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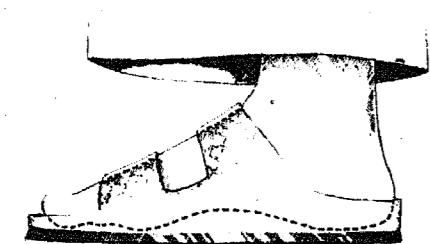
VOL. VI, NO. 3

Key West, Florida

MARCH, 1981



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FROM THE EDITOR

Hello -

Bo Red, a marvelous local man known and loved by many, many Key Westers, died this past month. He had been the subject of at least three pieces by Phoebe Coan which appeared in this paper. A rare and special man. Since Bo had died penniless he had been consigned to burial in the "Potter's Field" section of our graveyard. This form of burial is a pretty cut-and-dried, cold and unemotional and unattended affair. Thankfully, a group of Bo's friends got together and raised the money to permit his remains to be disinterred, cremated and scattered at sea which is what he wanted.

Many of us were very disappointed that Mayor McCoy, Commissioners Esquinaldo and Weekley saw fit to vote for the golf course proposal of Arnheim and Wood. A handful of years ago an aroused group of citizens, fearful of city action which paved the way for high rises, got enough signatures on petitions for a referendum that the City backed down and adopted an ordinance protecting us against high rises. There are two ways to go on this, I believe. One is to get 35% of the registered voters to sign petitions requesting that the offending ordinance be repealed. If the City fails to act on this request then it goes to referendum. The second way, which was the way that the anti-high rise group went, was to start a petition drive that had 90 days from its start to get 20% of the registered voters requesting that a new ordinance be adopted in place of the old one and then, if the City failed to act, by gathering another 5% of the registered voters, the issue would be forced to referendum. Possibly enough people are unhappy enough with this decision on the golf course to go this route. Incidentally,

Commissioner Heyman fought this proposal from the beginning and was later joined by Commissioner Mary Graham. Both are to be congratulated for their efforts.

The news on Peggy Mills' Gardens is not so happy, either. Bill Lorraine writes in this issue that townhouses may be slated to go in there - maybe some of our readers will have some suggestions on how this magnificent, one-of-a-kind garden can be preserved.

Congratulations to the Southernmost Road Runners Club! Their representative, Ned Guardenier reported that the marathon raised \$4,500 and that \$2,000 was given to the Save the Babies Fund at the Florida Keys Memorial Hospital, \$1,500 was given to the Florida Keys Marine Institute, and the March of Dimes received \$1,000. Next month we hope to have some pictures and text on the marathon.

Is the season finally starting? It looks busier downtown. The weather has gotten to be lovely again and that should bring the tourists.

See you next month.

WJ

Our cover artist this time is F. Ronald Fowler. He will have an exhibit of drawings and paintings at Moira's Gallery in Key Lime Square from March 26 to April 8.



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EDITOR.....BILL HUCKEL
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With a little help from our friends...

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Conch Reunion

ONE OF THE finest examples of Key West matriarchy is to be found in the life and times of Annie Delpino Rodriguez. This soon-to-be-89 woman, born and raised "up around the graveyard," is in many ways epitomizes the total Twentieth Century woman. Born in 1892, married three times in her life, giving birth to 13 children, and still called "Mama" by the young'uns, Annie Rodriguez maintains her familial position as traditional "ruler of the roost."

"Who could ever forget that?" muses Susan Casey Phipps, Delores Casey's daughter, who, although born and raised here like her feminine forebears, now resides in Drummond, Oklahoma, where her husband works.

"Weren't you born in that bed, Mama?"

"Not only was I born in it, I

spent my wedding night in it!" responds her mother. "That bed has seen

more life and action in its day than all of us put together! It's a good thing beds can't talk!"

"I remember," admits Delores Rodriguez Taylor, who now lives on Catholic Lane and is the first-born daughter of Annie's third marriage. "But most of all, I remember her bad."

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else, then just to see the changes around here," declares Susan. "And boy, are there ever changes!"

ANNIE DELFINO HAS witnessed literally thousands of changes. Her own neighborhood is unrecognizable to how it looked when she was a young wife and mother. "Old Town" is not old at all, but rather, quite new. "There used to be custom-made coffin business right over there," indicates Julia, pointing to the left-hand side of Charles Street, which faces Annie's home. "Course, that was years and years ago."

SOON, GRANDSON ED TAYLOR arrives for the picture-taking. "Five generations of Conch women!" they all proclaim. The newest addition to the clan, Baby Jessica Leigh Phipps, Susan's daughter, is meeting her great-great-grandmother for the first time. The two hit it off beautifully.

"Tell gramama your name."

"What's your name, honey?"

"Je-s-s-i-ca!"

"Jessica what?"

"Je-s-s-i-ca Leigh Phipps!"

It was then that the questions got hard.

"How old are you? Where do you live?"

"Key West!"

"Wishful thinking!"

More playful answers from Jessica increased the happy spirit of the homecoming festivity. Ed, trying to act professional and play the photographer's role satisfactorily, has his hands full settling them all into place. "Mama, you stand there, to the right. That's good. Now you in the back, Delores, and Susan, you right there. Ah, fine, fine."

"What about Jessica?"

"Sit her down on the arm of the chair, next to 'gr-gr-gramama,'" he decides.

"Yeah, that's a good idea."

"Just where she belongs."

"Now, everybody smile."

"Well, close enough."

And the party continues.

"WE MADE IT A special point to bring Jessica down to meet her 'gr-gr-grandmother,'" Susan comments, "because we knew how happy it would make her. One thing leads to another, and we really don't know when we'll be back this way again."

Susan married a Navy man who was stationed in Key West. This is what led her away from "the rock."

"BUT I WAS the first one to go away," confesses Delores Taylor Casey. "My husband got better work in Connecticut, so we had to go. Lots of things I miss about this place."



Seated: Annie Delpino Rodriguez. Clockwise: Jessica Leigh Phipps, Susan Casey Phipps, Delores Taylor Casey, Delores Rodriguez Taylor.

THERE IS A general spirit of laughter over this remark, while Annie, prone to reprimand somebody for something, leans over to her daughter-in-law, Julia Maria Disdiel, exclaiming, "Take that cigarette out of your mouth!"

"No!" shoots back Julia, and together they laugh again.

"You're all right," smiles Annie. "You take good care of me." Looking over her vast brood, she sighs and says again, "You're all right. All of you."

"You see?" acknowledges daughter Delores, nicknamed "Lolo" by her family. "They might go away, but they always come back. They don't get this kind of treatment everywhere."

"It's true. I may leave, but I'll always return to Key West, if nothing

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"If only Dad were alive, he'd love to be here with all of us now," affirms her mother a trifle sadly. "He'd love it!"

She is referring to her husband, the late W. Edgar Taylor, a life-long commercial fisherman from Key West, who is remembered for his incredible seven-mile swim in September of 1965. The Key West Citizen, Miami Herald and Navy Times all carried reports of this man's derring-do, whose boat capsized in a storm, and whose determination saved his life. Though 67 years old at the time, Ed Taylor swam and swam "til he could touch bottom," trying not to think of anything except getting home alive.

THE CONVERSATION TAKES its normal bends and twists. Delores tells the story of how her Dad took her back to the exact spot where he landed on shore, remarking what a miracle it was that he never cut his feet on the sharp coral or sea urchins. The baby's antics increase, as she tries to fit her apt statements into the overall jargon of the grown-ups. More good food, good company, good remembrances, but all too soon it's time to once again bid fare-well.

ONE BY ONE Annie's family and company depart.

"Bye-bye, Mama, I'm going now."

"See you tomorrow," says daughter Lola, who cares for Annie in the afternoons.

"See you next year, I hope."

"Write me a letter, willya?"

"Sure. If you'll call me sometime!"

"Call me, too, while you're at it." More laughter.

"Good night, children. Good night. Come visit me anytime."

Somehow as the fine old lady says these last words, she knows that they will come back to visit her anytime. It's impossible not to want to return to a great matriarch like Annie Delpino Rodriguez.



EVERY SO OFTEN, you pass through one of your spiritual identity crises. Your roommate, a pragmatic real estate broker, advises, "O, go lie down awhile and it will pass!"

You have batted around through all of the world's great religions, including those in the yellow pages under Non-Denominational. "Well," confides a friend, who once married a non-denominational preacher, "Take this group. The only time you are going to hear 'Jesus Christ' there is if the janitor stumps his toe."

YOU GO PICKING through Saturday Book Sale in the library yard, looking for Lafcadio Hearn, that being the last refuge of old, out-of-print books. You wonder if you are too fat to root around through those cardboard boxes under those card tables. "They are throwing out all of the good books," agrees perceptive Martha Sauer. Lafcadio Hearn wrote 60 wonderfully provocative books about the significance of existence, about the race, from whence we came and where we are going. Humans dream and they frequently dream that they are flying. A person often dreams that he is flying low, and now and then he puts a foot down to push himself up a bit. Hearn's idea is that we dream this out of a deep, racial memory of the time when we were huge, winged creatures flying low to Earth.

BACK HOME, YOU muse upon this, idly peering through the wooden slats-- a wind surfer flashing past five old winter pelicans and six weary so-journers illegally sleeping in an angry, scarred, red van parked on the sandy skirt of the beach.

Now, it's 11 p.m. You confront a pal via telephone: "What is God?"

"Well," she says, "I was watching They Kept Hitler's Pancreas Alive. Wait until the garbage truck passes. I can't hear." She is a Seeker, also. And this is so rare. I yearn about that. You have got to poke around over a wide swath to locate Searchers with whom you may launch such appeals out of hand.

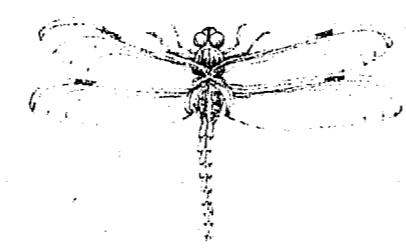


SHE RESUMES, "What is God? Well, I arrived at the idea long ago that it is an untruth that there is a person up aloft. What is God? He is a being withdrawn from creatures. A free power. A pure working. You must reach the actualization of a more-than-personal consciousness. You transcend to an eternal level rather than this low human level. You will then liberate yourself from Time, and you will gain blissful freedom from personality, and there is God. Leave that needlepoint alone!" (An aside, that last, whether directed to a pet, a man or a spirit.)

"GAIN BLISSFUL FREEDOM from personality." You know what this means.

Now, you are patrolling Duval Street. Through the car windows, you wave at various members of your external support system. You are a victim of this personality prison. You allow the advertisers to multiply your wants. You sometimes equate happiness with possessions, and you foolishly equate prosperity with money to spend in the shops. That "lowest human level" means these cravings and these revulsions which are apt to rise in the mind like seagulls darkening the beautiful blue ocean view. This actualized good on an eternal level (God) has got to lie above and outside of this prison of the personality.

YOU ARE GOING to take your little book and your Eckerd reading half-glasses and settle down there by Bob's lovely flower stall, sip Tux's iced tea maybe with your Republican pal Ed Seebol, probably sinking deeper and deeper into your stinking slough of personality.



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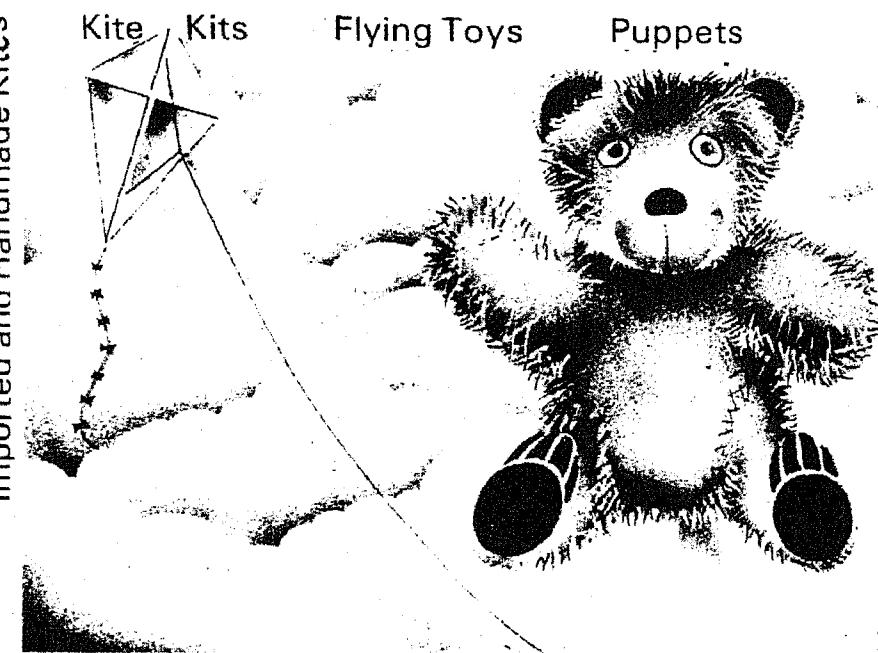
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notes & antic - notes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

CHARITY ISN'T THE ONLY thing that begins at home. So does trouble!

Key West, in the early winter and spring of 1953, is a prime example. The annual Navy Relief Carnival opened to the public officially on Feb. 18, with the usual zest involving the entire community, military and civilian. The aim was to raise a larger quota than ever before, with the money from the shows and concessions to go to the Navy Relief Fund.

The monies obtained for this notable cause were distributed to various Navy benefits: loans of money to needy Navy families was the first consideration. The saying goes, "The Navy Takes Care Of Its Own." To this might be added, "With a Little Help From Friends." In this case, the friends were local citizens of Key West, and they were more than willing to help in financial contributions to Navy Relief which dealt with service personnel who numbered in the thousands.

CAMARADERIE BETWEEN CIVILIANS and military groups reached a zenith during Carnival days. Townspeople flocked to the various benefits, parties and shows promoted by the Navy, the predominant military component back then. The Coast Guard and the U.S. Marine Corps were of course part of the campaign recipients, but there was no strong Army unit here.

The growing Naval Air Station was the most expanding unit of the military, and so it was that the staff of the Naval Air Station at Boca Chica and the Seaplane Base were designated as the leading force in the drive for funds.

Capt. A.E. Buckley was commanding officer of NAS, serving under Rear Admiral Irving T. Duke, the commanding officer of the entire Naval Base.

THAT WAS A memorable period in military circles. A wave of patriotism crested when native Key Wester Capt. Manuel "Pete" Fernandez, flying ace of the Korean conflict, came home to a hero's welcome here as well as in Miami, and the Armed Forces parade and celebration was the largest in the history of the island.

In the same time niche, Ernest Hemingway reappeared in Key West in the middle of the month of June, his first visit to Key West he had made since 1947. All in all, it seemed an auspicious year.

MAYOR C.B. HARVEY worked diligently for harmony between the civilian populace and the military residents. There was a fine rapport between city, county and Navy officials. In fact, that's why a number of local politicians accepted the Navy's invitation to attend a special show, a smoker which was separate from the public entertainment which was to be staged in the big hangar at the Seaplane Base.

The huge hangar was jammed with people who came to try the games of chance, such as attempting to drop a coin onto toy submerged submarines to win a prize; tickets were also sold for the usual gallery type games, ball throws and booths or ordinary carnival games combining skill and chance.

A steel band was imported from the Caribbean for concerts and dances. Local bands also responded so that music was continuous. A few top entertainers came down from the Miami nightclubs to add professional éclat to the performances: singers, comedians, musical combos and a popular and famous foursome, The Vagabonds, musicians and singers starring Pete Peterson, a bass player of Swedish and Hawaiian ancestry who featured a risqué number. The shows engaged

nearly every local entertainer so the fun and amusement went on from afternoon until late at night. And the shekels rolled in! It was estimated later that the total Navy Relief Carnival take was around \$70,000!

BUT SOMEBODY IN the upper echelons of Navy officialdom was over-ambitious in order to surpass the quota for relief funds ... and so, although the 1953 Navy Carnival was rated as a financial success, it became a national scandal, due to Washington D.C. columnist Drew Pearson's exposé of what went on at a charity smoker held at the Cuban Club on Duval Street, Feb. 9 of 1953. However, the revelation of the hanky-panky and a live sex exhibition did not come about until mid-summer of that year when Drew Pearson wrote an exposé of the scandalous behavior, the first installment of his story appearing in his syndicated column, July 1, 1953.

MAYOR C.B. HARVEY immediately received an apology from Pearson when Pearson named him among the city officials who were allegedly present at the stag spectacular. But the word went around that nearly all the other city and county officials had attended the event. The proceedings began at 6:30 with a drinking session.

Dinner was served at 7:30 p.m. After dinner there were pornographic movies, and then the "pièce de non-résistance" -- a sex show on-stage with live participants. That Navy personnel of a variety of ranks was present went undisputed. A lot of local residents, not all politicos, were also there. They paid large fees for admittance; after all, the object was to raise funds for Navy Relief benefit!

UP TO THIS date, the misbehavior reports of Naval officers, for the most part, had been limited to a few pranks. For example, four junior grade officers had caught a large shark, then put it in the back seat of their car, concealed it under tarpaulin and smuggled it past the Marine guard to the officers' swimming pool on the Seaplane Base. After dark, the shark was dumped in at the deep end where it promptly sank to the bottom of the swimming pool.

Then the shark-catchers went back to Echoasis, the Naval Air Station bar and club on the Seaplane Base, where they spent the hours until closing time with fellow officers before returning to their bachelor officers' quarters. There was no big "Hilton-type" BOQ then, but only several barracks-like buildings.

ONE YOUNG OFFICER got up early on the morning-after, still a little groggy, and decided a Sunday morning dip in the pool would be refreshing. So he pulled on swimming trunks, clambered over the fence and dived in. In the pool depths he opened his eyes and spotted a huge fish, but attributed the vision to his hangover.

He surfaced, then dived again, this time approaching the shadowy bulk in the water--and reached out to touch it. Sure enough, the raspy hide was that of a seven-foot hammerhead shark. He hastily swam up and practically jumped out of the pool to report, "There's a shark in the swimming pool."

At first his alarm was laughed at and he was told to sober up. But investigation proved him right. The shark was real, though dead. The NAS captain closed the pool until the culprits confessed and were ordered to remove the offending shark, had swimming privileges taken from them, and were subjected to minor disciplinary measures. Comment was, "Boys will be boys."

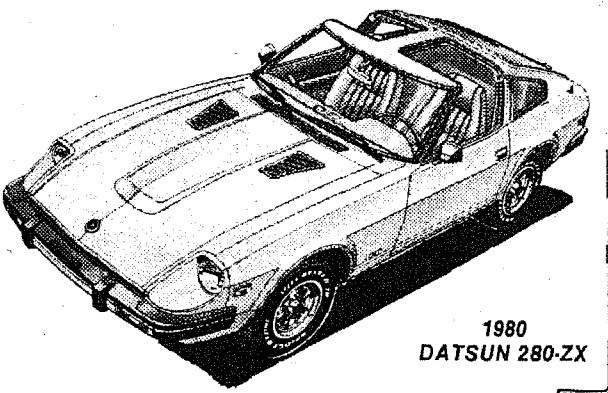
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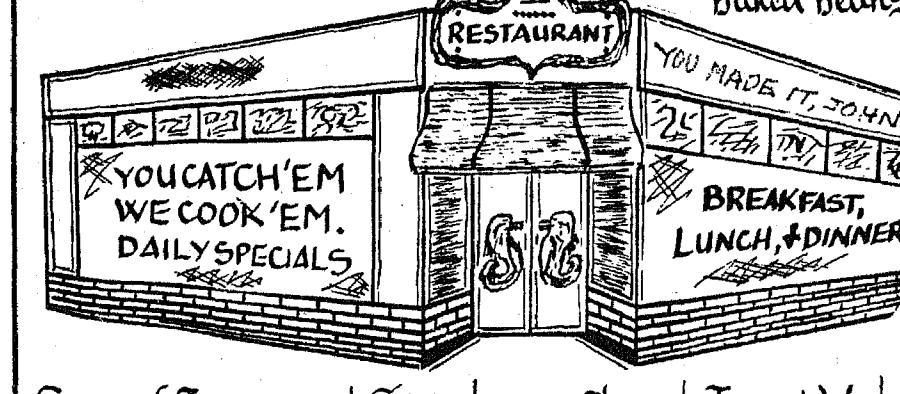
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Back to the Wall

STORY AND PICTURES BY AMY LEE DE POO

THE NEED TO express myself arose very early in my life. I had the urge to draw in the dirt the instant I recognized dirt to be soft and a stick to be sharp. I found this activity to be infinitely preferable to eating dirt, which my other two sisters took to as readily as a lizard might take to fly-catching. It was my nature to use my hands as much as it was their nature to use their mouths. This is not an unkind observation, being that everyone's personal scriptures are laid out for them before they are born and each person is expected to be true to their particular nature and talents as the spark of each surfaces. It is when these sparks are ignored or wasted that trouble arises for the individual. For the longest time I fully expected to be a ditch digger of the highest order because I could do so well with a pail, a shovel and some damp sand. I really had a flair for making trenches and embankments in our pile of sand my father kept at the house to mix concrete. Unfortunately the cats also had particular flair for making piles and embankments in the sand but I figured they had the additional misfortune of severe rudeness in their natural makeup because there was always something offensive left in their piles of sand that I had the misfortune of uncovering.

