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Key West, Florida

March 1980





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FROM THE EDITOR

HELLO --

GREENE STREET THEATRE is off to a fast start. Their production of anything goes is a real charmer -- the acting is zesty, the sets great, and the singing and dancing marvelous fun. Congratulations.

THE VOTE WILL be coming up soon on the referendum for the Resort Tax. There is no reason to do anything but vote YES for it. Those against it have not given adequate proof that it would not be a great bonanza for this community. Solares Hill advises a YES vote.

WE RAN A photo of an old house in the process of being moved to Key Lime Square last issue. The photographer was Paul Haynes.

BILL WESTRAY has done a lot of homework for his editorial on the building at Sands Beach. I recommend it to our readers highly. On the subject of this building going on there, I was at a meeting with Mayor McCoy, Key West Building Inspector Garland Smith, and David Wolchowsky (the builder) the other day. Mayor McCoy said firmly that it was incumbent on David to prove the rightness of everything that he is doing there, and he stressed that the buildings would have to conform with the Key West Comprehensive Land Use Plan. I would imagine that this means that there will have to be some major changes effected at Sands Beach, since, as Westray's article shows, there appear to be major building violations in many areas of the construction.

I SPOKE WITH a woman who was worried about our gas allocation in the Keys. She wondered if the allocators couldn't take into account the large number of gas stations that have closed recently and increase the amount of gas that we get by the amount that these closed stations would have been eligible to receive. I called Graham Hicks, who is our new Disaster Preparedness Director (which encompasses fuel allocation at the present time), and he told me that he was running a survey in Monroe County to find out how many retail outlets had opened, how many had closed, what our tourist population and our resident

population increases have been, etc., to see if we weren't entitled to more gas than we have been getting. The survey will take time, he said, and although he will report to the State, it will ultimately be a federal decision that will guide our future allocations.

THERE HAS BEEN a change of date for the J.P. So benefit. It will still be held at the Orchid Tree, but the date has been pushed up to March 12. This way more entertainers will be able to be present.

I WOULD LIKE to make a clarification on something that appeared in the article on vote buying in February's paper. The article listed some of those whose names had appeared on the lists that the vote buyers gave to people whose votes had been bought as a guide for their voting. As we said in the article, often a person's name is put on this list without that person being aware of it. We were not saying that these men were engaged in vote buying, as a careful reading of the article would show. Indeed, one of those whose name apparently had appeared on a list was none other than Commissioner Alton Weekley, whose brother Jimmy has been very active in fighting vote fraud, and certainly no one suspects Alton of buying votes. Another example was in our last election, in which newly elected Utility Board Member Otha Cox's name was said to have been on one of the lists that was circulated in a heavily Black voting precinct. For Otha Cox, a Black man, to have spent money buying votes in his own neighborhood (so to speak) would be absurd. Anyone who skimmed the article might have gotten the wrong impression, and we are sorry if this happened.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH.

WJH

Our cover artist this time is John Buzogany. His work may be seen at the Goldsmith Shop at 114 Fitzpatrick.

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With a little help from our friends . . .

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HARRY CHIPCHASE

ARTICLE BY MACK DRYDEN PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

THE SHERIFF CALLS Harry Chipchase "Big Brother," because he sort of was at one time. Coffee Butler, whose name has been synonymous with Key West and music for years, calls him "The Boss," because he was a good one. "I hope I live a long time," said Coffee. "But if I could have anybody I wanted to play in my procession, I'd want Harry to be there."

Harry leans over his car on Thomas Street to give it a good going over with a wet rag and a sponge. He has to break his rhythm and wave back at somebody every couple of minutes. Everybody knows Harry's corner. He's been in the white house with green shutters on the corner of Thomas and Truman Avenue for 26 years, so everybody at least yells



Harriett and Harry Chipchase today at their Thomas Street home.

Harry Chipchase has been blowing a trombone for about half a century, but he's been impressing people with plain Harry Chipchase longer than that. People like Harry because of who he is, not what he can do. "He's a gentle man," said Coffee. "He's my kind of people."

"Chip" or "Harry," if they don't stop and speak. He's been collecting people for a long time.

JUST BEFORE THE turn of the century, a man named Chipchase left Bimini and sailed to Key West to start a new life.

He had a son named Frank, who married Arlene Brady, and in 1918 they had a son they named Harry.

Harry was born in a little house near the old power plant substation at the end of Angela Street. In 1924, when he was six, his parents and two brothers moved to New York City. "We lived on 128th Street between 7th and 8th, up in Harlem," he said. "My father played in different bands, sometimes in marching bands and funeral processions, and my mother worked in a laundry. The city wasn't rough in those days. I played in the streets and had friends. I got hit by a car one time. The driver must not have seen me. I held on to the front bumper and it dragged me for about two blocks until somebody said, 'Hey, mister! There's a little boy hanging onto the front of your car!' It was a Model A Ford, I remember."

EARLY IN 1929, Harry's grandmother -- Arlene's mother -- grew ill and wasn't expected to recover. Arlene took her two boys -- one had died of pneumonia at age five -- back to Key West to see her mother for the last time. They never moved off the island again.

"I started working when I was 13," said Harry. "That was in the middle of the Depression, and I had to help Mama. Sometimes all we had was bread and tea, but we never went hungry. I worked at Navarro's Garage at the corner of Duval and Southard (where Blue Fingers, Texas Too and The Whale are now). They sold new cars there -- Chrysler products -- and I greased them and changed tires."

Around that time Harry's mother started working for the Freeman family. "My mother practically raised the sheriff (William O. "Billy" Freeman) and his brother David, so we grew up together."

SHERIFF FREEMAN REMEMBERS it well. "We used to call each other Big Brother," he said. "Still do. His mother worked for us for 18 years, until the day she passed. She was a very strict, no-nonsense woman, and she gave me and Harry some brutal paddlings. But we loved her."

"We grew up in the Depression, so we didn't do things that cost money, but it didn't matter. We played baseball and marbles and teased the neighbors, and we used to trap birds before it was against the law. Back then people would keep wild birds in cages on their porches, and me and Harry used to trap cat birds, black birds, cardinals every once in awhile. We'd make the traps and cages out of coconut palm fronds."

He said the fact that racial segregation was the norm in those days didn't affect their friendship. "When you're young, you accept things as they are, I guess. We couldn't go to school together,

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4 but we played together right after school. When we were older, Harry and I would go in places and have drinks together, and nobody ever questioned us. I used to go where his band was playing, and I guess the musicians were more readily accepted."

Harry said things started changing in race relations around 1940 after the Overseas Highway was finished, and "mainlanders" started coming in numbers. "There never were 'White' and 'Colored' drinking fountains and restrooms down here before that," he said. "We all knew each other, and it didn't matter." The strangers brought with them racist attitudes that caused some tension for several decades. Now, Harry said, race relations are about back to where they should be.

WHEN HE WAS 14, Harry's mother bought him a \$7 trombone from Harry's first music teacher, Willie Thompson. When he was 15, he joined the Douglass High School Jazz Band. Even at that age, people listened when Harry blew his horn, and when he was only 16, he became the youngest member of the Welters Coronet Band. "That's where I got most of my experience," he said. "We did about three concerts a week at places like the USO Club and the Marine Hospital. It was about a 25-piece band, and we did overtures, marching stuff, funeral dirges. We went to Miami for a few concerts. Most of the musicians were elderly, so I learned a lot from them."

