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From The Editor

HELLO

Robert Garcia, the candidate for mayor, has been the owner of a fence company and is active in real estate in Key West. He is not to be confused with the jeweler, Roberto Garcia, who has a jewelry shop in Seastown. Last month we confused the two men and we apologize.

After almost ten years we have a new look. Let us know if you like it. Also, our long-time astrologer, Emma Cates, is no longer doing her column, due to the pressure of her commitments. Thank you, Emma, for your contributions.

Here's some good news. The Florida C.A.R.L. (Conservation and Recreation Lands) Acquisition Committee met at DNR's Tallahassee Headquarters last Wednesday and Thursday to consider additions to the 1985-1986 acquisition list. Under consideration was a project for state purchase of the Salt Ponds around Key West International Airport, sponsored by the Florida Audubon Society, along with our local Chapter. Also on the new list is a project to acquire all the privately-owned lands east of County Road 905 at North Key Largo, from Caysort Yacht Club south to Port Bougainville. This latter project to protect the Crocodile Lake National Wildlife Refuge and John Pennekamp and Coral Reef Parks, is being sponsored by Friends of the Everglades, Miami and Keys Chapters of Izaak Walton League, the Governor's Habitat Conservation Plan Study Committee, and various Citizen's Associations and the Coalition of the Florida Keys. As the C.A.R.L. Committee met, they received a telegram from Marjory Stoneman Douglas, urging that the financially troubled Port Bougainville and Garden Cove Projects be included within the C.A.R.L. project boundaries. Mrs. Douglas, who founded Friends of the Everglades, urged that the proposed acquisitions be considered for expansion of the Everglades National Park. A good idea!

I visited Ft. Taylor State Park again and I want to report that it remains wonderful. Anyone who has not yet been there should go.

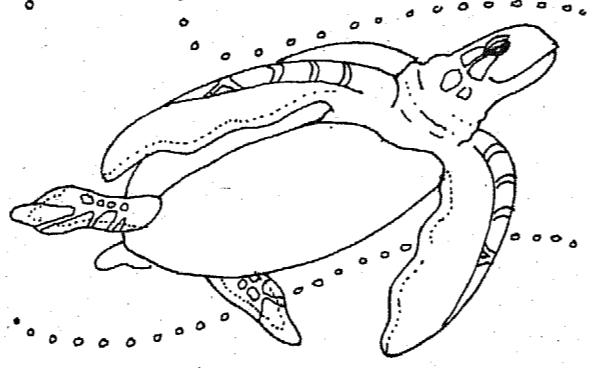
I would like to see a contest for the best shop windows in Key West. I was rendered agog anew by the splendid displays at Fast Buck's and Perkins and Son. Christmas or Fantasy Fest would be a good time to hold such a contest.

I'm pleased to hear some candidates bring up their concerns about traffic. As an island, we are threatened far more by heavy traffic than are municipalities that have room to expand outward. If we are congested now, we are going to be far more congested soon. Causeways and supergrades and street-widening are not the solution to this problem—and, even if they were, who would want them? Does anyone want to see

the lawns and sidewalks of Eaton Street taken out so that we can have still more development? Does anyone want a causeway around the island to facilitate the crush of cars that we are going to experience if building isn't restrained? Huge garages squatting around the city? Well, a few people might be willing to put up with this, but most of us don't want these remedies. So then, what is the solution? Answer—there is NO solution. This little island simply cannot handle what's in store for it and that is why we need a moratorium on all large projects at once until we know more fully our abilities to handle them or whether, as I believe, to not be able to handle them. Commissioner George Halloran was the voice of reason the other evening when he called for just such a moratorium and was voted and shouted down by his fellow commissioners. (I was very disappointed in City Planner Art Mosley, who laconically stated that the traffic was a problem and that it would have to be dealt with. One way to deal with it would be to stop large scale development until the Department of Transportation traffic study is completed. It would have been nice to have heard this from our City Planner.) Well, no one could be more wrong than the commissioners who voted against this moratorium; I hope that this vote becomes a campaign issue. When our citizens fully realize that there is no answer or solution to our traffic problems, then I'm sure that they will vote into office the candidates who cry out for large-scale development to stop.

See you next month.

WT



Keets Taylor did the cover art this month. It is, of course, a reproduction of her poster for Mel Fisher's Go For The Gold treasure hunt scheduled for September 21-28.

Solares Hill is a community newspaper published every month on the slopes of Solares Hill, Key West's highest point, by Solares Hill Company, 513 Fleming Street Room 4, Key West, Florida 33040

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HEMINGWAY'S HURRICANE

by
Bill Anderson

It centered around subjects Ernest Hemingway consistently wrote about in his long and celebrated literary career—the sea and wind, danger, destruction and death, and war veterans out of control of their lives and destinies. In Hemingway's opinion it also was an unnecessary tragedy brought on by politicians including President Franklin Roosevelt and government bureaucrats, neither of whom Hemingway was prone to suffer in his private or professional life.

"It" being the Labor Day 1935 hurricane that fifty years ago, on September 2, pounded and devastated the northern Florida Keys, then shocked the nation and the world over a period of several days as news of the extent of the horrendous damage and almost 1,000 human deaths leaked out slowly.

During those few days thirty-six year old Ernest Hemingway became the writer who fought a truculent journalistic fight for World War I veterans who had participated in the Spring and Summer of 1932 Bonus March on Washington, D.C. Most of them were unemployed and in bad financial straits and were demanding passage by Congress of a bill providing for payment of their promised bonuses from the war. When the Senate Defeated the bill, the veterans, who had camped out for several months in public parks in the capital, refused to leave. President Herbert Hoover ordered the army under the command of Douglas MacArthur to forcibly evict them. Their camps were set on fire and the army drove them from the city.

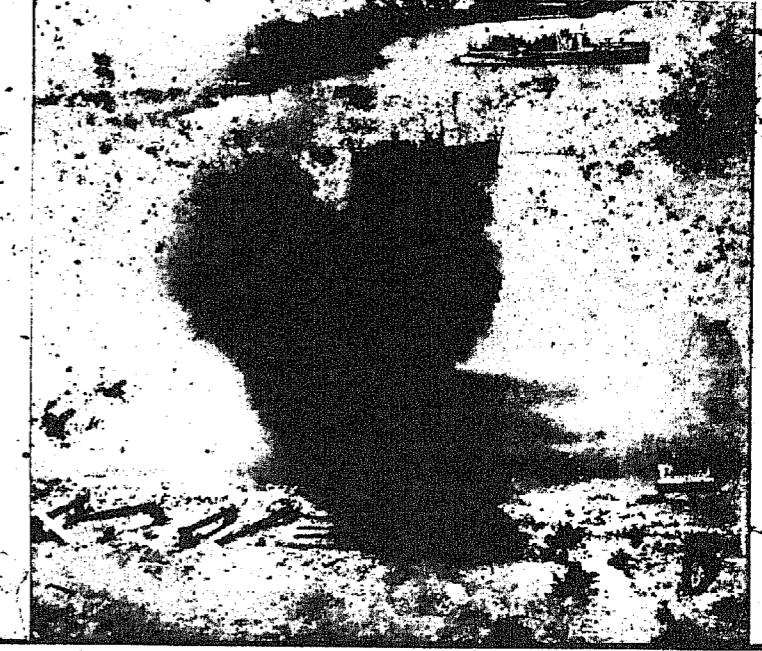
Three years later many of these same veterans suddenly found themselves in the Keys—"out of time, place and money, working for \$45 a month coolie wages," Hemingway charged, paid by the U.S. government to complete the Overseas Highway alongside Henry Flagler's Florida East Coast Railway. The latter linked the Keys to the mainland but the automobile road lacked some 40 miles of construction.

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FLAMES SOUND TAPS FOR DEAD

[Story on Page Three]



The funeral pyre at Matecumbe.

courtesy of Monroe County Library

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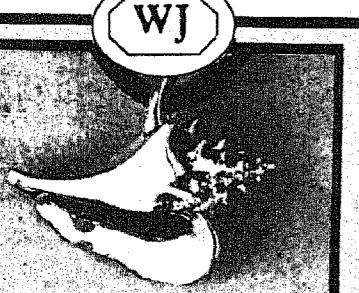
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And all at the height of the hurricane season in spite of nearly 1,000 civilian workers already killed by hurricanes just a few years before during the building of the railroad. Hemingway was to write that "ignorance has never been accepted as an excuse for murder or for manslaughter."

In Key West, where Hemingway was living and writing, the previous year of 1934 had been a halcyon one for him, although the Depression saw 80% of Key West's other citizens destitute or on relief.

Hemingway's professional and personal lives were humming, indeed. He had written about kudu-hunting in *Green Hills of Africa*, had been instrumental in helping scientists to reclassify marlin in the North Atlantic during a summer long fishing expedition in the 90-mile wide waters that separated Key West and Havana, and had acquired his custom-made 38-foot cabin cruiser which he and his wife Pauline christened *Pilar*. The word means "milestone" or "mainstay" in Spanish and was chosen for the boat according to Mrs. Hemingway because she and Ernest intended to name their first daughter "Pilar." The name must have been a favorite of the writer's, for he used the name again a few years later for the revolutionary woman fighter in the Spanish Civil War he novelized in *For Whom the Bell Tolls*.

The *Pilar* had a black hull and a green roof with varnished mahogany in the cockpit and along the sides. It was considered the best fishing boat in Key West.

The hurricane was supposed to have hit Key West at midnight, Sunday, September 1 of Labor Day weekend, 1935.

Betty Moreno Bruce, a native Key Wester, knew Hemingway for more than 30 years. Her husband Otto or "Toby" was Hemingway's constant companion in Key West, serving as his chauffeur, carpenter, boat man, and Toby and Betty often travelled with Ernest to the American West and to Cuba to hunt and fish.

Betty recalls that when she was ten years old, "The Hemingways rented a house across from us. He was working on *A Farewell to Arms*. Ernest was handsome and always going fishing—my

idea of heaven, for I was quite a tomboy."

"When the '35 hurricane was approaching, I begged my father who was Key West city engineer to go with him to the weather bureau at the end of Fleming Street. All of the people were hanging around. Ernest was there and a bunch of old Conchs, all discussing the barometer," she says.

By his own account to Scribner's editor Maxwell Perkins, Hemingway left the weather bureau and Betty's father and her that Sunday night to get a couple hours' sleep before the expected brunt of it all at midnight. He parked his car in front of his house on Whitehead Street because he didn't trust his rickety garage, and in his words, "Putting the barometer and a flashlight by the bed for when the electric lights go. At midnight the wind is howling, the glass is 29.55 and dropping while you watch it, and rain is coming in sheets. You dress—you figure if we get the hurricane from there you will lose the boat and you never will have enough money to get another. You feel like hell. But a little after two o'clock it backs into the west and by the law of circular storms you know the storm has passed over the Keys above us."

As Hemingway had earlier returned to his house from Key West's old submarine base where he had harbored *Pilar* for the expected hurricane, he noticed a strange empty look in the front yard, he wrote. A large old Sapodilla tree had been blown down and he went to bed. "That's what happens when one misses you," Hemingway wrote Perkins. "And that is about the minimum of time you have to prepare for a hurricane: two full days. Sometimes you have longer."

But what happened further up the Keys, at strange sounding places like Upper and Lower Matecumbe, which had meant "Place of Sorrow" to a vanquished Indian tribe, and "Snake Creek"—names not known to most Americans—was soon to be flashed around the world. Perhaps only the totally destroyed Long Key fishing camp, Henry Flagler's playground for millionaires and Presidents, had been written about in the society and gossip columns of the day.

Because of the high winds, no boat could get out of Key West the next day, Tuesday. The telephone, cable and telegraph were all down, and there was no communication with Key West beyond the ferry or with the mainland, Betty Bruce recalls. She says that the lone train that daily came from Miami to meet the boats from Havana arrived at the Key West docks and then head back north didn't leave that day or any other day, ever again. A train could only have gotten to Marathon Key anyway, she says, and that's too far from Matecumbe.

"Through nobody's fault no one knew what was going on," she says. "It took two days here in Key West to find out. But when it came time, everybody who had a boat took off."

Hemingway in his *Pilar* was among those who headed north for Lower Matecumbe with rescue hopes and provisions for the victims, hopefully alive, Betty says.

But a few days later Hemingway wrote Maxwell Perkins: "Between 700 and 1,000 dead. Many today (Sept. 7) still unburied. The foliage absolutely stripped as though by fire for forty miles and the land looking like the abandoned bed of a river. Not a building of any sort standing. Over thirty miles of railway washed away. We were the first to Camp Five of the veterans who were working on the Highway construction. Out of 187 only 8 survived. Saw more dead than I'd seen in one place since the lower Piave (Italy, in World War I) in June of 1918."

It ended up that there were almost 500 veterans killed by the hurricane and almost another 500 civilians. But Hemingway felt it unnecessary to explore the whys of the deaths of the latter and their families because, he wrote, "They were on the Keys of their own free will; they made their living there; had property and knew the hazards involved. But the veterans had been sent there; they had no opportunity to leave, nor any protection against hurricanes; and they never had a chance for their lives."

In an article he wrote only a few days later for New Masses, Hemingway railed against the politicians including President Roosevelt and Harry Hopkins who served as F.D.R.'s Federal Emergency Relief Administration chief, and against some of the

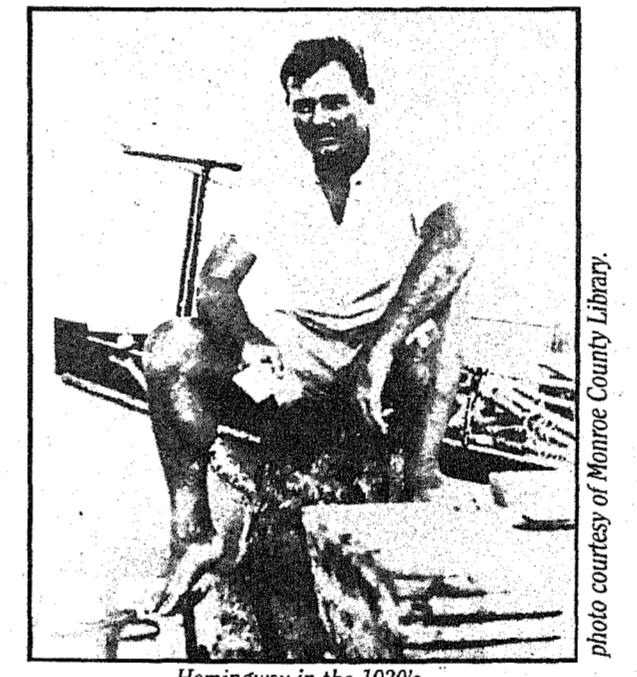
other bureaucrats in charge of Depression Agencies overseeing the work of the World War I veterans. He asked why and by whom "nearly a thousand war veterans, many of them husky, hard working and simply out of luck, were sent to the Keys in hurricane months." He also demanded that the public be informed on why the men weren't evacuated a day or two earlier because evacuation he wrote was their "Only protection, and who advised against sending the train from Miami until late Monday afternoon, when it was blown off the tracks before it reached Lower Matecumbe."

"Ernest was so disturbed, he just lashed out," Betty Bruce says.

When Hemingway in his *Pilar* reached Lower Matecumbe two days later and then returned to Key West, he also recorded for New Masses: "The railroad embankment was gone and the men who cowered behind it, and finally, when the water came (those who had) clung to the rails, were all gone with it. You could find them face down and face up in the mangroves. The biggest bunch of the dead were in the tangled, always green but now brown, mangroves behind the tank cars and the water towers. They hung on there, in shelter, until the wind and rising water carried them away. Then further on you found them high in the trees where the water had swept them. You found them everywhere and in the sun all of them were beginning to be too big for their blue jeans and jackets that they never could fill when they were on the bunn and hungry."

Hemingway had personally known some of these vets around Key West and he recalled in New Masses some of his impressions of them there: "When they would come in for pay day, and some of them were punch drunk and some of them were smart; some had been on the bum since the Argonne almost and some had lost their jobs the year before last Christmas; some had wives and some could not remember; some were good guys and others put their pay checks in Postal Savings and then came over to cadge in on the drinks when better men were drunk; some liked to fight and others liked to walk around the town; and they were all what you get after a war."

In the Matecumbe mangroves Hemingway had discovered two dead women whom he described for New Masses: "bloated big as a balloon and upside down, and there's another face down in the brush next to her—two damned nice girls who ran a sandwich place and filling station and that where they are is their bad luck."



An unnamed novelist of the time whose publisher had sent out numerous publicity releases on his client's being in Miami to gather material on a hurricane for his next novel also drew Hemingway's fire: "So now hold your nose, and you, you that put in the literary columns that you were staying in Miami to see a hurricane because you needed it in your next novel and now you are afraid you would not see one, you can go on reading the paper, and you'll get all you need for your next novel; but I would like to lead you by the seat of your well-worn-by-writing-to-the-literary-columns pants up to that bunch of mangroves."

More from Hemingway three days after he saw Matecumbe to Editor Maxwell Perkins: "Harry Hopkins and Roosevelt who sent those poor Bonus March guys down here to get rid of them got rid of them all right. Now they say they should all be buried in Arlington and no bodies to be burned or buried on the spot which meant trying to carry stuff that came apart blown so tight

time to prevent loss of a single life. But instead, as late as 4 p.m. on Labor Day Monday, according to Miami newspaper reports of the time, weather reports stated that the storm would pass below the Keys with no peril to inhabitants. Yet the center of the hurricane formed on the Upper Keys between Midnight and 1 a.m. Tuesday.

It's now summertime in Key West, 50 years after that great blow of 1935. Three more U.S. wars are history and about the only veterans Americans hear of today are some from Vietnam who are contesting their government over Agent Orange.

In government brochures this summer Key West residents are being warned of this 1985 Hurricane season which lasts from June until December. "You are living in an area with a high possibility of being affected by tropical storms or hurricanes—the Florida Keys, one of the most hurricane-prone areas on the United States," the Brochures read. They're also being told that like Hemingway wrote here 50 years ago, there probably will be only a short time in which to evacuate.