GRADUALLY THE REFINEMENT of using a pencil or crayon took over, much like primitive man replaced the stone hatchet with an implement of agriculture. I could see I was undergoing evolution on a personal scale whether I wanted to or not. Dirt and sand lost their appeal and I took to paper and

pencil. This is not to say my two sisters, Kathryn and Martha, did not take to paper and pencil--after they learned which end to use they both did quite well and I considered them both to be exceptional specimens of the human race. They could adapt to the refine-



ments of civilization if prodded and cajoled and repeatedly given instructions, but I still felt they had a scarcity of zest punched into their personality cards. For instance, with

no provocation at all, I found a way to make my entry into the first grade one of dedication to punctuation, correct dress and personal style. Each day before leaving the house for school, I would tear off a piece of waxy tracing paper from this little tablet my mother had. I assume it was a form of tracing or transfer paper she kept around because she was an artist, but I found it to make an excellent bow for the top of my head. I simply crunched it down in the middle and fastened it to the center of my head with a bobby pin and it made a more-than-acceptable facsimile of the crisp white organdy bow I craved. I was the original Coco Chanel of Harris Elementary School and was not self-conscious in the least. Naturally I had to endure the covered-mouth snickers from my little sister Martha as she waved good-bye to me with her sticky, grey hand but I took great consolation from the fact she had no fashion sense at all because she rarely wore clothes. Pinning that bow in my hair was just one more way I sought to express myself and I considered it a valid fashion statement.

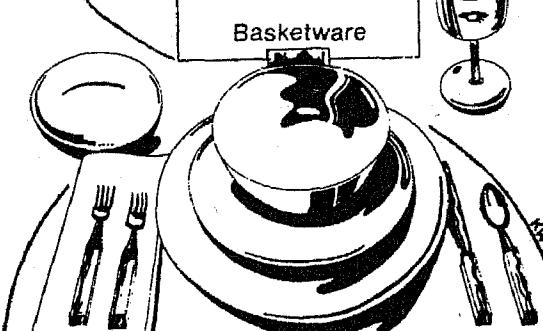
AS TIME WENT ON, my eager and inquisitive mind sought out the answers to some of nature's mysteries and I began to write little stories about the explanations for a selection of the more intriguing aspects of food. For instance, the reason the bones in meat were white (they used to be purple, but at the beginning of time, a few were sitting high on a shelf and fell into some white paint so God left them that way) or perhaps the reason we call eggnog (it was originally made by an old woman who similarly kept her eggs high on the shelf and one rolled off just as she was about to take a drink of milk and struck her right on her noggin, landed in her drink and she responded by christening her new-found drink eggnog.) I was positive I had found the common thread running through

the very nature of all things existing on earth and hoped someday to be able to spread the gospel of my high-on-the-shelf theories. I was very careful to spell as best I could in these little stories, banking on the fact that they would be published after my death for all the world to enjoy, but unfortunately some were written only a few months after I entered school and there are some glaring phonetic applications made on the English language which I now claim to show a prominent creative streak in my persona. I say this only because I tired early of being called an ignorant fool so many times by my older sister Kathryn who grasped every and all opportunities to spread her literary slander about me to all corners of the earth. I suppose I should have thanked her for all the advance publicity.

TIME PASSED AND I grew older. Naturally the urge to express one's self does not diminish with age but actually becomes intensified. It will continue to become more pronounced until the awkwardness of adolescence takes over and the futility of being a teenager (or having a little mind in a big body) wipes out all the freedom one had as a child to think and create freely. Before my own mind became rudely fettered with the onset of maturity, I was keenly aware of how wonderful life was in a state of constant expression provided by the warm, fruitful atmosphere of Key West. Mild and benevolent, the tropical weather made each day a religious experience, even if some days were a holy bore. At least they were comfortable bores, unsmeared with the unkindness of a bitter winter. I have come to believe that growing up in an atmosphere in which the arms and legs do not have to be covered and bundled every year when winter rolls around provides a state of mind that is uniquely open to almost anything. I cannot think of any other possible ex-

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10
planation for the way people in Key West behave--they can accept anything. Arms are free to gesticulate and legs are free to walk and the mind stays open. Of course there is always the danger of too much of a good thing, and there were some people in my class who needed a good dose of restriction of some form to remedy what my father John called a severe case of hole-in-the-head. There were a few times when I was accused by my father of having a hole in my head, but upon discreet examination in private I always found the orb of my skull to be intact and certainly free of any tropical breezes blowing through. I never informed my father of this because he did not care for cute children.

I SOON BEGAN to refine my relish for expressionism, as I call it, by conducting dress-up sessions in the front yard using a box of old clothes my mother gave us to keep us busy and out of her hair. I especially liked a long black dress with sequin trim that was air-conditioned all down the side due to the fact the zipper had been ripped out and the seam had taken the cue and unraveled even further. Also, my sisters and I each had a beautiful kimono sewn by my mother for collective dramatic debut as Japanese children in a local production of *The Mikado*. I can distinctly remember how advanced I felt for my age because we all had been taught a song in Japanese that started out with the word *me-a-soma*. I just loved that word! It made me feel so international. I was convinced I was headed for a long and illustrious career on the stage which was cut short by the cruel fact that they never called me back for a return engagement. Evidently there were no directors with a keen eye sitting in the audience for the run of that play.

FROM THE DRESS-UP sessions I had the opportunity to advance to real high-drama life situations. I didn't do it on purpose actually, the idea sort of came to me in a blinding flash of

genuine insight as a means to comfort a bruised ego. It is common knowledge that children band together in little groups and have special friends they will absolutely die for if the need arises. That would be during the beginning of the week. By the end of the week, the very same person you would have given life and limb for is about as appealing as a malnourished leech on your face. This situation happened to me and concerned a girl who had just moved to the house on the corner of Dey and Simonton Street which made her right down the street from us. I can't say I was a very social person because my sister Martha was my very favorite company and I didn't like to waste my time with dim-wits. (Martha had the ability to analyze things silently and then encapsulate the entire situation in one sentence full of the sting of a thousand man-of-wars. I enjoyed that about her immensely; she was truly of my ilk.) The first time I met the girl, who had blond braids (and I should have known right then she was going to be obnoxious) she introduced herself and invited me to her birthday party. Why I thought that was the most generous gesture I had ever heard, inviting a total stranger to your birthday party. Then she said, "Don't come if you aren't going to bring a present." I somehow felt I had unwittingly tapped the mother-lode of bourgeois America right on my very own corner and was sure God had sent her here to give me an indication of what it was going to be like if I ever left Key West. I overlooked her initial demonstration of poor taste and accepted, not knowing whether or not my long-suffering mother would have some spare money to provide a present for me to take to the party. My mother detested parties, I detested birthday parties especially, and Martha would not be caught dead at a birthday party--they were so stupid. But I was obviously morbidly curious and I wanted to go very badly to find out what kind of hostess this girl was going to make so I begged my mother to get me a pres-

ent to take. She really didn't have any spare money, but as was usually the case, my kind and generous mother somehow scraped up a present for me and wrapped it in some extra Christmas wrapping paper and put some yarn around it. This was on the morning of the alleged party in the afternoon. Well, lunchtime rolled around, and the fair-haired Elsa Maxwell shows up and informs me she was going to have this righteous party but she couldn't get enough people together who could bring presents so the whole party idea was off. But, if I wanted I could give her my present anyway and have some of her cake. I was appalled. It was so totally disgusting to me that she would have the gall to brazenly tell me I could eat some of her cake if I handed over the present as if it were ransom. And who could say how good the cake was going to be? I wouldn't have minded if she had told me she was having a Vienna Torte flown in with candied-violet wreathes all around the top but no, for all I knew her "cake" might have been the furry remains of an aging Sara Lee forgotten in the deepest recesses of her ice-box. No dice on that one, how stupid did she think I was? I politely told her that because the party was cancelled, so was the gift-giving ritual and I had an important hole to dig in my yard, thank-you and good-bye. Evidently she did not cotton to such an abrupt dismissal but being short of any kind of mental arsenal she had no ready alternative to my departure.

HOWEVER, A SLOW MIND is a dangerous thing if left to seethe and mull over what it imagines to be a wound or loss and she definitely had one of the slower minds I had encountered on my travels on earth thus far. She began to circulate vicious rumors about me amongst various other children on the block, attempting to curry favor with them by describing her incipient and grandiose mythical birthday party that they were all invited to. What she

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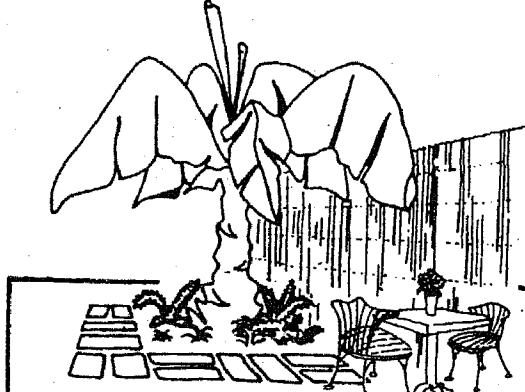
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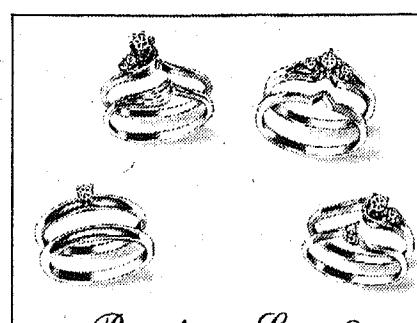
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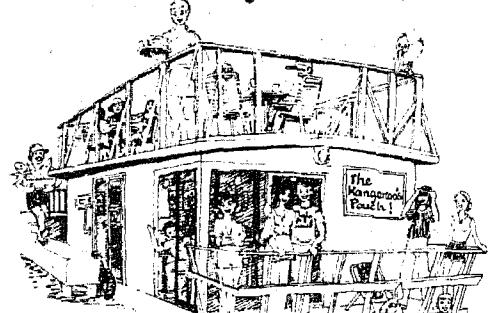
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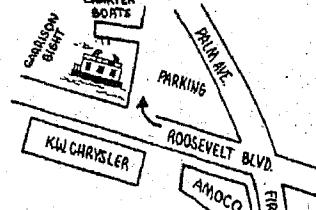
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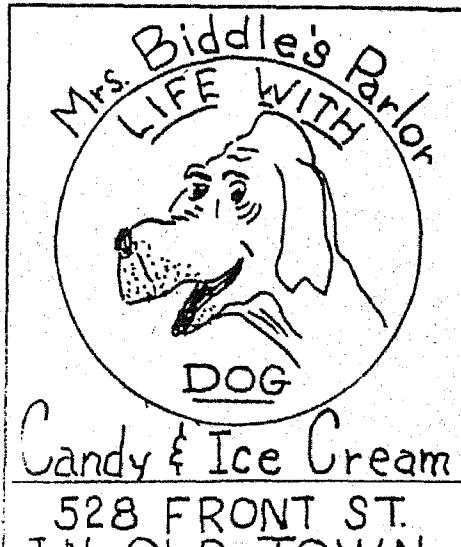
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failed to take into consideration was that I had been living there quite a while longer than she had and surely one of the children would not turn traitor so easily. And it was true. The little boy next door, who my mother said had a face like an angel (which was appropriate because his name was Godfrey) came to me and told me what was going on. Again I was appalled—what caused this sort of behavior in a person? Society? Television? Parents? Bad books? I just could not figure it out. I decided to act and discover the nature of the rumors and slander. Yes, we must infiltrate her camp, I told Godfrey. This is where my flash of dramatic insight came in. Godfrey would go to her house crying, pretending I had hit him. She would feel so sorry for him, the victim of my violent wrath. He would say how mean I was. She would agree, let her guard down and spill her guts to him about what she had been saying about me. He would dry his tears, feel comforted, take his leave (not too quickly so as not to arouse suspicion) and would return and report to me. This was a perfect plan. The only catch was that Godfrey had to have real tears in his eyes or the whole thing would come off as a cheap hoax and I would be the laughing stock of the entire neighborhood. Another blinding flash: onions—onions make you cry. Godfrey would have to go the extra mile for the cause and subject himself to a very carefully administered dose of onion juice in the eye, given by me, of course. I was convinced all the wiles of Mata Hari were pretty slack compared to this. Unfortunately for Godfrey, my inexperienced mind did not know it was the fumes from onions that cause the eye to water and he got a good squirt of the real juice right in the eye. Needless to say, his tears were not only very real, but his screams were more than authentic enough for my taste and I felt pretty bad about his suffering like that. That put the plan behind about half an hour because we all had to wait for Godfrey to really stop crying before we could send him off pretending to cry with a few onion tears for good measure. The rest of the plan did work out perfectly and I think that lackluster girl was spreading some uninspired tale that I kissed my dog on the mouth or something. She really was more to be pitied than scorned but I felt great satisfaction in the way my plan worked out.

NOW I KNEW that there were many channels in which to express one's inner desires. I felt I had breached some sort of gap in my life. I had had a problem of annoying situation, I had thought about it, acted on it and resolved my peace of mind in the process. I felt there was nothing I couldn't do. Perhaps I shouldn't have felt so cock-sure about the whole thing, but that is the danger of a victory—it is a victory and it is very intoxicating and anything intoxicating makes the mind

less cautious and observant, as I was soon about to find out.

AFTER THE LITTLE episode with the party, the girl and the onions, I was truly sailing along through life with all the winds of luck filling my sails. There was nothing but snow-white, frothy wake behind me and only deep, luminescent blue water in front of me. I was pure and in the jetstream. I was feeling expressive again. It so happened that I had a favorite wall to walk along on my way to the grocery store right around the corner, Carlos Grocery. It was a beautiful, smooth grey concrete wall that enclosed the celebration area of the VFW bar. That was where they had all their parties and cook-outs and being that it was only for Veterans of Foreign Wars, you couldn't go in if you weren't a member. I didn't mind so much not being a Veteran of a Foreign War, what I minded was I had to breathe the air as I walked by on one of their cook-out days and be driven to absolute salivating madness by the aroma of crawfish enchilada, simmering black beans and hot Cuban bread. But that torture only arose occasionally. The rest of the time I utilized the wall to give life to my magic sea bean which is a very hard and black pod found in the ocean that looks like a castanet. If it is held against the wall as one walks rapidly by the bean gets ungodly hot. It gets so hot it can give you a blister if you hold it to your skin, which is what I stupidly did once just to see how hot it would get.

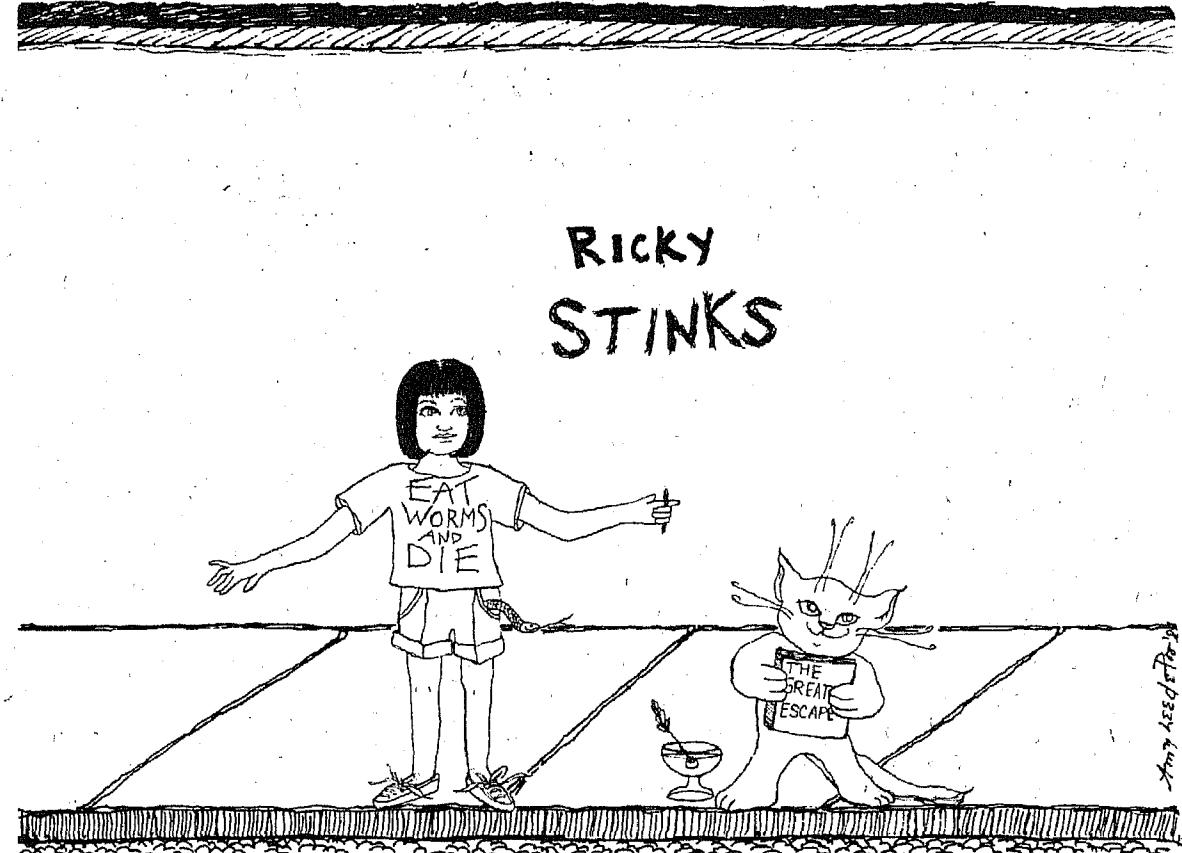
ANYWAY, ONE DAY AS I was walking by my favorite wall, I was again shocked and appalled by some graffiti appearing smack dab in the middle. It said in large spray-painted letters RICKY. Well, I knew who Ricky was, he was the neighborhood bully, an older boy who had no time for young brats, as he liked to identify me or my sisters. I was overwhelmed by the desire to express my distaste for his brash defacement of my favorite wall. I decided to add to his name, and in the process punish him for his marring of a once-pristine landmark. I didn't have any spray paint, but I knew where my mother kept her drawing charcoal. I went home and took the biggest piece I could find, knowing it to be delicate stuff and the surface of the wall to be quite rough. I wanted my message to stand out. I came back, and looking around to see that no one was watching me, I added one big word underneath his name to indicate to the world what people who write on walls are really like: I wrote out one big word underneath in bold capital letters—STINKS. There, now it read as I thought it should:

RICKY
STINKS

I got a good laugh and went home. I'll swear that no more than two hours passed before I heard a knock on the front door. Surely it must be the Avon

Lady, I thought, because no one else ever came to visit us. I answered the door and was greeted by the ghastly visage of one very mad Ricky looking more put-out than a wet monkey. He

artists. I gulped a few times, and thanked God that he hadn't arrived with a policeman and taken me off to jail. My mother was making spaghetti that night and I didn't fancy the prospect



grabbed me by the throat. I was paralyzed with fear. I saw my soul ascend to heaven.

"DID YOU WRITE STINKS ON THE WALL? DID YOU? AREN'T YOU AMY DE POO? I KNOW YOU WROTE IT BECAUSE A LITTLE GIRL TOLD ME SHE SAW YOU WRITE IT! YOU CAN GO TO JAIL FOR THAT YOU KNOW! YOU'RE GOING TO WASH IT OFF RIGHT NOW!"

I was caught. I had considered denying it and claiming him to be the victim of tropical rot of the brain, and a very severe case at that, but that slimy girl had done me in.

"Well, yes, I guess I did write it, but I only meant it to be a joke and it's in charcoal and everything and it will probably rain tomorrow, which is why I wrote it in charcoal, I didn't want it to last too long, and..."

"SHUT UP, YOU LITTLE TWERP. YOU'RE COMING WITH ME RIGHT NOW AND YOU'RE GOING TO WASH IT OFF RIGHT NOW."

HE CERTAINLY DIDN'T have to be so undiplomatic about it. I thought him to be very blunt and totally lacking in humor, and possessed of an over-sensitive nature coupled with a very poor self-image if he couldn't even take a little joke between wall-

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14 NOTES continued from p.7

BUT THE NEW offense of the carnival "star smoker" elicited the observation, "Men will be men, but not so as to disgrace the Navy."

Columnist Pearson related the happenings in full, although some of the juicier aspects were not described in detail. The grapevine in Key West worked overtime and the whole town knew the sequence, although at first the investigation was difficult, since a lot of Key Westers clammed up as did service people, except amidst their own circles, with only hints about the true circumstances.

HOWEVER, HIGHER-UPS in Washington set up a court-martial procedure, trial to be held in Charleston, S.C. Charges were brought against Lt. Cmdr. Gerry McDaniel, who was accused of "disobedience of a lawful ordinance and conduct unbecoming of an officer and a gentleman;" he was apparently the instigator of the smoker.

