personage of Mrs. Sarah Jane Russell. One of eleven children born outside Gainesville in 1902, she came to Key West as a bride in 1921 to become one of Peacock Lane's longest residents.

We spied this wonderful lady, a great grandmother eight times and one of the stars of "The Key West Picture Show" complete with Tony Gregory tee-shirt and political cart, on her way to the polls. Of Freeman, she quips, "Billy Freeman takes the time to talk to me, so I take the time to vote for him." You are Good News, Mrs. Russell, and thanks for the avocados.

BY JO ANN SAVIO



PHOTO BY JO ANN SAVIO

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