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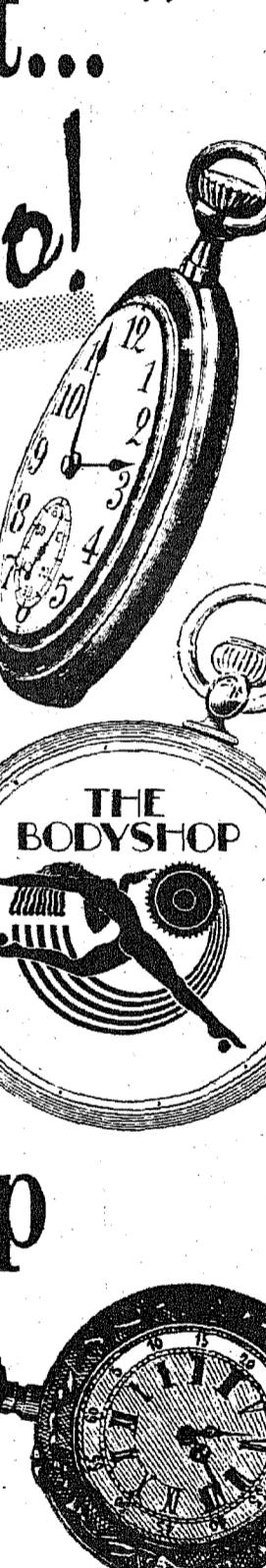
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DON'T BOTHER ME—I'M DRINKING

by
Helen R. Chapman

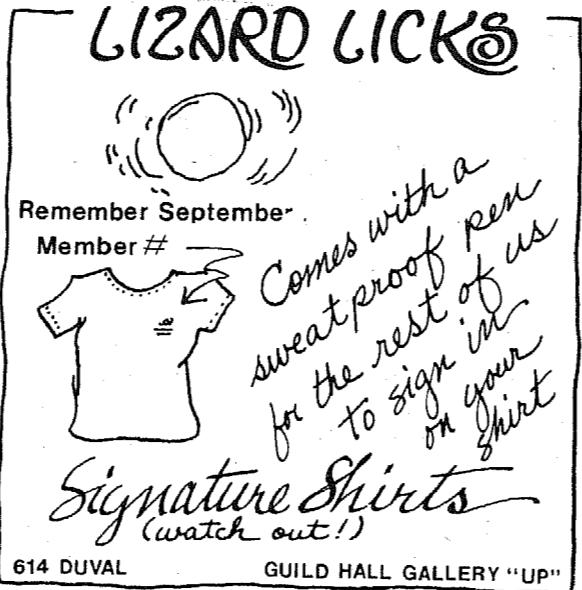
ATELY, I'VE COME across more and more articles regarding the growing sobriety of the younger professional generation (or Yuppies, as the media had christened them). It's scary. They've already given up smoking and are joining health clubs with the wild abandon of ancient Athenians. Now they're forsaking booze.

Role reversal between parents and offspring is the result. Past generations had a tough time convincing their kids that smoking and drinking were bad for them. Now, will we witness the father-of-the-bride trying to sneak martinis into his daughter's cranberry juice reception? Will his football-playing son hide the traditional Thanksgiving Day flask? Terrifying turn of events.

However, this poor beleaguered parent does have an out: He can move to Key West. Somehow I don't think we'll see the end of sensible imbibing in the foreseeable future—if ever.

First of all, we're pretty short on Yuppies. Expatriate Yuppies who live in Key West would only have to abstain on a few occasions, such as graduations and weddings in Ohio and Vermont. Then the parched parents can rush back to the island and head for the nearest bar. "We just got back from one son's wedding. He doesn't let us drink, you know."

Then consider all our noble bartenders. I don't know one who would relish mixing a batch of Strawberry Slushes (or



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In case a hurricane actually hits, depth markers are stenciled on Key West light poles to denote the number of feet above sea level the city's various neighborhoods are. Records here indicate that the 1935 hurricane had an 18-foot surge or dome of water at Matecumbe. Weather specialists explain that a surge doesn't crash like a wave but maintains its shape as it moves ashore flooding a wide area.

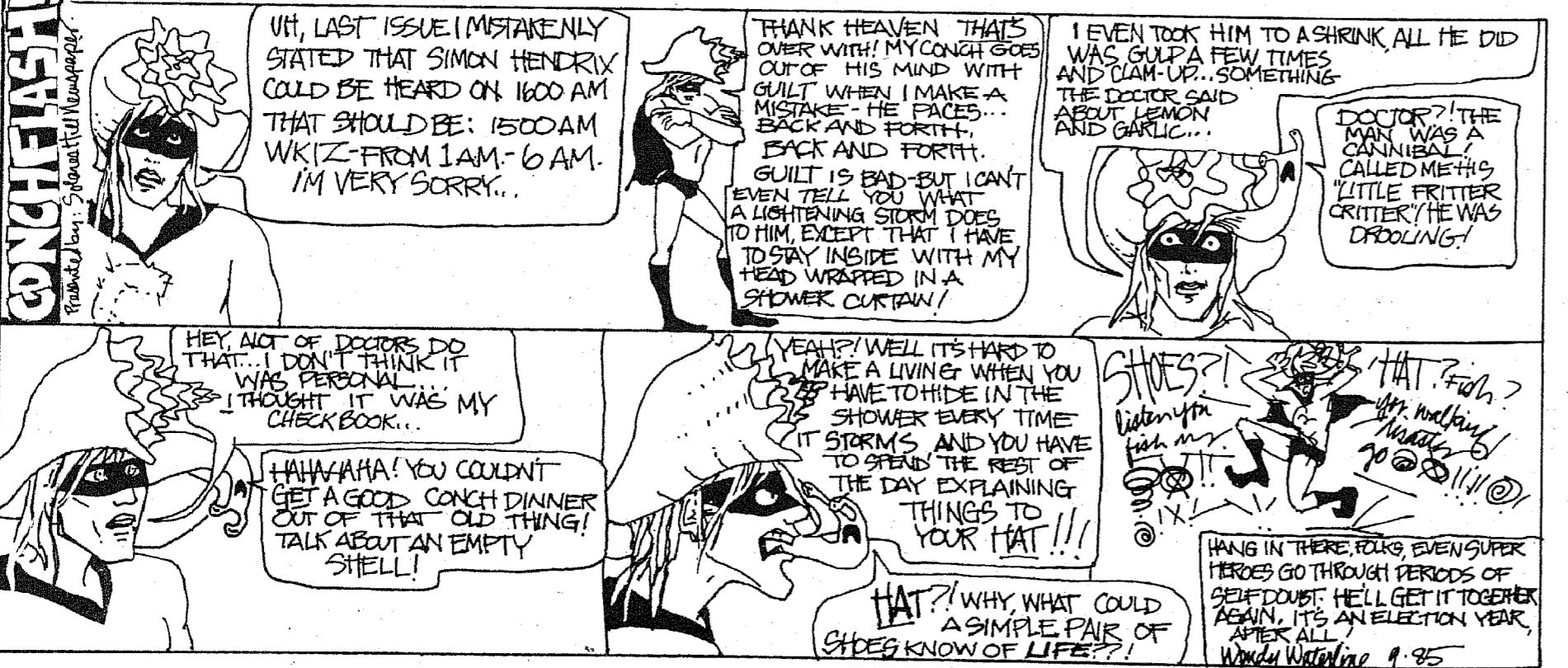
Key West's highest and most inland point, Solares Hill, is 14 feet above sea level, while parts of Whitehead Street near the Waterfront and Hemingway's old home are as low as one foot.

The reef that many people think protects the Keys from hurricanes extends all the way up the keys. But as Hemingway discovered, that reef he navigated his *Pilar* over so many times did not prevent nearly 1,000 veterans and civilians from being killed in 1935.

At least one biographer of Hemingway, Cuban Norberto Fuentes, wrote that the Matecumbe veterans whom Hemingway described in his 1935 *New Masses* political tract *Who Murdered the Vets?* became role models for the heavy drinking fun-loving former soldiers who frequent the Key West bars in *To Have and Have Not* (1937). Fuentes also asserts that the 1935 hurricane experience served as what Fuentes calls "a necessary hardening up process" for Hemingway not only evident in *To Have and Have Not* but also in *For Whom the Bell Tolls* (1940).

The literary giant and journalist who befriended the war veterans and put his own imprimatur on that 1935 Labor Day hurricane is gone from the Keys. Although his close friend Betty Bruce here in Key West reveals that Ernest Hemingway wanted to be buried at his Cuban farm, times did not permit. Instead he's buried alongside his old hunting buddy "Beartracks" Williams in Ketchum, Idaho, after committing what his only acknowledged protege Arnold Samuelson described in *Esquire Magazine* in 1961 as "the most deliberate act of his life"—taking a shotgun to his head.

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BY FRANCES ELIZABETH SIGNORELLI

I ast Spring, a Texas woman from days long gone calls. After a dust-throwing sentence or two, she announces that she is coming here to Similar Sound for five-day visit. Her self-confidence is respect-worthy. She cannot, she proudly testifies, drive worth pea-turkey. After hanging up, two gloomy thoughts strike me: I shall have to transport her everywhere. And, I am being faced with a live-in visitor in only a one-bathroom house. I resort to a chilled glass of Perrier water with a slice of lemon in it and to reading four pages of Iris Murdoch. These exercises always have poulticed disasters, like rejection of my short story in the mail, impetigo, or heartbreak.

It has been 23 years since I last laid eyes on this lady friend. There are absences which are fatal. And I am desperately afraid that this is one of them. Granted, I moodily remember that,

indeed, we were the best of girl friends when we were youngsters. Arms around each other's shoulders and whispering into each other's ears, giggling. I was the only girl who would spend the night with her, as she kept the bones of a dug-up Comanche Indian chief in a hat box under her bed. We shared making a white cotton brassiere for the Home Demonstration teacher who was in the outlying ranch areas to teach sewing. Of course, one side came out larger, and together we bore the hoots and laughs from that trauma.

I flounce into my bedroom. Lie on my bed rigidly regarding a pine rose half way up the wall. I have discovered this awful lack

in me. I perceive that houseguests, however decent they may be, are intruders. Entry into my space is an affront. I have the grace to be vastly ashamed, true. I realize that my soul has lost pounds of spiritual weight over my appall at a houseguest. My state of hebephrenia continues. That night, I dream of her falling out of or being pushed out of a Ferris Wheel. Then, wake-up, go back to sleep. Dream Number 11: She is para-sailing, her big, white purse affectionately dangling until she drops down just off Dog Beach.

Next morning, when I can discern bumps and slight moving of a chair or a suitcase in the next room, I come all unbuttoned. This is my chair and my floor the chair is moving over. And, my guilt at feeling this way about this poor Texas lady innocently folding her big cherry nightie in there is eating away at me. I don't drink. I have never in my life had more than a few social sips, but, I am liable to be found down at the Boca Chica Bar knocking it back at 9 a.m.

Fourth morning: She sits around, massages her fingers doing

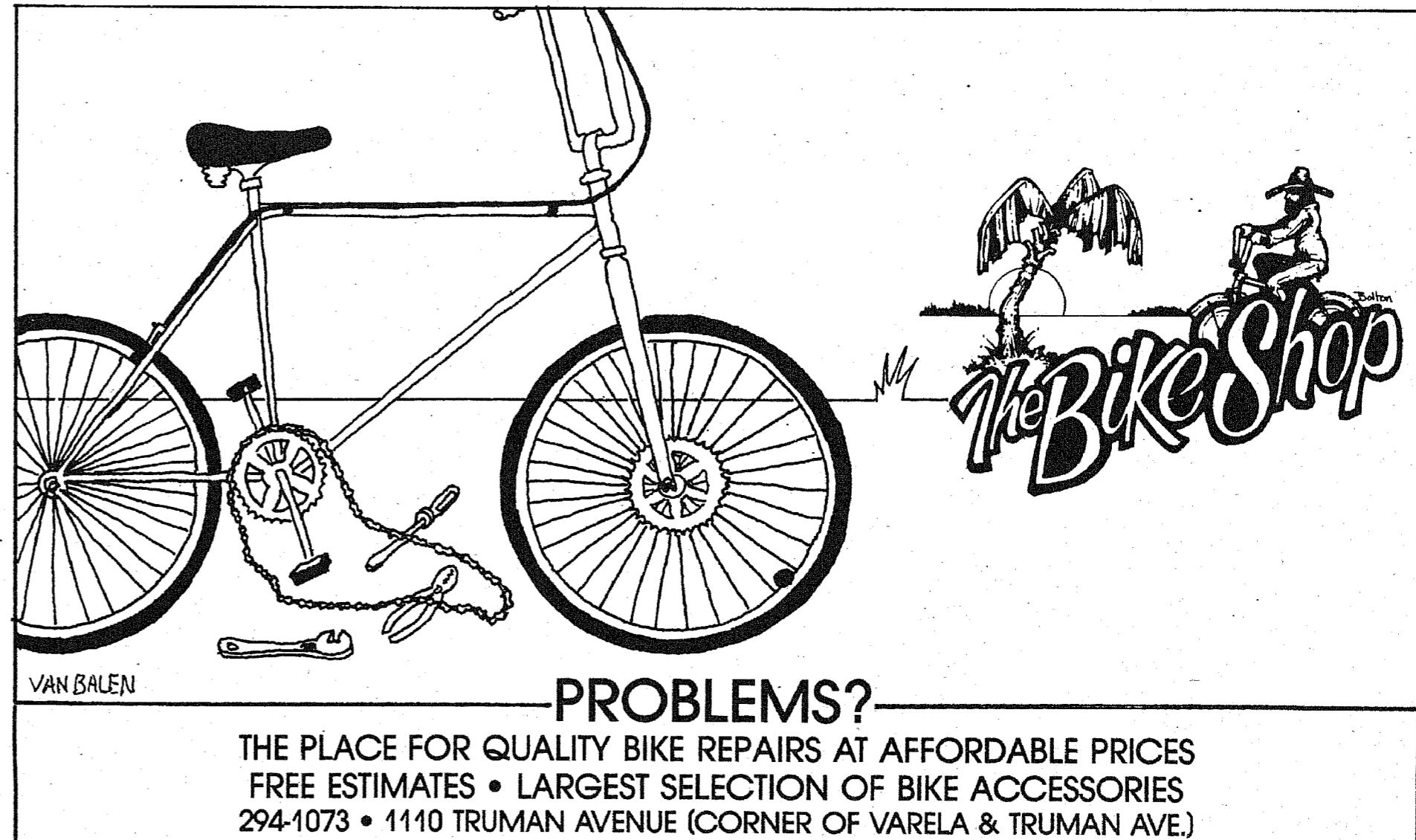
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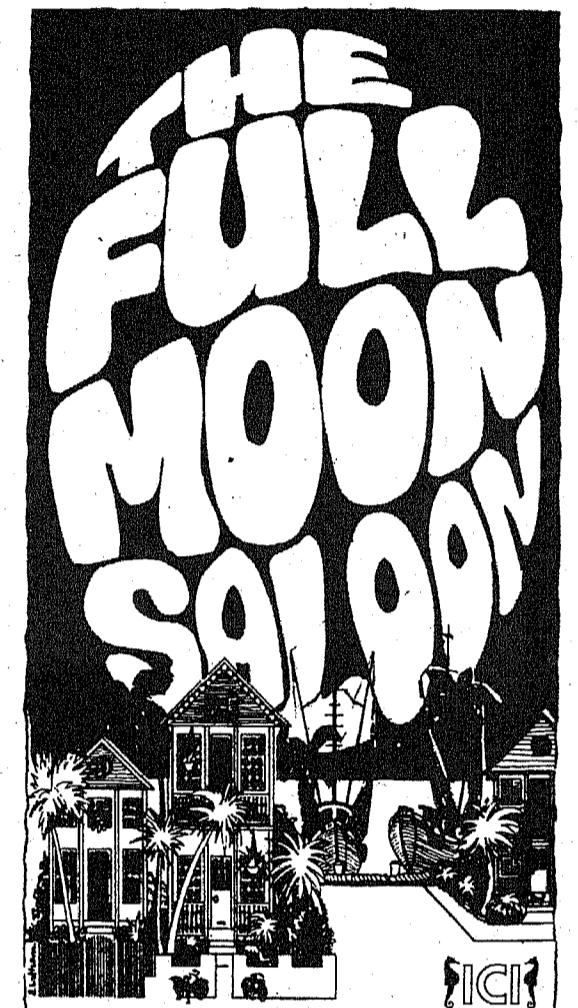
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SOME THOUGHTS

by
Gil Ryder

Some time in the near future the Land Use Plan, with what ever modifications, will be in effect and will, probably, supersede our County zoning code. Also, in all probability, the will of the people, as expressed in the Monroe County, Florida, Land Use Preference Survey of 1975, will be ignored, and the guidelines established by various "experts" will be followed.

Implementation of those guidelines will put heavy emphasis of Cluster Housing which, in turn, will bring about rapid urbanization of much of unincorporated Monroe County.

The new construction taking place in Key West at present and for the past three years or so presents a good indication of the direction the Keys will be taking. A number of Keys residents are disturbed by the thought of sharing the increased cost of living that will be brought about by urbanization of the area and those fears are well-grounded.

Rapid progress doesn't come cheaply—roads will have to be built, schools expanded and new ones built; more teachers, principals, administrative help, custodians, etc., will have to be employed and paid, and many other costly factors will come into view as we progress toward our urbanized destiny, and we might as well get used to it, starting now.

Very few people seem to be aware that the rate of urbanization will be matched by an increased crime rate. The increased crime rate will not only cost the residents money and objects of value, it will also cost residents their sense of security and wellbeing, their feeling of personal safety, and will expose them to acts of violence against their persons.

You may depend upon it that the outrageous acts of violence against persons by highway bandits on I-95 will eventually spill over onto U.S.1 in various sections of the Keys.

The bandits are probably pretty stupid but they can't be so stupid that they won't recognize tourists in the Keys, with fun money in their pockets and expensive cameras in their cars, as

far juicier prey than people going to and from work on I-95. Another factor that will increase crime in the Keys will be the inadvertent creation of new slums. The first step in that inadvertent creation has already been taken.

Allowing any industry, for any reason, for any amount of time, to be established in RUI (single family residential) zoned areas will cause the purely residential families to vote with their feet. They'll move out, selling at a loss or, if they have mortgages greater than the dropped value of the property, simply abandoning their homes and moving into Cluster Housing as the lesser of two evils or, they will leave the Keys and start over in some other area where residential zoning is more secure.

Abandoned housing or housing sold too cheaply will automatically progress into slums. Slums are the incubators for crime.

All slum dwellers are not criminals, but you can bet your boots that the I-95 highway bandits are the product of slum neighborhoods.

The residents of the Keys would be wise if they backed the Sheriff in his pleas for a greatly increased budget in order to have adequate protection in readiness as the crime rate increases.

The people of the Keys are fortunate in having an excellent Sheriff's Department and intelligent, well-trained deputies, plus an effective Sheriff who bears a heavy responsibility in guiding the Department and thus securing the safety and wellbeing of the citizens.

Policing a long, skinny chain of islands must present unique problems in peace-keeping and law enforcement. These problems are bound to increase as urbanization progresses, and the residents should demand that the Sheriff's Department have the funds to add the manpower and machinery to protect fully residents and visitors, not as the need arises, but before the need arises.

The people who have suffered serious physical injury, expensive damage to vehicles, and loss of money and property at the hands of the bandits on I-95 would surely all have been happier if there had been police protection adequate to prevent those crimes before they occurred—even it meant paying another hundred dollars a year in taxes.

One of the greatest deterrents to crime is a visible police patrol. This may not have much effect on domestic disturbances and crimes of passion, but it has a very salutary effect on housebreaking, mugging, highway banditry, and violent molestation.

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tation on streets and highways.

Most of us would agree that the primary duty of government, at any and all levels, is protection of the citizens—not only against foreign aggression but against internal crime and violence.

Many years ago, raiding parties from one nation would invade another, killing men and making off with the women and wealth of the area raided. Gradually, as civilization progressed, the people of various nations agreed to pay a tax to support military forces adequate to defeat and chase away the raiding parties.