Capt. A.E. Buckley, commanding officer of the Naval Air Station, suffered a heart attack and was hospitalized. Rear Admiral Irving T. Duke, in command of the entire Naval Base, was shortly afterward transferred to another post, replaced here by Rear Adm. George C. Turner.

THE ACTUAL TRIAL site was moved from Charleston to Pensacola, Florida, who had been arrested in March, was held for 40 days incommunicado. Seven enlisted men were sent to the brig here. These men all claimed that they only acted under orders and that the charges brought against them were cover-ups for higher officials. The public was inclined to agree.

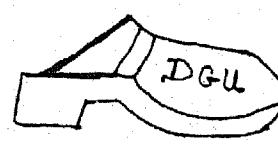
One of the enlisted men involved was Chief Lee Lawlor, now deceased, who became a Marine Patrol officer after leaving the Navy. He told me personally that he was ordered by his superior officers to go out to Stock Island and pick up two prostitutes and deliver them to the Cuban Club on the night of Feb. 9.

His terse comment was, "I did as I was told; arrangements had already been made by an officer to enlist the girls for the show."

AT THE COURT-MARTIAL, "Shielah the Peelah" was called on to testify as to her part in the sex act, courtesy of Mom's Tea Room. She showed up draped in an expensive mink coat and nonchalantly answered questions on the stand, interspersing testimony with pungent remarks. When one of the prosecutors demeaned her "profession" she haughtily declared, "My work brings me a very good living." She smoothed the luxuriant fur of her coat and asked the questioning attorney saucily, "Could YOU afford an expensive mink like this?" The courtroom erupted in laughter.

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WHAT ACTUALLY TRANSPRIRED on stage at the Cuban Club has been related with variations on an old theme. But the main tune was that besides the porno films, the line of striptease "artists" from the Havana-Madrid club danced through several numbers to enthusiastic cries of "Take it off!" and they all complied in turn. But the manager of the strip joint on Front Street, where Old Town Square is now located, says he left early and that so did his "girls" in order to appear at the Havana-Madrid on time for the regular strip show.

AFTER ANOTHER INTERLUDE when drinks were dispensed, mattresses were dragged from the wings to stage center. The main performer, "Shielah the Peelah," appeared after a strip routine, challenged the audience. "Anybody want to wrestle?" she called. Although she pronounced it "wrassle," the meaning was clear. The cost was reportedly \$50 a throw and no holds barred.

A lusty sailor, who could justly be branded as having "hornpipe" fever, was happy to respond--but he claimed he didn't have the wherewithal--the money, that is. So his buddies, who had urged him on, took up a collection and the necessary 50 bucks was raised for the volunteer participant to get into the act. (Later, everybody did, so they say.)

The smoker turned out to be a hot time in the old town that night, such a one as was rarely, if ever, or since, provided.

NAVY CHIEF FUTTERER was in charge of the invitations to the Cuban Club fun and games for Feb. 9, and it was announced at the time of the court-martial that the list of invitations would be made public. It was expected that names of people in unofficial capacity would be revealed, too. However, there were conflicts and denials by so many of the local men that the list was not certified.

An account of the trial appeared Aug. 14. It was held before Capt. Charon Murphy, Naval Station Chief of Staff. Attorney J.Y. Porter IV, native Conch and ex-Naval officer, was present with two stenographers and one reporter, Jim Cobb of the *itizen*.

Boatswain's Mate Raymond Robinson was found guilty of two charges in connection with the "Star Smoker." He was restrained in the Naval Base for 30 days and paid a \$100 fine. One of the charges was "entering the Stock Island bawdy house, which was out of bounds for the Navy." Charges of being a "panderer" were later dropped.

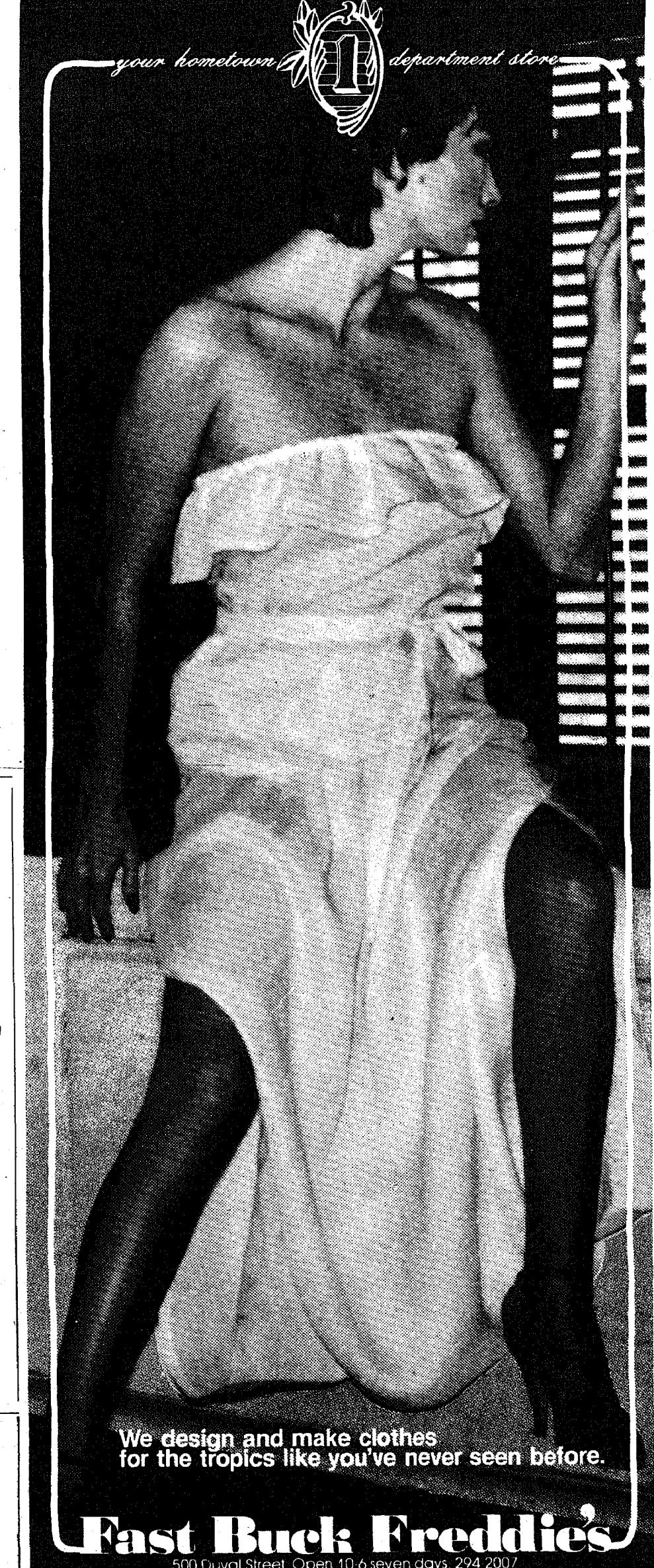
Light fines and brief jail terms were handed out to enlisted Navy men. Lt. Cmdr. McDaniel "beat the rap" with a severe reprimand and forfeiture of service pay.

THE WHOLE UPSETTING disturbance stemmed from the attendance of two conscientious young sailors who reported the episode to the chaplain of NAS. At that time he was Lt. Cmdr. Greer S. Imbrue. He was "released to inactive duty at his own request" after the entire incident was over.

The Navy Relief charity campaigns calmed down after the 1953 fiasco. The fund raising went on, but the system changed. There was no more "division competition to achieve tremendous sums."

The Cuban Club has been restored to its dignified place in the community and the Naval Air Station has achieved prominence as the last frontier of government holdings here, as well as a degree of importance which is immeasurable in national importance.

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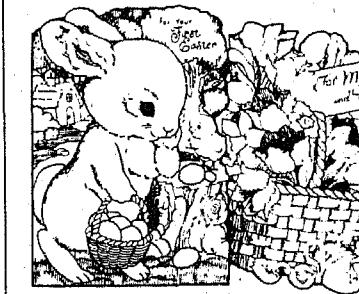


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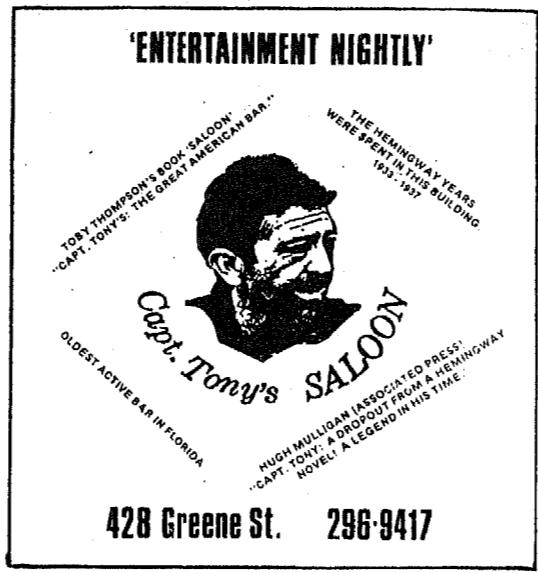
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had ended. No public discussion was permitted by the Mayor on the resolution.

WHEN THIS QUESTION was previously on the agenda for the regular commission meeting on last Jan. 19, it was in the form of an ordinance which requires two readings for adoption, rather than one reading for a resolution. Procedurally, resolutions are normally used for temporary decisions, whereas ordinances are for permanent decisions.

THIS PART OF the scenario had apparently been carefully planned and was carefully executed. At least two commissioners had not seen and were not aware that a resolution was to be offered. The resolution was apparently not distributed to anyone in advance.

On Friday, Feb. 20, the Mayor ex-

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Editorial

BY BILL WESTRAY

IN A SURPRISE move Wednesday night, Feb. 18, the Key West City Commission, following heated discussion at what was announced as a "workshop" meeting, adopted a resolution directing the Mayor to execute a sales agreement and a ground lease agreement for the municipal golf course to Toby Arnheim and Norman Wood. The vote was divided 3 to 2 with Bruce Esquinaldo, Mayor McCoy and Alton Weekley voting "for" and Richard Heyman and Mary Graham voting "against."

The vote of Esquinaldo and McCoy, continuing proponents of the deal, as well as Heyman and Graham, the outspoken critics, were foregone conclu-

THERE IS IN THE CITY CHARTER REFERENDUM PROVISIONS WHEREBY DECISIONS OF THE CITY COMMISSION CAN BE OVERTURNED BY A MAJORITY OF THE ELECTORS. THIS POSSIBILITY MAY HAVE TO BE CONSIDERED IN THIS CASE.

sions. Only Weekley had expressed indecision, but he, after seemingly wringing a last minute concession from Arnheim and Wood in the form of a percentage of the golf cart rents, also capitulated following a dramatic pause of seeming final doubt.

THE ACTION CAME as a surprise because the meeting had been announced as a "workshop" at which no decisions or official actions were expected to be taken. Apparently, the workshop was switched to a special meeting by Mayor McCoy at the last minute on Wednesday afternoon.

Few persons in the audience knew that the meeting was special. Even the roll call was omitted at the outset and was added as an afterthought some time after discussion commenced. The resolution was not on the agenda or made available to the media in advance, and came as a surprise after all discussion

cuted both agreements for the City and Arnheim and Wood signed for the purchaser and lessee. "Tex" Schram and Clint Murchison, the declared backers of Arnheim and Wood, did not sign the agreements.

WE REGRET THAT little change in terms of consideration or price has occurred in either agreement. The City sells 42.65 acres for \$1,000,000. The City leases 158.28 acres of land for five percent of the gross public and private greens fees and golf cart rental fees, or \$36,000 a year, whichever is greater. The lessee is allowed two years after all building and environmental permits are approved, to complete all required improvements which consist of a multistory frame clubhouse of about 8,700 square feet, and an 18-hole championship-quality golf course built to specifications and drawings prepared by Rees Jones, Inc.

NOT REMOVED is a provision that the City permit the building "...of not less than 500 single-family residential units under a zoning classification, satisfactory to the Purchaser." The City may not impose "...any set-back, buffer zone, planting or other limitations..." unsatisfactory to the Purchaser.

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We wonder about this, since only a resolution (No. 81-19) has been adopted to date.

WE HAVE CONTINUED to express our concerns about these sales and lease agreements over the past several months in the hope that terms more favorable to the City and its people could be secured from Arnheim and Wood, or possibly from some other developer. During all the discussion and debate, matters seemed to proceed in an orderly fashion, out in the open under public scrutiny, in a way with which we could not quarrel. But the precipitous action of pulling a new resolution "out of a hat" and adopting it after a few minutes' consideration without allowing the public, the media, and even some commissioners to give it fair consideration is very objectionable. We are critical of the process that was followed on Feb. 18 of substituting a resolution for an ordinance and of those who had an advance part in it.

THERE IS IN the City Charter, referendum provisions whereby decisions of the City Commission can be overturned by a majority of the electors. This possibility may have to be considered in this case.

NOT REMOVED is a provision that the City permit the building "...of not less than 500 single-family residential units under a zoning classification, satisfactory to the Purchaser." The City may not impose "...any set-back, buffer zone, planting or other limitations..." unsatisfactory to the Purchaser.

THE SALES AGREEMENT also provides that on the closing date the City shall deliver to the Purchaser "...a certified copy of the ordinance passed by

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LIGHT OF THE AGES

In the land of dreams
where we wander through
the yellow wood,
I spy a rubber tree for you to climb;
One that will bend with your ways.
And the God's rain comes down
on all of us, intellects,
provokes our intellects,
stimulating our mind's eye to see the
true vibration coming into its own;

Becoming and being a part of our
action and gesticulation
As we each go to do our own thing
and race toward the crumbling,
Should it come.
Shine the amethyst and the silver,
Shine the marrow of your love's delight;
And shine the light of the ages,
The one that will not die,
The one that gives the faith,

in the midst of insanity--
The light that never wavers,
not even in the strongest winds,
The light of the ages,
Fluted through the reedy throats
of mutant followers.
The light of the times
all the time,
Shine always, even when we have forgotten
the light of all life and being--
The justice of it all.

by Phoebe Coan

AQUAMARINE
and
BLOODSTONE

The Exotic Gem of March

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Two of the most exotic gems in the world today are the clear sea green-to-blue Aquamarine and the opaque Bloodstone, a strongly masculine stone of a dark green flecked with red.

The Aquamarine, which seems to capture in its transparent depths something of the vitality and surging spirit of the ocean, is a talisman long believed to impart courage to the wearer, to cure laziness and to quicken the intellect.

Greek goldsmiths of the period before the conquest of Rome used Aquamarines in their jewelry. The gem stones came to them from the Far East, traveling from ports on the Persian Gulf across the Arabian deserts by camel caravan, then by galleys to Hellenic ports on the Mediterranean Sea.

The Aquamarine is a variety of Beryl (aluminum-beryllium silicate), belonging to the same family of gems as the Emerald. It is found in such widely separated parts of the world as Brazil, Madagascar, the United States (Maine and No. Carolina) and Russia.



The Bloodstone

Men, most often, will prefer the darker Bloodstone, a gem which offers a sharp contrast in appearance. Bloodstone is a variety of precious quartz, slightly less hard than the Aquamarine.

Medieval folk believed that the Bloodstone received its coloring from Christ's own blood falling upon a green stone at the foot of the Cross. Legend ascribe the Bloodstone with the power to impart wisdom to the wearer.

The Bloodstone's deeper color and opaque quality lend themselves especially to men's rings, either polished or cut as signs. Nineteenth-century lapidaries used Siberian Bloodstone for small carved objects, and similar articles are obtainable today.

Ornamental cuff links or tie tacs set with Bloodstone is another interesting way of wearing this handsome birthstone.

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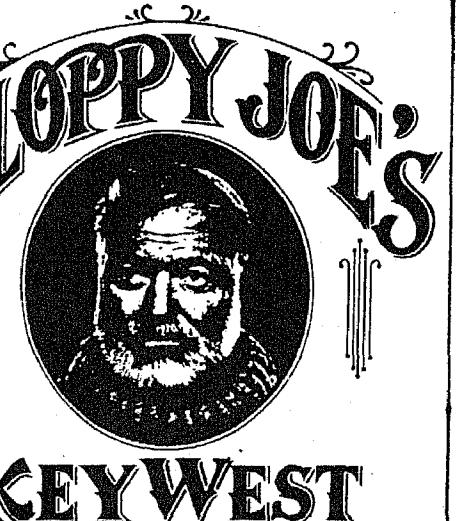
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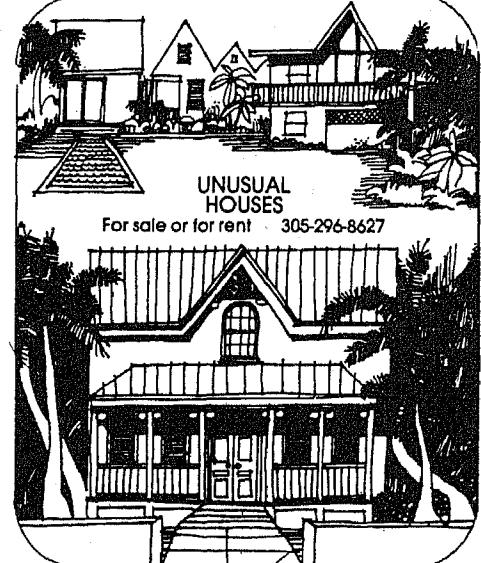
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coined phrase, "bull guano." Similar to the more familiar "b.s.," the "s" in this case comes from a bat rather than a bull, and Meek's love for bull guano perhaps better explains a hobby that brings him close to the public.

On occasion he has given iguanas away (usually to pretty girls who play a large part in his life), a practice he has had to discontinue, however, after discovering that the animals were often abandoned once the new owner's interest waned.



REACTIONS TO THE iguanas are diverse and often unexpected. While walking along Mallory Square one sunset evening, the iguanas draped over his shoulders, John suddenly felt one of them lifted from him. He turned to see an 80-year-old woman expertly handling one of the reptiles. They talked and the woman proved knowledgeable of and

Iguanaman

BY JOHN LESLIE

AS ONE OF the six oldest animal species not to undergo an evolutionary process, the iguana has one of the strongest survival instincts known to man. Hardly surprising then that crusty John Meek, known locally as the "Iguana Man," should himself be a survivor.

Seventy-one years old, Meek, originally from Ohio, came to Key West the first time in 1946 after taking part in the Daytona Speed Week in Daytona Beach. From that first visit to the Keys he lost interest in the rest of Florida, returning annually to Key West until his retirement as shop foreman from the Van Huffel Steel Tubing Company in 1966. In '67 he purchased his first iguana from Ray's Pet Shop in Seaside, and for the past 13 years has sometimes delighted, sometimes horrified the tourists with his prehistoric lizards.

BUT LET'S CLARIFY one matter from the beginning. Unlike the entrepreneurs around Mallory Square, John is not out to make money from the tourists. "These are my hobby," John says firmly when asked about buying one of his iguanas. "They're not for sale." Nor is he soliciting contributions. "I'm okay," he says, smiling. "I made some good investments when I was young."

Why iguanas then, one might ask? One answer suggests a genuine attachment to his pets, although he readily admits that they know no loyalty. And he demonstrates by plucking one from his body and throwing it to a tourist. The iguana shows not the least concern with his change in surroundings. "As long as he can get his four feet secured, he's happy," explains John.

BUT ANOTHER ANSWER lies in John's

attunement to the iguana and its habits. The following evening at sunset was quite a different story. A young hippy girl passed by John, apparently without seeing the lizards. John held one out a few feet from her, expecting a pleasantly curious reaction. Instead she shrieked and bolted. Hardly the reaction John is accustomed to from the young.

MEEK IS TALL and angular, steely-eyed, with a whisky voice and gray crewcut. Articulate as a college professor, he spits out words with ease and refinement, whether describing the habits of his iguanas, or the more metaphysical aspects of life itself which he claims to have only begun to discover with his first peregrinations into the Florida Keys.

Although he spends most of his time in Key West, his home is in Summerland Key which he refers to as "something-made-out-of-nothing." From a simple trailer purchased in 1966 he has fashioned a home for himself and the iguanas from a variety of scraps gathered from beachcombing and flea market expeditions. And somewhere nearby, the exact location undisclosed, is John's island, "Tholiver," where he goes with selected female company to get tan all over.

SOMETHING OF A sun-worshipper then, Meek's day begins with breakfast in the Deli, on the corner of Truman and Simonton, and ends there with dinner at night after sunset. A portrait of him done from a photograph in the New York Times hangs on the restaurant wall. His friend, owner/cook John Bernreuter, knows just what the Iguana Man, who was once diabetic, can eat. Meek has been going to the Deli for the past 11 years, his diabetes now entirely diet-controlled to the point that he no longer needs insulin.

With good reason, then, John Meek has a healthy respect for restaurants. A respect that is not without his own brand of humor however. An avid kite flier, he has managed to keep as many as nine home-made kites in the air at one time. He once flew two rolls of toilet paper over a friend's restaurant (not the Deli) and later went in to explain that it was not meant as a comment on the food being served there.