Music didn't support him, and at age 16 he was running the biggest shoeshine parlor in town. "It was called Peter's Shoe Shine, and it was on Duval Street where Key Lime Square is now. A Spaniard who worked on a passenger ship owned it, and I ran it."

AT AGE 18, he left the shoeshine shop and went to work in one of President Roosevelt's New Deal programs to put youngsters to work. "I went to Horton, Louisiana, and worked on farms maintain-

ing irrigation trenches and digging ditches. We got a dollar a day, but they would send \$25 a month to our parents

band. "That was in 1938, back when you had jitney dances. You'd buy tickets to dance with the girls. You got six



Left to right: Billie Pitman, Harry Chipchase, Oscar "Timer," Colton Butler, and Victor Cruz with group known as "Chipchase" about 20 years ago.

and we'd keep five. We got fed and we had a place to stay, so it was okay." After six months of that, he returned to Key West and started his first

dances for a quarter, and you'd get a bunch if you wanted to make out with the girl," he laughed. "We played at Sloppy Joe's."

THEN IN 1939 he got a break when a band leader heard him play during a basketball tournament and asked him to join the Walter Johnson Dance Band from West Palm Beach. "He drove down from West Palm and got four of us," Harry said. "The other three were Oliver Butler and Vincent Butler, both saxophone players, and Theodore 'Fats' Navarro, the only one of us to ever make it big. Fats went on to play with big names like Andy and Billy Eckstein, and then he went on his own. He made lots of recordings."

From July to September the nine-piece Walter Johnson Dance Band went on one-nighters out of West Palm. "It was beautiful until Fats left us and went back to Key West. We were in Jacksonville at the time, a long way from home and broke. We could find a trumpet player, but we couldn't find one that could play from his soul and ad lib like Fats could."

"Anyway, we had enough for sandwiches, but we couldn't pay the rent at the motel. So the lady took our instruments and hid them away in the dining room. Mama sent me a bus ticket home, so I snuck mine out of there and took off. I made a vow to God I'd never go on the road and put myself in that position again. Never did, either."

HIS WIFE HARRIET said, "He had relatives in Jacksonville, and the band used to go over and rehearse at their house and play for them, but Harry was too proud to ask for help." Harry shrugged, admitting it.

He went to work as a custodian supervisor under the Work Progress Administration (WPA) and did that from 1939 to 1940. "Then the sweet thing came along," he said. "I put in an application and went to work for the Navy at the Truman Annex in the supply division. I'll be with them 40 years next year."

The war broke out, and in 1942 Harry joined the Special Services and spent the next three years and three months entertaining Allied troops all over the South Pacific. Well-known entertainers like Phyllis Brooks and John Wayne shared the same stage with Harry many times. "We flew every day playing one-nighters on the islands," he said. "They were supposed to be towns, but there wasn't much town that I ever saw. Every once in a while Jap planes would interrupt the show and we'd have to dive for cover while they bombed us. We almost got torpedoed going to Australia one time."

HIS JOB WITH the Navy was waiting for him when he got back to Key West, and he went to work in the Public Works Transportation division, where he is now.

In 1948, on Labor Day to be exact, he had played a concert at the old Ocean View Park (now Truman Annex property) and was walking back to the band room when he ran into the woman he would marry, Harriett Tynes. "I'd seen him around, of course," said Harriett, "but that's the first time I ever looked at him twice. He was debonair, friendly, easy to talk to. He liked a nice time, and we had a lot of common likes. My parents were very strict, but we went to movies and dancing. If he played I went to see him. It was romantic that he was a musician." Harriett's father, Victor G. R. Tynes ("Uncle Dudley" to a lot of folks), was a Conch and a Key West mail-carrier for 38 years. Her mother, Bertha, came from the Bahamas when she was a girl of 10.

HARRY PRACTICALLY always had a group to play with, and he started many of them. "As a musician," said Coffee Butler, "Harry is at least a nine on the one to ten scale. He's more than that, though. He's an entertainer. He used to be a leader of whatever was going on. Most of the younger fellows playing music looked up to him. We nicknamed him The Boss because that's what he was." He laughed. "He'd let you know if you made a boo-boo, too. He'd turn that horn at

you and go 'Boop!' It would embarrass you for a second, but you wouldn't do it next time."

When he started raising a family, music had to take a back seat to earning a good living; but music is still a very big part of his life. He is a choir member and a trustee at the Cornish Chapel A.M.E. Zion Church, and he plays at various church functions. He plays for dances three or four times a month, and is often called on to play in funeral processions. He and Coffee get together in trios and duets fairly often for church functions, even though they don't attend the same church.

Chances are Harry and Harriett are going to be at their corner for a long time. "We love it," he said. "Key West is changing, but I still love it. You can do so much more with your living now. I'm not going anywhere."

For a lot of people, that's very nice to know.