Most countries, including ours, spend vast amounts of money to maintain a military presence at home and abroad to protect themselves from foreign aggression. In our case at least, it's money well spent—no foreign aggression country is raiding us and running off with our women and wealth.

Unfortunately, we haven't learned to spend the money necessary to protect ourselves from internal aggression. In this area, we are penny wise and pound foolish. Men are killed, women raped, children molested and possessions stolen or destroyed—not by foreign invaders but by domestic criminals—and this need not be.

If we agree that the protection of residents and visitors is the primary obligation of local government, then it follows that such protection will need the most money to operate effectively.

Schools, libraries, playgrounds, etc., are also important and necessary to the public welfare—but they are useless if citizens are afraid to leave their homes.

The visible police patrol is the keystone of the arch. If we don't have a strong and properly fitted keystone, the arch will collapse

into a pile of rubble. The arch represents the civilized community, the pile of rubble is the crime-ridden slum.

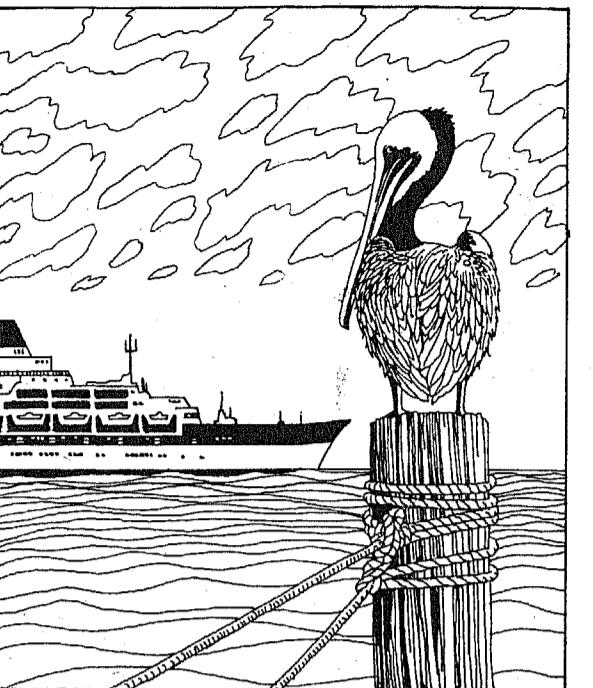
If the Sheriff needs a bigger jail and bigger staff, let's see to it that those needs are met. If he needs more deputies, more vehicles, more computers, better radios, boats or machine guns, he should have them.

Now that the Keys are on the road to urbanization, why not make sure that we will be the most crime-free urban area in the country?

Also, consider the possibility of merging the Key West City Police with the Sheriff's Department and having all the Keys under one unified command for greater efficiency and economy.

Is ten point four million dollars too much for the Sheriff's Department? Nonsense! Give the Sheriff the thirteen million he originally asked for. That will look like peanuts as urbanization proceeds. You can bet on it that the Sheriff's budget will need to be more than twice that by the turn of the century, and we'll be glad to pay it rather than pay the cost of fortifying and arming our households.

Famous last words: "It can't happen here."



FICTION

THE DOCTORFISH

by
Fred Belland

The sleeper awoke. A detonation within himself shocked the young man into consciousness. He lay still, waiting. When nothing happened, he opened his eyes and watched the familiar room. He remembered no dreams, just the silent, mental explosion, near, like an artillery shell, which shattered sleep.

"Mr. Morgan."

"Yes," he said. He did not move.

"Breakfast when you want, sir."

"Yes," Morgan spoke to the closed door. He listened to the landlady's footsteps depart. Again he waited. One of the louvered shutters had come unfastened in the night and Morgan heard the sea outside the window and felt the breeze. A large tortoise-shell cat lay on the sill and when Morgan looked at her, she blinked at him with yellow slitted eyes. Only the tip of the tail moved, twitching back and forth, back and forth.

Morgan drew back the damp sheet and swung his legs off the bed. His foot struck an empty bottle, causing it to roll on the gritty floor. His head ached.

At the sink fastened to the wall, Morgan brushed his teeth. He took two capsules from a plastic vial and swallowed them with tap water. From where he stood by the window he could see the rise of the sand dune, and beyond, the tight blue ribbon of the sea. Light came through the louvers in narrow bands. Waxy green leaves of a shrub outside interrupted the pattern and rustled pleasantly against the house.

Morgan put his head under the tap, tasting the coppery cistern water. He towed himself dry and combed his hair with his fingers, then put on a pair of swim trunks and the same khaki shirt he'd worn the day before. He left the room. His door opened onto a broad corridor which had been painted blue like the sea. Other rooms fronted the corridor and were open, their doors held by wedges.

Morgan was the only guest. Nothing ever changed about the other rooms except the piles of termite dust which appeared beneath the soft wood that trimmed the door. The openings stared at him.

"Come and eat, Mr. Morgan," Mrs. Thomas, the landlady, stood at the foot of the corridor by the kitchen entrance. She was fat and soft-faced, a face which continually worked into and out of expressions of pity and worry and concern. She looks ready to fly apart, Morgan thought. Like me. Mrs. Thomas murdered a dish towel, twisting it back and forth and worked her face until Morgan came. She allowed him to precede her into the kitchen.

The two grandchildren of Mrs. Thomas were halfway through their meals. Morgan sat down, regarding the children. They were unkempt, healthy little things, sexless urchins

burned brown by the sun.

"Hullo Mr. Morgan," the girl said.

"Good morning, Sarah."

The boychild reached for Sarah's toast.

"Quit it, Georgie," she said. She smacked Georgie's hand and Georgie began to whimper. Sarah smiled at Morgan. She had lovely eyes. "Shut up, you ass," she told her brother.

"You two quit," said Mrs. Thomas. She put more toast down between the children. Sarah still watched Morgan. Morgan drank his coffee and stared off at the line of the sea. When his fried egg came, he cut it into pieces and pushed it to different parts of his plate.

"Would you like for me to do anything with the package you received?" Mrs. Thomas asked Morgan. "You oughten leave it on the porch. It might be perishable."

"It's not perishable," Morgan told her.

"You ought to open it," Georgie said.

"Hush," Mrs. Thomas told the child. She studied Morgan. "It's been sitting there for almost a week."

"I'll open it then," Morgan said. "Later." Mrs. Thomas made her face move around.

"It's from your father."

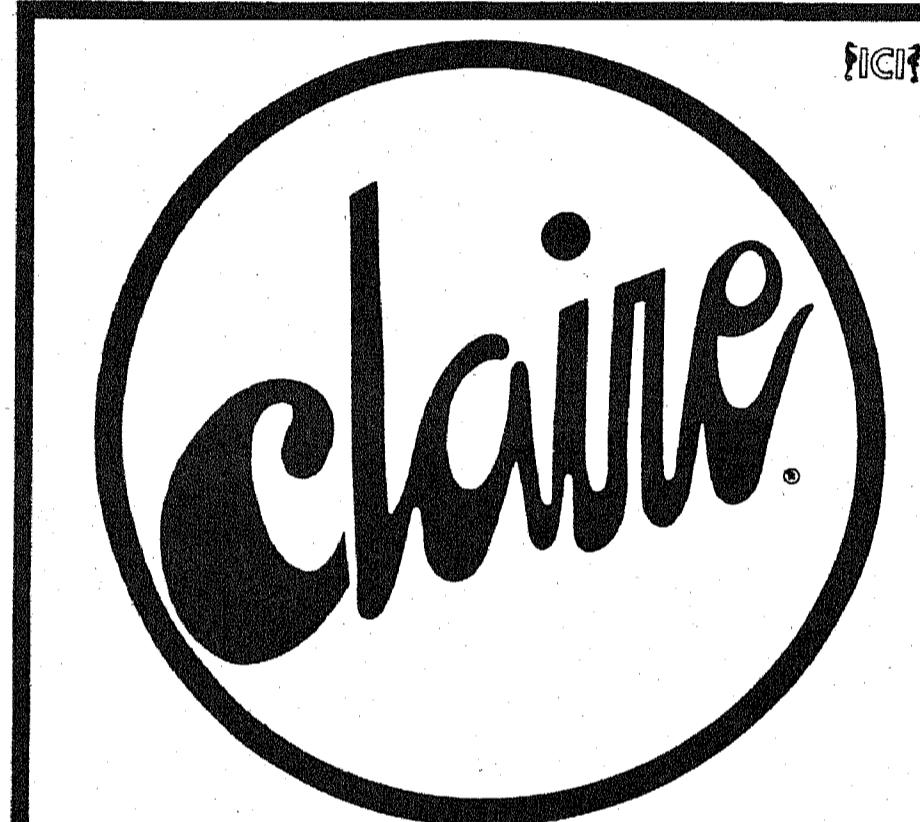
"Yes," Morgan said. "I'll open it. Maybe after breakfast."

"You ought to open it now," Georgie declared.

"Mr. Morgan can do what he damn well pleases," the girl said.

"Sarah. What on earth?" Old Mrs. Thomas spoke sharply. Sarah looked at her with open defiance.

"Well, he can," she said.



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Mrs. Thomas pinched her face even more, adding crease upon crease. "You children go play now," she told them. "Go on and don't get too messy."

Georgie scraped his chair back, leaving it in the middle of the floor. He disappeared onto the porch. Sarah dismounted with deliberation.

"You coming down to the water, Mr. Morgan?"

"Let Mr. Morgan be, Sarah." Sarah ignored her grandmother.

"Are you?"

"Yes," Morgan said

"Good." The child left. Mrs. Thomas stared after her for a moment. She sighed and began gathering plates.

Morgan drank the rest of the cold coffee and waved Mrs. Thomas away when she attempted to replenish his cup. He watched the woman's round shoulders as she labored at the sink. For a long time he had no thoughts. He rose.

"Thank you, Mrs. Thomas," he said. The woman turned.

"You didn't eat much."

"I had enough. It was good, Mrs. Thomas," he told her. "I'm just not hungry." He wanted to leave.

"Mr. Morgan," she said. "The Lord has lifted a lot of burdens from my soul."

"I'm glad, Mrs. Thomas."

"Every human heart longs to know the Lord." Her face pleaded with him so that Morgan turned away.

"Yes, Mrs. Thomas. I expect that's so. It must be very nice."

He left her sighing and strangling the dish towel. Outside he stood on the porch and smoked a cigarette. The breeze blew in very briskly, turning and bending clumps of sea oats almost double. The guest house was set in a slight valley of sand dunes, cutting it off from the other cottages on the beach. Morgan looked at the big cardboard package that lay at his feet. He looked at the stamps and postmarks and customs seals. He wondered why he should not just leave it there.

Morgan threw the cigarette away and withdrew a small knife from his shirt pocket. He cut the tapes holding the things together. The cardboard sides flopped open to reveal smaller boxes. The largest one contained an Avon inflatable. The smaller ones held skin diving gear and the last, an oblong carton, containing a speargun. In an envelope he found a money order from his father. There was no letter.

Morgan unpacked the gear and arranged it neatly on the planks of the porch. What senseless crap, he thought. He picked up the speargun then, because it was the only thing that interested him. It was well made and had a comfortable lethal feel to it. The black plastic handle with its cross hatched

a sand walled fortress. Morgan could see them scuttling around the enclosure while Georgie patted the interior walls sharp and smooth, insuring their confinement.

Morgan went to the children and dropped his bag next to the ruined boat. Georgie squinted up at him and when he saw the gun his eyes widened with excitement.

"Oh, let me hold that, Mr. Morgan." He pointed to the gun.

"Let me see it."

"No," Morgan told him. "It's not a toy. It's dangerous." Morgan sat down and began taking the things out of the bag. The children drew close.

"Are you going to kill something, Mr. Morgan?"

"I don't know." Morgan held the gun and balanced the sharp end of it on his toes so that it aimed seaward. Slowly he traversed the horizon, thinking strange thoughts.

"Kill a fish, Mr. Morgan," the boy pleaded.

"There's no good eating fish off this beach," Sarah spoke. "I heard grandpa say so. There's only doctorfish. Who wants to kill a doctorfish?"

"Doctorfish?" Morgan asked.

"Yes, doctorfish." Georgie waved impatiently at Sarah. "You eat one and you got to go to the doctor." He turned back to Morgan. "Kill one anyway, Mr. Morgan. Kill it so we can see. I bet if you get in there you'll find something to shoot. Even a doctorfish." Georgie's finger pointed at the water. "Kill one."

Morgan watched the water where the boy pointed. He experienced a brief tremor. The sun burned good and hot so that the small hairs on his back stood up while a coldness pressed inwardly. Morgan waited, perspiring, until someone said: Shoot bursts at two hundred yards. Home. Kill them, someone said. Home. Shoot, someone said. Shoot. Shoot. Morgan struggled against it and struggled against it. He snapped his head up. The children were staring at him.

"You don't look so good, Mr. Morgan," Georgie said. "You got shaky hands." Morgan made himself stop. The child would not leave him go and the little face came nearer. "My nanna says you're sick."

"Shut up, Georgie." Sarah told him.

"Nanna says you're sick from the war. She says you're deeply wounded." The child's open gaze held neither mercy nor malice. "Can we see?"



pistol grip relayed a sense of familiarity that traveled up his arm. Morgan hefted the gun and pointed it at the line where the dune met the sky.

"Pow," he said out loud. Morgan then put the rest of the gear in a green mesh bag and slung it over his shoulder. He carried the gun in his right hand, walking steadily to the break in the dunes where he saw the beach.

In the lee of the dune, the air burned hot. The sand pulled at Morgan's leg muscles as he marched. He found himself licking the weight across his shoulders and the snugness of the gun in his hand. Home, he thought. When he blinked his eyes, phosphorous fingers illuminated the insides of his lids. Morgan saw the beach come closer. Long combers rushed at him, their violence diminishing as the sharp incline of the sea bed robbed them of energy, leaving each one finally as a foam topped undulation which slopped into the sand where the two slopped into the sand where the two children played. A small slop with a broken back lay half buried at the high tide mark.

Morgan paused unnoticed to watch the children. Georgie and Sarah bent over their work, their unformed faces grim with concentration. Sarah up-ended a pail of soldier crabs into

"It's not where you can see, Georgie." Morgan waited for it to go on, thinking there could be no help for it now, that he'd just have to sit and take it from a damned child. He looked to Sarah, hating for her to have to witness it. But the girl had gotten to her feet. Her mouth made itself into a down-turn bow, pink and angry and pretty against her skin. From a gaily painted bucket she poured a wet cake of sand over her brother's head and leaped away.

"You ass," she cried. "You silly ass."

Georgie sputtered with rage. His eyes pinwheeled from the crab pen to Morgan to the dancing form of his sister.

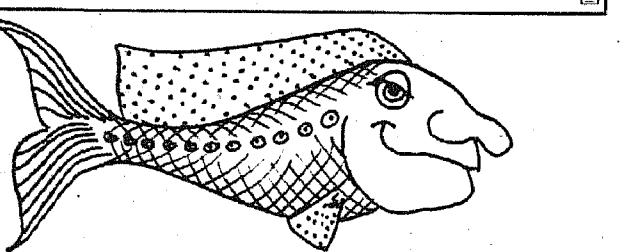
"I'll get you," he yelled. "I'll fix you good." The girl only laughed. Now wholly oblivious of Morgan, the boy scrambled to his feet. Sarah was in a full run in the direction of the house, her thin brown legs churning over the dune. Morgan watched them disappear at the top of the rise. Long after they were gone he heard their delighted shrieks and squeals.

Morgan rose to his feet. He breathed heavily. A thick sweat sucked the fabric of his shirt to his flesh. He picked up the gun, and with both hands flung it into the air. The black and silver thing described a lazy parabola against the sky. It turned over and over and fell to the sea.

Morgan studied the spot where it went down and then looked away. At his feet the legion of soldier crabs milled in the naked sun, at once comic and loathsome. Morgan ground his bare heel on the ramparts of the crab prison. The soldier crabs clambered through the breach, running leaderless and without design for freedom.

Morgan felt better because he felt nothing at all.

Maybe sometime I'll deal with it, he said to himself. But not now. He looked at the water and thought of the doctorfish who would never suffer because of him, of how their lives were safe. It was a lucky day for crabs and doctorfish.



JAY FOOTE

By
Elizabeth Kinnell

It's a Saturday evening about 10:00, and you're strolling along Duval heading toward Front Street, and you have just crossed Caroline. The streets are filled with happy couples out for a night on the town amongst the soft lights and lushest of Key West after dark.

All of a sudden, you hear a piercing, painful wail that stops you dead in your tracks... "STEEELLLLAHHH," comes the soulful cry from a building somewhere in the block! What? NO policemen come running... NO sirens scream in the night to announce the arrival of squad cars with their flashing lights, to come to the rescue! Why? Someone is in crisis and danger somewhere out there... but no one steps forth to offer assistance! There must be a reason, and you hurry forth to investigate.

First stop is "The Bull," where you find no resolution for your quandary. A few doors down the street brings you to Michael Moye's Entertainment Complex, and you dash through the entrance and enter the courtyard, to find "business as usual" in the crowded Disco. Then, the rambunctious melody and lyrics of *Those Were The Days* pour forth from above, where The Grand Piano Bar on Michael's second storey is situated. You pause, with your hand on the railing, to listen to the rollicking finish of the song, with the cheers and applause of a happy crowd adding a joyous topper to the ending. One must find out about the "person d'etre" who can cause this electric response in a crowd of well-into-the-evening revellers.

And so, it's up the stairs, across the balcony and into the room, filled wall-to-wall with all kinds of people... laid-back Key Westers of every style, smartly-dressed men and women of urban essence... everyone all tanned and bursting with good health. Finally, at the room's far end in the corner to the left, sits Jay Foote at the keyboard of his piano, surrounded by a dozen or so aficionados perched on stools around the instru-

ment, and all are discussing what song to share next. A view of the performance area also reveals about a dozen plastic milk cartons of every hue spread out around Jay on the floor to the right and to the left and to behind him... all packed with scores of European and American songs: a gamut that starts at Romberg, swings by Rogers and Hammerstein and ends up somewhere near Ruddigore. So, it begins... *Night and Day*, *September Song*, *Adelaide's Lament*, *There's a Small Hotel*, *See What the Boys in the Back Room Will Have*, *The Boston Beguine*, *Oklahoma...* and on and on and on through the songs that seem to fly by.

The frosting on the cake is the balmy, breezy tropical night-time air that flows through the open doors that lead to the balcony outside, combined with the sight of the luxuriant verdance of the trees across the street whose dancing branches sparkle in the lights from the street and the cars passing by below. Who would want to be anywhere else?

Jay Foote's life began in West Hartford—to the manor born, as it were—both sides of his family had settled in central Connecticut well before the arrival of the Pilgrims. "My interest in music started the day I was born. I longed to become a professional in the field in some way or other, and I studied classical piano while I was growing up. Mother and Father both sang, and they were members of a musical group that called themselves 'The Mads,' who performed madrigals and art songs at each others' houses, and I would accompany them on the piano. But, as for my training seriously for a part in the musical world... NO! They deemed it 'financially insecure,' and, during my last years of prep school, they convinced me that I should enroll at Yale and go for a degree in pre-architecture—an acceptable field to them—and finish it all off with a Masters degree in architecture. My private feeling was that Ivy League prep schools and universities were just fine preparations for a board room... but for ME?