LIFE IS A relatively tranquil experience these days for John, the iguanas notwithstanding. But that was not always the case. In the 1920s, he built and raced Harley bikes across Ohio's dirt tracks. In 1927, along with a brother, he became a professional stunt man and racer. Together they created the first motorcycle polo team and went on tour. Incorporating stunt work within the game itself, they would crash one bike into the front fork of another, the riders doing a practiced tumbling exercise as they escaped the falling machines.

Some years later when he put his

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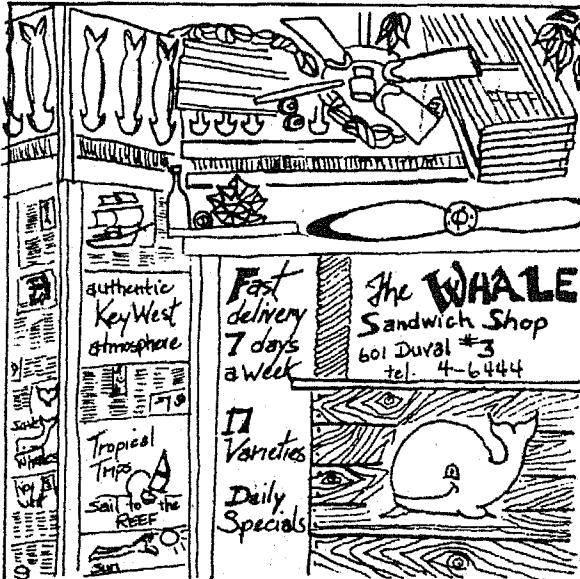
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Some years later when he put his

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Dance First - Think Later

BY KIM ROMANO

SHE HAS THE prettiest legs in Key West. Her body could be considered "perfect" as well: slender and chiseled, designed for fluidity, grace, and strength.

A dancer in the award-winning film *The Turning Point*, Linda Kuchera is the artistic director of the Key West Dance Theatre. As she drapes her leg over a wicker chair at the Casa Marina, she says she feels "pudgy." She has just begun the grueling 10-hour-a-day rehearsals for the performance which is a month away, and Linda Kuchera could not look any more healthy and radiant.

"INTUITIVELY, I WENT for things that a lot of girls overlooked. I wanted to be a dancer so bad it stunk. I paid for my own lessons by babysitting and returning Coke bottles. I always knew this was what I wanted to do."

"I made these legs, I worked for them. When I was 11, I read a book about leg structure and I figured out which muscles I had to use for certain movements in order to produce results. Then I made sure I used them."

AT 17, LINDA had to lie about her age in order to get a waitress position at Schrafft's in N.Y.C. and worked there 9 hours a day on Saturday and Sunday to provide rent and enable her to dance in the Joffrey II ballet during the week. When she arrived at the studio each Monday morning with that "burnt-out" look, her boss would accuse her of heavy weekend partying and she was too embarrassed to tell him why. Most of the other dancers enjoyed the luxury of wealth.

Sipping her Perrier in the Key

West sun, Linda Kuchera speaks passionately about a piece she is presently choreographing. A sequel to "Partly Cloudy on Venus," last year's collaboration with local musician Ron Miller, this dance is entitled "Before Completion"—a spiritual, "karmatic" presentation about self-evolution.

"PEOPLE LOVE TO see the sweat. The hard stuff has to appear effortless— even if you're not well, you have to dance for the audience." Linda wears through two pairs of pointe shoes in one performance. (At \$20 a pair, she tries to curtail her needs to 3 pairs a week.) The mental, physical, and spiritual discipline required to dance is severe enough to warrant a "blow-out" release: "Dancers party, honey—they party hardy." One famous ballerina downed four Black Russians before a performance, another one smokes while doing barre work, and Linda and other KWDT dancers let it all go at the discos downtown.

ONE WOULD THINK such intensive devotion to ballet should pay off—and literally, not just in terms of a beautiful and well-disciplined body. Yet this is not the case in Key West.

"Nobody with my background would be here working for this kind of money... I've never had a baby before, but if I had, I'm sure at times I would wonder, 'Why did I have this?' That's the way I sometimes feel about the Key West Dance Theatre."

WITHOUT COMMUNITY SUPPORT and the incentive of that challenging "critical eye," the dance theatre cannot flourish and could, in fact, fade. Linda has

received offers to dance in other companies at three times her present salary, and has refused them all in order to stay here and make this company a great one.

"I don't want anything for nothing. It's just that when you work so hard for something, and financial limitations get in the way, it's so frustrating...."

Some of Linda's concerns, however, have been alleviated by the recent establishment of a Board of Directors. Chaired by Sally Lewis, the board is instrumental in raising funds for the non-profit organization. This year others will carry out the administrative duties which have interfered with the dancers' time in the past.

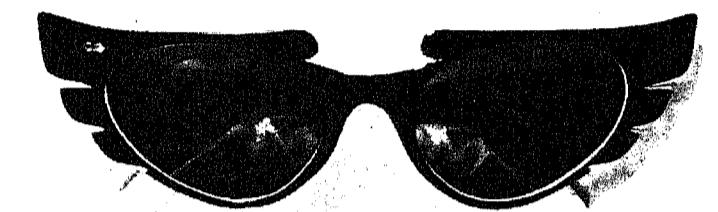
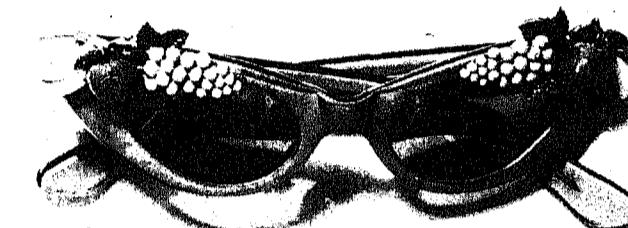
ON MARCH 28-29, the Key West Dance Theatre will give their second major performance at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center. Between that and dancing at the Armory, the Coronation Ball for Old Island Days, and an "Open Rehearsal" at the studio, Linda and Key West's dance company will be inspiring and captivating everyone with their art.

As Buckminster Fuller says: "Dance first and think later. It's the natural order."



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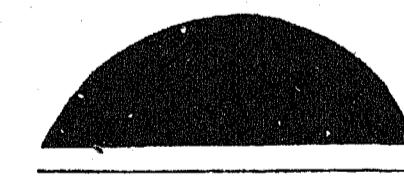


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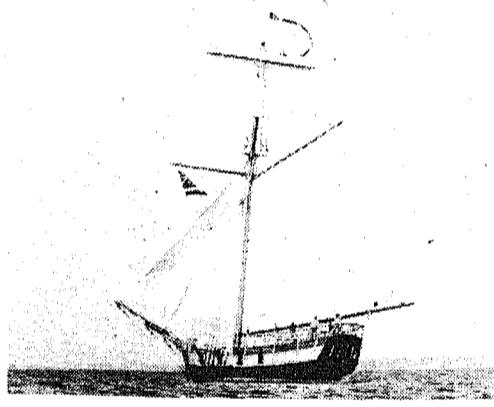
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First to Fly the Florida Straits

BY COLIN G. JAMESON

MORE OF THE early exploits of aviation were connected with this small island than is generally recognized. For example, three Key West-based pilots established world over-water distance records prior to World War I. And in 1919 a Key Wester and his crew hung up the non-stop over-water record which was bested later in the year by Alcock and Brown's transatlantic flight.

None of these four record-holders is featured in the Aviation Hall of Fame at Dayton, Ohio, or listed in the world Almanac. The first of them was indeed a Canadian by birth and perhaps not eligible, though the New York *Herald* referred to him as "a Canadian by birth but an American by aviation."

HIS NAME WAS John Alexander Douglas McCurdy. Key West, at least, has good reason to honor him.

At 7:00 a.m. January 30, 1911 almost every ablebodied Key Wester was swarming over Trumbo Island. The remainder of the populace had climbed to their roofs to circumvent the stern warning of President W.C. Maloney of the Chamber of Commerce, to wit: "Mayor Fogarty has kindly tendered the police to keep those off Trumbo Island who have not obtained tickets."

THE EVENT SO patronized was a matter of bread and butter to the 25-year-old McCurdy, already a prominent barnstormer. There was an odds-on probability that the weather would keep him from trying for the \$8,000 prize offered by the City of Havana and the Havana Post to the first aeronaut to transit the Florida Straits. Nevertheless McCurdy figured that if the wind didn't die he could still perform enough aerobatics to justify charming \$1.00 for a ticket.

He had rented Trumbo Island, warning that he would not take to the air unless 500 admissions were tallied. Hence Mayor Fogarty's cossacks.

BUT NOW THE weather had suddenly relented, and the much esteemed meteorologists of a Jesuit school near Havana had prophesied 24 hours of calm. The pilot began to warm up his engine, as the ticketholders cheered and their cheapskate friends jeered them from the nearest rooftops.

The aircraft was a glistening Curtiss biplane constructed of Philippine bamboo and piano wire, with bracings of spruce. The wings, which boasted a span of 12 feet, were sheathed in rubberized silk. Fully loaded, the thing weighed less than a grand piano. But it made a lot more noise, boeing along at the wizard velocity of 60 miles an hour.

THE FLIER TOOK off with accustomed ease. Before launching himself into the skies he could not resist circling the island and the shouting crowd. He did it once. He did it twice. He expended ten precious miles.

As we shall see, this proved to be a mistake.

* * *

J.A.D. McCURDY'S FIRST teacher of aeronautics was Alexander Graham Bell, inventor of the telephone. Bell, who had been lured to Cape Breton Island by a travel book written by Charles Dudley Warner, Mary Twain's collaborator, bought a house at Baddeck from McCurdy's grandfather.

One of the earliest memories of the flier, who was born in 1886, was the Bell place. Wednesday at Mr. Bell's was "education night," frequented by distinguished guests to

whom the famous inventor served raspberry vinegar, his preferred tipple. The host sought the help of his guests in sound-recording experiments. As he grew older, young McCurdy, the constant visitor, was often involved. Perhaps infected by example, he ran a few scientific tests on his own.

ONCE BELL, HOLDER of an honorary degree in medicine from Heidelberg, prevented local surgeons from amputating the boy's hand when he almost blew it off while investigating the properties of black powder.

Mrs. Bell observed later experiments of Bell, McCurdy and friends with kites. She decided to finance the group as an "Aerial Experiment Association," with her husband as leader. Glenn Curtiss, then a motorcycle manufacturer, joined them. On moving to

describes how the destroyers *Paulding* and *Drayton* conveyed the flier to Havana "to acquaint him with the course and to do some experimenting on the manner of marking [it] by means of smoke from the destroyers"—they were relatively untried oilburners—"and also to give Mr. McCurdy an opportunity to select a landing place in Havana."

McCurdy hoped to put down at Camp Columbia, site of Batista's seizure of power of 1933 and one of Havana's present airports.

THE CITIZEN REPORTED that a platform was built on the *Paulding* to "make a new start in case the machine is not badly damaged [by] landing in the water."

"The plucky aviator does not intend to let a little thing like a dip

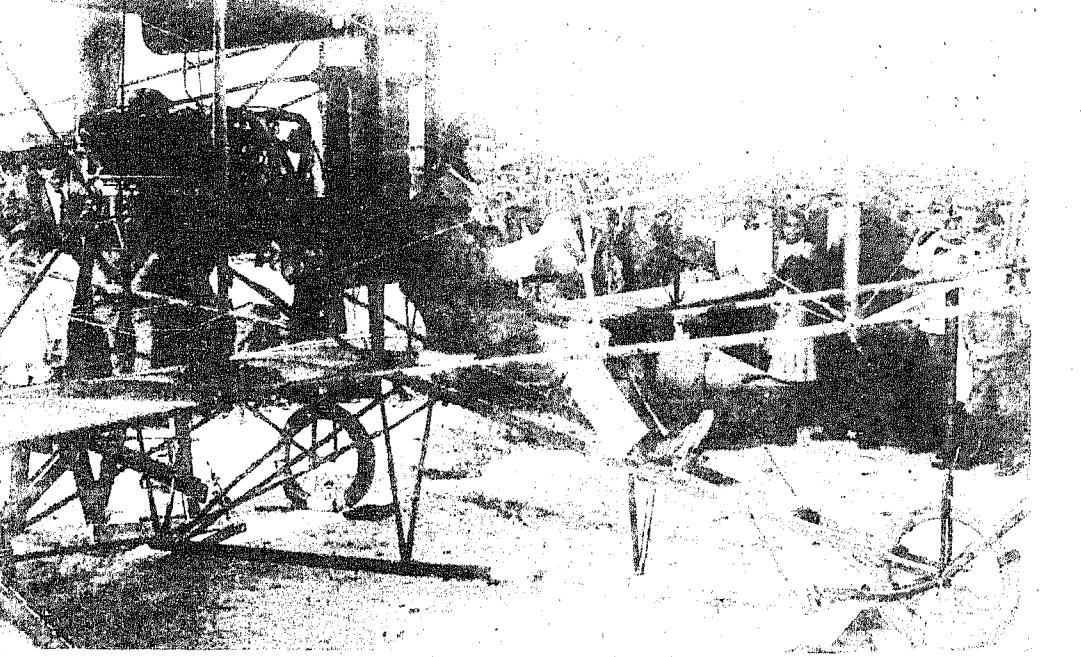


photo courtesy of Mr. and Mrs. Evilio Cabot

the Curtiss factory at Hammondsport, N.Y., the "associates" produced a manned glider and eventually powered one of these with a Curtiss motorcycle engine.

IT WAS IN this period that McCurdy and a friend invented the aileron. The latter got its name from the fact that when a famous French inventor, Farman, heard it described, he called it "a little wing." During World War I, Bell gave the patent to the U.S. Government.

Bell himself never flew, and McCurdy, being the youngest of the "associates," was the last to take to the air. In the *Juno Bug*, which he helped design, he flew the first figure eight. The *silver Dart* was his own creation, in which he embodied the lessons he had learned from the *Juno Bug*.

THE ONLY INJURY suffered by McCurdy in his long career was when he cracked up the *silver Dart* while demonstrating it to the Canadian military who were understandably unimpressed.

Unable to score with the generals, McCurdy turned to barnstorming. This is what landed him in Key West in January of 1911.

* * *

THE PRIZE OFFERED by the City of Havana and the Post was a spinoff from the first Cuban Air Meet, January 29 to February 5. In preparing for his attempt to nail it down, McCurdy enjoyed the enthusiastic cooperation of the U.S. Navy. The Key West *Citizen*

conceivably THE SHIP would run at top speed (30 knots) into the wind. This, with a good breeze blowing, would get McCurdy near flying speed even without the efforts of his glorified motorcycle engine. It was a prescription for operating the world's first aircraft carrier.

Each wingtip of the plane was equipped with a pontoon, manufactured by a Key West tinsmith. It was an entirely new aeronautical departure.

Supposedly, if the aircraft went down, the pontoons would keep it more or less afloat until rescue came—preferably from *Paulding* with the platform. Planning was so thorough that a backup demonstration plane had been stationed at Camp Columbia in case McCurdy reached Havana without anything to stunt in.

DURING THE PREPARATIONS and for many days after the flier was all set to go, the weather remained unpropitious, as anyone familiar with January in the area might have anticipated. The wind blew constantly. The Cubans—the better-protected *habaneros* at least—failed to understand how mere weather could keep McCurdy grounded. They began to call him a faker and a coward. The Havana Weather Bureau (not the above-mentioned meteorologists) chimed in with a claim that for more than a week the Straits had been as calm as a bowl of gazpacho.

Hearing the allegation, McCurdy's

staunch ally, the Navy, dispatched a destroyer which discovered a near gale off Havana. Thenceforward no one on this side of the water paid any heed to Cuban innuendoes.

ACTUALLY McCURDY WAS bored to death and eager to fly. Future exhibition engagements loomed and must be fulfilled. So at the first hint that the winds were moderating he shipped his brother Lucian to Havana via the ever-present Navy. Lucian, who had watched hardened sailors get seasick, radioed, "Take your bath today in the Jefferson Hotel!"

But it was only a matter of days before the destroyers deployed themselves across the Straits and the great adventure began.

* * *

MCCURDY, UNLIKE HIS French forerunner, Bleriot, conqueror of the English Channel a year and a half earlier, would be out of sight of land. The Navy had doled out the way to find Havana for him. If electrical activity in the engine made the compass go haywire (as happened with one of his successors on this route), he could guide himself by the plumes of smoke from the destroyers spaced at 20-mile intervals.

Once on course the aviator was faced with an unforeseen and bizarre situation. As Key West dropped behind, he was astonished to find that apparently the sea was in front of him, instead of below. This visual falsehood has been observed by the writer, who ventures to think it explains some of the Bermuda Triangle disasters.

"I BEHELD A mirage," McCurdy reported, "not as seamen see the phenomenon, but as though I were part of it."

Instants later the sight of Sand Key straightened him out. The U.S.S. *Roe* was also ahead. Passing over at 500 feet, McCurdy could plainly see the white-uniformed sailors at quarters.

When the aircraft was observed by the *Roe*, the third ship, the CO rang up flank speed. The destroyer poured on the oil and let go for Havana. Her arrow-straight white wake would point the aviator to his correct heading.

AS McCURDY CHUGGED over her at 700 feet, he waved his cap to acknowledge the crew's visible if inaudible cheers.

One of the *Roe*'s men wrote that "coming overhead [McCurdy] looked very much like a weaver spider in his web, for he was literally surrounded by a mesh of wire struts holding the machine together. The plane had no fuselage, no cockpit, neither any form of windshield. He wore no goggles—just met the breeze head-on."

But after two hours of winging along as effortlessly as a wish, an oil line broke. Shades of that time-consuming circling in Key West! Havana was right over there. It seemed close enough to swim to.

NOTHING TO DO but dunk all hopes in the ocean. Even in the light chop, the weight of the saddened McCurdy, plus that of the sadder engine, partially submerged the custom-built pontoons and much of the craft itself.

"But I didn't even get my feet wet," McCurdy later recalled, with justifiable exaggeration.

He was standing on a pontoon, smoking a cigarette, when a boat from the U.S.S. *Terry* arrived. He was only two miles from land.

THE PLANE WAS undamaged, but the sailors were unaccustomed to dealing with such fragility. Furthermore, the

arrival on the scene of three 14-foot tiger sharks made them understandably nervous. In hoisting the aircraft aboard, they inflicted significant damage.

Ashore, the Cubans were now all adorers. They carried the hero to Camp Columbia, where McCurdy immediately put on a magnificent flying exhibition in the spare plane stationed there. He didn't even pause to change his clothes.

THE HAVANA Post noted that while the aviator had not made it all the way to Havana, he had flown "over Cuba's territorial waters" and was therefore ethically entitled to its \$5,000 share of the reward. The City of Havana also guaranteed its \$3,000 slice.

In return for advertising his wares, the proprietor of the Romeo y Juliet cigar factories presented McCurdy with a \$1,000 check. President Gomez of Cuba threw a fabulous party at which all local notables rejoiced. During the proceedings, the president handed McCurdy a brilliantly decorated 8 x 10 envelope containing, he said, a special \$10,000 reward from the Government.

WHEN McCURDY GOT back to his hotel room, he discovered that the envelope actually was stuffed with newspaper clippings. Neither the city's nor the Havana Post's prize was ever received. Next day the daily *El Figaro* printed a picture of Gomez' nonexistent check.

The Romeo y Juliet draft did, however, prove to be cashable. And McCurdy insisted that he "had a whale of a time anyway."

Between flying exhibitions and partying, McCurdy and his brother Lucian kept on having such "a whale of a time" that they missed their boat for Tampa, where the flier was scheduled to put on his next show.

CRISIS! J. PIERPOINT Morgan's son-in-law to the rescue. He offered his private launch to pursue the departing steamer. Catching up with it was easy, a lark in fact. But the vessel's captain refused to let the McCurdys board. Something about regulations. And by the orders the skipper gave to his crew, he seemed to mean what he said.

As the launch drifted astern, the pair observed that the ship's coal scuttles, aft near the waterline, had not been secured since refueling in Havana. They scrambled in. Once topside they faced a hopping mad captain, plus catcalls from the passengers, who were delighted with the effect of coal dust on white linen suits.

THE CAPTAIN RAGED that what the brothers had done was a serious crime. Havana passengers were not allowed to enter the United States without a physical examination before sailing. Though no cases of yellow fever had been diagnosed in the temperate zone since the previous year, the dread disease was still endemic in the Western Hemisphere.

Attracted by the commotion, the ship's doctor appeared and solemnly swore that he "had examined the suspects" that morning, thus saving them from the brig and an expedited wind-up of their tour.

* * *

IN THE COURSE of his barnstorming career, McCurdy developed a number of exhibition techniques. During the period of his Cuban adventure perhaps the most famous was what he called "battlefield bombing," where he carried aloft a basket of oranges and amazed the public by mentally calculating the trajectory that would land an orange on a square of cloth in a field.

He also pioneered the use of rafts in flight. At Palm Beach he tied towels around the head of the wireless operator, thus blanking out the deafening roar of the plane's engine and enabling the technician to understand messages from as far away as Key West.