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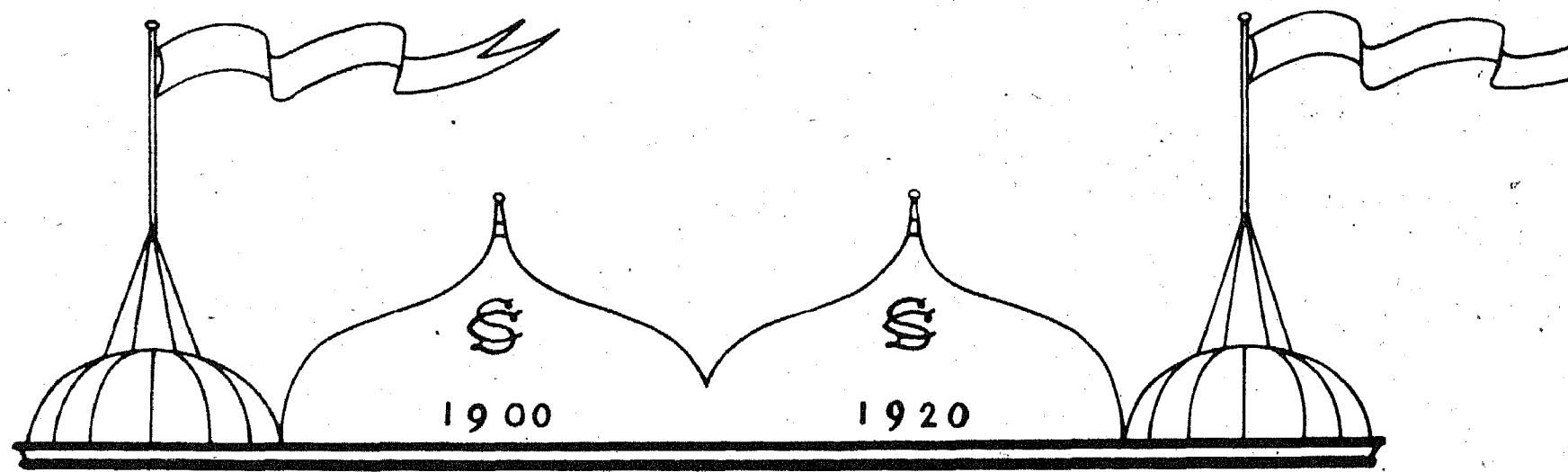
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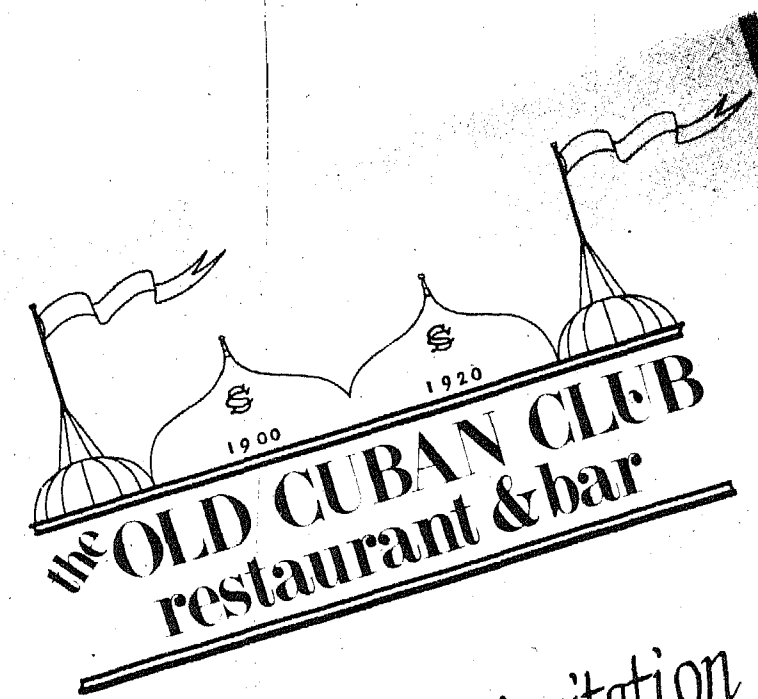
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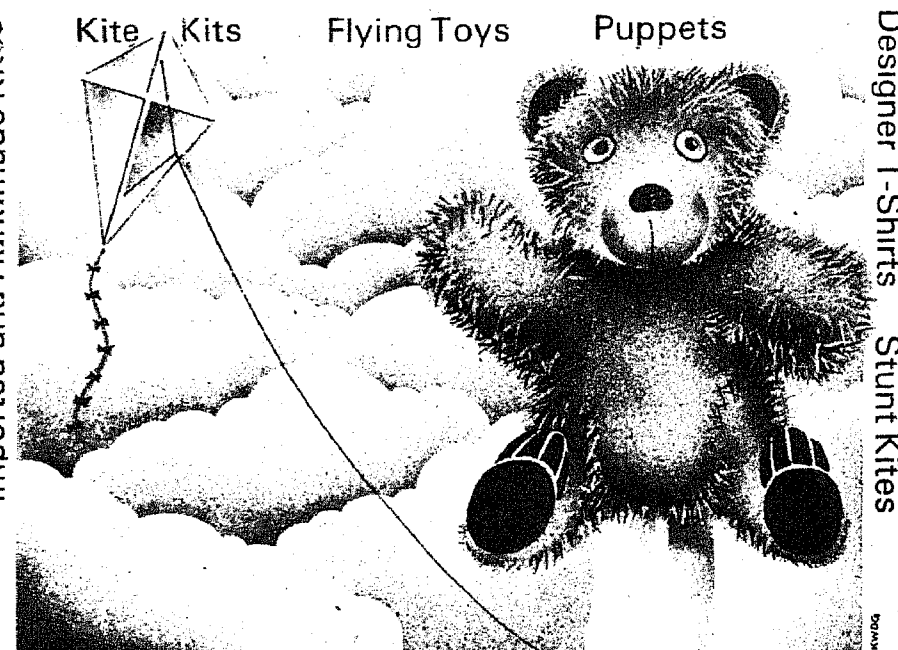
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notes & antic - dotes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

FOR YEARS, I interviewed the top flight stage, screen and nightclub personalities when I was entertainment editor for the *Miami Daily News*, and in freelancing. I had built up a sort of shield in the effort to be pragmatic about the glamor and charm of personages in show business.

But I reckoned without the personal projection of magnetism which emanated from actress Tallulah Bankhead.

SHE CAME TO KEY WEST in the spring of 1960 for rest and relaxation. The "R. and R." interlude was in preparation for her role in a comedy, *Midgie Purvis*, written by Mary Chase, who had created the prize-winning comedy, *Harvey*.

There was once a popular song called "Stars Fell on Alabama," based on an actual meteorite shower. After Miss Bankhead glowed on the theatrical horizon, one critic introduced a saying about her -- calling her "The Star That Fell on Alabama." The title was apt! Tallulah was born in Casper, Alabama, the last of January in 1903 (one version has it in 1902), and she did have a blazing career.

IN MARCH AND APRIL of 1960, the brilliant star was still illuminating the theatrical world -- although she was 57 or 58 and past her "prime" in comparison with earlier decades.

She was a house guest of writer James Leo Herlihy, who at that time maintained a home on Johnson Street. Herlihy called me at *The Key West Citizen* and asked if I would like to interview Miss Bankhead. The only stipulation was that the interview was to be informal and that I would not bring a photographer. A picture portrait would be supplied, I was told. The newspaper complied on the request with a minimum of protest.

On a Sunday afternoon in late March, 1960, Herlihy arrived in a little convertible at my abode at 620 Dey Street, and I was driven to the rendezvous with some apprehension on my part.

I need not have had any tremulous feeling. Miss Bankhead was in the front patio with singer Dick Duane and her secretary-companion, Ted Hook, very much at ease, which put me in a parallel mood.

SHE WAS WEARING casual attire: peacock blue pedal pushers, a shirt-blouse of white with delicate feather design in light blue with deeper touches of blue that matched her eyes. A narrow band of blue ribbon in an exact shade held her tawny mane of hair in an off-the-face frame, a simple coiffure that enhanced the slanted high cheekbones and the sensuous mouth. She wiggled her small, high-arched bare feet in white sandal wedgies as she sat sipping a cocktail.

But it was her voice that entranced. It has been described many times by different writers: "like hot honey and milk" was one scintillating phrasing. Oh, there was no doubt that at one time she was noted for boisterous bawling projection, but that lazy afternoon in 1960, her tone, though resonant, was subdued. I dreamed up my own terms, and in the subsequent article on Tallulah, as she insisted on being called, I referred to her vocalization in purple prose as "velvet thunder."

It was utter magic, and "magic," by the way, was her favorite word, she confided.

AS SHE TALKED of other years and other places, and triumphs

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as well as disappointments, the images of her life were conjured up like...well, "like magic." There were glimpses of the young beauty with a sensitive, almost wistful expression, who conquered England; an ethereal reflection of her portrayal of Camille; of the sultry sophisticate; of the hoydenish comedienne; and, above all, of the proud, haughty vixen in *The Little Foxes*.

The conversation was interspersed with a succession of "Dahlings," but only a few mild "damns." There was no barrel-house "cussin'," to which she was often given. The range of topics was so amazing -- covering theater critics, politics, books, music, her coming play, in which she had the title role, and her pets, especially her dogs, among them a white Pekinese and a Maltese terrier on her estate in New York. The estate was called "Windows," and she owned it for a long time before giving up the country surroundings for urban living.