"The fall of 1957 found me at Yale, where calculus and advanced mathematics were my downfall... along with a strong minor in beer drinking and socializing. I flunked at the end of my first year, needless to say. I returned home, to make some important decisions. I had to put myself somewhere... and I decided to try for the Army. There were no wars

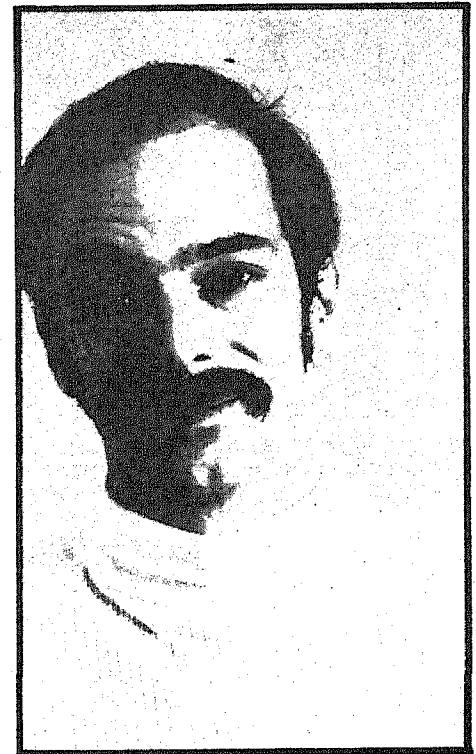
going on then, so I believed that it would give me a chance to travel, and to be able to ascertain seriously and freely who and what I was as an individual. I placed one of the top two in the French test of the entrance exams, and I was sent to Frankfurt, Germany, to be a French translator. It's the best thing they or anyone could have done for me.

"In Frankfurt, there was a community playhouse funded by the Army, and I jumped right in and became involved with it right away. The First Officer, knowing about my interest in music, came to me one day, and asked me if I would like to be Musical Director! I replied, 'Sure,' lightheartedly, having absolutely no idea of what that involved at all! The first one we did was *Guys and Dolls...* and we 'Put On A Shooow,' as they say. You know that classic line from those Rooney-Garland films—'Ah'm sendin' ya out thayeah a stand-in, and I wanna see ya come back a stahb.' Well, that was me all over. We all knocked ourselves out and made it a hit. Luckily, we had enough professionals to make it work somehow. From that, we went to *Kiss Me Kate*, and on through the musical comedy repertoire. We also produced plays, which brought in people like Gary Collins—he now hosts the 'Hour Magazine' show on television—whom I directed as Sir Harry in *Once Upon a Mattress*. It was a profoundly happy, and tough, learning experience.

"All during this time, I was working on a collection of musical comedy songs with a friend... his part was the lyrics and I composed the music. We had a reasonable library of tunes stored up when my tour ended, and we both returned to this country in 1961, ready to take on The Big Apple, and outdo Porter, Berlin, Bernstein and them all—the greatest musicians the world had ever seen!—and we settled into an apartment in the village on the corner of Bleeker and Charles.

"Throughout my stay in Germany, I had become an avid follower of Julius Monk, who later opened Upstairs at the Downstairs and Downstairs at the Upstairs, and I had collected all of his records and knew them by heart. My friend took it upon himself to fire off a brash letter to Mr. Monk about our compositions, and he called us on the 'phone a few weeks later, expressing an interest in what we had done. Then came the crunch... were we good enough... could we

pull this off, after all our talk and carryings-on about because he was opening a new place... which turned out to be The Upstairs. We produced four songs that he used when



Jay Foote

"We retired to my mother's country place near New Haven, and holed up for two weeks. We fought, we screamed, we didn't sleep. But we came back to The City with two finished songs that we felt were good enough to present to Mr. Monk as 'professional' songwriters. The first was a little revue tune that started out with an upbeat dink-dink-dink-dink, just like the intro to *Poor Johnny One Note...* and the lyrics went something like, 'Faster, faster spin the planets/Years shift into overdrive,' and ended with 'The hydrogen bomb can be dropped just so many times.' Pithy, but cute, we thought.

"Pithy but cute? We didn't hear a peep from him until a year later, when he called us to ask if we had more material, and then—typical musical comedy plot, I know, but it happened... you might call it the Act II of my life... I FELL IN LOVE!! We married.

"Imogene was a dancer, and was studying with Martha Graham. A friend of ours was putting together the ballet scenes for *Faust*, and asked me if the two of us would be interested in forming a pas de trois with her. We had never done this before, but we decided to try it together. They taught

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me a couple of steps... and that started it! The big change in my life took place: still in music, to be sure, but now, a DANCER! I began formal ballet training, along with modern dance classes at The Dance Group Studio.

"I was twenty-seven years old that year, and I was well aware that I wouldn't be able to keep it up for many years more. However, I was able to dance seriously for several years... including the wonderful summer of 1968 at the famous Jacob's Pillow Dance Theatre and School of Ted Shawn and Ruth St. Denis in The Berkshires in western Massachusetts while Mr. Shaw was still alive.

"I also got my first Equity contract during that period—in fact, the first show I did was *Irma La Douce* with Chita Rivera at the Royal Poinciana Playhouse in Palm Beach, where I was also Assistant Choreographer. I got top billing. I had my name and picture on the posters, I had my very own dressing room... I couldn't believe it! I also choreographed and played Rudolph in the last touring company of *Hello, Dolly!*, and was in Fiddler on the Roof, with Robert Merrill. We toured for two summers: The Pocono Playhouse, Cohasset, The Ogunquit Playhouse in Maine... The Westport Playhouse in Connecticut, where my family dutifully and politely would come to see me perform. But they never knew quite what to make of it all!!

Now, it was the early 70's, and I felt that my dancing days were just about over, and that I would have to make some changes. My marriage had failed, also, which was yet another reason for me to start out in new directions. In 1972, I moved to Boston, and spent my first six months there composing a collection of fifteen songs, found an agent, and performed at parties all over town. (N.B. The next time you visit Jay at Michael's, be sure to request 'The Combat Zone.') I also became active again in the theatre as an actor only—Shakespeare and the like—for the Boston Public Theatre across from Harvard on the banks of the Charles, and other troupes on Charles Street and Beacon Hill. I finally got to do Petruccio in *Taming of the Shrew* there... a real feather in my cap... whoops! Pardon the pun! In fact, during the four years

that I lived there earning my living as an actor, I was never out of work! An amazing town, Boston.

"Then, my father passed away and my inheritance came through, and I simply fell apart for the next couple of years... spending, spending, spending, drinking, drinking, drinking, and living like Lucius Beebe in a huge house in the Forest Hills section of Brookline.

"And now begins what we will call Act III. One day, I woke up feeling a wreck and told myself that I just couldn't go on this way... I HAD TO FIND A PLACE TO BE! After ruminating and reading and reminiscing, I remembered my fascination with a photograph of the old Seven Mile Bridge that had been printed in my Encyclopedia when I was a child. That's it... that's where I want to settle!"

"So, to town I came. I invested in the piano I play here at Michael's, plus a two-manual Yamaha organ with a synthesized system—gongs and bells and everything—in fact, the same model that John Williams used to compose R2D2's dialogue for Star Wars. I started playing at the Pigeon House Patio, which was sold and then was closed for remodeling. That was when Michael offered me the marvelous opportunity of turning his large room upstairs into my Grand Piano Bar... and I've been here ever since.

"The present and the future? I'm pretty well set for a long stint here in Key West. I've found here what I had come here for... like so many others in the arts. Quietude, a lush landscape, good friendships—and the most fortunate circumstance: to be able to perform in an environment that offers me free reign on my creativity as well as the good luck to keep on growing as an artist.

"As for appearing in public... I'm quite shy, you know. I guess most of us who choose to put ourselves under the limelight really are shy. But, when I'm at the keyboard of my piano at Michael's, I transcend my shyness, and it's not for ME that I'm there. My joy is in creating a mood of involvement in

the music that brings everyone around the piano to want to join in a glorious chorus."

"Alright, readers, let's set the scene: Curtains up... light the lights! It's Michael's on a Saturday night, the room is packed, and Jay is at his station. It's been decided that next on the programme will be Michael's 'Michaelette' routine. Jay Attention everybody... all participating, on stage for the 'Dancing Michaelettes' number. Yes, it's the Dancing Michaelettes, a little audition that we have here at Michael's. What you do is, you go into your pocket or your purse, and you take out two coins (all the while he is thump-thump-thumping the introduction on the keyboard). Now, they can be pennies or nickels or dimes or quarters. What it is, is they turn into little tap shoes that dance on top of the piano. When this works, it makes sounds like Ruby Keeler and Ann Miller all rolled up into one great singing and tapping performer! (And now the sound of coins rapping, tapping on the piano top add their staccato beat to the four/four tempo of the music: one-two-three-four, one-two-three-four. Jay's fingers begin to traverse the keyboard... the bass, the treble, the mid-range... all at the same time, it seems. Amazing! And the famous lyrics from Chorus Line begin...) "Wuuuuuunnn singular sensation with every little step she takes." (The fingers become the dancers' legs and the coins become the feet... and off everyone goes!!)

Alright, everybody, let's do this for Gower (Champion). Jay inserts instructions here and there: Step! Fall! Change! KICK! Get ready for this, because this is the hard part... ready, everybody... triples, triples, and now, balance, balance, tur jeté! Then back to the chorus, "One moment in her presence and you can forget the rest" (and, by this time, even the most skeptical is participating with a fervor...) and on to THE BIG CLOSE... "Oh, si, give me your attention/Do I even have to mention/SHEEEEEE'S THEEEEAH WWWUUUUUNNNNN!"

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A LETTER TO THE EDITOR

August 10, 1985

Bill Huckles, Editor
Solares Hill
513 Fleming Street, Room 3
Key West, Florida 33040

Dear Editor:

I hasten to comment on your remarks in the August issue regarding Mayor Richard Heyman. Having worked closely with him over the last six years, I know of no other Commissioner or Mayor in my time in Key West, who has been more dedicated or who has accomplished more than Richard. His absence on the scene in the future will be marked.

The measure of a Commissioner comes not in his strident or vocal position, but in his accomplishments. Too often we cheer those who speak well, but have little of note to record.

Mayor Heyman presided over a divided and rancorous commission, yet kept order. That alone is a major feat. He redirected the City to resolving its long neglected infrastructure problems: the sewer system, trash system and legal system. Through his leadership, a new Charter was approved and the Code of Ordinances are being rewritten. With his guidance and constant negotiations with the State, the City weathered critical concern without acrimony and with significant State financial help delivered or on the way.

At his insistence in 1983, the added gasoline taxes were set aside in a street and sidewalk repair fund. Those funds—now over three quarters of a million dollars—will be put to use repairing countless streets and sidewalks following the sewer and water system repairs. Other streets not affected are slated for resurfacing shortly after the first of the year.

We have a new Assistant City Attorney, a strengthened planning office, a competent City Engineer and, of course, a professional City Manager and Assistant City Manager for Finance. A solid, capable staff is the key to ongoing reforms.

In the area of growth management—the area you fault Richard the most—the record is clear. Numerous reforms in our laws to reduce density and control growth have been enacted. Baybottom and wetlands are no longer used for

density computation, which would have drastically reduced Galleons, Reflections, La Brisa and 1800 Atlantic. Realistic height limitations have been enacted. A new zoning map and HP-3 zone has been put in place providing further protections to our historic district. Due to be proposed is yet another in a series of ordinances that will bring the HP-1 and HP-2 zones into conformance with the land use map. Today we can have densities of up to 40 units per acre in parts of Old Town. Old Town conversions from single-family to multi-family residences are adding more units than all those major projects combined.

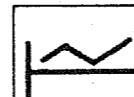
Impact fees, a major effort to get through, have been enacted, and have added hundreds of thousands of dollars to the City coffers. Richard initiated the traffic study through the Department of Transportation, and its 18 month study will be out next summer.

His appointments to the Old Island Restoration Commission have given that body new meaning. Soon to be published will be a complete guide to their rules and regulations that will have great impact on Old Town construction for years to come.

And Richard Heyman was the first to propose—and get passed—in 1983 a building moratorium tied to the completion of the City Action Plan. That study, which is still ongoing through additional supplements, is the first time the City has

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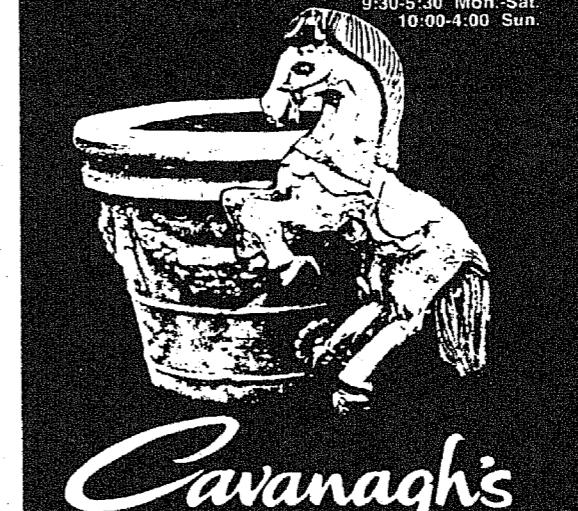
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Perhaps you find fault with Richard's methodical style of government. He follows a time-honored practice of taking one step at a time to be sure the desired results prove legal and functional. It serves no one good to run hell-bent with an idea that is subsequently thrown out of court. (Witness the noise ordinance.)

I must take issue also with several accusations you leveled against him. First, the Sands. It's about time you got that out of your craw. He did NOT waffle. He said he would not vote unless Planning and Restoration Commission approved it. However, when the PRC failed to either approve or disapprove the project and when we were faced with the deadline on the grant applications, he took action. He never contemplated doing nothing in the face of PRC inaction. If anyone waffled, the PRC did.

The Sands has been proven to be a legal development. Significantly, because of reforms introduced by Mayor Heyman, that project could not be built today.

Additionally, you talk about Commissioner Halloran's

"continued and unsupported attempts ... to slow things down." If you examine the record, you will find Richard Heyman frequently the only other vote agreeing with Commissioner Halloran.

You criticize his stand on the sewer treatment plant at Fort Zachary Taylor. Even the Governor and his DCA staff agreed that the site was the only viable one available at the time. It was only after public discussion—no vote was ever taken—that the Navy came forward and offered Fleming Key. Richard immediately went to work to push the site through the approvals, which ultimately reached Washington. It's that type of quick response that makes for a true leader.

You call his statements on the "sunset issue" political. Richard continues to believe that the "businesses" operating on that site should be paying their fair share to the City just as other users of City-owned property are required to do. Why don't you consider an aquarium, a shell and sponge factory and a marina contributory to the character and style of Key West just as vendors and performers are?

Rather than losing supporters, Richard has gained a broad-based backing in the community that would have seen him

REPRINT

FROM THE EDITOR

Richard Heyman will not be running for Mayor of Key West and I admit to mixed feelings about that. I was an ardent admirer of Richard when he was a commissioner, but cooled some when he was Mayor. He has some great qualities. He is a man of obvious and genuine courage; he has a presence that is both commanding and personable; he possesses a good intelligence made most attractive by his excellent sense of humor; and he unfailingly conducted our affairs of state with authority, conviction and fairness. To his credit (and to the credit of those commissioners who supported him) are among other positive steps, a new city charter, a winning referendum on solid waste, improved requirements for building and new requirements for the developers to pay impact fees to the city, and, most recently, calling for the needed resignation of Police Chief Larry Rodriguez.

However, Richard lost a lot of his supporters by his waffling on the Sands Beach project. He stated that he would abide by the recommendation of the Planning and Restoration Commission and then did not when they continued to have reservations about the project. He had to be persuaded to vote to move the sewage treatment plant from its God-awful proposed location at Fort Taylor. His language during the "Sunset Crisis" was disappointingly political. But most of all, Richard let people like myself down with his inability to perceive that the horrendous rush of large-scale development now occurring is going to swamp us. Winston Churchill once said something to the effect "that he had not become first minister of Her Majesty's government to oversee the abolition of her empire." Well, none of us who enthusiastically supported Richard thought that he, as Mayor, would oversee and approve the greatest explosion of building that this town has ever seen, but that is what has happened. My God, the projects have come leaping off the boards without restraint. Where was the restraining hand of a dedicated and environmentally aware leader? Unfortunately, other than the continuing and unsupported attempts of Commissioner George Halloran to slow things down, there has been no effort in that direction. And that is what we wanted, expected and believed Richard would do and he has not. This is why I have mixed feelings about Richard not running for Mayor again. On so many counts I would like to see him run, but, of course, I would prefer to see a Mayor who was committed to saving this island from a traffic-jammed little Miami Beach. (Incidentally, we need such a candidate now!)

— SOLARES HILL PAPER, August, 1985

Two more years with Richard Heyman at the helm would have assured a solid foundation for the future. Other Commissioners will be able to deal with the "fun" aspects of legislation

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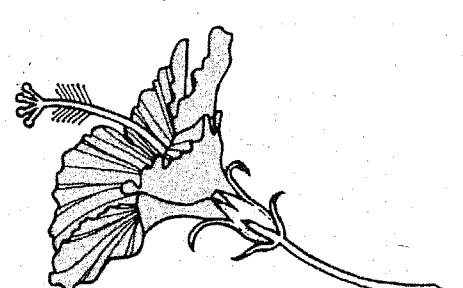
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now that the dull, uninteresting infrastructure work is underway. Richard never shirked his responsibilities in favor of the "politic" thing to do. When the City faced default on its sewer bonds in October of 1983, it was he—weeks before his election—that took the difficult position of pushing for a sewer rate increase as required by law.

His sudden illness and personal business difficulties are what led to his decision not to run. Perhaps he could have faced these if he also did not have to face the constant carping from those who should know better. It's sad to see that only after he decides not to run do people come up to him and say "thank you" for the job you have done as Mayor.

To his continued credit, he is working hard to find electable, qualified people to serve on the next commission and in other areas of government. He doesn't just want to walk away, but rather seeks to turn over the reins to those who will continue the reforms he has initiated and build on them for a better Key West.

Perhaps I may be considered a bit prejudiced regarding Mayor Richard Heyman, but I am confident that if an objective analysis of his record as compared to all commissioners of

THE EDITOR REPLIES...

Dear Peter,

Thank you for your letter of August 10.

I am pleased that you took the time to list a number of Richard Heyman's achievements. I certainly didn't want to shortchange him and your letter has nicely filled in what was omitted. He has done a lot for the city and I have no quarrel with those accomplishments that you list.

You take issue with several "accusations" I made against him. The most baffling to me is your insistence that Richard didn't waffle on his commitment to not vote for the Sands if the PRC voted it down. In the February 17, 1984, Miami Herald it read: "Developer Austin Laber's proposed 150 room

hotel does not meet the spirit of the Key West Comprehensive Land Use Plan and should be scaled down before it gains city approval, the Planning and Restoration Commission decided Thursday (February 16). "The massiveness of the project is not within the spirit of the Comprehensive Plan," PRC Chairman Fred Shaw said after the board voted 3-1 not to recommend the project. That's pretty clear I would say. I spoke with PRC member John McCormick about the vote and he said: "It was clear as a bell. The project was not in accordance with the Comprehensive Plan. I don't know what's evasive about that. We put it to a vote twice and we voted it down twice." Peter, that's pretty clear, also. The waffling remains and it sticks in a lot of craws.