McCURDY IMPROVED HIS expertise in demonstrating to the military. In Washington that same year of 1911, taking off from a field behind the State, War and Navy building, he circled the Washington Monument three times, then followed with an assortment of aerial feats. While the notoriously conservative U.S. Army officers were little more enthusiastic than the Japanese, the Japanese showed intense interest. They contracted for eight airplanes on the spot. This not-so-inscrutable oriental ploy probably provoked more merriment than suspicion, though Japan had recently astonished everybody by wiping up the Russians in the Far East.

McCurdy graduated from stunting to manufacturing. This enabled him to make a solid contribution in the early part of World War I. The U.S. neutrality laws forbade this country to sell planes to Great Britain, but an aircraft without ailerons was not considered a plane. McCurdy manufactured the ailerons in Canada, then shipped them to England for installation on the "non-planes" exported from the United States.

THE FACTORY METAMORPHOSED into a flying school, which trained 600 pilots without injury. It also turned out the first twin-engined bomber, so it is told. But it was not until 1922 that Canada established the air arm first proposed by McCurdy at his unlucky 1909 demonstration for the high brass.

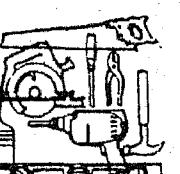
During World War II J.A.D. McCurdy was Canadian Assistant Director General of Aircraft Production and Supervisor of Purchasing. From 1947 to 1952 he served as Lieutenant Governor of his native Nova Scotia. History still acclaims him as Canada's "first pilot." For us he is still the "first man to fly the Straits of Florida."



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Good News

PHOTO BY JO ANN SAVIO

"THERE'S TREASURE in trash," is certainly true in Key West, as many early-morning cyclists and junk aficionados here know. It's always fun to observe in passing what once existed in the interior dwellings of fellow-islanders. Part of their personalities seems to be revealed, who they were, what they loved, and even what they created.

Not too long ago, while apartment renovation was taking place, and the old was giving way to the new, a mural, hand-painted by a former resident, was tossed out into the rubbish heap. Before it was spirited away, folks stopped and stared, caught their breath, smiled and somehow walked away feeling spiritually uplifted, as if they had been through an art gallery. Some even took a picture to remind them that beauty is where you find it.

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AMUSEMENT

BY ROBIN KAPLAN

RUTH NEWTON, co-founder and director of the Red Barn Actors' Studio has announced the cast for their next production, David Mamet's two-act drama, *American Buffalo*. There are three cast members: Tom George, who was last seen in *Line*, playing the part of Arnall; Armando Lodigiani, who has worked locally in *Scenes and Improvs* and in *Plaza Suite*; and George Gugliotti, most recently seen in the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center production of *The Tempest*, and in the Waterfront Playhouse production of *P.S.: Your Cat Is Dead*.

American Buffalo, which opens March 12, was first produced in Chicago in 1977, then moved to New York to the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, where it received numerous honors and awards including The Drama Critics Award for Best Play of the Year.

IN THIS PRODUCTION, Armando will play the part of Teach, the street-wise hustler who conspired with Dubrow, the junk shop owner, played by Tom George, to burglarize a nearby apartment of a

coin collection. George plays the part of Bobby.

I have utmost faith in the fact that this will be an excellent staging, based on the high quality of performance coming from the Red Barn Theatre in *Line*, *And Miss Reardon Drinks a Little*, and *Jacques Brel*. Tickets are available at the box office behind the Woman's Club on Duval, or by calling 296-9911.

BRIEFLY NOTED: Stop by Gingerbread Gallery to see the works of two local and very talented artists, Richard De Quattro and John Kiraly. A few small pieces by Bill Brockway are also on display and whimsically wonderful.

CEREMONY at 720 Duval has been open about two months as a studio/retail outlet for designer of "hot culture" Rusty Davidson. His plans have grown, as Ceremony becomes a major center for artists, designers and collectors of signature, one-of-a-kind creations both classical, contemporary and post-modern.

The Sunday, Feb. 22 re-opening exhibition entitled "Ceremonial Expedition #1" marks the debut for new works of Rusty, who has been working on painted fabrics, artwear and wear; George Bailey, whose work was formerly displayed at La Bodega and the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center production of *The Tempest*, and in the Waterfront Playhouse production of *P.S.: Your Cat Is Dead*.

American Buffalo, which opens

March 12, was first produced in Chicago in 1977, then moved to New York to the Ethel Barrymore Theatre, where it received numerous honors and awards including The Drama Critics Award for Best Play of the Year.

see Williams Fine Art Center, now takes a departure from his older work into a new line of painting on clothing that transforms sweatshirts, t-shirts and overalls into wearable art, still working in graphics and paper; and Peter Gritt, Peter, award-winning banner-maker of Provincetown and Key West, creates colorful panels breeze-wafting on the 800 block of Duval, above The Bookshop on Fleming, and other locations. His work is the perfect expression of the spirit of a designer who works with the wind as his medium of display. His recent showing at the East Martello Gallery was sensational.

COMPLEMENTING the studio/workshop/gallery concept is the permanent establishment of "Costumes by Arik," a collection of costumes and accessories arrangeable in endless combination.

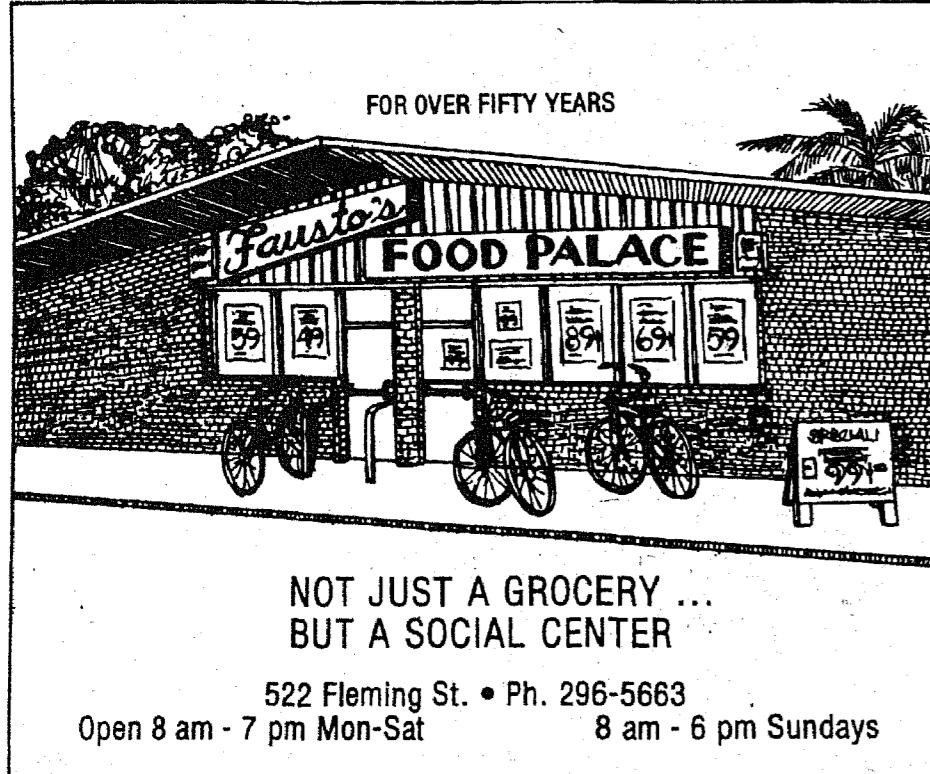
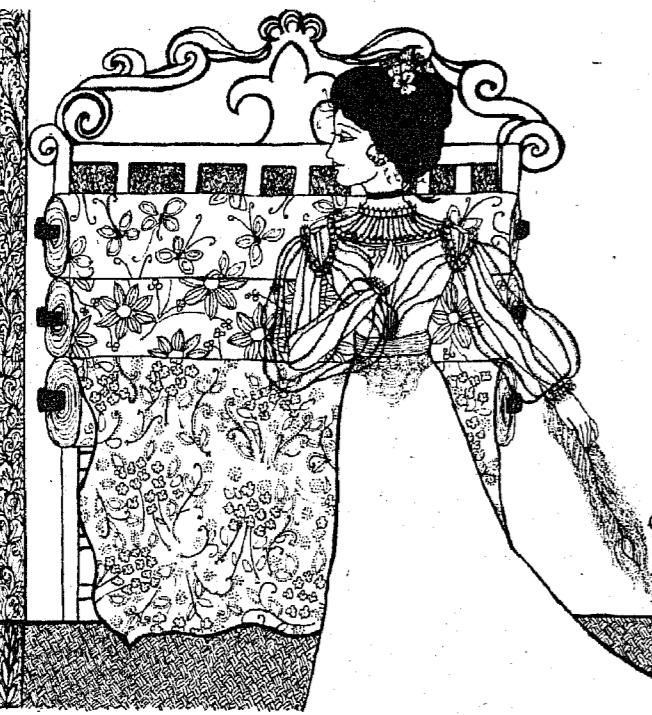
Rusty "Master of Ceremonies" Davidson is looking to feature local people who have exciting visual ideas, concepts that they are willing to translate into clothes and accessories that go beyond the ordinary. The kind of things they sell are a personal statement, both of the artist and the wearer. Ceremony, according to managing director Michael Jay Levin (author of *Gay Love Signs*) is a stepping stone to other cities; New York and Milan out-

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lets are not far off. The shop is open from noon until 7 p.m. daily and open evenings by appointment. As Michael said, "If there is a new wave of energy on Duval Street, look for Ceremony to be riding the crest."

THERE IS A woman in Key West several months of the year--she is other times traveling between New York City, Saratoga Springs and Bali, among other far-distant points. Her name is Raya; her information and strengths are invaluable to our community. To call her a masseuse would be a misnomer; she is a healer. To call her a psychic would be accurate and to test out her psychic abilities and aptitude for understanding the past and present and for projecting into one's future, check her out evenings at Claire's Restaurant. Make an appointment with her for after dinner or catch a drink at the bar and see her. Raya is available for palm readings and for readings with the Tarot deck. She is exotic, delightful, uncanny.

sh

Some Remarks

RED BARN ACTORS' Studio needs memorabilia from the Chicago World's Fair of 1933-1934 (Century of Progress). If anyone has anything from this exposition that they would be willing to loan they can call Chris Stone or Linda Sgrist at 296-9911.

GALA FASHION SHOW for Wesley House to benefit under-privileged children will be held March 2 from 8 to 10 p.m. at The Monster Restaurant and Disco. Ticket donation of \$6.00 includes cocktail and hors d'oeuvres. Swankie's, Fonda's, Olde Island Racquet Club and House of Burgess are participating.

MARC--MONROE ASSOCIATION FOR RETARDED CITIZENS--was fortunate to have purchased a used school bus for recreational and educational purposes outside of Key West. They are in need of all kinds of camping equipment such as tents, sleeping bags, cooking and eating utensils, coolers, etc. These will eliminate the need to eat in restaurants and motels.

Call MARC 294-9526 or Woody Bescher at 294-9793.

THE KEY WEST Music Workshop is a nine-week seminar in music, stressing a basic and fundamental approach to the practice of music. The Workshop, under the direction of instrumentalist and composer Ron Miller, offers classes in Basic Theory, Group Improvisation, Rhythmic Structures, Sound Reinforcement and Recording, Listening, and discussion and workshops in individual instruments.

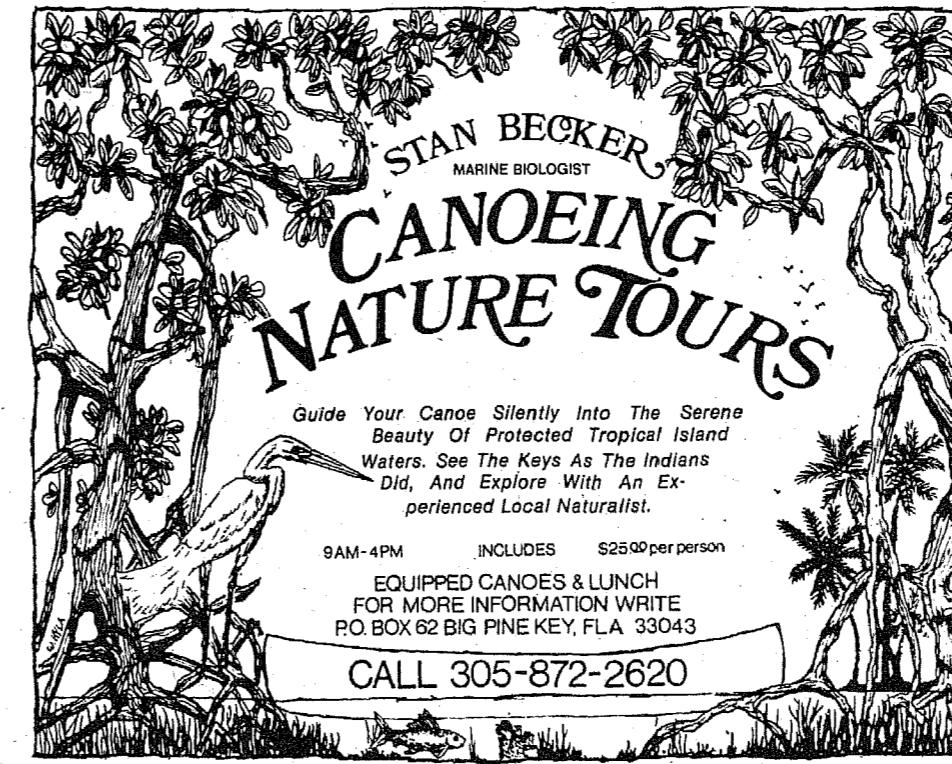
The workshops are offered in the hope that the participants will develop an awareness of the basic tenets of music and that through an appreciation and practice of these issues they might come to be able to express themselves more fully in their own music.

The Key West Music Workshop is located in Building 133, Truman Annex. For information and class schedules call 294-4103 or 294-0278. The Workshop will close Sunday, April 26.

sh



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A Drive to Key West in 1946

By NETANNIS KLINE



WE LEFT FROM the Opa-Locka Naval Air Station on a Saturday morning in our 1941 Dodge convertible; it was the mid-

dle of August, so we kept the top up for shade. We knew nothing about the road down to the Keys, or what Key West was like; but as we were soon leaving Florida, it seemed to be a good idea to visit the southernmost city while we had the opportunity.

In 1946 there were almost no tourists in south Florida after Easter, and little traffic anyway, so after negotiating the city of Miami (no expressways or turnpikes) we were on our own most of the time. Immediately south of Miami we were driving through farmlands, on both sides, miles and miles of flat fields of squash, okra, beans or whatever was in season. This area is now covered by various developments.

Next we passed Homestead, which was mainly the agricultural distribution center for all the local produce.

Heading on down the road and skirting the edge of the Everglades, the mainland civilization was left behind. A new landscape surrounded us, water shining through the sawgrass all around with little wooded islands here and there. Water birds were stalking among the lily pads in the roadside canals. This scene remains unchanged today, except for the highway itself, because then it was so narrow it was a squeeze for two cars to pass in opposite directions.

KEY LARGO. SOME signs of life, a few cars, fishing boats out at sea. We drove on, further and further south, in a solitude of sea, sky and sunshine.

Midday came and hunger called. As we looked for a place to get some food, we realized that we had seen very few restaurants and that none of them were open anyway. Then noticing a little wooden shack precariously perched at the edge of the highway, we stopped; it was open. It was marked "Craig Post Office."



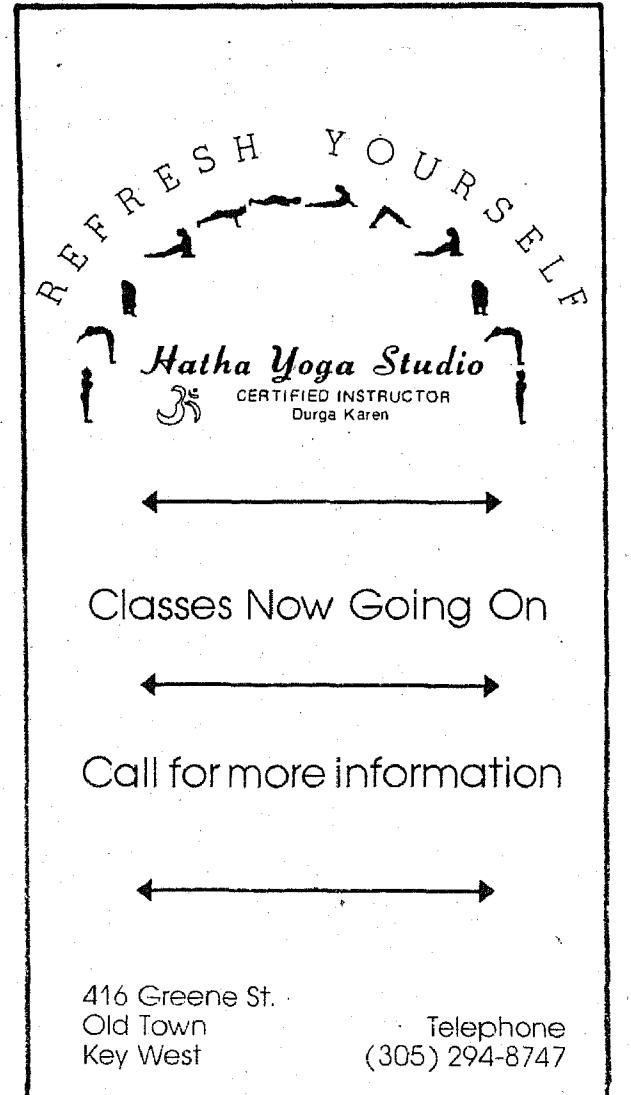
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Inside the man said, "Oh no, there's nothing open for miles, but I'll make you a sandwich." Now that was real southern hospitality. We had a pleasant chat with him and he pointed out a sign on the wall which said that the lowest barometric pressure ever recorded up to that time had been measured there at Craig Key in the Labor Day Hurricane of '35.

Setting off again, refreshed, we drove on down the narrow road. On and on across the keys, over the bridges, with the sun glittering on the water and the pelicans diving for fish. It was hard to imagine living anywhere so remote and so quiet, and so far from the mainland, but there were little settled areas and fishing camps and boats at sea, so we knew that people had come here and decided it was a good place to stay.

MARATHON, A LARGER town, dusty and hot; we didn't stop. On over the Seven Mile Bridge, the very same one we drove over today. Then the old Bahia Honda Bridge, with a great view from the high arch.

Then a big change at Boca Chica—the road cut right through the middle of the Naval Air Station. There were the sounds of trucks and cars and people, the roar of planes overhead and revving

up on the runways, large barracks buildings, fences, what a difference; but it was soon left behind and we headed on towards Key West.

Stock Island brought signs of human habitation of the civilian kind. A street curved back on our left, cool looking and shaded by large old trees. It seems that one of these attractive houses was known as "Mom's Tea Room" and was heavily patronized by the local sailors and others, who presumably liked what Mom served.

Not far from there was a small circular building which was the cock fighting pit, also very popular, and legal. Stock Island was not heavily populated and there were none of the industry or stores or junkyards or trash and garbage of today. It was quite attractive and old-fashioned looking.

NEXT, ACROSS THE bridge and onto the island at the end of the road. The city itself was still some way off. Salt ponds covered all of what is now Sears-town and Key Plaza and across to where the high school is today. Bayfront Park and Garrison Bight began the city proper except for the Naval Hospital and the wartime housing area on the north side of Flagler Avenue.

It was evening by then and we were looking for a place to stay. The streets were not busy, lights shone from the homes, savory smells of onion, fish and pork cooking were in the air, along with the perfume of night-blooming flowers. There were sounds of music, and many families were sitting on their porches chatting with passers-by. On Duval Street we found a small and cheap hotel to spend the night . . . a long corridor with rooms on each side, their walls stopping short of the high ceiling, opening into the hall and into each other; plus ceiling fans for more ventilation. Although small, our room was quite elaborately furnished, with heavy old-fashioned pieces and a glamorous black marble hand basin. Feeling like a traveler in the South Seas, I slept soundly after washing off the dust of the day's drive.

The next day, Sunday, we spent sightseeing. The streets were hot, dusty and very quiet. Cats dozed on the porches but the dogs actually slept right in the street as there was so little traffic. We even saw a man leaning against a wall sleeping on the sidewalk.

THERE WASN'T A motel or guest house or any tourist attraction in sight, no signs or advertisements for the oldest house, no Hemingway's home or Mallory Square, no souvenir or T-shirt shops, no Conch Train, no campers or trailers, no tourists, no street people or runaways. Just the old houses, the huge shade trees, the flowering shrubs and vines, the quiet lanes—a fascinating and charming scene, like something half-remembered from a South Seas romantic novel, very tropical and different.

We walked towards what is now Smathers Beach, but it was a mass of rubble and debris from a recent hurricane and there was no road past the old crumbling Martello anyway. It was not possible to circumnavigate the island except by boat.

Sauntering back towards Duval Street we admired the carpentry work on the balconies of the peeling or un-painted houses. We stopped in one of the many bars, there were no other customers, and we sat and rested while someone in another room played a piano. Bringing our drinks, the barmaid said brusquely, "You might stop talking while he's playing the piano." This struck us very funny somehow.