WHILE DISCUSSING THE subject of pets, she learned that I had recently acquired a purebred black and silver German shepherd that was still in the process of learning commands in English. He had been taught by a German trainer, and I had to transpose German orders into English for him for weeks before the change-over was perfected.

I was paying for him on time. The down-payment was a gift from The Players, instigated by Dick Theall, who was then president of the Little Theater movement here and current director of *The Sleeping Prince*, in which I had a role, to be presented at the Barn Theater, then the home of the Key West Players -- the small edifice behind the Woman's Club on Duval Street.

Geronimo, as I had named my dog, was a "hearing ear" dog, not by training, but by his innate intelligence. He barked not only as a watchdog when anybody came to the house, but also when the telephone rang! And as a guard dog he was superlative. His chief fault was howling when I left him at home.

Tallulah immediately expressed interest. "I'd like to see him. And why don't we go get him? Why leave the poor creature alone?"

She also insisted that I stay "for supper" with her usual Southern hospitality gesture. So off we toolied in Herlihy's little car back to my apartment to fetch my dog, who weighed in the neighborhood of 95 pounds.

HE WAS USUALLY fierce toward strangers, but Tallulah was fearless. There was instant rapport between them. She was a surprisingly small woman, about five foot-three, and at the time not overweight. The big dog responded to her with adoration. Back at Herlihy's house, Geronimo continued to be enraptured with her attention. She fed him chicken during and after our evening repast, removing bones from the meat with care.

Cuban Consul Oscare Morales and his wife dropped in for a chat. Not a monologist on this occasion at least, Miss Bankhead proved to be an attentive listener to the report of the Cuban situation. She showed great acumen concerning world affairs. The evening ended on an extremely pleasant note, and I was driven home with a feeling of having established a friendship over and beyond the duty of an newspaper interviewer.

DURING HER SEVERAL weeks' stay here, Tallulah was feted by Tennessee Williams at a party given at his Duncan Street home. The two southerners were a bit wary of each other, profession wise, but he did write his play, *The Milk Train Doesn't Stop Here Anymore* with Tallulah in mind, and it is reported that at one time he had thought of her as Blanche in *Streetcar Named Desire*. At any rate, the party was a huge success and was attended by illustrious localites and visitors.

One memorable evening, Tallulah, accompanied by Hook,

continued on page 26

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BY HELEN CHAPMAN

MY STRUGGLE WITH learning to speak foreign languages has resulted in my undying devotion to English-speaking countries. Reading and writing other languages has never posed too great a problem, but conversing in them terrifies me.

I took French for two years in high school and felt I could at least manage the minor amenities such as, "How are you?" One time a friend introduced me to a Frenchman who spoke no English, and while I was far from prepared for a discourse on Sartre, I was sure "Comment ça va?" would work. Expecting something like "Bien. Et vous?" in return, I was more than startled when he replied with a long string of unintelligible French words. I asked my friend what he'd said and was told, "Fine. How are you?" So much for French.

IN ITALY I met a girl who wanted to improve her English. We shared the prob-

lem of verbs. In Italian each action takes a different verb, that is, "to go in" is not the same word as "to go out." I couldn't get them straight, and she couldn't remember the modifying adverbs we use in English. Consequently, she fell up instead of down, drove her car under bridges instead of across them, etc. After several exchange lessons, I was trying one night to fall asleep counting Italian sheep, but it was hopeless. While I strained for the word for "jump over," the dumb sheep kept asking me, "Are we jumping over, in, out, down, under or sideways?" Viva Italia!

BY FAR THE MOST difficult of all was Turkish. After a year and a half in that country, I finally mastered, "How are you?" and "How much?" It was de rigueur for Americans to have maids. Aside from other qualities, native maids could get better prices than we Americans. I took out my trusty little dictionary

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WRECKERS WHARF
633 Front Street

and wrote out a list for my maid -- only to find out she couldn't read. Also her memory was fallible. Hence I was never sure what we were having for dinner.

She had one English word at her command -- nylon. She'd worked for Americans before and evidently had had many years of American women screaming, "Don't iron that blouse! It's nylon!"

She and I worked out a good relationship until the day I blew it. A friend of mine was looking for a maid, and I knew Fatma had a friend who needed work. In trying to ask her if she had seen her friend, I used the wrong verb and accompanied it with gestures supposed to indicate seeing. This resulted in confused and hostile looks from Fatma. I later discovered she thought I was telling her she had dung in her eye. I didn't really need a maid anyhow.

WHEN I CAME to Key West, I thought I should learn Spanish. I've got "cafe con leche" down pat.

Well, give me a little time -- I've been here only ten years.

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BY FRANCES-ELIZABETH SIGNORELLI

DID YOU EVER notice that most persons in Key West are unplaceable?

Conversely, the two coffeing at Dennis could summarily be "placed"... One man, wearing an Aqueduct uniform, sat story-telling with the other man, other man in a paint-smear cap with dried paint drops here and there on his shirt.

"Tiny being laid out down at Pritchard's -- the Rosary services are tonight -- and, I mean to tell you, that set me to remembering Old Aunt, she being Tiny's grannie.

"Old Aunt was some connection of the Baptist Lane Currys, and she lived her last years in my daddy's house."

He paused to stir in another packet

of Sweet 'N Low.

"I was just a little kid, and she scared me to death, always grabbing me and pressing me against her sharp chin whiskers, though she meant it kindly. She was a little bit of a woman with red-rimmed, watery eyes black as licorice and a pointy, sharp nose. She fussed around in her rock rose bed in the yard or at her tomato plants or she stayed in her back bedroom.

"She was poorly. One time, she described her rheumatism; another day, she told about her swimming head; and at other times, she gave a full list of her organ disorders.

"Old Aunt just enjoyed bad health -- that is, up until Dr. Galey gave her the pills.

"Old Aunt always went to bed with the chickens. She would be in the dark in her bed, though it was still twilight out where I had been playing klee klee with the kids on the block. I could stand in the hall and see her rummaging, her bony fingers feeling about in the drawer of her night stand. There she

kept a treasury of old garden gloves, a sunbonnet, a fan advertising the undertaking parlor, seed packets, a black prayer book with the purple ribbon marking the 23rd Psalm, her medicine and bits of this and that.

"Old Aunt began eating second helpings of grits cooked with cheese for breakfast. The new pills the doctor gave her were fixing her up, she said."

THE STORY TELLER held out his cup to Audrey for seconds.

"Old Aunt got sprier every day. She was spending more time out hacking with her hoe at the pink rock roses. 'Sure is good medicine pills,' that's what Old Aunt said.

"After Old Aunt just quietly breathed on out one night, one time a long while later, Mama said:

"Why, Old Aunt was reaching in that drawer and swallowing a mush melon seed every morning and night."