I did speak about Commissioner Halloran's "continuing and unsupported attempts to slow things down." This is true—his recent appeal for a moratorium on building was the most recent example. You say that if I examine the record I'll find that "Richard Heyman was frequently the only other vote agreeing with Commissioner Halloran." True, but not often on matters of slowing down building which is what I was, of course, talking about. For example on the Spanish Gardens, the Anchorage, Hampton Inn, Duval Square, etc.—all of which required a variance from the building code—Richard voted "yes" for their construction and George Halloran voted "no".

Yes, I criticize his stand on the sewer treatment plant at Ft. Taylor. It might have been cost-effective to put it there, but it was totally alien to the spirit of the state park to even consider putting it there. I remember speaking to Richard right before that splendid public discussion which brought home to the commission the public's repugnance with using the Ft. Taylor site and he said that it was the most cost-effective location but that he would keep an open mind going into the meeting. I'm thrilled that the Navy came forward with the Fleming Key site and I'm thrilled that Richard went to work to push it through. I never faulted this; I faulted the mind-set that would have permitted the plant at Ft. Taylor. And that leads into your next remarks about the "sunset issue". You ask: "Why don't you consider an aquarium, a shell and sponge factory and a marina contributory to the character and style of Key West just as

vendors and performers are." Well, Peter, they are contributory and I never said they weren't. BUT to compare the unique magic of our sunset ritual which has achieved world-renown and acclamation from our visitors, with ordinary, albeit welcome, tourist attractions is something I will not do. And the attitude that since the performers and vendors are there, let's tax them, overlooks the enormous financial gain that the city has derived from the crowds the performers and sunset vendors have attracted. I found Richard's attitude disappointingly political on this issue, and I still do. It is disturbingly similar to the mind-set that would have permitted the sewer treatment plant to be placed in our wonderful new state park. Sunset is different and Ft. Taylor is different—please, leave them alone

Finally, you made the statement: "In the area of growth management—the area you fault Richard the most—the record is clear." It sure is, Peter. The staggering glut of unwanted large construction which has met with Richard's approval has appalled a very large number of his supporters. Maybe the buildings will be lower and less dense—and this is good—but they're EVERY PLACE—AND THIS IS BAD. Of course, this is the main disagreement with Richard. And, it is a major disagreement.

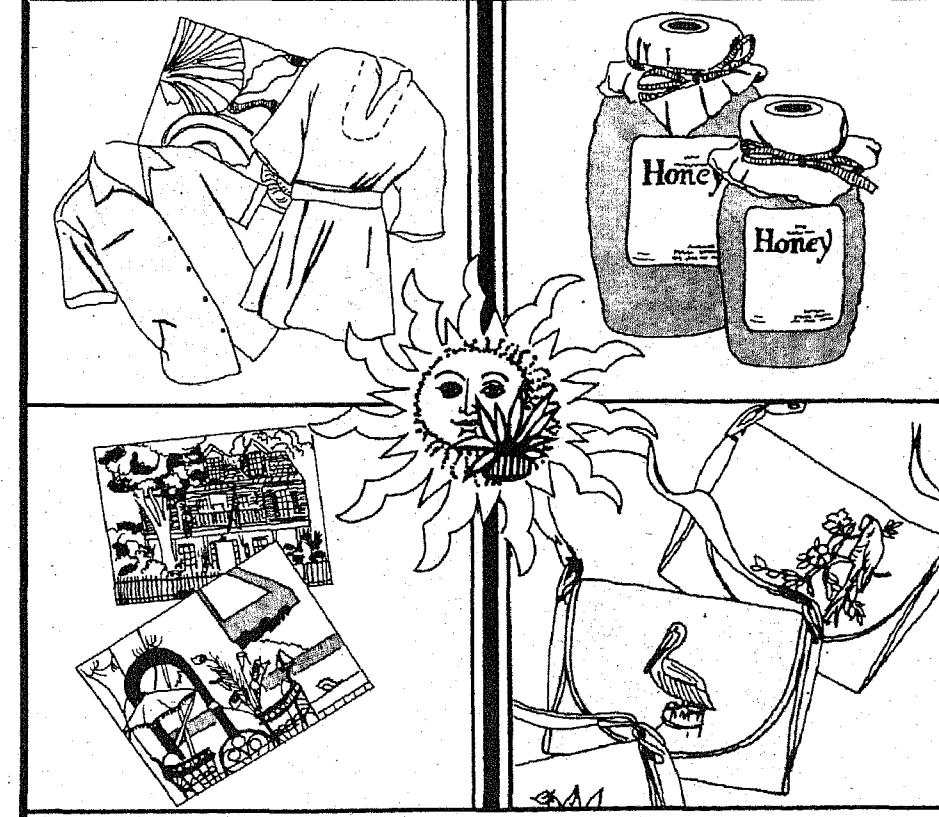
Bill Huckle, Editor

P.S. I agree with you that Richard has been one of the best commissioners in recent years.

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GALLERY HOPPING

by
Gordon Lacy

Last month was nuts and bolts and this month is worse. I've even tried out of town, but September is endemic. Helen Kohen, the Herald's art critic, seems to have similar problems, and so in her August 18th column gave hints to budding collectors: to wit, place oneself in professional hands, (i.e., galleries) and expect a 50% mark-up which does not mean that a work at \$1000 in the gallery can be had from the studio for \$500: contracts exist. "A good work on canvas of a decent size (say, 2x3 feet) will cost upwards of \$500 and most fashionably scaled wall-sized paintings begin at three times that." Alas, she is not wrong and even in SoMo pricing gets mixed up with pure acreages. My particular criterion for buying paintings is the quotation on the international market in the Meyer or Benezit yearly publications. Painters' prices are made in the auction market and conscientious gallery owners must eventually push their artists to reputable auctions to test and sustain their prices. No one said it was easy.

We (not an editorial we, I mean Claire and I) go often to Miami. Home work, if you will, and the last trip was the Viscaya Museum, A European treat, totally unexpected in Florida; cozy magnificence, homey grandeur. I couldn't wrench myself away. Nothing matching either in period or country of origin, the whole devastatingly satisfying. Plus a large collection of Quimper in the ancient kitchens made to order for Claire.

In Coral Gables a disappointing modern furniture show I will not bore you with as it is mercifully over, so to compensate, we happened on a true find, ARQ, or Arquitectonica Products, a brand new boutique (in the good sense of that over-used word) featuring 10-years-ago-European furnishings that are the avant garde in the U.S. today. The Italians started it all and Arquitectonica's ware range between hi-tech to what I call futur-retro-kitsch. Tables, chairs, purses, lamps, clocks, the Memphis collection, many signed and limited edition pieces. 142 Girald St and worth a trip. Nice people, too.

On to the cinematheque, as is our wont when up north, to see an imported film, this time the Spanish *What Have I Done To Deserve This?* the raunchiest, funniest and saddest film of the year to date.

The SoMo run down is brief this time. East Martello's Member's Show is in place until 15th September, a pause and then a special photographic show to be



announced next month, here.

Baron, Jack, of Carries' Norton has sold out his recently reported objects and furnitures. He is back to straight paintings, again.

Artist Warehouse's Karen Clemons is expected back from the north to resume frames, lessons and paintings around the first of the month.

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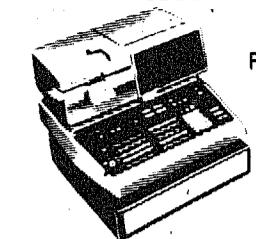
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Gingerbread Square Gallery will have a once in a lifetime clearance Labor Day weekend and then will be closed from September 15 to October 15.

Lucky Street Gallery is open during the summer by appointment only.

Key West Art Center's Ruth Munter says they are open every day as usual, featuring the Center's stable of painters.

Sanford, over on Simonton, feels she may be open if... otherwise she may be closed. Always worth a try, for Sanford is sheer delight.

But you all do see what I mean about September.

Guild Gallery. Now it can be told. Ann Irvine says that the negotiations are over and the building has been bought by the six Guild members. This is deeply satisfying to them, if scary, and we should all take our hats off to this dogged, hard working band of commercial artists. Selling paintings and what one makes with hands and imagination is a hard life in our times. She and Ron gave art lessons on "The Norway" in exchange for seven days (and nights I presume, though Ann didn't mention this) of sun and food and superb service for the whole family.

At Burgess-Meinster, one of my pets, Adolf Gucinsky has been selling and I am glad. John tells me they are shipping up specials for the Christmas market. The preview left me speechless, and that's something. It is rare that I break down and predict excitement, but I have been finding some exciting work this month and Burgess-Meinster is on the route. If I sound overly discreet it's because Jordon has me muzzled.

Fred Gros, speaking of excitement, is my focal point this month. He did not go away as recounted last month. Instead he has turned out ten of the finest great big canvases I have seen for many a moon. These new works have surface tenure and immense depths. They even have humor. And magic. Fred has had a breakthrough and will assuredly take his place in the hierarchy of contemporary U.S. painters at this rate. Much

as I am a sucker for painting, I am not often aroused to tears. Aristos. More or less by appointment, Barbara says. For September she will have a Virginia artist, Jack Pardue who will be showing pastel nudes on raw linen, and if that doesn't do for you, we might add that Vice-President Bush owns a Pardue painting (an Indian head). Or does that only make things worse? Best give Barbara a call first at 296-0218 before the middle of September.

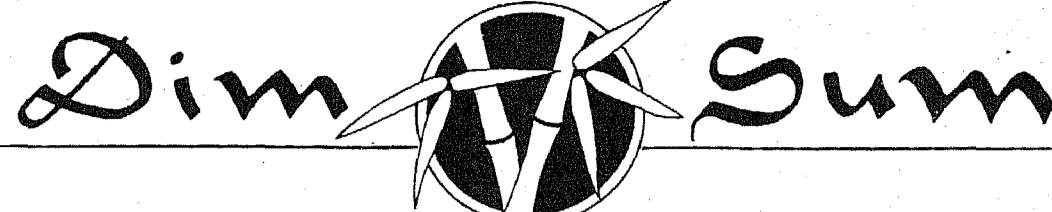
At Farrington's, Ned is persuaded that taxidermists turn almost automatically to painting, thus they are showing Karen Williams' acrylic, air-brushed portraits of vivid fish. In action, frames by Farrington. Peter is back from courses and classes I'm not sure just where and though an artist himself, he works here in 3-dimensional art frames, plexiglass boxes and does it very well from what I have seen. O.K., students from the Keys College, cut out the coupon on this page (and it better be) and you get 10% off on all art supplies. I was going for 20% but you can't have everything.

At the Haitian Art Company, Ruthie is on vacation, but the gallery will be open Wednesday—Saturday as usual, and Sunday 10-2.

Rose Lane Antiquities is open as usual with quality pre-Columbian. Jim promises a few future shocks.

There—the bottom is scraped! Let's hang on in until October, over and out.

We will be closed until October 14.



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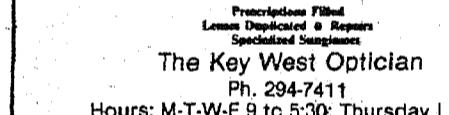
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RECOLLECTIONS: CLAY McDANIELS & FRED COLE COLLECT KEY WEST HISTORY THROUGH ART

By
Ellen Sugarman

When you first walk into Clay McDaniel's and Fred Cole's lovely Key West home, the play of sun on water draws your eye immediately outside to the lovely backyard and patio on the closely-kept secret of a canal that runs along that single block at the end of the island. Once you've taken in the copious serenity of the surrounds, however, you will probably not look at the view again; You will be too captivated by the abundance of artwork that adorns the walls of room after room of the house. Their collection of works of Key West artists fills every available space, and each piece is better and more interesting than the other. You'll be compelled to wander around, looking, poking, asking the questions: Who, where, when-what's the story of this piece? Where did you find that piece? Who did that?

After the first few moments, it will become clear that your questions are going to be answered. For each piece of art in that house tells a story, and the owners are quite content spinning these histories to their inquisitive guest, recollecting the times of the paintings, the ways of the artists, the gossip of the place, and, of course, the memories of the collectors. You know it is going to be a fascinating afternoon.

The art collector is a rare bird, an individual with a passion, a habit that generally persists through time. "Every time I've bought a painting," Cole explains, with a small knowing smile, "I've gone to a gallery with no intention of buying anything. Just to look." Gesturing around the living room, with walls that are clearly full already, he continues. "I already have enough here, there isn't any room. But, then I'll see something and it'll just hit me, and I know I have to have it."

Over more than two decades, the two of them have had to have quite an array of paintings. Collecting becomes a way of life. At home: "During the winter season, we try to attend as many art openings as we possibly can," McDaniel says. Traveling: "Fred and I have probably been to more art galleries than anyone in Key West," he continues.

Although their collection consists mainly of Key West artists' works, it does include some French painters and a number of things by Haitian artists. The Haitian is the attractive, boldly primitive type of work that is so popular over here now. When they began to collect it, paintings could be had for a few dollars. There's even one of the wonderful large painted boxes, covered all over with bold flowers and leaves and animals in the brightest of primary colors, sitting across the room with a lamp on it. "That box over there," McDaniel explains, "that cost more for customs and shipping than its original purchase price."

Cole interrupts. "So far as the Haitian things go, except for one wonderful St. Vil piece we bought a while ago from Marion Stevens, we carried all the rest of it over on our backs."

Pointing out a striking canvas by Blaise, called *Le Roi Christophe and his wife Queen Maria*, McDaniel adds, "You could collect from Haiti all your life—they are all done in a similar style and color that was always used for this sort of subject. It's wonderful, isn't it?"

The assemblage spans nearly two decades of Key West art. McDaniel and Cole started buying paintings when they came here in the early sixties. This Key West art holds our interest: We want to hear more of the stories. After explaining, simply, that "Fred and I love art," McDaniel begins the tour.

"Back in the sixties," he explains, as we walk slowly through the rooms, pausing every few seconds to examine something closely, "there were only three places in town to buy art: The Art Center, Marion Stevens' Gallery, and East Martello. In those days, East Martello was selling art, and it used to be very active and fun because of that. Things were just piled in there, you could go see what the artists were doing... Twenty years ago there were a lot of people, amateurs and professionals, who were painting down here. Key West has always been blessed to have so many artists per capita; it really is a fine little art colony. People painted in their houses and then they just passed their work around to other people."

McDaniel's first came to Key West "as a tourist" for a weekend, late in the forties. Of that first visit, he says, "I was

astonished." The next year, it was "cold as hell" in Miami, so he brought Cole down to see the place. Both loved it and returned over and over. Then, one year, "Fred said, 'I'd like to own a house down here.' He said maybe we'd better buy it." So in 1966 they bought their first Key West house, at 629 Williams Street. "We'd come down for weekends whenever we could. And holidays. At that time we were living in Pompano Beach, we owned two home entertainment centers there. This was our vacation house. In '69, we bought the house Roy Scheider owns on Dey Street. It was really just a shell. We put a great deal of money, in those days, \$35,000, into fixing it up. It had a huge lot, but it needed so much work... By '74, we lived there year round."

"Owning one of these is like money in the bank," Cole informs us. "Come over here and see what's written on the back," McDaniel beckons, taking the painting from the wall and turning it over. On the reverse side is an inscription: "Shall I compare thee to a summer day," with Tennessee's signature. "When I went to pick it up, he wrote that on the back. He told me it was one of the first lines from Lear, but it isn't—it's one of Shakespeare's sonnets," says McDaniel, turning the canvas over and staring at it for a moment. "It's not even what you'd call good naive art or primitive... it's rather clumsy."

"In the house on Williams Street, that painting used to sit on the landing behind another painting. When we moved

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Clay McDaniel and Fred Cole at the art show of Fred Laros.

all photos by Wendy Tucker

Left to right: Janet Padron, Fred Laros, Clay and Fred.

art; the collection just moved with them, taking residence in the much more modern home with its large white walls and glass, quite gracefully—to hear them tell it. "You know, it fits in here, and before that it fit into the other houses. It was fine over on Dey Street, and this house is quite different," Cole marvels.

Every picture has a history; the tales are spun all afternoon.

There's one remarkable surreal painting by Marie de Marsan, entitled "The Night the Tradewinds Burned." The painting is striking: In the background to one side there's a shadowy building, burning, but the attention is captured by an enormous swirl of clouds (clouds of smoke?) with a glowing red fish flying through the clouds. The work is mysterious and captivating. You ask what happened? What was the Tradewinds?

"The Tradewinds was a wonderful bar/restaurant that was located in a beautiful little red brick building down on Caroline and Duval—where the Gulf Life Insurance building is today. Tennessee Williams used to live there, when he was nobody. He lived at first up on the third floor, then later on in a little cottage out back. The Tradewinds was the gathering place, that was where you'd see everyone. All the proper people went there for dinner—they had a barbecue out back, everything was grilled except for the baked potatoes. Then the bar was gay after ten. The Tradewinds burned down about twenty-five years ago," McDaniel explains.

Then, recollecting, he adds, "One night we gave a huge

here, we had it in a closet for a while. We were never quite certain how to frame it... of course, when he died, we felt we should put it up," explains Cole, adding that he still isn't sure it's framed properly.

"Oh it's fine, the frame is all right," McDaniel puts in.

There's a lovely piece of welded sculpture out back in the patio, a heron standing on one leg in some greenery. It's a piece by Roy Butler, something he did when he used to work here. "Before he went off to great fame and fortune," McDaniel explains that work by Butler now stands in the lobby of banks in Ft. Lauderdale, in government buildings in Egypt... "He used to have a very interesting soldering method... that piece has been out in the weather for ten years." The setting is perfect for it here.

Naturally, they've seen Key West change in the more than twenty years they have known her. They shrug that off, at first, saying they've lived in plenty of cities and watched them all change. Change, growth—they're inevitable.

"It hasn't hurt me to see it grow, but one thing—one thing I know, try as we may, we'll never turn it around now."

They agree that it was very different around here in the sixties. "For one thing, there was a lot of everyone knowing everyone... We liked that aspect. For another, people were much more crazy. Everything used to be wilder then. There used to be wild parties, and there were a lot of crazies here, characters you loved. They've either left town or died. The only one of that old lot left now is Rex (Baumgarten). There were

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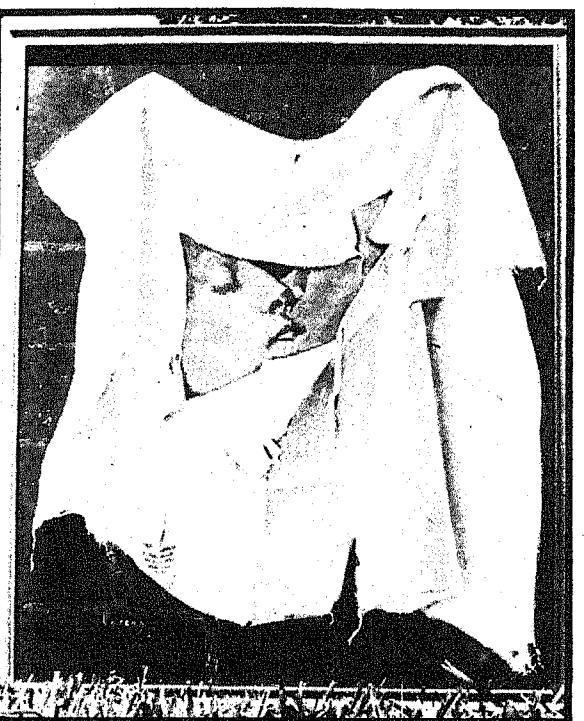
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crazy people here, they'd all been through a lot..." "I'll tell you how brave we were then. We used to have New Year's eve parties right in our own house!" says Cole, looking astounded at the thought.