APPARENTLY, IN SUMMER, the quiet and traditional way of life was broken only by mainland fishing enthusiasts, a few visitors like ourselves, sailors from the base on payday and fishermen

when the boats came in. I believe there was very little crime, a few fights, maybe a stabbing or two. The people living in Key West in 1946 couldn't have imagined in their wildest dreams, the way of life in the Key West of today.

Reluctantly we turned our backs on the southernmost point and headed back to Miami. It had been a trip well worth remembering. We had no idea that one day we should be back to stay and to find that the Key West of 1946 really was just a memory.

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If we only get another hundred motel rooms filled for another hundred days a year, and related business from room rent to T-shirts, it will be a help and the potential is a lot more than that.

THE FACILITY SHOULD be small, efficient and compact. I don't know where we'd find a competent designer but they must exist. Most architects, once they get out of New York, want to build huge sprawling things and surround them with a sea of concrete to insulate them from the neighborhood and then put them out in the woods where there is no neighborhood anyway. But the facility is not much use unless it's downtown where delegates can spend their money in the shops.

IT NEEDS VERY little parking--the operator will lay on a limo (or Conch Train?) when he has something going and visitors' cars can sit beside the motels or, even better, delegates' wives (and kids...) can use them to find new places to spend their men's money. And what parking it does need should be inside and stacked up--we don't want a moat around the place and we've no space to waste on our island.

There are several possible sites. Some have for sale signs on them, even.

BY JIM KOGAN

None require evicting anyone--I do not believe in the bulldozer school of city planning though I know why it is entirely rational to its followers and their motives need not even be impugned to explain it.

SO, A PARTIAL list of potential sites, not in any particular order:

--The parochial school site, Simonton at Virginia.

--Peggy Mills Garden, Simonton and Angela.

--NE corner of Simonton and Angela; small and would use parking across the street and call for high-order design talent.

--Navy Commissary site; this facility, using valuable tax-free downtown land to undercut local merchants, selling subsidized goods to a privileged clientele, should move at least to Boca Chica. We're no longer a military camp.

--West side, Duval St., south of United, two adjacent parcels.

--Part, not all, of former Navy frontage on Whitehead St. between Fleming and Greene.

--Vacant land, west side Duval at Wall; no, not Mallory Dock, it's as near as we have to a town square.

--Duval and Front, two parcels; incorporate a new tour train depot and let the upper floor(s) span over Front St. This one calls for design talent but is probably best.

HOW MUCH MONEY? Built and operated by whom? Subsidized by whom? I don't know how much money and no one else does either until we have at least a preliminary design. A contractor builds and his customer should probably be a public authority, definitely not the City or County. The facility should be

operated by a lessee, not a government agency for they can seldom operate anything very well.

Why a subsidy? Charge fees for use, put the arm on people who rent rooms to delegates by gimmicking the fee schedule to favor participating hotel/motel owners. With a good location, include shops, concessionaires and such and let them contribute, too. It should break even, on current account and debt retirement.

FINANCE IT WITH tax-exempt industrial revenue bonds--why send any more than we must to Washington? Those guys do nothing for us and do too much to us.

The facility will contribute to local support by the jobs it creates in itself and in stores, hotels, cab companies, etc. that it helps to keep alive. The business will probably not support a further, direct ad valorem tax on the facility itself.

YOU DON'T LIKE any of the sites listed? There are others but space is limited in this paper. Just don't let any politicians or government-related "consultants" make a career out of it for we need business and jobs in our town now. I doubt if I'd get serious argument over that one, but you never know! And don't let anyone put it out on Stock Island or anywhere else out in the boondocks--it's supposed to bring jobs here, and we don't need more sprawl up the Keys.

AND, ONE MORE point to remember. The value of the scheme is in the permanent jobs it creates or brings here, not the jobs building it which is the way most government-related projects are sold to a gullible public (ever go to a highway justification hearing?)

■

Observations on Margaritaville

BY MARTA VAGO

I AM OFTEN asked how I account for the high incidence of drug and alcohol abuse among Key West residents. Some people wonder if addiction to these substances is simply an unavoidable consequence of frequent social drinking and recreational drug use in a relaxing, tropical climate, or if there are other, less obvious forces at work. Is it possible, for example, that a place like Key West attracts people who are prone to addiction? Or, can the lifestyles for which our city is famous actually "undo" the coping abilities of some people? I believe that a combination of these factors is at work for at least some of our addicted Key Westers. Since not everyone who lives here becomes addicted, yet the incidence of abuse is notably high, we must therefore assume that a powerful mix of human and environmental ingredients promotes addiction among a certain segment of our population. I propose that the key to that "mix" is the lack of familiar external structures on the one hand and the inability of some people to cope without those structures on the other. Now, what do I mean by structure?

STRUCTURE, in the sense I am suggesting here, includes things like goals, expectations, rules and limits. While Overstructuring can stunt growth, flexibility and creativity, a certain amount of structure is necessary for effective functioning. This is as true for humans as it is for institutions, organizations, and most forms of creative expression. People can experience structure either from the outside or the inside. Outside structures are imposed on us from the moment we are expected to eat on schedule or to use the potty. Our educational process both

teaches structures and provides structure for the student (albeit too much at times). External structure also comes in the form of expectations for the future ("my son the doctor"), rituals (going to church Sunday morning), assumptions (retirement at 65), values ("do unto others etc."), and other guidelines for living, loving and working. Internal structures, on the other hand, shape our self-motivated behaviors and include discipline, the ability to plan and follow through, a coherent self-concept, and a consistent relationship to the world and the people in it. Some people shape their lives mostly according to external structures, while others rely primarily on internal definitions to determine their directions and experiences. Those who operate more by external structures tend to favor situations where expectations, goals and limits are clear. In fact, they often experience discomfort or anxiety when these are either not present or not explicit. Conversely, internally structured people welcome opportunities that minimize the importance of externally defined expectations, and thrive in environments where external guidelines are either minimal or flexible.

THIS BRINGS US BACK to Key West, a city whose laissez-faire atmosphere has long attracted people who shrink from traditional external structures, whether or not they can cope without them. Key Westers whose internal structures are strong can and do limit their alcohol and drug intake to nondestructive use. However, those who have difficulty functioning effectively in flexible, permissive situations are prone to abuse substances that reduce discomfort in facing them. Since both alcohol and drugs promote an artificial sense of well-being, overindulgence in their use is common among persons who need to mask or counteract the anxieties or inadequacies they experience in opened situations. Those who have doubts about

WHILE KEY WEST, or any other place for that matter, cannot "cause" addiction, it can surely speed up an addictive life-course for anyone who does not have the strong internal means to create order in his or her life. Key West can rapidly become "Margaritaville" for anyone who isn't clear enough, disciplined enough or brave enough to live without the safety and security of outside expectations and rewards. Cocktails, six-packs, uppers, and downers can indeed become attractive substitutes for life and work experiences that both satisfy and occasionally frustrate anyone who is resigned to living in the real world. Ultimately, no place can serve as an antidote to reality, even our own unique, fabulous Key West. Therefore, the riches of our island life can be truly available only to those who have internal strength and structure, and who know the difference between substance-induced euphoria and a deep-rooted sense of well-being.



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A Letter to Gil Ryder

Solares Hill is publishing this letter, addressed to Gil Ryder and signed by Capt. Ed Davidson, Chairman of the Florida Keys Citizens' Coalition, because we believe the contents to be of general interest. The letter has been edited to the extent that we have eliminated that which we considered personal and irrelevant.

17 January 1981

From: Capt. Ed Davidson, Chairman
Florida Keys Citizens' Coalition
President, Fla. Keys Audubon Soc.
Past Chairman, Monroe County
Zoning Board and Planning
Council

To: Gil Ryder
917 Hibiscus Lane
Key West, FL 33040

Dear Gil,

AS A PREFACE to this presentation on the status and effects of the Critical Concern designation of the Florida Keys, it is essential to explain that the recent elections were not at all the defeat of citizen reform and conservation groups that some analysts have presumed. There were five important races, and total involvement in all of them was beyond our capability; so the leaders of the Citizens' Coalition, realizing the corruptive effects of the immensely profitable and all but unrestrained narcotics importation industry, deliberately elected to emphasize the law and order issues beyond all others. We found and supported a relatively unknown reform-committed lawyer in the person of now State Attorney Kirk Zuelich, and backed him to a land-

slide victory; and we turned a potential 1,600 vote primary opposition coalition against our reform-oriented Sheriff Billy Freeman into a 1,100 vote victory in the run off. We also backed the reform-minded county commission candidate Mrs. Wilhelmina Harvey in her successful defeat of the construction and development oriented incumbent. Both of the other two races won by candidates whom we did not favor were heavily influenced by personalities and neither victor campaigned on, or received a public mandate for, any broad issues antagonistic to the platforms of the major citizens' groups in the Keys.

IT IS NONTHELESS necessary to admit that the Florida Keys remain plagued, as they have been for 6 years and will for 2 more to come, by a 3-2 county commission voting pattern which often ignores the public welfare in favor of private and special interests and of unwise as well as occasionally unsavory policies. That is precisely why the State authorities have been compelled repeatedly to intervene in order to prevent our characteristic "semi-feasance" from degenerating into wholesale disaster--first with Critical Concern, then with the Aqueduct Authority, now and again with Key West bankruptcies, and currently with the rampant industrialization of residential property and the concomitant gutting of the Master Plan embodied in County Ordinance No. 20-1980, passed on 6 October 1980.

THERE ARE MANY citizens and officials alike who do not yet understand the shattering effects that this odious residential commercial fishing ordi-

nance will have on the integrity of the Master Plan as well as on zoning policies and enforcement. To begin with, the ordinance legitimizes gross historical violations of prior zoning laws that have been under enforced for years. Most dangerously, it sanctifies an essentially industrial level of commercial fishing activity in the midst of many established residential areas, seriously threatening the property values and quality of life of present and future residents. What many folks do not understand is that only a few particularly offensive practices need a permit at all, and that all other commercial fishing activities can be pursued now or started in the future on any GU, RU1, RU5, and RU5P property in the Florida Keys. To quote specifically from the cover letter sent by H. F. Weinkam, Monroe County Director of Building, Planning, and Zoning, to all of the more than 200 permit applicants under the new ordinance: "In effect what the above means - there are no restrictions in this ordinance on the (fishing use) of GU ... properties. Also ... you may construct lobster traps, crab traps, fish traps or fish nets using new material but not store them in RU-1, RU-5, and RU-5P zones for personal use without the required permit ... it is (only) forbidden to store and dip new traps or used traps or store and repair used traps in the above noted zones without the required permit," (emphasis added).

THE ORDINANCE WAS adopted as a special concession to several hundred commercial fishermen (who do not wish to operate from fish house and marina facilities as many of their brethren legitimately do) contrary to the expressed sentiments of thousands of Keys residents as documented in the record of three months worth of public hearings. It clearly makes a sham of basic zoning philosophy and of the Master

Plan and Critical Concern guidelines, and is a disturbing portent of disastrous things to come if State oversight is lifted without addressing the irresponsibility and disdain for the public welfare that this action represents. From a legalistic perspective, this amendment is discriminatory in that it confers special privileges upon a certain class or occupation while excluding others. Allowing commercial operations from residential property also deprives the government of certain business tax revenues and unfairly and inequitably shifts an additional burden of taxation upon those other businesses who are compelled to invest in, operate from, and pay taxes on appropriately zoned business property. The amendment is furthermore vague on its face, lacking adequate definitions of many key terms and phrases, leaving room for multiple interpretations, enforcement difficulties, and law suits; and it was passed 3-2 in violation of the 4/5 vote required by the special legislative act when there is opposition to a zoning change or permit.

IF THE MECHANISM of Critical Concern is to have any meaningfulness in the other developing areas of the State where it will be needed in the future, and if the provision for reimposition after de-designation is to have any meaning as a deterrent for future abuses, then it is imperative that the State for once--having done virtually nothing about many controversial issues since Critical Concern was established in the Keys--must take determined action to force the repeal of this most blatant affront to the public interest and the philosophy of sound planning and zoning practices. If the State is unwilling to put any teeth into its oversight function, then it may as well abandon the program entirely and allow the unrestrained special interest forces to become the titular as well as

functional planners of future development in the Keys and elsewhere in Florida--in which case State officials may expect to be called upon in the midst of repeated crises to open the public treasury and bail us out when we have once again outstripped our ability to provide public services for our exploding population.

LEST ANYONE DOUBT that barely restrained development is rampaging once again in the Florida Keys, it need only be noted that the completion cost of all construction started during the October to September fiscal periods has grown from \$40,197,000 in 1977 to \$54,343,000 in 1978, followed by a jump to \$75,333,000 in 1979 and a minor retrenchment to \$69,221,000 in 1980. This tremendous expansion has continued despite skyrocketing investment costs, and is surging into 1981 with a first quarter increase over last year from 13.1 million to 29.8 million--a full 227%. Several years ago, a Monroe County Zoning Department study revealed that if all presently zoned property in the Keys were to be developed at current zonings and densities, it would produce a population probably in excess of 350,000! Yet we cannot presently provide adequate water, electricity, solid waste disposal, or transportation for our existing census population totaling 63,000; while the compounding effects of untreated sewage, run off from scarified lands, and other developmental effects on water quality and our unique land and marine resource base accumulate unaddressed. Like all other public services, police and fire protection, health care, and education and recreational programs will only become more inadequate if moderation is not mandated for the future of the Keys; and the State will inevitably be called upon to rescue us with public monies time and again.

ADD TO THESE existing problems, gentlemen, the impending development of nearly 100 acres of the surplus land of the West Naval Station, a project which in and of itself would critically strain the support resources and planning capacities of Monroe County even if there were no growth at all elsewhere in the Keys. Couple all these concerns with the statistical inevitability of the eventual near passage of a major hurricane, for which the local government is typically, even defiantly unprepared, and it is clear that major steps must be taken to enforce sensible policies before State oversight is withdrawn. We need to study and effect a comprehensive rezoning of the Keys, and translate that into a map that becomes part of the Master Plan; and we need as a corollary to establish a population cap for the foreseeable future based on quantifiable support services and predictable stresses on the unique Keys environment and gifts of nature. But the most crucial step needed now is the immediate repudiation of the industrialization of residential property and the reaffirmation of the philosophy and policies of the Master Plan which has been historically ignored and presently gutted with impunity.

(signed)
Capt. Ed Davidson, Citizens' Coalition

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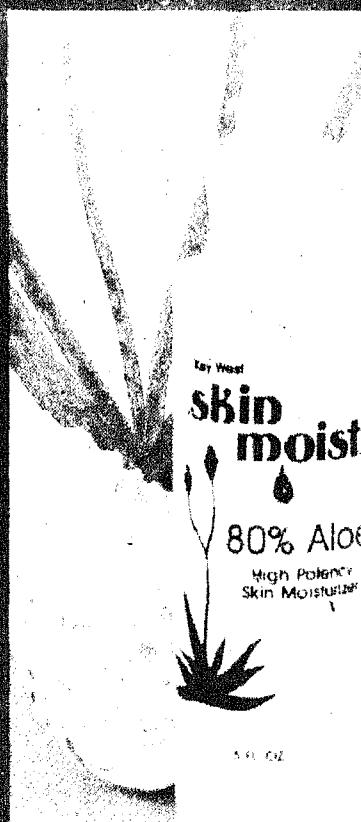
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Historic Canoe Journey

ON SUNDAY, JAN. 4, both the *Herald* and *Citizen* carried articles about a remarkable gentleman named Verlen Kruger. Verlen, 58, and his teammate Steven Landick, 27, are engaged in an historic journey across North America, by canoe. They will travel more than 28,000 miles by paddle and portage in two and one-half years, realizing a long-held dream.

After five years of planning, they started at Red Rock Lake, Montana on May 1, 1980. First the Missouri River to St. Louis, then the Illinois to Lake Michigan, across the Great Lakes and along the St. Lawrence to Quebec. They crossed Maine to the Allegash which carried them to the St. John and into the Atlantic Ocean through the Bay of Fundy. When they reached the Atlantic, October 6, 1980, 5700 miles and five months of travel were behind them. At Key West they had logged more than 8300 miles and looked forward to reaching New Orleans where the next major leg of their journey would begin. However, that lies in the future, and I want to share with you some experience of the days I spent with these extraordinary men.

VERLEN ARRIVED BEFORE Steve, who flew home for Christmas. They had separated before, and Verlen was certain that Steve would catch up long before New Orleans. Although Steve later insisted that Verlen overraced him, he does travel at a racer's pace which he can maintain, reportedly, for 20-30 consecutive hours.

MY INVOLVEMENT BEGAN in June 1980. On opening a newly-arrived July issue of *Canoe* magazine, I saw an article

about the "Ultimate Canoe Challenge." Both men seemed very credible and my initial skepticism began to evaporate. The schedule projected a Jan. 5, 1981 arrival in Key West so I wrote to Mike Reynolds, editor of the U.S. Canoe Association journal, who was also editing and distributing the *Challenge* newsletter. Mike returned a good confirming letter and I volunteered to be a mail drop and source of assistance to the voyageurs.



Verlen Kruger



Steven G. Landick

BY STAN BECKER

enjoyed a striking sunset. We met at 6:15 p.m. and paddled home through a magnificent afterglow, covering the three miles in half an hour.

ALSO MET BEVERLY FELDPAUSCH, 28, who last summer did the 1400 mile Alaska Traverse with one other woman, following the Yukon River to the Bering Sea. Verlen trained Bev as a canoe racer and they are very close, so Bev drove from Michigan, with her boyfriend and some other friends, to paddle with Verlen for a few days while her friends played in the Keys.

Next day I joined Verlen and Bev for an 18-mile paddle to Sugarloaf Creek, where we met Bev's friends. There, we loaded Bev's Loon and my Bucktail on her van, and they started back to Michigan, dropping me and the Bucktail at Little Torch Key, while Verlen paddled on to Boyd's Campground on Stock Island.

ON SATURDAY, VERLEN paddled to the foot of Front Street where we met at Capt. Ed Cruse's "Pilot Shack." Capt. Ed, Key West's Bar Pilot and Harbormaster, had some office work and looked after Verlen's canoe while I "piloted" the voyageur about town. After Capt. Ed and Verlen and I had dinner at the A&B Lobster House, Verlen started back to Little Torch Key. His experience that night reveals much about the man.

When we parted, Verlen said he would reach my place at 11:30 a.m. if he slept, but he might paddle straight through and arrive at 5 a.m. He arrived at 11:30 a.m., smiling and energetic, although his face showed fatigue. He had not slept, and chuckled as he told me that when daylight came he found himself across the Seven Mile Bridge,

near Pigeon Key. Earlier, he had lost his eyeglasses over the side. They were just for reading and replacements were on the way from home, but while he could see markers and read their large numerals, he could not read the chart to verify his position. He had just paddled 70 miles in 16½ hours to a point 30 miles from Key West, and he was laughing about it. Verlen has a marvelous sense of humor rooted in intelligence, some profound religious convictions, and an iron will. After a good rest, repairs to the canoe and repacking, Verlen left on Monday morning for Long Key, where he could cross Florida Bay to Flamingo.

ON FRIDAY, JAN. 9, Steve Landick phoned to say that he was alongside one of the many sailboats in Key West Harbor for "some big race." The crew invited him to sleep on board so he would stay as he had to do some food shopping. We agreed to meet at Boyd's Campground in the morning so Steve could start toward Little Torch while waiting for stores to open. That day, brisk northerly air prepared us for the worst "nor'wester" on the season. By the time Steve arrived at my home the wind was rising and the temperature falling rapidly.

Next morning, Sunday, I was in layers of sweaters and woolly socks when Steve came out of his room grinning and saying, "Cold this morning, isn't it? Think I'll go check my gear." He walked out into 25 knots of wind, at about 35° F., in his skivvies! Unassuming, gentle personalities often mask the fact that both Verlen Kruger and Steven Landick are extraordinarily tough men; the sort who realistically plan to paddle and portage 28,000 miles in two and one-half years! Steve worked in that cold wind for more than 10 minutes before coming in, assuring me that his gear was fine, and then getting dressed.

WHILE STEVE REPACKED and made repairs, I asked him, as I asked Verlen, what his wife thinks about the trip. The answers were quite different. Verlen's and Jenny's nine children are grown and married, and they are both ready for new challenges. While Verlen undertakes this epic voyage, Jenny, who has been a full-time homemaker, is now employed, self-supporting, and enjoying the experience. Sarah, Steve's wife and a daughter of Verlen's, hates the sep-

tember wind. Steve and Verlen had been in indirect contact by calling home, but this was the first time in weeks that they were speaking directly. They had much to discuss, including recommendations that Capt. Ed had given about entering the Mississippi River passes to avoid heavy maritime traffic.