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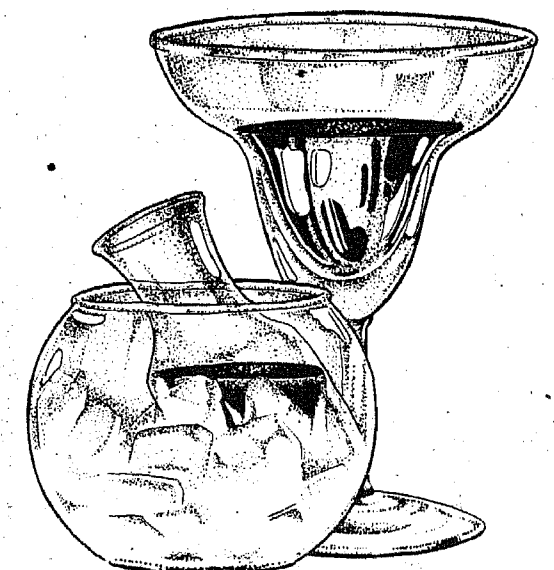
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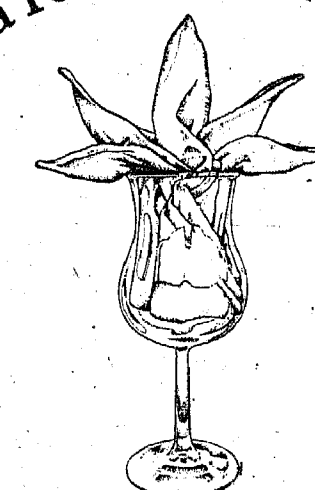
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Chronicle of the Ish-Ty-Ique (Pronounced ish'-tie'-eek')

BY HEIDI LANDECKER

SHE IS JUST a small ship, but her incarnations are numerous. Her various riggings and methods of propulsion far outnumber her crossings.

She is first remembered as the Minnow. An itinerant carpenter came to our island in the Florida Keys from Ohio, and was awed by the aqua waters that stretch from horizon to horizon. His name was Spencer, and he could build anything out of that which was formerly nothing. He needed a boat that would sail the far reaches of shallow bays or visit the shores of distant mangrove islands. He crafted her of plywood from the scrap of our wood pile, and she sailed. But Spencer learned soon that sailing can be slow, and that the wind as a source of power has its unreliable moments. He switched to gasoline. The Minnow sped over flats and under bridges, past polling sharpies and sculling skipjacks, but her crew had thought of something else... water-skiing. The skiff's fate was sealed -- the 40 horsepower Johnson cracked her transom and split her bottom, and Spencer built a bigger and a better boat.

SHE SANK TO the depths of Coupon Right.* There she lay in two feet of water, filled when the tide was in and emptied at the ebb. Over the years the fine sediments of the bay bottom left her both aground, and underground. A mangrove took root between her gunwales and polychaets encrusted her bow. Her hull was chewed by small crustaceans who delighted in its tenderness, and gradually she added to the food chain of the bay.

But she was not unremembered. Our quickly developing coral island attracts itinerant carpenters aplenty. Another one arrived, a tall and bearded fellow with a voice that betrayed his cultural heritage. He was of island nativity -- Staten Island -- but in spite of his misfortune he proved himself so talented a builder that we called him Jimmy Jigsaw. It was not long at all before we saw him talking to Spencer, who with time had become a renowned shipwright. It is said that Jigsaw bore that lean-and-hungry look within his eye, that look which defies all terrestrial reason and says, "I have to have a boat." Spencer pointed him in the direction of the mangrove shore, where Jigsaw first beheld the derelict Minnow.

*This is a real, though improbable name. A right is a loop of rope in the knot-tying vernacular of sailing. A loop of land surrounds this shallow body of water which opens on the Great Atlantic. But where the Coupons come from, no one seems to know.

Now Jigsaw was one of those rare individuals blessed with Vision, Imagination, and Jean. Jean Jigsaw had long red hair and wore a ring upon her toe, a mark of distinction and whimsy. She promptly rechristened the vessel the Ish-ty-ique, and the little boat's future brightened. They went to work upon her blemished bow.

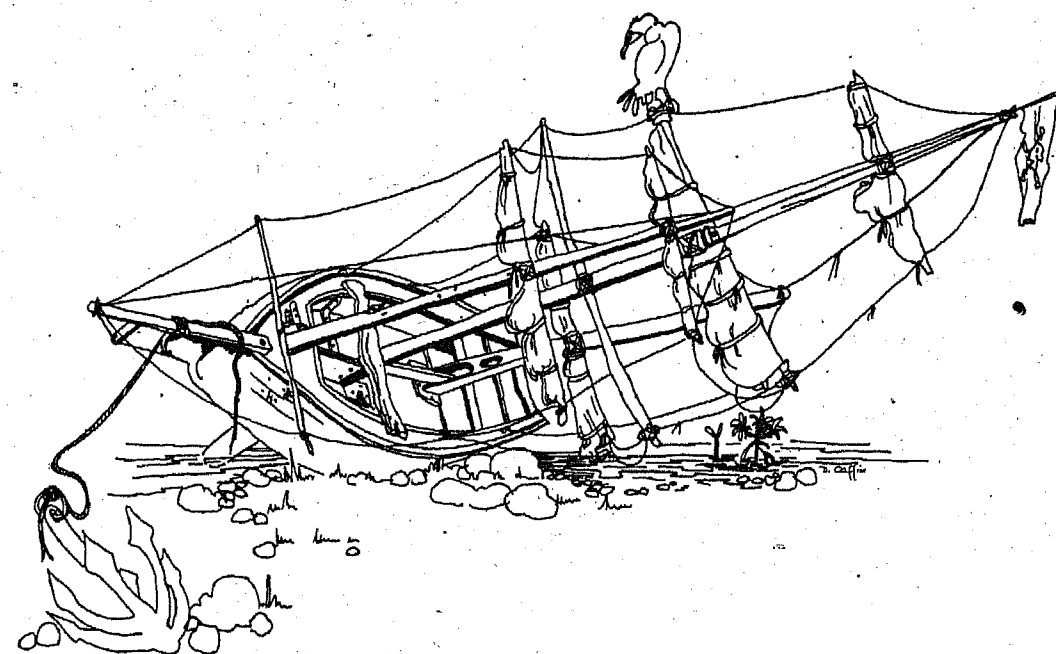
THEY BUILT HER a new bottom out of an old tent platform from the island dump. "She'll never sail," the skeptics told them. They cut the branches off a Dade County pine and stepped the mast. Her stays were made of fishing line and her rigging worked through old pulleys off venetian blinds, and "whatever we could get our hands on at the flea market for under fifty cents." (This was Jim's reply when questioned about the source of such cruising accoutrements.) The skeptics laughed, but came by quite frequently to watch her construction. Her tiller was a piece of fine mahogany driftwood and her boom a 2x4 that extended far beyond her stern. She was painted with latex housepaint on her topsides and rustoleum on her bottom. The skeptics jeered, but crowded near to watch her maiden voyage, and in the Valentine's Day Race of 1977, the Ish sailed.

Her first sail after years of repose was neither perfect nor far. The crew could not be assured of safety from her lengthy boom as long as they were anywhere on board. The helmsman had to duck to save his life when coming about. At one time the captain was seen jumping on the centerboard while uttering ungentle words. Her rigging creaked, but her tell-tales fluttered, and she sailed about with aplomb.