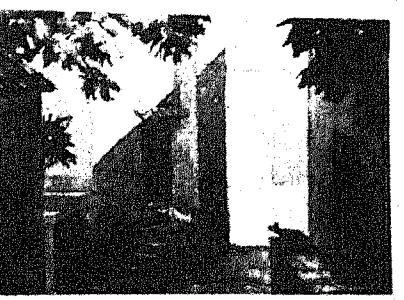
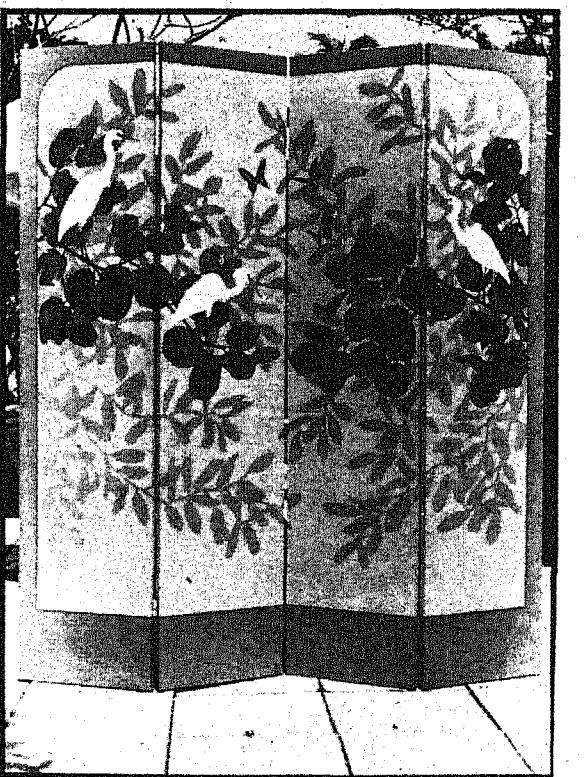
"Now people are much more conservative, more stuffy, much more formal than they were in those days," McDaniel adds, nostalgically.

Theirs is an eclectic collection. You will not be able to chart the development of one Key West artist here, and they



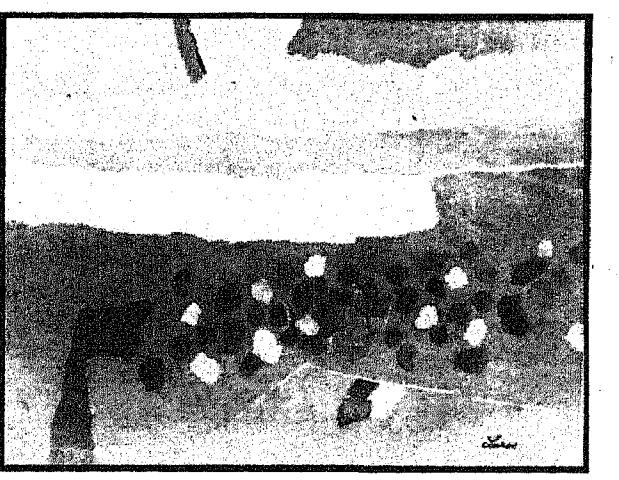
Marie de Marsan

make no bones about the fact that much as they may have admired the work of particular artists, they've never seen themselves as patrons. They have simply bought what they enjoyed and enjoyed what they bought. As McDaniel puts it, "To me, it's more a matter of instinct. A work has to strike me for me to want it."



Four watercolors by Martha Sauer.

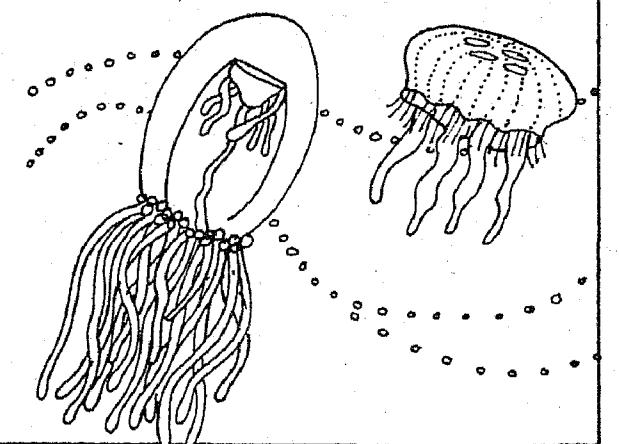
which is a pity." McDaniel's some by Locke Anderson, and a painting by the well known Alice the Goat, this time in Rome, by Henry Faulkner. There are also works by Rachel Kaufman, Mary Scurlock, Ann Irvine, Millard Wells, Steve Dorland, Jerry Miller, Gznuga Regan, Barbara Hodgens, Jack Baron, Maxine McMullen, Melinda Blair, Suzie De Poo, Jim Bell, Norma Renner, Martha Sauer, Fred Laros, Dorothy Winter, Roy Butler, some thirteen Haitians and miscellaneous French and Vietnamese artists.



Fred Laros

There are also a few lovely needle-points—one delicate petitpoint that hangs in the bedroom is particularly fine—by one Fred Cole.

On the back of a painting by Marie de Marsan, you can read the inscription "To Fred and Clay, with love and memories of the good old days." That, essentially is the spirit of the entire collection.



There are two enormous screens painted by Sal Salinero. One covers a corner of the living room with foliage and birds (seagrapes and white egrets in this case); the other stands behind the bed, spotlighting a gorgeous group of carp, in glowing reds and yellows and oranges, bringing the room to life with movement and grace. Both are outstanding.

Out on the porch are two works by Pedro Suarez: One is a woodcut and the other an oil. They're both about smuggling. The first depicts rum-runners being chased by the coast guard, the other shows some marijuana smugglers, although, "it's supposedly about rum-running, too—but, see here, these are clearly the bales," McDaniel points out.

In their collection can be found work by nearly every artist who ever painted in Key West. There is a Morgan Daines etching, a lovely spare painting by Tom Szuter, an unusual steel-point by Saul Paul Steward, a couple of pieces by John Polka (who "still lives here, but isn't painting anymore—

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PUBLIC OPINION SURVEY

by
V. K. Gibson

put to 296 people, but received 630 answers.

The largest percentage of responses to this question was: "Too much and too rapid development" (55.7%). That was followed by: "Key West becoming too big, like Miami Beach" (28%). Taking all the answers into account, three out of four people are displeased with the growth in Key West. 13.5% mentioned overcrowding/congestion, and 13.2% reflected a fear that a "wealthy town" was being created and locals were being forced out.

Concerning the economic impact of new construction in Key West: 24.7% thought it was good, creates jobs, and lowers taxes. 13.9% thought it was bad, that out-of-towners get the jobs, it overburdens services, developers take money out of Key West, it doesn't do much economic good in relation to negative aesthetic impact, everything constructed can't be sold. Many answers to the questions touched upon non-economic issues and weren't listed in this group.

In recent times Americans have shown that they are getting "fed up" with government regulations. The answer to the question: "Do you feel the City of Key West is regulating growth (multiple choice)" was therefore interesting. 7.6% thought there was too much local regulation. 32.6% thought regulation was adequate, and a majority, 46.7% thought there was too little control of growth.

To the question: "Do you like the way Key West is changing, or would you prefer to see the island stay the same or change in some different way?" 41.9% expressed dislike for change, 18.4% liked change, and 35.8% had mixed feelings about this subject.

Tourism was overwhelmingly perceived as good for the economy, necessary, or otherwise positively viewed. There were only 6.4% negative/mixed negative comments. 18.6% expressed mixed feelings on this issue.

A very upbeat public opinion for the Navy presence was shown in the pool, with only a few negative replies.

The question concerning the future redevelopment of the 42 acre Truman Annex area brought an interesting response. 6% were clearly in favor of such development. 6.4% wanted development with "proper planning and control." A whopping 41.2% thought it "should not be developed, should be pro-

tected, kept in mostly natural state."

The study shows that 52.8% of those polled live here because of the climate, followed by the "laid back lifestyle and atmosphere" (17.6%), and "size/smallness of community" (17.3%).

To the question: "Do you plan to stay in Key West?" 73% said yes, 15.6% said no, 10.9% said maybe. Of those leaving, the reasons listed are: Cost of living (14.7%), "other" (16.2%), career/education (10.3%), too much growth/development (7.3%), social reasons (7.3%), family reasons (5.9%), business reasons (1.5%). The biggest reason for leaving Key West was military transfer (36.8%).

The results of this information poll, which touches upon many elements of life in Key West, are too expansive to list completely here. The survey will be used in the evaluation of the City's Comprehensive Plan, and the information will be shared with community organizations and interested citizens. Polling is one more tool which can further move local government from a "hit or miss" operation to one of foresight and good sense.



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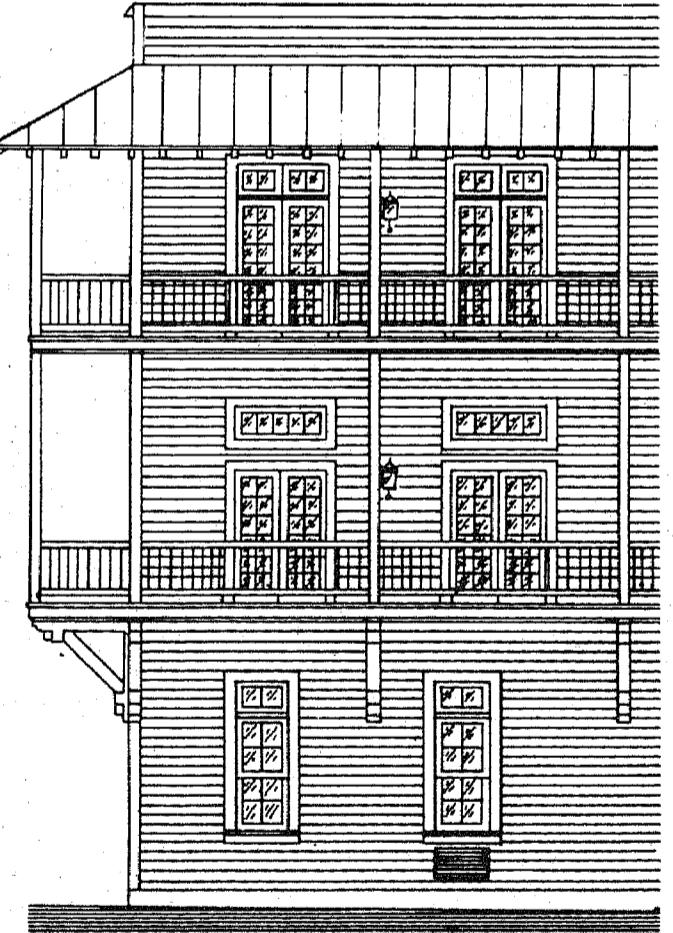
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FICTION

STEAK AND POPSICLES

by
Martha van Noppen

I heard Mamma taking out the steaks for supper. They were in our freezer locker. Having steak every night for supper was something Daddy never complained about because he was always proud of being able to buy half a cow, and Mamma was still learning to cook after seven years of marriage. Her family had had servants in the deep South where she came from—Mississippi. He hadn't, but he was happy to have a beautiful wife to cook for him and the children. He was proud of being a family. (When Mamma'd get mad at me for being under her coat tail and send me to my room and not speak to me for days, Daddy would always come to my room and say, "Don't worry, honey, we'll be a family again.") Today he was playing golf like he did every Saturday, and he'd be late for supper, or he might even forget to call.

I was sitting on my bed in the upstairs of the garage apartment where we had to live until Daddy could afford a new house for us. It would be a brick colonial, he'd said. I tiptoed from my bed to the top of the stairs and listened. Outside, Raymond Mayes was mowing the yard. It was a sweltering day for mowing. I'd been watching him. I loved to watch him sweat. And I was bored. All I could think of to do was pray to God to let me sweat like Raymond Mayes. "Oh, dear God, please let me sweat like Raymond Mayes," I said over and over inside my head, while I watched him take the crumpled handkerchief from his pocket and mop away the huge delicious-looking drops of sweat. He wiped himself off like that about once every minute. I couldn't figure out why. Sometimes, I wrapped myself up in my bedsheet on days like this to see if I could produce these enviable streams of perspiration, but when I'd feel my forehead it would be as dry as always.

From the top of the stairs, I thought I heard Mamma take the paper off a popsicle. I was staying out of her way, as she'd

told me to, but I knew she was more bored than I was. The maid didn't work on Saturday, so Mamma had to stay home with my brother and me. Timmy was playing in the dirt hole with Michael Scott. The dirt hole was the most wonderful place to go off to another world when you wanted to pretend you had left home, had left the planet, and were never coming back. It was really a dried up river bed in the middle of a tremendous forest. I knew all the caves in the steep cliff-sides made of dark red clay, and had buried my own secret treasures in the mounds of brush at the bottom where island had been.

Sure enough, Mamma was into the banana popsicles. The dairy over in Eden that cut and delivered the half of cow also brought popsicles to our house, mostly for Mamma in the hot summertime when she was "on the wagon," as she told her friends. (Children couldn't eat between meals; certainly not sweets, hot or cold!)

Mamma's friend JoJo Gentry had come by last Saturday, and I'd heard them telling each other about how they didn't wear underpants in weather like this. Once when Mamma and Baby Dee Stanley were drinking Scotch together downstairs, I saw them pull up their dresses to prove how they didn't wear underpants in so much heat. I'd never heard Mamma laugh so hard. But Baby Dee died soon after that at the beach. She was drunk and she drowned. Did Mamma's other woman friends go into the ocean drunk? Her other friends hadn't drowned yet. And did they all get so hot in the summertime they had to take their underpants off? She'd never let me do that!

I crept down the stairs, hoping that in her boredom, Mamma would offer SOMETHING. There was Duncan's Lake, but the last time she took me out there, a teenage girl had to drive us home because Mamma took a bottle of Scotch and got dizzy on the beach. Bill Duncan, the proprietor, was a country farmer whose "rules" wouldn't have meant a thing to Mamma even if they were handpainted on a big sign. She wasn't used to rules.

At the end of the downstairs hall, I saw Mamma looking out the window at Ersie Tribble sweeping the pine needles off her yard, leaving it looking completely bald. I could hear Mamma's thoughts, she had said it often enough—"common." Ersie had called Mamma once crying to say that Timmy had yelled at her from the upstairs window and called her a name. "He said I was a fly in his soup." Ersie must have wailed into a dead phone because Mamma'd slammed hers down on the table.

I braced myself at the prospects of being turned away, while hoping Mamma would say, "Let's take a sunbath." We used to do that before she had her four friends who knew how to "take a drink," up there behind the honeysuckle where people would come up the path to stop and talk to us there in our sunbath dresses and barefooted on our blanket. Finally, standing in the doorway to the living room at the end of the hall, I said, "Mamma, what can I do?" I couldn't help whining. She didn't answer. She was still looking out the window. So many times (with the switch, a thick piece of hedge, in her hand) she'd held me up to the bathroom mirror for me to see how I looked when I did that. When I cried too, Daddy would do anything I wanted if I whined or cried, but he was hardly ever there—usually off somewhere trying to make enough money to give Mamma and Timmy and me all that Mamma had been used to before she ever met Daddy. She was probably dreaming now, not seeing Ersie at all, about how things were before she ever had to listen to whining bad children, always sick, always wanting something from her. The only peace Mamma got, she always reminded us, was that hour on Sunday morning when she could send us all, Daddy too, to Sunday School. Daddy taught the Men's Class. But she did used to talk to Daddy. Before Mamma had any friends, she and Daddy sometimes talked about what they called "politics." They did this at the kitchen table when Mamma got the steaks the way they both liked them (rare I think). Mamma had a college degree in political science. I always knew she'd like to be back at the university she went to in Mississippi where she went to all those fancy parties and had more beaux than any Chi Omega in the state of Mississippi—nothing to compare to this little Bible belt town in North Carolina where nobody knew how to take a drink and when they did it had to be inside the house. It made Daddy sad to hear Mamma talk this way, and then he'd go off on longer business trips. They stopped talking politics.

Mamma licked the last of the banana ice cream dripping from the stick and put the stick in the pocket of her limp cotton house dress. She looked like Queen Guinevere with her glistening hair slicked back and drawn into a big knot like a golden egg at the back of her head. I thought I saw a tear slip off the end of her nose, but Mamma didn't cry, not ever. Her friends were probably with their families in the mountains or

at the beach for the weekend. Daddy had planned August for us to take our vacation. That's when his golf buddy, Theodore Grimes, had said we could use their beach cottage. One day we'd have one of our own, Daddy'd promised.

There was another thing he'd promised—a car for Mamma. When they were first married, Daddy made Mamma join the Women's Club in town, but she said she wasn't a club person and couldn't stand these Yankee women in the Junior League; they weren't like Mississippians. And they'd elected her head of the Ways and Means Committee! When she didn't even have a car! That's why she quit and never went back.

Mamma tried to ignore me and went into the kitchen to check on the thawing steaks. I followed her. Not being able to stop myself, I whined again. "Mamma, what can I do?" She slammed the refrigerator door closed and turned on me with a fury I'd seldom seen. "All right. You'll do what I do. What I've done every Saturday for years, for the seven years I've had to live in this bungalow. When there's nowhere to go, nothing to do, nobody to talk to." She grabbed my hand and jerked me up the stairs. She pushed me down on the bed. "Get on that bed," she said, shaking her finger at the bed. "Stay there 'till I get back."

I was about to cry. But I was happy that she was talking to me; this was more than she'd said to me in a whole week. She came back with an old Reader's Digest. She slapped at the pages 'til she found the place she wanted. It was page one. She handed me the magazine. "Do you see this? this is the Reader's Digest. Your father orders it. Now start right here." She threw a dull pencil down on the bedsheet. I imagined her casting off her crown, in some distant castle, relinquishing the throne in one grand romantic gesture. "You fill in every 'o' with that pencil," she ordered me. "Don't you skip a page, and don't you stop 'till I come and tell you to. Do you hear me?"

So that's what Mamma did when she was alone, when she was bored, like me, when she had nobody to talk to. I heard her footsteps reach the downstairs hall, and by the time she got to the living room, not being able to imagine what she would do next, I started filling in the 'o's in the Readers Digest. I couldn't wait 'till I'd finished. Maybe Mamma would come up to ask me to leave, go away with her to some place beautiful and far away. And I would.