ALTHOUGH STEVE PASSED through quickly and experienced some of our worst weather while Verlen enjoyed some

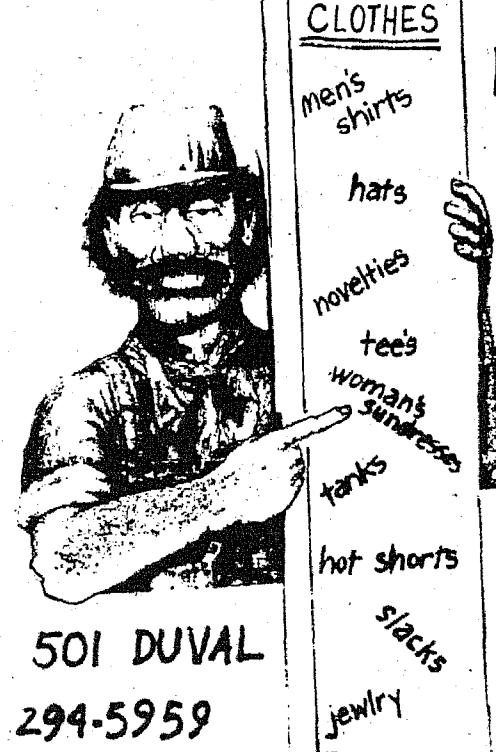


Stan Becker

photo by Bruce Steinberg

lovely days here, both were attracted by the Keys, and we will surely see them back once their great journey is over. For now, spring thaw on the Mississippi and winter freeze in the Arctic govern their schedule.

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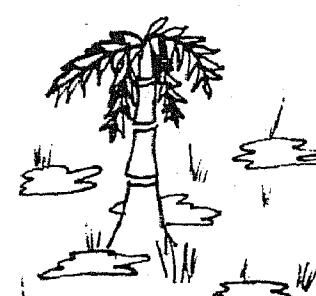
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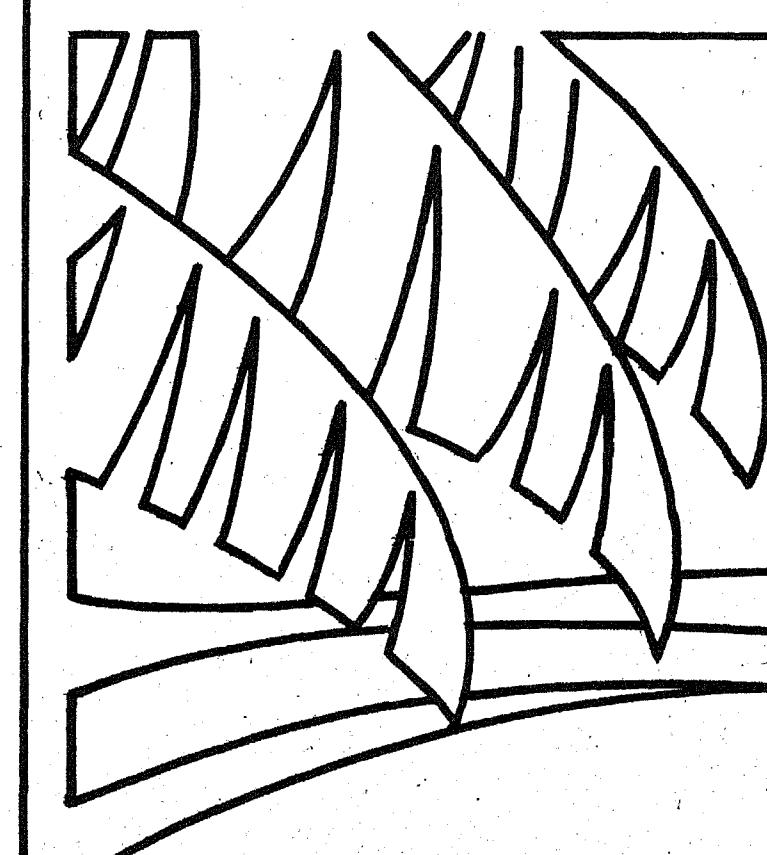
HOURS: MONDAY - SATURDAY 10 AM - 10 PM
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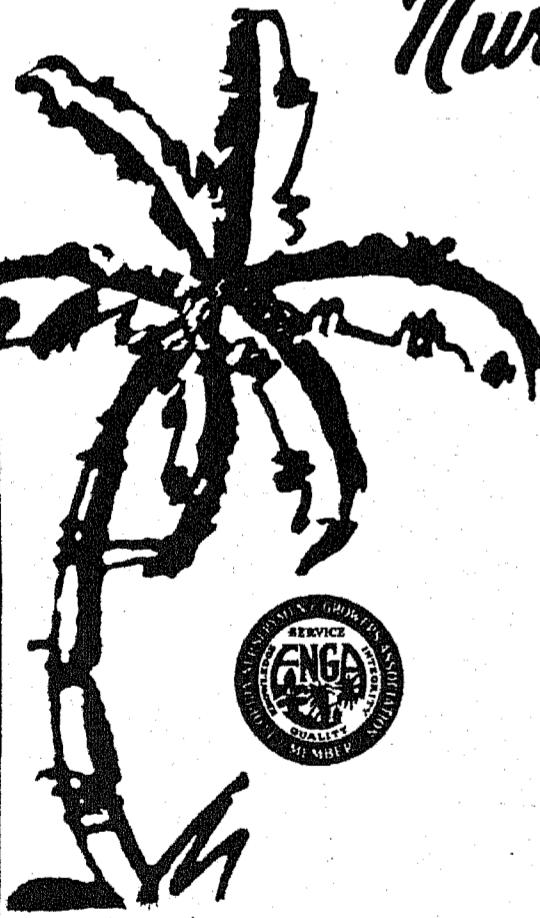


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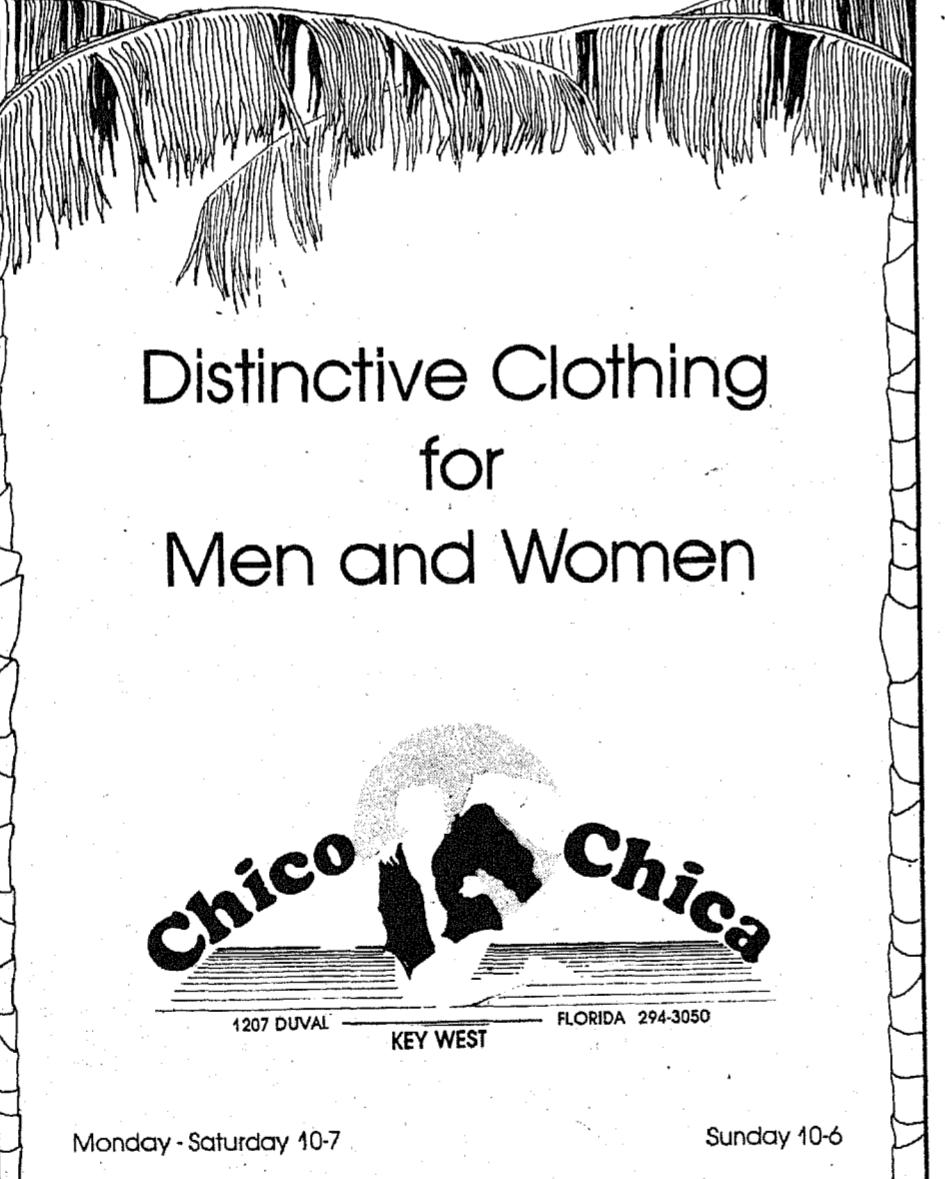
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doctors tell me you twist and turn my stomach make me nervous
spirits have told me you are eating away my insides
i know it's all true
but when i touch my lips to you
when i can taste you with my tongue
my love, i'm lost.
you soothe me with your perfumes
you excite me when i'm tired
you give me strengths
and then satisfaction
as i hold you, bring you closer
and suck in your juices

later after you've left
and only the dirty cups remain
i will sit and my stomach will ache
a friend will come to visit
see my state and tell me the relationship must stop
'you're crazy, look at yourself, she's killing you'
and i will know he's right
so i will stay or try to stay away
until i see you one day in the street
or at a friend's house
and i will know i must have you
that you are still a part of me
that i need you to survive

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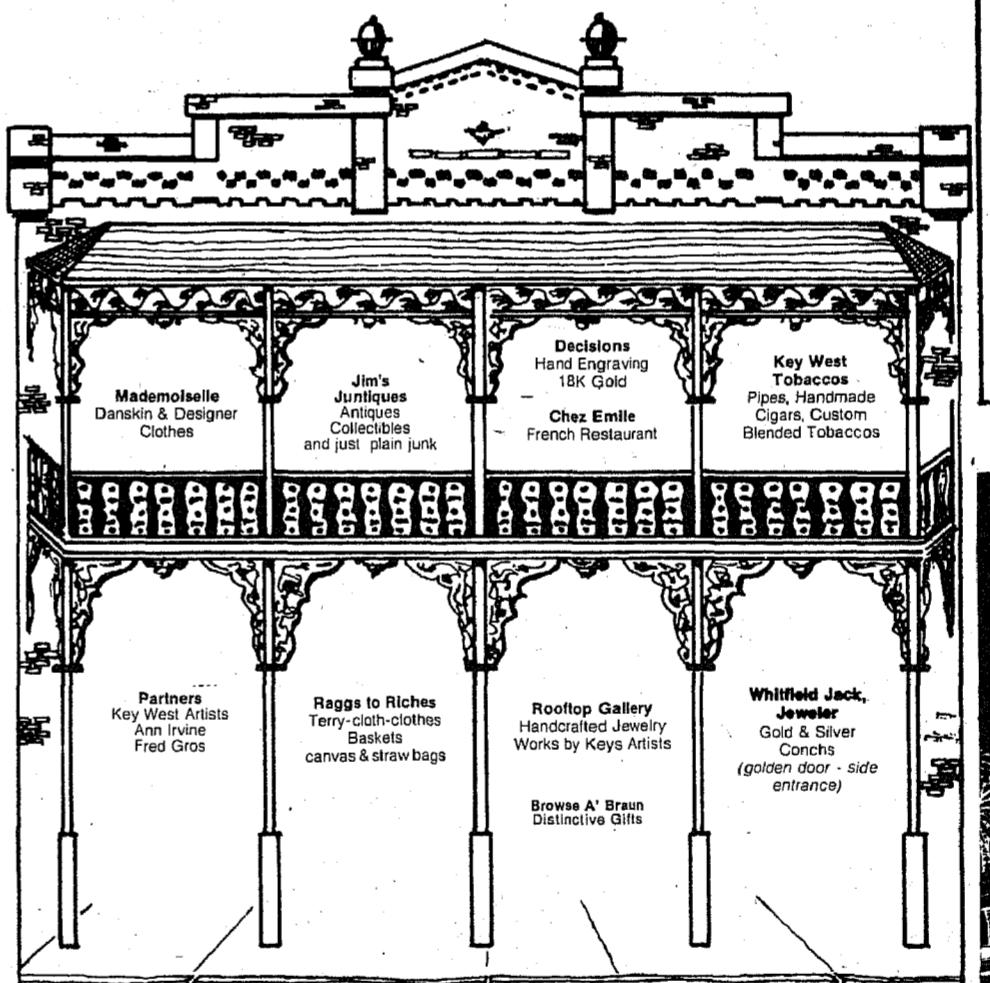


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Shopping and a fine
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INCLUDES • • • • •**

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(NOT VALID WITH ANY OTHER DISCOUNT PROGRAM)



What Will Happen to Peggy Mills' Garden?

KEY WEST'S BEAUTIFUL Peggy Mills' Garden, located in the middle of old town at the corner of Simonton and Angela Streets, is for sale.

Since Mrs. Mills died over a year ago, the question of what will happen to the garden has been the subject of a wide variety of rumors and dreams. One version has it that the garden will be plowed under by bulldozers and a concrete condominium will replace it. But this is probably not possible because of the Key West tree law that makes it illegal to cut down trees more than ten feet tall. It seems more likely that we will soon see townhouse apartments built within the present garden grounds, squeezed in between the existing trees. When the land is finally sold, the new owners can apply to the city for a "variance" to cut down just a few selected trees here and there to make room for the townhouses. When this kind of request is weighed against the \$825,000 asking price for the property, the city will probably cooperate.

BUT DON'T BLAME the three heirs to the estate if the garden is not kept intact. Peggy Mills willed the garden property jointly to her two sisters and her brother, John Long from Saluda, South Carolina, who is in charge of the estate. The three must sell the land in order to split up and share in the estate's proceeds. Mr. Long said by telephone, "My intentions have been to try to sell it to someone who would keep it a garden, and we have taken considerable extra time and a good deal of searching to find the right buyer. I have even tried to make the preservation of the garden part of the

condition of the sale, but of course, that depends on the good faith of whoever buys the property."

Sure enough, the heirs are trying to keep the garden intact. They even printed a colorful brochure to interest potential buyers in which they say that the property would be "most attractive to the investor who would acquire the property to continue as a tourist attraction, while having one of the largest residential estates on the island of Key West."

HOWEVER, a few people agree with that bit of investment advice, and most groups seriously interested in buying the land as an investment see



it as a good site for a complex of luxury apartment units set within the existing exotic tropical garden.

Attorney John Bigler is in charge of the management and sale of the property in Key West. When questioned, he responded like a close-mouthed businessman trying to make the best

deal possible for his clients. He said that there was a sales contract on the land right now, but that it was not yet final. Asked if the potential buyers planned to build condominiums or townhouses on the garden property he replied, "No comment." Asked if the LaRue Corporation from New York was buying it, "no comment". Asked who might give the Solares Hill more information about the plans for the property, he said, "no comment" in a downright nice way, with a genuine desire to help in the tone of his voice. Asked about efforts to keep the garden a tourist attraction for Key West, Bigler responded, "Yes, we did try to get the city interested, but we were not successful," he said, adding fuel to another rumor. Asked who he spoke to with the city, "no comment."

LOTS OF PEOPLE I talked with had heard this rumor that the city was going to somehow acquire the garden as a "city treasure" since it was such an asset to the tourist industry. But the rumor seems to have no basis in fact. City Commissioner Richard Heyman thinks it would be great if the city could keep the garden tours operating, but has not heard about any plan for the city to own the land. Margaret Foresman, administrative assistant to the city manager, thought the idea of Key West owning the land was ridiculous, given the city's present poor financial condition. Mayor McCoy said he thought the chances that the city would acquire the land were "very low". He also said that neither he nor anyone else at City Hall has been contacted about the matter to even consider the possibilities.

Mayor McCoy did remind me about

the Key West tree law, which he believes could save the garden from destruction at the hands of developers. The law makes it illegal to cut down any tree that is at least ten feet tall and measures 9 inches in diameter at a point four feet about the ground. In addition, the law protects a large list of exotic trees without regard to their size. Many of these exotic species can be found in Peggy Mills Garden - in fact, many plants in the garden can be found nowhere else in North America.



LIKE MANY VISITORS to the garden, writer Dorothy Francis found the place a source of inspiration. Her description reminds us of what an important treasure the garden has become.

"As visitors pass through the wrought-iron gateway into the walled garden they will see a maze of bricked paths shaded by palms, cacti, sandalwood, and other tropical trees. Straight ahead is a towering breadfruit tree whose trunk is covered with a variety of succulents, bromeliads, orchids. At the base of the tree crotons, Moses-in-the-Bullrushes and

ferns bask in dappled sunlight and poinsettias bloom with a blaze of color.

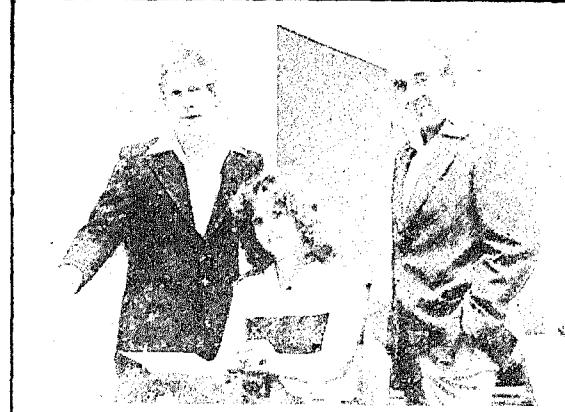
At the right of the entryway chocolate orchid grows on the trunk of an umbrella tree, and nearby a huge "tinajone" dominates this secluded corner. While azaleas, bougainvilleas, poinsettias, Amazon lilies, hibiscus, orchid trees and other foliage plants provide lush beauty, a sandalwood tree showers the bricked path with seeds that look much like candy red-hots."

Peggy Mills started her garden in 1930 and during her lifetime she never stopped working on it. She applied for a U.S. Department of Agriculture permit to collect and import plants from all over the world. She supervised the laying of 100,000 century-old bricks to form curving garden paths and shaded patios where visitors can sit and enjoy the garden. She shipped in special soil by barge and railroad. She converted the unused cisterns into pools of beauty and mystery.

Thousands of orchids bloom in dozens of varieties throughout the garden, which earned Mrs. Mills the nickname "Lady of the Orchids". A unique feature of the garden are the huge earthenware jars called "tinajones", each weighing a ton or more, which she shipped from Cuba and placed throughout the grounds. They were once used in colonial Latin America for storing rain water, and they are the only jars of their kind in the United States.

In 1968 the Key West Chamber of Commerce persuaded Mrs. Mills to open her garden to the public. Until the land is sold, it will continue to operate as a tropical garden tour.

Enjoy it while you still can.



ENROLLED IN A specially-designed "Business Transactions Specialist Program" that marks the first cooperative effort of Florida Keys Community College and the Private Industry Council of Monroe County, Inc., is Rose Marie Blais, who calls the course an "excellent start" for what I really want to do for a future career."

FKCC President Dr. William Seeker, left, said "I am looking forward to a relationship (with PIC) which benefits many persons in their learning of marketable skills" such as through this course in business money-handling, book-balancing and related fiscal skills. PIC Executive Director Joe Alonzo, right, stressed this is a pilot project that is "meeting the expressed needs of the local business community," and the first of what he hopes will be a number of such innovative programs.

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SPECIAL EVERY DAY 10:30 AM TO 3 PM

Lunch \$1.59

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Hamburger Deluxe.... \$2.04

Quarter-Pound Burger on a Toasted Bun,
with Cole Slaw and Fr. Fries

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With Cole Slaw, Fr. Fries or Mashed Potatoes,
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With Cole Slaw, Fr. Fries or Mashed Potatoes,
Roll, and Tartar or Cocktail Sauce

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GOLD AND SILVER HANDCRAFTED JEWELRY

WE HONOR ALL CREDIT CARDS • OPEN YEAR ROUND

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community's
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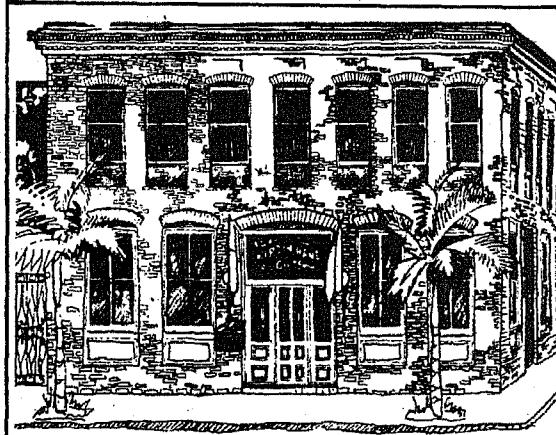
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Quiche, Music, Cappuccino,
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Across from the Strand
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check our ideas and prices first

MEETING BUSINESS, JOB NEEDS:

PIC MARKS
1st Anniversary
OF SERVICE TO KEYS COMMUNITY

*February, 1980 - The Private Industry Council of Monroe County, Inc., a private, non-profit, Keys-based organization is incorporated!