SPRING CAME IMPERCEPTIBLY to the Florida Keys as usual. Warblers went North again and Frigatebirds returned from far more Southern islands. Winds moved around from North to South, and thermometers jumped from 75 to 83. Mosquitoes hatched along the shore, and those fortunate enough to have a boat took to the safety of the saltwater, where mosquito larvae fear to tread. The Jigsaw crew made many a whimsical crossing before the island's inclement heat thickened their temperate blood. But in June when the wind sighed its last breath of the summer and the palm fronds offered their final rustle until September, the crew headed North. While the Ish lay once again at rest in Coupon Right, the Jigsaws made a few terrestrial crossings, and somehow months went by like summer squalls upon the aqua sea. And one day in another year's December, I looked up to see a familiar silhouette upon the bay... 'Twas the Ish-ty-ique under-

way! She differed some. An engine that had been recently pronounced scrap metal whirred gently at her stern, and her topsides were painted with new, bright yellow latex. But her crew had returned, for a bearded shipwright handled her tiller and a definite redhead was dangling her feet from the painted bow. Long live the Ish-ty-ique!

DELIGHTED BY THEIR new maneuverability and a reliable source of power, the crew travelled far and wide. It can be safely said that the Ish made her furthest crossings during this incarnation. She ventured up the channel and dared to pass beneath the asphalt chain from which the Florida Keys dangle between two seas. The crew was awed by known and charmed lands, by mangrove islands heretofore seen only by authentic



sailors, or zealots fishing from outboards. So awed were they that they forgot to check the gas, ran out, and had to be towed home. So much, they decided, for gasoline. Besides, it was nearly New Year's Day.

The New Year's Day race in Coupon Right had never before been entered by a square rigger. The shipwrights looked at plans and consulted the finest boat builders of the island. This time the skeptics cheered as Jigsaw stepped another boat's forsaken tiller as a mizenmast. Her former boom metamorphosed into a foremast and a pushpole extended by a 2x4 held her main. (Her original lovely mast of Dade County pine replaced a broken sprit on a certain ketch-rigged pulling boat, sailed up the inland waterway to Maine, and is still in use today.) Her yardarms were busted broom handles and the captain boasted that she could conceivably hold 20 sails! As it was, she flew two bedsheets, four pillowcases,

three curtains, and a piece of bright orange parachute. A crow's nest was fashioned from a cottage cheese container and her bowsprit was an original plank from a Spanish galleon that had long been lost at sea. Her 40 lb. Danforth hung proudly from her bow. When she sailed off the launch ramp on New Year's Day, the Ish was truly a noble sight. Her cannon, which I neglected to mention earlier, roared. (It was made of a black rubber tube, a SCUBA tank, and flour.) It smoked menacingly at the crews of competitor vessels. In the excitement of the race, the captain dropped the rudder pin overboard and the vessel was left without steering, but no one cared. The Ish-ty-ique was sailing, and to the surprise of no one, she was towed in first!

Today the Ish is peacefully dry-

docked by the edge of a canal. Her sails are furled and her rigging whistles as she awaits her next incarnation. The Valentine's Day race is coming. Rumor has it that she will be a serious contender, perhaps as a Viking warship powered by twenty oars. But who knows? That is only one possible future of many.



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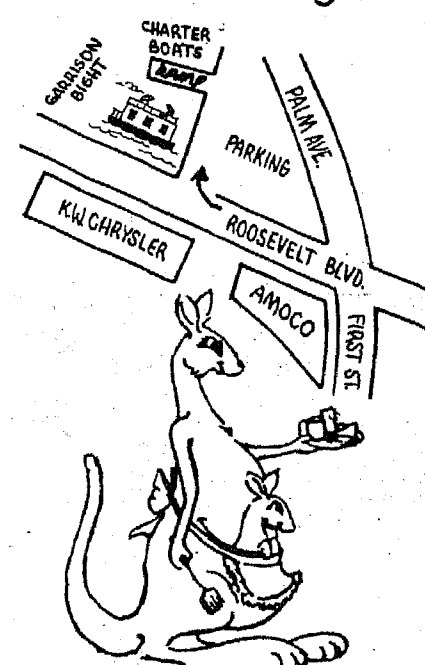
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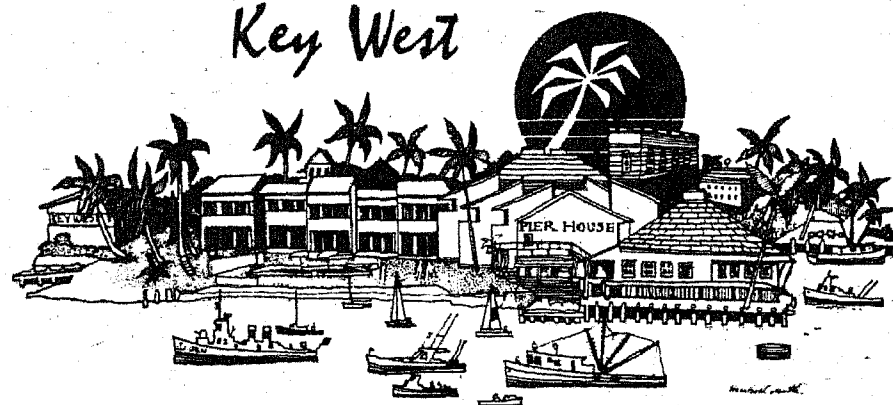
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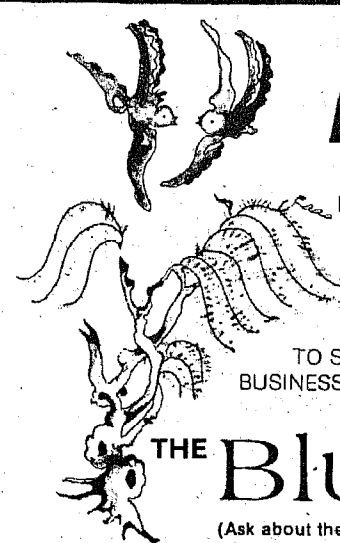
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Editorial

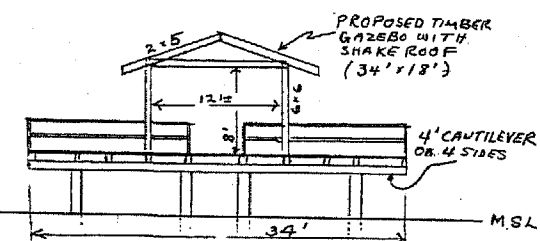
BY BILL WESTRAY

GAZEBO -- A BELVEDERE, a structure designed to command a view. (Webster's Seventh New Collegiate Dictionary)

ON SEPTEMBER 17, 1979, David Wolkowsky filed an application with the U.S. Army Corps of Engineers to replace a 150-foot-long finger pier in the Atlantic Ocean on the old "Sands" Beach with a T pier.

The new pierhead was to be enlarged to 18 by 34 feet and was to incorporate "a timber GAZEBO -- similar to the one recently built on the Casa Marina pier."

WOLKOWSKY GAZEBO APPROVED
by Army Corps of Engineers under
Permit No. 79(3)-1328



About one third (224 square feet) of the center section was to be covered with a shake roof about 8 feet high. Built in bench seating was planned in the open-sided structure.

After notifying two adjoining property owners, the Santa Maria Motel Enterprises, and the Seacrest Motel (owned by David Wolkowsky) of the proposed construction, and receiving no reply from either, the Army on October 12, 1979, issued letter permit no. 79(3)-1328 to David Wolkowski (sic) to "widen an

existing T dock in the Atlantic Ocean at Simonton Street...in Key West...in accordance with the plans..." (submitted by the applicant).