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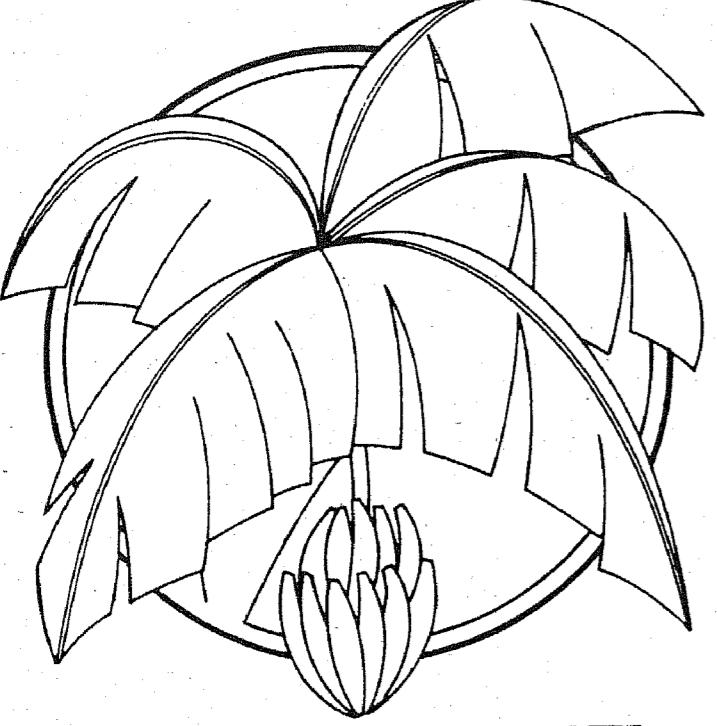
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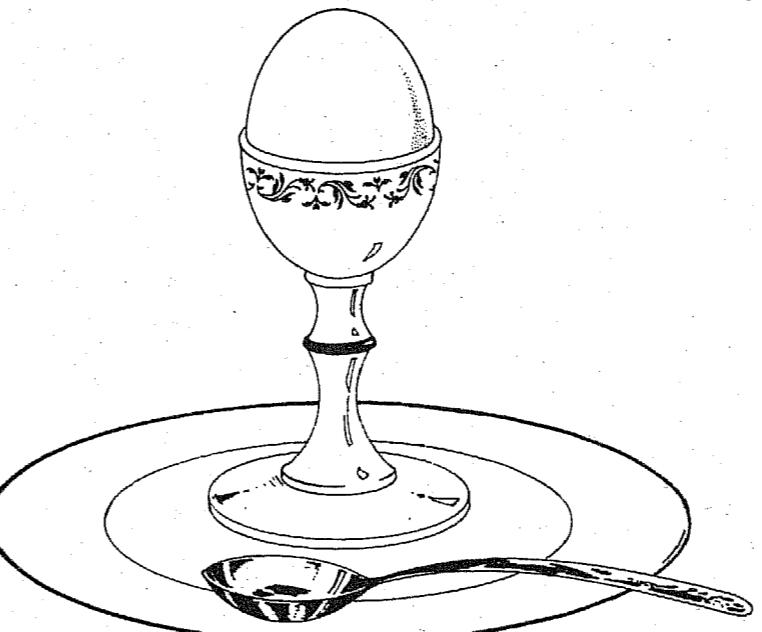
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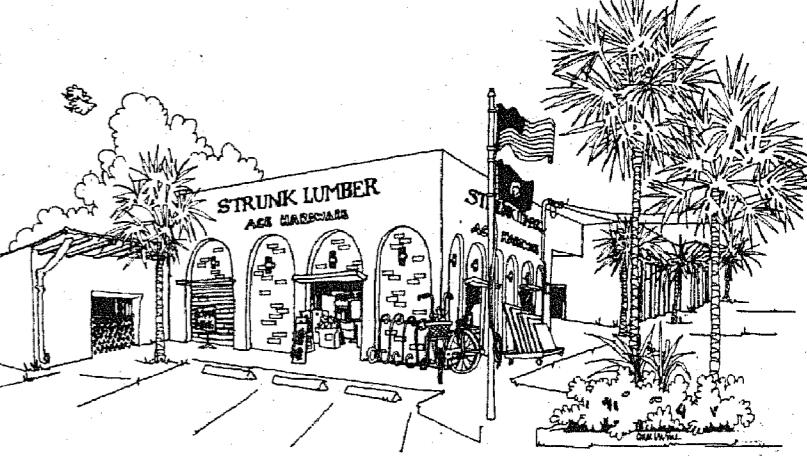


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EDITORIAL

by
Bill Westray

The MONROE COUNTY COMPREHENSIVE PLAN review process moves inexorably along, with almost no one happy with the product that has emerged so far. County Commission Resolutions adopted July 2, 1985, submitted the five draft plan elements and proposed zoning maps to the Department of Community Affairs (DCA), and the South Florida Regional Planning Council (SFRPC) for their review and comment. This statutory 60-day review commenced about July 10 and is to be completed about September 10, 1985. When the comments are received back, the Commission will have two weeks to consider the state and regional comments, incorporate such changes as it desires, and return the plan in revised form for further state review under Florida Statute 380, Area of Critical State Concern guidelines. Ultimately, the new plan should be adopted in December 1985.

In spite of the hundreds of hours of public meetings, and many thousands of manhours expended by planners, consultants and citizens, the draft plans are far from acceptable by anyone. Many conflicts exist between its various elements. Vital questions, such as carrying capacity, and allowable growth rate have not been addressed in real numbers. Previously established protective features for property rights, zoning rights, and procedural rights have been watered down and so compromised in efforts to satisfy everyone, that no one could be satisfied.

THE MAIN QUESTIONS THAT WE RAISED AT THE OUTSET OF THIS PROCESS WERE: WHAT IS IT GOING TO COST AND WHO IS GOING TO PAY FOR IT. THESE HAVE NOT BEEN ANSWERED AT THIS STAGE.

The various agency reviews are now underway. The local interagency Management Committee met in Marathon on August 20; its questions and concerns were many. Meetings in Boca Raton (FIU/FAU campus) were held by DCA Secretary Tom Lewis, former secretary John DeGrove, consultants Siedman and Kendig, and a number of others on Monday, August 26th.

Written inputs and comments from various citizens' and other groups have been forwarded to DCA and SFRPC for consideration.

Out of all of this SOMETHING NEW WILL EMERGE, we hope. It is much too early, still, to predict what that SOMETHING will be. The entire state system—the legislative, the executive, and even the judicial, are waiting to see the results of the state/county planning effort in Monroe County. Legally, the state has the authority to impose a new comprehensive plan on Monroe County. But SOLARES HILL believes that any state-imposed plan, not supported by the Board of County Commissioners, and its citizens is doomed to failure.

As we stated at the outset—the planning process moves inexorably on, and we all wait expectantly, and impatiently, to see what comes out of this next agency review phase.

Portrait of the Month



Kit Harrington

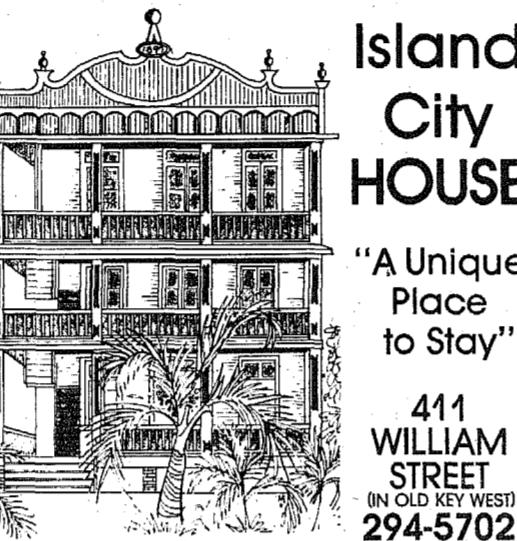
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EDITH PIAF LIVES!

by
Bruce Peterson

Well, not exactly. Actually *Piaf* lives, the play with music based on the life of France's legendary singer, will open at the Red Barn Theatre September 19th and run Thursdays through Sundays for the next three weeks. The show will star Susan Hawkens, directed by Rae Coates, and be produced by Updock.

"What's Updock?" you query. They were hoping you would. Updock is a new production company and *Piaf*'s first venture. For each of the Updock partners, Ken Enck, Kelly Moore, and Bruce Peterson, producing is now the next logical theatrical step.

Bruce Peterson was on stage in last season's *Tallulah* and *What Is This Faderol?* He is a writer known for his *Faderol* sketches and Channel 5's *Hukilau Theatre* as well as the upcoming *Mile Marker Zero* and *Box Office Poison*. Before moving to Key West, Bruce directed Atlanta's longest running show *Della's Diner*. Fellow Updoker Ken Enck has been involved in every phase of theatre except on stage. Of course now that he's a producer that could all change. Updock's third member, Kelly Moore, has spent 25 of his 35 years acting, singing, stage managing, and directing. He made his Broadway debut in 1967 in the City Center revival of *Life With Father*. Last season Moore was seen here in *Tallulah* and *Kiss Me Kate* and was the musical director for *Goldilocks*, a task he will repeat for *Piaf*.

Piaf's music is the music of Edith Piaf herself—songs she made famous, songs she wrote, and songs she, admittedly, stole from other performers. She was known to her millions of fans as "The Little Sparrow" and has also been called "France's Judy Garland." But while we watched Garland's excesses played out in glorious Technicolor, the events in Edith Piaf's life are more suited to Film Noir. The heroin addiction, the promiscuity, the car crashes, arrest, war, break-downs, and death... They are all in *Piaf*. Actually, the car crash takes place off stage.

The title role in *Piaf* is obviously a, pardon my french, tour de force, creme de la creme, piece de resistance, tres bien, ooh la la kind of part. Fortunately, Susan Hawkens is the artiste suited to the task. *S'il vous plait*. Hemingway's portrayal of Tallulah Bankhead was the driving force behind the Red Barn Theatre's biggest success of last season, *Tallulah*. Joining Susan in the *Piaf* cast are Glen Cooper, Oscar Richards, Kelly Moore, Joan O'Dowd, Bruce Peterson, Carole MacCartee, Tom Murtha, Tommie Grimstad, and Joy Hawkins.

This will be the first time that Joy Hawkins (with an "i") and Susan Hawkens (with an "e") have acted in a show together. Though they were both founding members of the Red Barn Theatre, somehow the opportunity to share that stage never came along. Now, however, Hawkins will be playing Marlene Dietrich to Hawkens' Edith Piaf. Contacted in Vermont by director Rae Coates, Joy couldn't turn the Dietrich role down. Having just acquired two Marlene Dietrich biographies, the offer seemed more fate than coincidence.

Assembling a strong cast was director Coates' first task. His attention is now turned towards taking the *Piaf* that has been performing in his mind all summer and giving it life on the stage of the Red Barn Theatre. Rae Coates knows what he wants. His string of artistic and financial successes (*Da Doo*

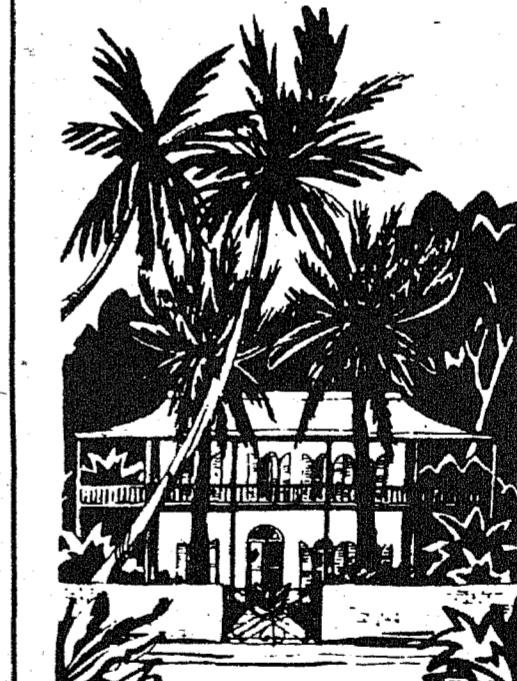
Ron Ron, Hair, Jesus Christ Superstar, Godspell, Side by Side by Sondheim, and #1 Penny Lane) are testament to his strong choices and opinions. Unlike some of his other producer/director relationships, Coates feels a sense of harmony working with Updock. "What a joy to finally work with a management that has such a great respect for the details that make up a first class production," he says in typical Rae Coates fashion.

Piaf was first performed in 1978 by The Royal Shakespeare Company, and as in the original, cockney accents will be used. The street quality of this dialect stands for the low-french of Edith Piaf and her peers. The many traumas and tragedies that the singer endured are of course dramatized in *Piaf*, but so is the warmth, humor, and strength of the woman herself. Due to harsh language and subject matter parents are advised to leave the younger ones at home.

The box office for *Piaf* opens September 16th. The phone number at the Red Barn Theatre is 296-9911, and the address is 319 Duval Street. Opening night, September 19th, has been sold to City Council candidate Richard "Focci" Bertocci for a fund raiser. Those wishing to attend that evening please call 296-5819.

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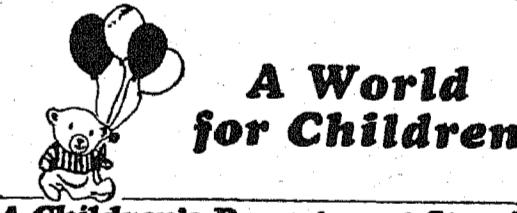
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English as a Second Language	T-Th	N/C	J-25	Saenz	7-10 PM

ADULT GENERAL EDUCATION	DATE	FEES	ROOM	INSTRUCTOR	TIME
Art (Basic drawing/painting)	T-Th	\$5	E-6	TBA	7-10 PM
Algebra (Elementary)	T-Th	\$5	J-32	Rodger	7-10 PM
American Government	M-W	\$5	J-25	Scallo	7-10 PM
Bible History	M-F	\$5	St. James	Rev. Carter	7-10 PM
Conversational Spanish I	M-W	\$5	J-23	Kelly	7-10 PM
Conversational Spanish II	M-W	\$5	J-31	deGomez	3:30-6:30 PM
Conversational Spanish I & II	T-Th	\$5	J-23	Sanchez	7-10 PM
Drivers Training	T-Th	\$5	J-31	McKell	7-10 PM
English IV-V	T-Th	\$5	J-22	Lilly	7-10 PM
GED Prep (Computer Assistant)	T-Th	\$5	J-31	Ketschull	7-10 PM
General Science	M-W	\$5	J-28	Reynolds	7-10 PM
General Math	T-Th	\$5	J-32	Rodger	7-10 PM
Life Management Skills/Economics	T-Th	\$5	J-17	TBA	7-10 PM
Micro Computers	T-Th	\$5	J-5	Fowler	7-10 PM

ADULT VOCATIONAL EDUCATION	DATE	FEES	ROOM	INSTRUCTOR	TIME
Auto Body Repair	M-W	\$10	V-103	Aulozzi	7-10 PM
Auto Mechanics	M-W	\$10	V-103	Higgs	7-10 PM
Computerized Accounting	T-Th	\$10	J-13	Turner	7-10 PM
Electronics	T-Th	\$10	E-8	Fernandez	7-10 PM
Fish & Shrimp Trawling	Daily	\$10	B-19	Hagenkotter	9-Noon
Nursing Assistant	M-Th-Sat	\$15	J-34	Easton	7-10 PM
Office Skills Training	Daily	\$10	IMTS	Freeman	TBA
Photography	T-Th	\$10	C-12	North-Fisher	7-10 PM
Sewing	M-W	\$10	B-7	Roberts	7-10 PM
Typing	M-W	\$10	J-16	TBA	7-10 PM
Welding	M-W	\$10	Welding	Liste	7-10 PM
Woodworking	M-W	\$10	E-7	Ciesinski	7-10 PM

Registration will be held on September 3, 4 & 5, 1985, from 7 to 9 PM in the J-Wing Auditorium at Key West High School. Classes will begin Monday, September 9, 1985. Social Security Numbers are required for registration. For information call 294-5212, Ext. 245 or 246. Fred Shaw, Director Adult Education.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 28th

"Go For The Gold"—"Today's The Day" for your final clues. Players has until exactly sunset to solve the clues and win the \$50,000 Spanish Gold Bar and \$10,000 Modern Colombian Emerald.

Sponsored by Old Town Merchants Association, Treasure Salvors, Inc., Emeralds International, Inc., Key West Harbor Development, Captain Tony's Saloon, Greater Marathon Hotel/Motel Assn., The Pier House Inn, Marriott's Casa Marina Resort, Island Imported Cars, Ocean Key House, The Galleon Resort, Domino's Pizza, Key Conch Shell & Gift/Galleon Watersports/Gilbreath & McMurray, Ltd., Province town/ Boston Airlines (PBA), White's Electronics, Monroe

County Tourist Development Council.

RULES & REGULATIONS
Remember the Golden Rule...

WHOEVER HAS THE GOLD MAKES THE RULES!

The number of players in "Go For The Gold" will be limited. Make your plans and enter early!

1. Upon receipt of completed entry blank and entry fee of \$100, Player will be registered as a competitor in the "Go For The Gold" and may compete in seven other sanctioned events at no extra charge. If Player wishes to compete in the Octathlon (all eight Treasure Hunts), please check appropriate box below. You may enter as early as you wish, but mail entries

must be received by September 16, 1985. All entries close at Midnight, Friday, September 20, 1985. Confirmation and registration number will be issued immediately, and Captain's Log (club book) will be sent via certified mail or Federal Express between August 15 and September 16, 1985. Captain's Log number will correspond to registration number. Captain's Log number and signature MUST correspond. If there is no winner by sunset, September 28, 1985, the location of the Treasure will be publicly revealed.

2. "Go For The Gold" is an eight-day event to be held in Key West, Florida, and the winner must be physically present at sunset, September 28, 1985, to win. It is clearly understood that although the Captain's Log is essential to playing the

For Our Gay Community

GAY EVENTS CALENDAR
OF REGULARLY SCHEDULED EVENTS

SUNDAY

Michael's: Jay Foote at the Piano Bar.
Papillon: Tea by the Sea Dance, 7-10 pm.
Number One Saloon: Movies.
Copa: Complimentary Buffet.
Metropolitan Community Church: 319 Duval, 11 am.
La Te Da: Tea Dance, 4 pm.
Lighthouse Court: Movies.
Old Plantation: Movies and Dancing.

MONDAY

Michael's: Jay Foote at the Piano Bar.
Number One Saloon: Movies and all night happy hour.
Old Plantation: Show Night.
Lighthouse Court: Movies.

TUESDAY

Michael's: Jay Foote at the Piano Bar.
Number One Saloon: Movies and 50¢ draft beer.
Old Plantation: Wet Briefs Contest.
Lighthouse Court: Movies.

WEDNESDAY

Michael's: Jay Foote at the Piano Bar.
Number One Saloon: Movies and 1 Saloon T-shirt night.
La Te Da: Tea Dance, 4 pm.
Old Plantation: Dynasty.
Pigeon House Patio: Lois at the Piano Bar.
White Elephant Restaurant: Special dinner.