*February, 1981 - PIC is solidly in business matching the needs of individual Keys job-seekers with employers with the job-training and job-ready Keys residents.

How This Happened - The joint operation of the South Florida Employment and Training Consortium and a local "steering committee" of three (Ed Tappino, Bill Marin, Curt Blair) that grew to a 21-person volunteer board of directors, the Monroe PIC was established, starting with \$10,000.

Now PIC Offers - A job-training and placement resource to those who need jobs and those Keys employers who need valuable employees. To provide that service, PIC now has a staff of 7 professionals WHO GO INTO THE KEYS COMMUNITY TO MEET ACTUAL NEEDS, supported by a board of directors, most of whom have been with PIC from the beginning.

EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

Chairman
 Mr. Edward Tappino, President
 Tappino Development Company
 Vice-Chairman
 Mr. William J. Marin, President & Publisher
 Keynoter Publishing Co., Inc.
 Secretary
 Mrs. Linda Chase
 Treasurer
 Mr. Alvin Burney, President
 United Teachers of Monroe County
 Member
 Mr. James E. Fallon, President
 A & B Lobster House, Inc.

Success-oriented persons who have guided the formation and operation of PIC in the Keys, generously volunteering their time, energies and expertise are:

DIRECTORS

Mr. Toby A. Arnsheim, General Partner, CHT Partnership, Key West
 Dr. Frank Bervaldi, DDS, Director and Vice President, Air Florida, Key West
 Mr. George C. Bervaldi, Controller, Fisherman's Hospital, Inc., Marathon
 Mr. Sal Coletti, President, Seahorse Motel, Marathon
 Dr. Otto J. Cox, Jr., Executive Administrator, Monroe County Public Schools, Key West
 Mr. William S. Daniel, President, The Marathon Bank
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 Mr. K. K. Koenig, President and Vice Chairman, The Islamorada Bank, Islamorada
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 Mr. Howard S. Kiley, President, Singleton Fleets, Inc., Key West
 Mrs. Carolyn L. Smith, WKWF Radio Station, Key West
 Mr. Joseph M. Sutler, Executive Director, Fisherman's Hospital, Inc., Marathon

Direct links with the business community and those who need job training and permanent jobs are provided now by this PIC staff of professionals:

Joe Alonso, Executive Director
 Harriette E. Franssen, Executive Director
 Stuart M. Parker, Administrative Services
 Cliff Walters, Job Development, Placement, & Planning

A. Castillo, Job Development & Placement
 Wonder Martinez, Client Services
 Greg Ehart, Classroom Training Instructor

ON-THE-JOB TRAINING EMPLOYERS:

These Keys Businesses Share PIC SUCCESS!

Chase Tappino & Sons, Inc.
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 Key West Chamber of Commerce
 First Federal of the Florida Keys
 Tux Restaurants
 Gemini Printing
 Gemini Publishing
 Monroe County Chamber of Commerce
 Holding Electric
 Flowers by J&B
 Taylor Rental Center
 Duncan Auto Sales
 Key West Sports, Inc.
 Stanley Steemer Carpet Cleaners
 Southern Comfort Waterbeds & Hot Tubs
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 Return to Eden Gardens
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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE
 BY EMMA CATES

SUN IN PISCES, after 20th in Aries.
 VENUS IN PISCES, after 24th in Aries.
 MERCURY IN AQUARIUS, after 17th in Pisces.
 SATURN IN LIBRA, retrograde.
 JUPITER IN LIBRA, retrograde.
 MARS IN PISCES, after 16th in

THE NEW MOON on March 6 in Pisces is in the tenth house of the Key West chart. This is the house of publicity; in good aspect to the 6th house of work, and health. These areas will be receiving favorable influences. The work market will improve and services will also be upgraded. Mercury, the co-ruler of Key West's chart, will also be in this sector. Communications will be more clearly defined and consequently city problems will be improving.

THE FULL MOON on March 20 in 29 degrees of Virgo will be the second full moon in Virgo in 1981. This will be an especially potent full moon. Twenty-nine degrees is a critical degree, and particularly in Pisces, the placement of the Sun during this full moon. Emotions will be accentuated. The following day, March 21st, will be the Spring Equinox - another powerful day. The chart of Key West will be receiving these aspects in the Fifth and Eleventh houses - very favorable.

Improvement in the areas that Key West is especially noted for -



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 Natural Foods
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A Sunday School
 a place to grow

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And a Wednesday testimony meeting
 where the healing power of these new-old ideas is told, and people can give their thanks to God.

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 327 Elizabeth St.

Sunday Service and Sunday School
 11:00 a.m.
 (Infant care provided)

Wednesday evening meetings
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Reading Room
 in Church Building.
 Tues., Thurs., Sat.
 12:00 noon to 4:00 p.m.

All are welcome

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FINE ARTS CENTER
PRESENTS



ON SHAKESPEARE
BY PHILIP BURTON

"I owe everything to him" — Richard Burton

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MAR. 9 Measure for Measure

16 The Tragedies

23 Othello

30 Antony & Cleopatra

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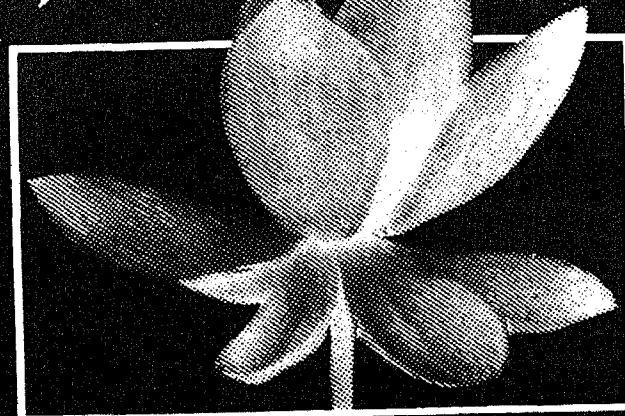
Semco of the Keys
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for appointment.

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Exquisite, Comfortable Clothing of Silk,
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In Styles to Fit any Need or Occasion

507 Southard Street, Key West
(1/2 block from Duval)

12 - 6 Mon. - Sat.
294-7495

EVENTS

Monroe County Library BOOK SALE, rear of Library, March 7. All books 25¢.

MARATHON LIONS CLUB dinner meetings, second and fourth Wednesdays, Indies Inn, Duck Key. 7:30 p.m.

NAT'L ASSN. OF RETIRED FEDERAL EMPLOYEES meets the last Sunday of each month at 3:45 p.m. at the Senior Citizens Plaza, 1400 Kennedy Dr.

QUAKER UNPROGRAMMED MEETING FOR WORSHIP at 802 Eaton St., Sundays at 10:30 a.m. Third floor, 294-1523 or 294-8612.

KEY WEST WOMAN'S CLUB, regular meeting held first Tuesday of each month at 2:30 p.m. at 319 Duval St.

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

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS
FINE ARTS CENTER
DIRECTOR OF THEATRE: WILLIAM PROSSER
PRESENTS

March 1st
Poetess: Maya Angelou
8:00 P.M.

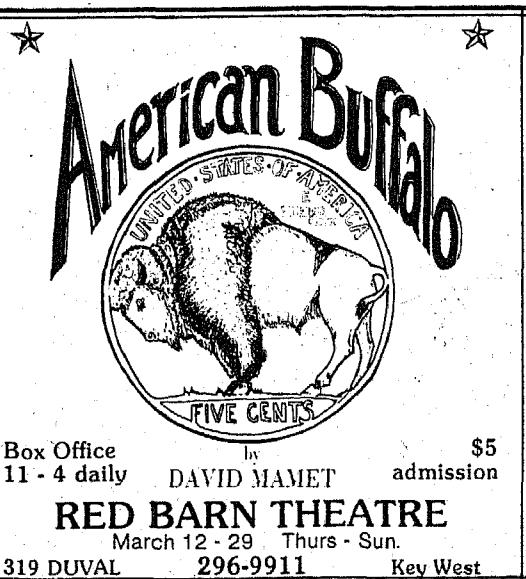
Readings and Panel Discussions of Black Women's Issues

March 2
Film: Of Human Bondage
8:30 P.M.

March 7 & 8
Theatre: For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When the Rainbow is Enuf
8:00 P.M.

March 21
Music: Lionel Hampton & Orchestra
8:00 P.M. & 10:30 P.M.

March 26
Concert: Leonard Pennario
8:30 P.M.
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SHOWTIME 7 • 9 PM \$3.00

MARCH

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UGO TOGNAZZI, MICHEL SERRAULT
"LA CAGE AUX FOLLES"
(English Subtitles)

The strangest things happen
when you wear polka dots

"One of those rare delights you'll want
to see again and again and again!"

—Judith Crist, Saturday Review

"'Cousin Cousine' is the most happy
healthy sensuality I have seen on film."

—James Jones, New York Mag

"A MENACE à CHUCKLES, a comedy of
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—Tom Atten, VILLAGE VOICE

"COLIN SIEGRIST'S UNQUOTE 'CINECOED'
IS A TREAT! It has a charming, literate, lighthearted
sense of humor about sex."

—Duke Winkler, PLAYBOY

"A WITTY, TOUCHING AND
VERY UNIQUE FILM."

—Rita Reed



LA CAGE AUX FOLLES

ALBERT SCHWARTZ, MARIE INCENTHAI,
ALAIN JEAN, JEAN-PIERRE FACCIOLE,
ALAIN MARCANT, CHRISTINE BARAILLY, VICTOR LANDO, MARIE FRANCE POSET,
• ALAIN PELISSIER

• ALAIN PEL

SPECIAL EVENTS

March previewing: Opening of RICH'S evening restaurant at the Eden House, 1015 Fleming, 296-6868. A warm rich atmosphere with indoor-outdoor charm, soft glow lighting in an intimate setting. Something for everyone, from steak espanole to seafood and quiche. Wed.-Sun., 6 to 10 p.m.

Opening March 7: THE ARTISTS' WAREHOUSE at the Old Sponge House on Charles St., featuring the acrylics and oils of Karen Clemens and the pottery of Loys Locklear, 6-10 p.m.

March 17 - St. Patrick's Day. Wear your green and take every opportunity to sport about and cavoodle! Eat some corned beef and cabbage, if you might be needin' some extra bit o' the blarney!

OLD ISLAND DAYS: For complete information, visit Chamber of Commerce at Malory Square. Or call 294-9501.

Mar. 6-7 House Tours

Mar. 12-15 Antique Show

Mar. 13-15 Mini Flower Show

Mar. 14 Ceramics and Crafts Show and Sale

Mar. 21 Shell Blowing Contest

Mar. 21 Key West Delicacies

Mar. 22 Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet with Shrimp and Sauce Sampler

THEATRE ARTS, ETC.

THE RED BARN THEATRE, 319 Duval St. Rear. 294-5721. Opening March 12: American Buffalo by David Mamet.

POETRY READINGS, LEARNING, ETC.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER (TWFAC) Stock Island. 294-6363.

Mar. 7-8 For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide When The Rainbow Is Enuf--a play to celebrate Black Heritage Week, 8 p.m.

Mar. 11 Black Heritage Night, with lectures and music, 7 p.m.

Mar. 26 Leonard Pennario, Piano. 8:30 p.m.

GALLERIES

ARTISTS UNLIMITED, 221 Duval St., 296-5625. Hours: 12-5 p.m. or by appointment. A delightful gallery in a Conch-style setting, with an international reputation.

EAST MARTELLO, S. Roosevelt Blvd., 3913. 9:30-5 daily except Christmas. A "fort-museum" with some of the most interesting artifacts of Keys' history and lore. March 4-28: Norma Renner, Bill Ford and Ronald Babbitt: Woodcarving, wood sculpture and watercolor, respectively.

FARRINGTON GALLERIES, 711 Duval St., 294-6911. An artist-supply gallery, featuring new work of Mario Sanchez, including his woodcarving "Bucket of Fish," and the new biography on him by Katherine Proby.

GINGERBREAD SQUARE GALLERY, 902 Duval, 296-8900. 11-6 every day. Reopening weekend eves 7-10 p.m. This art gallery blends the modern and primitive styles in the works of Stell Adams, Henry Lawrence Faulkner, and many more. Featured shows continued bi-weekly. March 3: Alice Terry. March 31: Dick Stein.

HAITIAN ART CO., 600 Frances St., 296-8932. Key West's newest gallery is like a trip to Haiti itself, replete with colorful island jungles, masks and traditions. Owner Ruth Kravitz encourages all interested to stop by and see her selection, and "visit a little bit of Haiti."

KEY WEST ART CENTER, 301 Front St., 294-1241. 10-5 daily; Sundays 11-4.

EVENTS

This is a membership gallery, featuring individual wall shows every two weeks. Public lectures given from time to time on subjects pertinent to art and artists.

LIGHTHOUSE AND MILITARY MUSEUM, 938 Whitehead, 294-0012. The highest view of Key West can be had here, along with a survey of aircraft and wartime materials convenient to island defense.

MOIRA, THE ART GALLERY IN KEY LIME SQ. 294-1254. 10-5 Tuesday-Saturday. Jim Lehmkul, artist-in-residence, will be featured in a one-man show through the 19th of March. Pennsylvania's Jim Salmon's works are also on display, as well as the continuing "Main Street USA" show of Kathleen Elgin. A comfortable musical atmosphere set in elegant style.

ROOFTOP GALLERY, 423 Front St., 294-5892. 10-5 daily. Small but mighty, this special artist's showcase includes handcrafted jewelry and the intriguing "Two Kisses From God, Plus Two" by Henry Lawrence Faulkner, famed Key West artist, singer, and philosopher.

OLDEST HOUSE MUSEUM, 322 Duval St., 294-9502. Antique lovers will enjoy this excursion into the furniture, housewares and decorations of old island interiors "way back when." Be sure to visit the kitchen out back.

WOMEN'S CENTER, 602 Duval St., 8-4:30 daily. Classes for March: Mar. 3 C.P.R., 6:30-9:30 p.m., Fla. Keys Memorial Hospital

Mar. 19 IRS Business Tax Workshop, 9-3, FKAAC, Room 2408.

Mar. 28 Beginning Children's Theatre, 9:30-11, TWFAC

Mar. 28 Advanced Children's Theatre, 1-2:30 p.m., TWFAC

WORKSHOPS IN LIFE PAINTING AND DRAWING with Malcolm Ross. Monday evenings at 7 p.m. and Friday afternoons at 2. (\$2-\$3 model fee.) For further information, call 294-8301.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER (TWFAC), Stock Island, Fla. Keys Community College campus, 294-6363.

Mar. 1 A lecture by poet Maya Angelou. 8 p.m.

SENIOR CITIZEN NEWS

Saturday, March 7, at the airport fairgrounds, the Jaycees will hold a COMMUNITY PICNIC for all senior citizens, to include chicken barbecue FREE for the elderly, plus horseshoes, bingo, games, guest speakers and FREE TRANSPORTATION from three locations: S.S. Plaza, Douglas School and the Armory. Call Steve Nahm for more information, at 296-8526.

MONDAY MORNING BOOK REVIEWS, Library at 700 Fleming. 10:30 a.m.

Mar. 2 Herman Wouk, reviewed by Helen and Bowman Cutler

Mar. 9 Will Durant by Ross McKee

Mar. 16 Philip Burton by Robert Mitchner

Mar. 23 Shakespeare by William Prosser

Mar. 30 Walker Percy by Helen Thielen and Jean Lawrence

SHAKESPEARE LECTURE SERIES by Philip Burton, TWFAC (see above, Poetry).

Mar. 9 Measure for Measure

Mar. 16 The Tragedies

Mar. 23 Othello

Mar. 30 Antony and Cleopatra

FILMS

MONROE COUNTY LIBRARY, 700 Fleming, 294-8488. Children's films every Saturday at 10 a.m. Free.

Mar. 7 Norman The Doorman, A Story, A Story, and Supermouse Rides Again

Mar. 14 Hole And The Rocket and Popeye The Sailor Meets Sinbad The Sailor

Mar. 21 Cricket On Times Square and

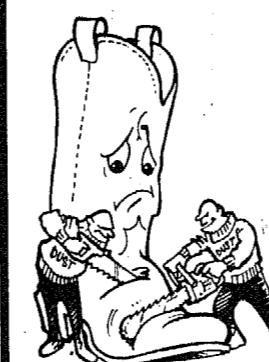
(Events continued on preceding page)

TIPS ON BOOT CARE

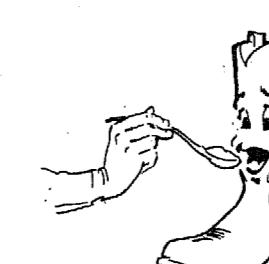
Here is a step by step procedure to lengthen the life of your boots and to improve their appearance.

by Sam Lucchese

for Tony Lama

HINTS ON THE CARE AND FEEDING OF BOOTS.

A) Wipe Off Dust. Remember that leather is skin and will react the way skin does so the most important thing you can do in caring for any piece of footwear is to KEEP IT FREE OF DUST. Dust will settle in the creases of boots or shoes. The dust acts like sandpaper, cutting or the finish with every step you take. Sooner or later it will cut through not only the finish but the fiber itself and the leather will split.

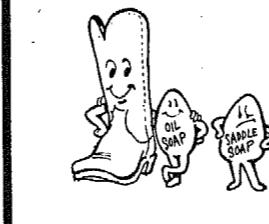


SO WIPE OFF YOUR BOOTS. OFTEN! Just before you shine them, but every time you take them off. Wipe the dust off boots with anything you have handy.

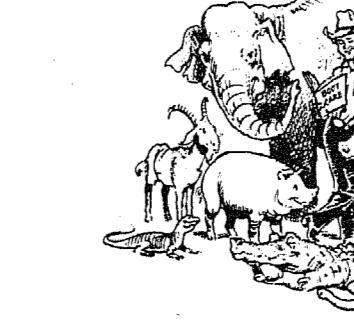
You do not need a special brush or cloth. You DO need to make this a habit. You can't wipe them off too often.

Unless you sit or a desk in an air conditioned office never wear the same pair of boots two days in a row. They need to rest and have a chance to air out.

• Never, but NEVER put wet boots even close to heat to dry.



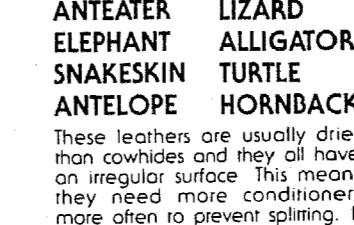
B) Wash Off Any Loose Dirt. You can use saddle soap if YOU DO NOT LET IT DRY on the boots and do not rub it in. Use it the same way you use soap on your face. You can buy a leather oil soap that will clean just as well and you don't have to worry about it drying on the boots. It has an oil base and is good for leather.



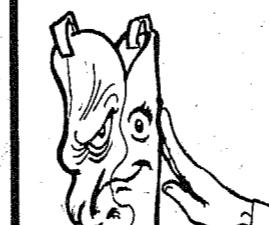
You should now be all ready to increase the life span of your boots and enhance their beauty as well. But let's go a step further and list some special information about special leathers. This way you can pin down exactly how you treat every pair of boots in your closet.



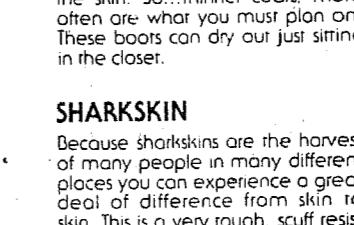
C) Apply A Coat Of Shoe Cream. This is different from wax or liquid polish. It should be used in a color that matches the leather and it should be rubbed into the boots, especially over scuff marks or scratches. Give the cream a few minutes to dry and then brush or rag the boots to a shine.



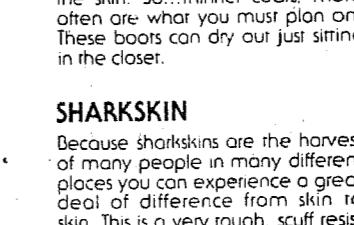
D) Apply A Thin Coat Of Wax. There are several good brands of wax polish available. The wax should also be in a matching color. This coat of wax not only gives the boot a brighter shine but it also helps prevent water spotting and the absorption of many things leather would rather live without. Again, give the wax a few minutes to dry and brush or rag the boots to a high shine.



Then there is "conditioning". Leather conditioning is a lot like skin conditioning. You put oils and conditioners to replace those that have dried out since the leather was originally tanned. Some leathers will need more than others. It needs to be done more often in dry climates or when leather is subjected to repeated wettings and dryings. If you shine your boots regularly, it does not have to be done every time you shine your boots.



To condition your boots properly apply the conditioner while the boots are still damp from soaping. Moist leather will absorb more of the conditioner. Keep in mind the leather can only absorb so much conditioner at one time. Pouring it on will just waste it and probably leave the boots sticky and dull. A case of too much of a good thing.



SHARKSKIN Because sharkskins are the harvest of many people in many different places, you can experience a great deal of difference from skin to skin. This is a very rough, scuff resistant leather but it can dry out. When it does dry out it splits and tears. You should give these boots a little extra oil and conditioners to keep the leather soft and flexible. Put a little extra oil around the edge where the sole is sewn to the foot.

Stop in. We will be very happy to help you in any way we can.



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