THERE IS NO RECORD that the other adjoining property owners, Logun's Restaurant, Stanley Green or Proal Perry were notified and they told Solares Hill they were not.

In early February, our staff began receiving reports of alarm from various individuals that "something horrendous" was occurring at Sands Beach. We too became alarmed. An enormous crib-like structure was appearing at the end of the once bare and innocuous "Sands Pier."

Seemingly, dozens of men were sawing, hammering, scurrying hither and yon on the dock, carrying lumber and other material. It looked like Santa's Workshop.

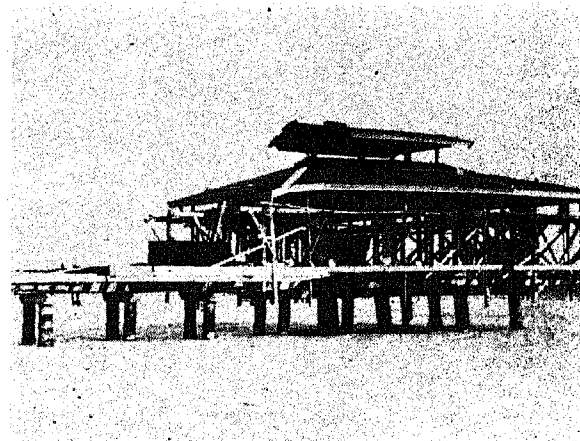
WE CHECKED WITH the City Building Inspector, with the Corps of Engineers, with adjacent property owners, with workers and former employees at the site, and of course with David Wolkowsky. We began taking many new photographs and comparing those with older photos we had on hand.

On February 16th, at Wolkowsky's invitation, Solares Hill inspected the new structure closely. We found that the pierhead had grown from the 18 by 34 feet authorized by the Corps permit to about 45 by 50 feet. A double tiered roof covering the entire 2200 square feet now towered about 20 feet above the deck instead of the 14 by 16-foot, 224 square foot, 8-foot high roof authorized by the Corps. The timber foundation and capbeams applied for and authorized had been replaced by heavy reinforced concrete beams.

THE GAZEBO suddenly boasted a 2-inch

water line with six 3/4-inch laterals, and a four-inch sewer main with laterals and a 1 1/2-inch electrical conduit. We wondered at all this utility service for a simple viewing structure and told Wolkowsky so. He replied that he liked to "plan ahead."

When we said that it looked like he was building a bar and restaurant on the end of the pier, Wolkowsky replied that he hadn't finalized his plans for ultimate use, but that no one should object to a person sipping a drink or having a bite to eat while enjoying the view from the GAZEBO.

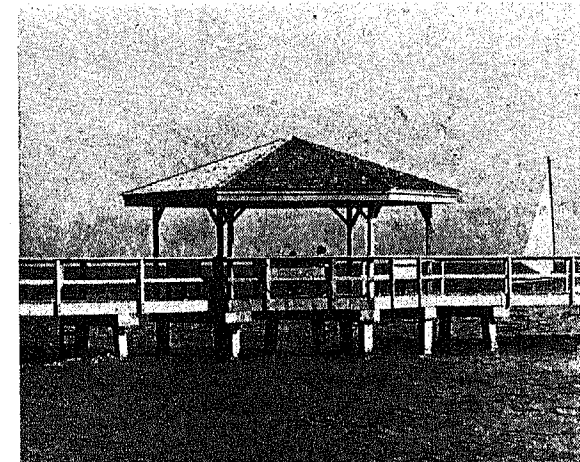


GAZEBO - Place with a view -- Wolkowsky style at Sands Beach. Outsized pavilion at end of pier. Scaffolding has since been removed.

BOTH THE CITY Building Inspector, Garland Smith, and the Army Corps Inspector, based in Miami Beach, Charles Schnepel, in separate conversations with Solares Hill, seemed to be particularly concerned about the installation of a sewer line on the structure. Smith observed that a sewer line was inappropriate for a gazebo, and Wolkowsky would certainly not receive a Certificate of Occupancy unless it came "from higher authority."

In a casual conversation during a planning meeting on February 27th, Mayor McCoy stated that he has received

many complaints from city residents and has, as a result, informed Wolkowsky that all city regulations concerning all construction on the site would be strictly enforced.



GAZEBO - Casa Marina style -- simple structure that Wolkowsky building was supposed to emulate.

A SECOND ALARMING construction project at the same site is the reconstruction and apparent enlargement of an old boat shed abutting Simonton Street. On December 10, 1979, David Wolkowsky secured Key West Building Permit no. B-8283 to accomplish \$3000 in "interior alterations and repairs," to an "old boat (shed) 62' x 30'."

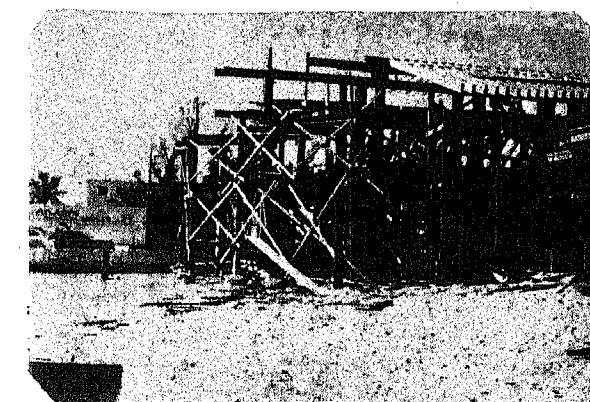
Our examination of photographs of the site taken in August 1979 showed the old shed to be a low, one-story, roofed building slightly over 40 feet long and about 12 feet wide. What we saw when we visited the site in early February was the framework of a large, seemingly two-story building about 20 feet high and projecting out into the ocean on pilings. The water was washing underneath.

It appeared to be more than twice the size of the original building, and except for some of the pilings on which it stood, seemed to be built of entirely new lumber from the outside in and from the ground up. It certainly didn't look like the \$3000 of internal altera-

tions and repairs.

THIS BOAT SHED project appears to violate a number of local, state, and possibly federal laws or regulations in that it appears to be closer than the minimum 20-foot shore setback required by the city, appears to be well inside the minimum 50-foot coastal construction beach setback line required by the Department of Natural Resources under Florida law, and it appears to be actually out over the water, bringing it under Army Corps of Engineers jurisdiction. We also believe it violates the 6-foot flood plane elevation rule.

QUESTIONED BY Solares Hill on February 16th about these seeming violations, Wolkowsky declared that he was "grandfathered in" through the structure having been there prior to enactment of the prohibiting laws and regulations.



Boat shed -- repair by replacement for \$3000?