THURSDAY

Michael's: Jay Foote at the Piano Bar.
Number One Saloon: Movies.
Copa: Dancing.
Lighthouse Court: Movies.

FRIDAY

Michael's: Jay Foote at the Piano Bar.
Number One Saloon: Movies.

SATURDAY

Michael's: Jay Foote at the Piano Bar.
Number One Saloon: Movies.
Lighthouse Court: Movies.
Old Plantation: Amateur Strip Night and Tammy's Old Southern Barbecue, 4-8.
Copa: Dancing.
Pigeon House Patio: Lois at the Piano Bar.

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THE TROPICAL DISCO
Glass enclosed dance palace overlooking a tropical jungle.

Gets the hot men & keeps them!

THE GRAND PIANO BAR
Already a legend. Cruise Duval from our Verandah, sing along with Jay Foote. Popular after beach hangout, too.

THE GARDEN DISTRICT
Glamorous getaway — lush and romantic.
The place to get acquainted.

THE SHOW STAGES
Wet briefs, game shows, drag, cabaret, dance —
every Monday and Thursday at midnight.

WEENIE WONDERLAND
Deli Sandwiches, hot dogs, and exotic tropical drinks
all day long.

MICHELLE'S
Intimate Women's Bar with touch-dancing, pool and quiet conversation. Cabaret & Special Shows Wednesday & Sundays

Michael's

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PRESENTS THE
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BEACH PARTY

PRIZES **CONTESTS** **PRIZES** **CONTESTS** **CONTESTS**

DRINK SPECIALS **DANCING** **DANCING**

SATURDAY
SEPTEMBER 21ST

CONTINUAL LIVE ENTERTAINMENT FROM NOON TO 4 AM

AT SLOPPY JOE'S BAR

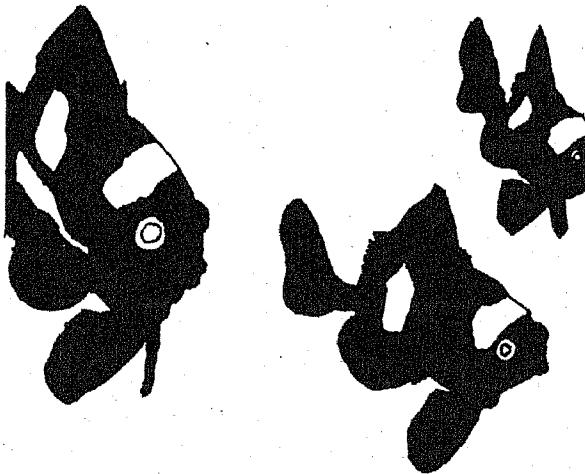
game, not all clues are contained therein, and additional clues will be offered on a daily basis in Key West from September 21 to 28, 1985.

3. "Go For The Gold" requires no special physical ability; however, if entering the Octathlon, Player understands that he must be a certified diver for "Sea Hunt," and a licensed driver with proof of insurance to enter "Auto-Magic." Other events may require Player to provide or rent equipment and vehicles, such as bicycles, scuba gear, snorkeling equipment, metal detectors. Players in Octathlon must show proof of physical examination within one year.

4. Octathlon: Team play is not allowed. Player must win all eight events. Any evidence of fraud will result in disqualification and forfeiture of all prizes. There will be no advance clues for any event except "Go For The Gold." Clues and courses for all other events will be issued just prior to the event.

5. Player agrees to respect private property and obey all ordinances and laws of the City of Key West. Failure to do so will result in disqualification and forfeiture of all prizes.

6. Protest of any event must be accompanied by a \$500 deposit and submitted in writing to the judges by sunset on the day of the event. Decisions of the Judges and Board of Directors will be final. The \$500 will be refunded if protest is upheld.



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SEE QUALITY HAND-MADE
CIGARS ROLLED DAILY
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NEXT TO BOCA CHICA BAR
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T-SHIRT OF THE MONTH

MEL FISHER'S KEY WEST TREASURE HUNT®
Printed by Bahama Papa's Screen Prints Inc.
Contact Steele Davis, 296-7175

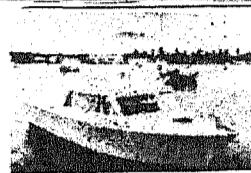
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PRINTING

\$\$ SAVE \$\$
Printing Needs

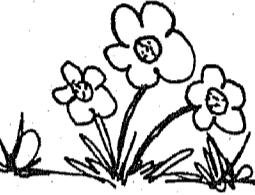
(i.e., letterheads,
business cards, caps,
pens, calendars, party
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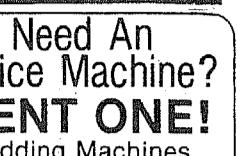
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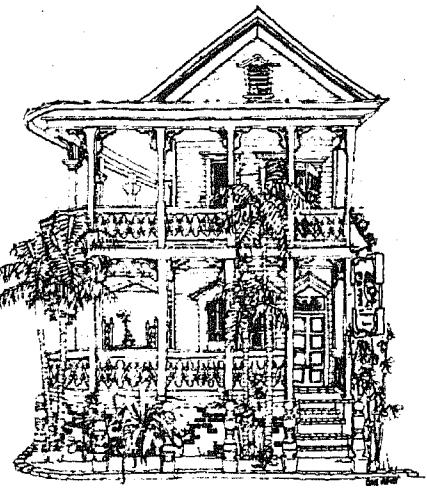
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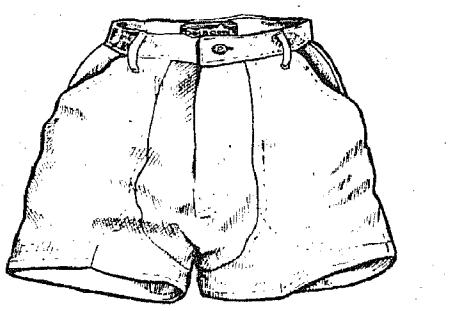
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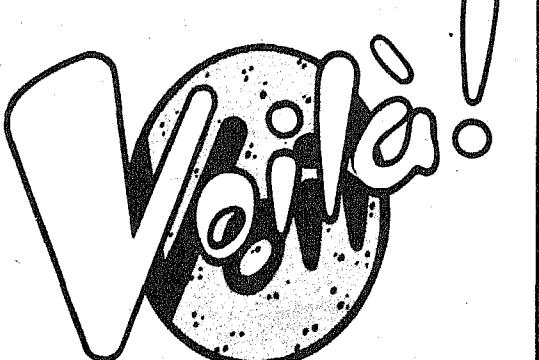
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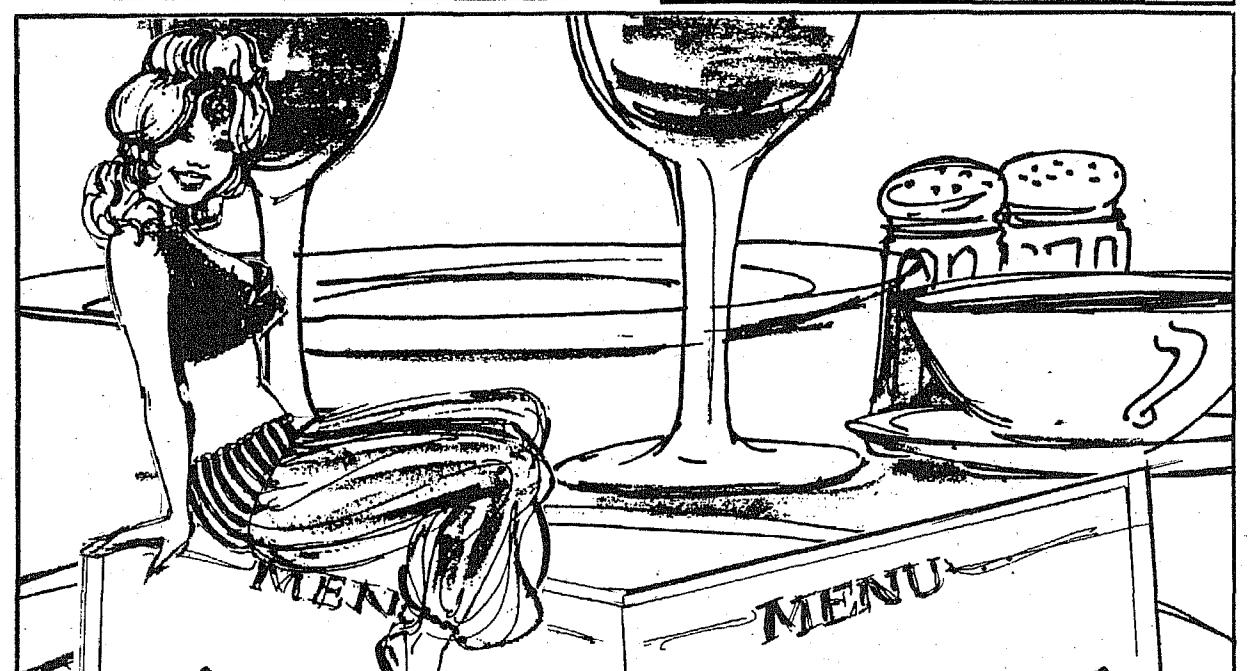
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There will be weekly winners at each branch!

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Galleries & Museums

Art Moderne Gallery: 516 Amelia Street, 296-3156. Open 1-5 daily. Contemporary art.

Art Unlimited: 217 Duval Street, 296-5625. Hours 12-5 pm, or by appointment. Quality local and Haitian art.

Artists Warehouse: 814 Duval, 294-7141. Open 10 am to 5 pm, Monday through Saturday. Featuring local artists Karen Clemens and Rudy Prazen. Framing shop also.

Burgess-Meister Gallery: 810 Duval St., 296-7382. International and local art, folk art.

East Martello Gallery & Museum: 3500 S. Roosevelt Blvd., 296-3913. Mid-June on: works of Mario Sanchez.

All members art show.

Farrington Galleries: 711 Duval Street, 294-6911. An artist-supply gallery featuring new work by Mario Sanchez, including his woodcarving "Bucket of Fish," and the new biography on him by Kathryn Proby.

Fred Gros Gallery: 901 Duval Street, 294-9545. Closed for the summer.

Gingerbread Square Gallery: 910 Duval Street. Information: 296-8900. Appointments: 294-2165.

Guild Hall Gallery: 614 Duval Street, 296-6076. Exhibiting an outstanding array of original art by Key West professionals Judi Bradford, Ann Irvine, Fran Kebusch, Lois Locklear, Maxine McMullen, Wayne Pelke, Irma Quigley, Norma Renner, Carolyn Seiler and Sonia Robinson. Featuring oils, acrylics, ceramics, woodcarved paintings, wood sculpture, fine leather and soft sculpture.

Haitian Art Company: 600 Frances Street (corner of Frances & Southard Sts.) The largest collection of Haitian Art in the country, featuring paintings, metal and wood sculptures, watercolor and papier-mache.

Key West Art Center: 301 Front Street, 294-1241. Local Artists.

Lacy Gallery: By appointment only. 294-7115.

Lighthouse and Military Museum: 938 Whitehead Street, 294-0012. The highest view of Key West can be had here, along with a survey of aircraft and wartime mementos.

Lucky Street Gallery: 322 Margaret Street, 294-3973, 11:30 am to 6 pm, daily. Contemporary art.

Perkins Chandlery: 901 Fleming Street, 294-7635. Showing the following artists: Roland Barker, A.S.M.A., W. White, primitive wood sculpture.

Rose Lane Antiquities: 524 Rose Lane (off Duval), 294-1873. Pre-Columbian pottery and gold; primitive art from Africa; antique gold jewelry.

Oldest House Museum: 322 Duval Street, 294-9502. Antique lovers will enjoy this excursion into the furniture, housewares and decorations of Old Island interiors 'way back then.' Be sure to visit the kitchen out back.

Ernest Hemingway Home and Museum: 296-5811 or 294-1575. 907 Whitehead Street. Open daily 9:30 to 5:30 pm. A registered National Historic Landmark. This site possesses exceptional value in commemorating or illustrating the history of the United States.

Greenpeace: 612 Duval Street. Sculpture by Gloria Shaw.

Films & Library Events

Monroe County Public Library: 294-8488. 700 Fleming Street.

Summertime Story Hours: Preschool-7, Thursdays 9:30-10:30.

Adult movies, Wednesday evenings:

EVENTS

9/4 My Favorite Spy 6:00

9/25 Time Machine 6:00

Children's movies, Saturday mornings at 10:00 am.

9/7 Grandfather's Mitten
Hansel and Gretel

9/14 Rascal
Froggie Went A'courting

9/21 Kevin Alec
The Legend of Sleepy Hollow

9/28 Cat and the Fiddler
Ski Wheeler
Whazzat

Regular Events

The League of Women Voters of Monroe County: Lower Keys meeting every 4th Saturday. For information, call Dore Skinner at 296-6254.

Middle Keys unit meets every 3rd Thursday. For information, call Doris Abram at 743-4166.

Upper Keys unit meets every 3rd Thursday. For information, call Evelyn Gilsey at 664-4134.

AL-ATEEN: Friday, 8:30 pm, Sigsbee YMCA. Bingo, Starting at 7:15 pm. Thursday nights at Sugarloaf firehouse at Mile Marker 17.

Bulimia Group: Call 296-HELP or 294-LINE.

Coffee Mill: 915 Ashe Street, 294-8072. Call for information on our many classes.

Single Again: A group for single adults to meet and socialize. Information: 294-0533 or 296-3423.

Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority, 9/20 City Hall, 10:00 am.

Florida Keys Chapter, AARP, No. 1351: Located in the Armory, Southard and White Streets, 294-4641, extension 361. Meetings 2nd Monday every month, 7:30 pm; Blood Count from 6:15 to 7:15; Bingo, Wednesdays at 1:30 pm; Duplicate Bridge, Tuesdays at 7:30 pm & Thursdays at 1:00 pm; Saturday Bridge Party, 1:00 pm.

Key West Garden Club: Meets 1st Thursday of each month at 1 pm, West Martello. For information, call 294-3210.

Narcotics Anonymous: Friday night, 7:00 pm, 2318 Fogarty Avenue, 5th Street Baptist Church Fellowship Hall. If you have a drug problem, come to us.

City Electric Utility Board: Meetings 2nd and 4th Wednesdays at 5 pm, Board Room, 930 Caroline Street.

Big Coppitt Key Firehouse: Bingo, Friday nights, 8:00 pm.

VFW Auxiliary #6021: 2nd & 4th Sundays, Post Hall, 803 Emma Street, 8:00 pm.

Viet Nam Vets: Thursdays, 296-6843.

Friends Worship Group (Quakers): Inquiries, Sheridan Crumlish, 294-1523.

Key West City Commission: Meetings, 1st & 3rd Tuesdays at 8:00 pm, City Hall, corner of Simonton and Angela Streets.

Child Abuse: Question, referrals, reporting information and general information. Call Barbara Hunt at F.K.M.H., 294-5531.

Duplicate Bridge: Weekly, Tuesday at 7:30 pm & Thursday, at 1:00 pm, AARP Building (The Armory). Call Martha Kiplinger, 2969-5766.

Key West Woman's Club: Regular meetings 1st Tuesday of each month, 2:30 pm, 319 Duval Street.

Mail-a-book Program: Costs you only 29¢, for mailing. Library, 294-8488.

Marathon Lions Club: Dinner meetings 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Indies Resort, Duck Key, 7:30 pm.

Marathon Shrine Club: Luncheon every Friday, at high noon. All Shriner welcome.

Monroe County Commission: 9/17, Marathon Sub-Courthouse, 8:30 am.

The Lower Keys Property Owners Association: Located at the west end of the No Name Key bridge on Big Pine Key. Bingo every Wednesday, 6:00 pm. Call 745-3613.

United Humanitarians: Low-cost spay program now in effect. Please call 296-5106 for information.

Wesley House Board of Directors: Meetings 2nd Tuesday of the month, 5:00 pm, 1100 Varela Street, 296-5231.

Self Help

AL-ANON Meetings in Key West: AL-ANON Key West Group St. Ann's Hall meets Mondays at 7 pm. AA meets 8:30 pm. AL-ANON Memorial Group FKMH, 294-5531, extension 3495, meets Wednesday at 8:30 pm. AA meets at the same time. AL-ANON St. Bede's Group meets Thursdays, 12 noon, St. Bede's Catholic Church, 2700 Flagler.

Key West Mobilization for Survival: Meets Tuesday, August 13 and 27, 7:30 pm, at the Blue Heaven Community Center, 729 Thomas Street. For information, call 294-2647.

Domestic Abuse Shelter, Inc.: Call 296-HELP or 296-LINE.

Zonta Help Line: 296-HELP. Call anytime when you need help or referral service. 296-4357.

Delphos: Alcohol and drug treatment center at F.K.M.H. For information, call 294-5531, extension 3505.

La Leche League: Every 3rd Tuesday, Mile Marker 24.2, Summerland Key, 10:00 am. Call 745-2274.

Classes on the Ovulation Method of Fertility Awareness: Avoid or achieve pregnancy naturally. Instructor Registered Nurse certified by The Ovulation Method Teachers Association. For information, call 296-7214.

Prenatal Exercise at the Coffee Mill: 916 Ashe Street, Thursday, 4-5, and Saturday, 9-10. Call 294-3490 for information.

Overeaters Anonymous: YMCA, Sigsbee Park, Thursdays, 8:30 pm.

Movement Spiritual Inner Awareness: Join us for one of the positive things happening in Key West. Tapes by John-Roger. Tuesdays, 7:30 pm, 1005 Seminary Street, 294-6739.

Helping Hand Stroke Club: 3rd Wednesday of every month, 2:30 pm, classroom, FKMH. Information: Karen Coler, 296-6401.

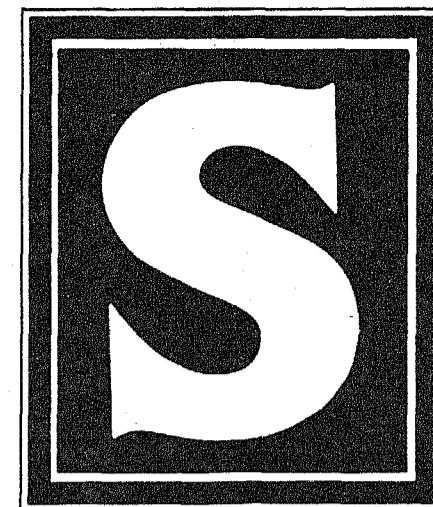
Bulimia Group: Call 294-HELP or 296-LINE.

Natural Childbirth Preparation Classes: Beginning every two months. Discussing labor, delivery, breathing, the coach's role. Call 294-3490 for information.

Special Events

9/21 Slide travelogue in Soviet Union, Monroe County Public Library, 1:15 pm.





SUCCESS!

“Four flights Thursday morning.
All against 21 mile wind.
Started from level with engine
power alone. Average speed
through air: 31 miles. Longest:
59 seconds. Inform the press.
Home for Christmas.”

This message of Success was telegraphed home in 1903
by Wilbur and Orville Wright, and has been composed
through Digital Typography in 1985 by
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