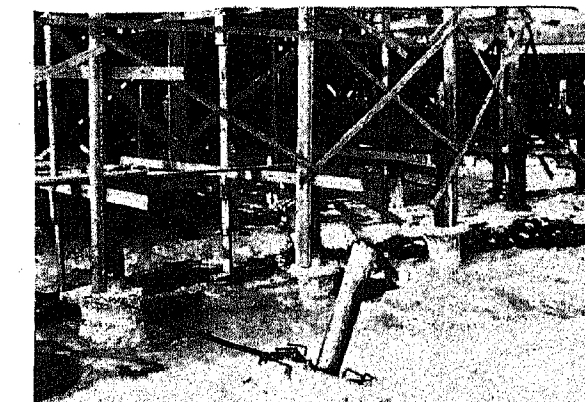
However, the City Zoning Ordinance addressing itself to non-conforming uses of land, structures, and premises that were lawful before adoption of the zoning ordinance, but which are prohibited under the current law, states:

"It is the intent of this ordinance to permit these non-conformities to continue until they are removed, but not to encourage their survival...It is further the intent of this ordinance that non-conformities shall not be enlarged upon,

expanded or extended, nor used as grounds for adding other structures or uses...prohibited...in the...district."

THE LAW GOES ON to state that if non-conforming use of land ceases for over 90 consecutive days, or of structures for over six months, or if a structure is removed or over 65 percent destroyed, the authority for non-conforming use shall end. The law says that repairs to a non-conforming structure shall not exceed 10 percent of the replacement value per year, providing that the cubic content of the building not be increased. City Inspector Smith told us that he has issued a verbal "stop work" order on Permit no. B-8283 and that Wolkowsky had stopped all work on the project.

Wolkowsky has argued that his structure is 20 feet back of the Mean High Water (MHW) line as proved by his registered survey, and that the state 50-foot setback doesn't apply because the beach is "altered" and because the water line ambulates in and out because of seasonal tidal effect.



Ocean washing under boat shed on Simonton Street at Sands Beach. State law requires fifty foot setback from high water line.

WE COULD ONLY find one of Wolkowsky's survey markers when we inspected the beach in Wolkowsky's presence on Saturday, February 16th. All the rest of the markers had been washed away by the ocean, according to his neighbors. When we

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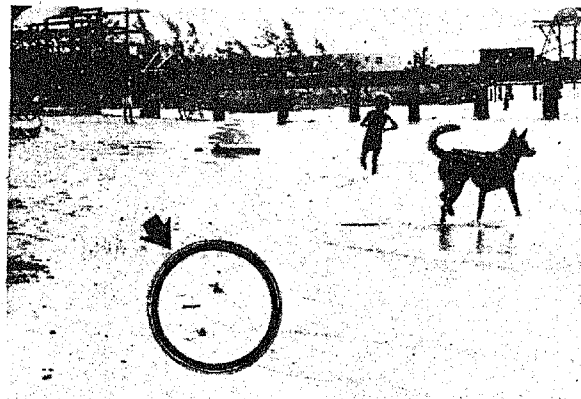
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checked the one remaining marker during low tide on February 18th we found it right at the water line. We returned

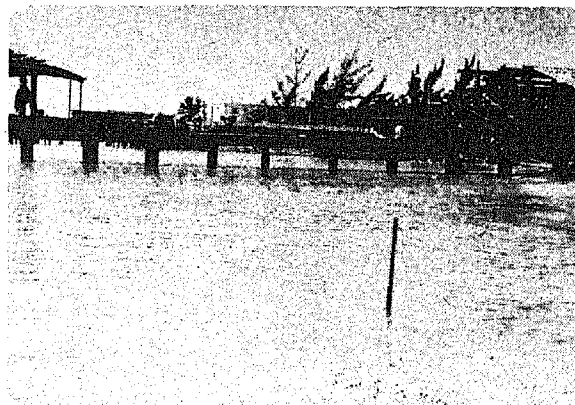


Mean High Water survey marker (small flag on wire in foreground at water line) photographed on February 18, 1980, at about mean low water as measured at the National Ocean Survey Bench Mark no. 3 on White Street Pier.

at apparent mean high water on February 19th and found the survey marker under 14 inches of water and the water line about 25 to 30 feet inshore of where it had been the day before at low tide.

Since our tidal states were taken from the National Ocean Survey Tidal Bench Marks on White Street Pier, we feel that the Wolkowsky registered land survey of the MHW line must use some other parameters for reference that we are not aware of.

WITH RESPECT TO the seasonal shifts in water line, we refer to the Florida Supreme Court's decision of 1940, wherein it decided that the most landward mean high water line would be used where there are significant seasonal shifts (see *Solares Hill* October 1979).



Location of same Mean High Water survey marker depicted by stake photographed on February 19, 1980, at about Mean High Water as measured at same National Ocean Survey Bench Mark. Survey marker is about 14 inches under water and water line is about 25 to 30 feet landward of low tide mark.

WE SUGGEST:

THAT BECAUSE THE renovation and addition of a GAZEBO to the T pier under Army Permit 79(3) - 1328 varies significantly from the plans applied for, and because not all adjacent property owners were afforded an opportunity to comment, permit 79(3) - 1328 should be suspended until all discrepancies have been corrected.

THAT THE FLORIDA Department of Natural Resources, Bureau of Beaches and Shores, and Department of Environmental Regulation (if applicable) investigate further and take action to enforce their laws and regulations.

THAT THE CITY of Key West should enforce its zoning and building codes, stop work where appropriate, and if so indicated, order removal of structures which violate the law.

WE HAVE RECEIVED considerable evidence that the public is strongly opposed to projects like Wolkowsky's, which seem designed to preempt and degrade public beach areas, and we call upon members of the public to express their opinion on all matters available to them. Remember that the Florida Constitution reserves the beaches below the Mean High Water Lines for the use of all the people, but the people must speak out when their rights appear trodden upon.

Corps of Engineers, U.S. Army
Jacksonville District
P.O. Box 4970
Jacksonville, Florida 32201
Phone: 800-342-5950 or (904)791-2211
Field Office: P.O. Drawer 59
Miami Beach, Florida 33139

Florida Department of Environmental Regulation
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Once there was a Fishing Captain
Who lived in a lapstrake planked house,
Built by ship's Carpenters in Key West
Over a hundred years ago, by the Sea.

He lived alone.

It was not planned that way,
But, over the years,
He had learned to take things as they came.

From fishing, he had learned that Change
Is the nature of things.
He had learned to adapt his fishing
To the changing Seasons,
The ebb and the flow of the tides,
The changing phases of the moon,
And the regular shifting patterns of the winds.

He had come to know that each day is unique.

Men who fish know that
The water color,
The wind direction,
And the set of the current
Tell them what must be done on a particular day.

Different Rigs,
Different Places,
Different Techniques --
A pragmatic way of dealing with things
As you find them.

Doing the best you can
With what you have to work with...

Eternal optimism is not easily maintained at sea.

Sometimes,
If you have travelled Far enough and Long enough,
The Magic and the Future fade and bleed out of things,
Leaving you
Where you are.

He had learned that
If you wait quietly,
There comes a Special Moment --
An encounter with a great fish,
With a new friend,
Or with a new Lover,

Reaffirming all of
The Faith
And the Hope,
And the Love
That had been pushed away into
The dim and dusty corridors
Of his Resignation.

It was always the same --
Renewed
Flooded with Hope,
He would venture out beyond himself
And Touch Someone again.

It seemed to him that perhaps
The moment of the Marlin Leaping,
And the Touching,
The good short special moment
Was the entire sense of it,
And the only meaning in it.

So he lives alone in his lapstrake house by the Sea
Because he is There
And he is what he is.

He waits because he understands
That Change is wrapped softly about
The nature and the order of things.
And He is a Fisherman.

by Jerry Montgomery

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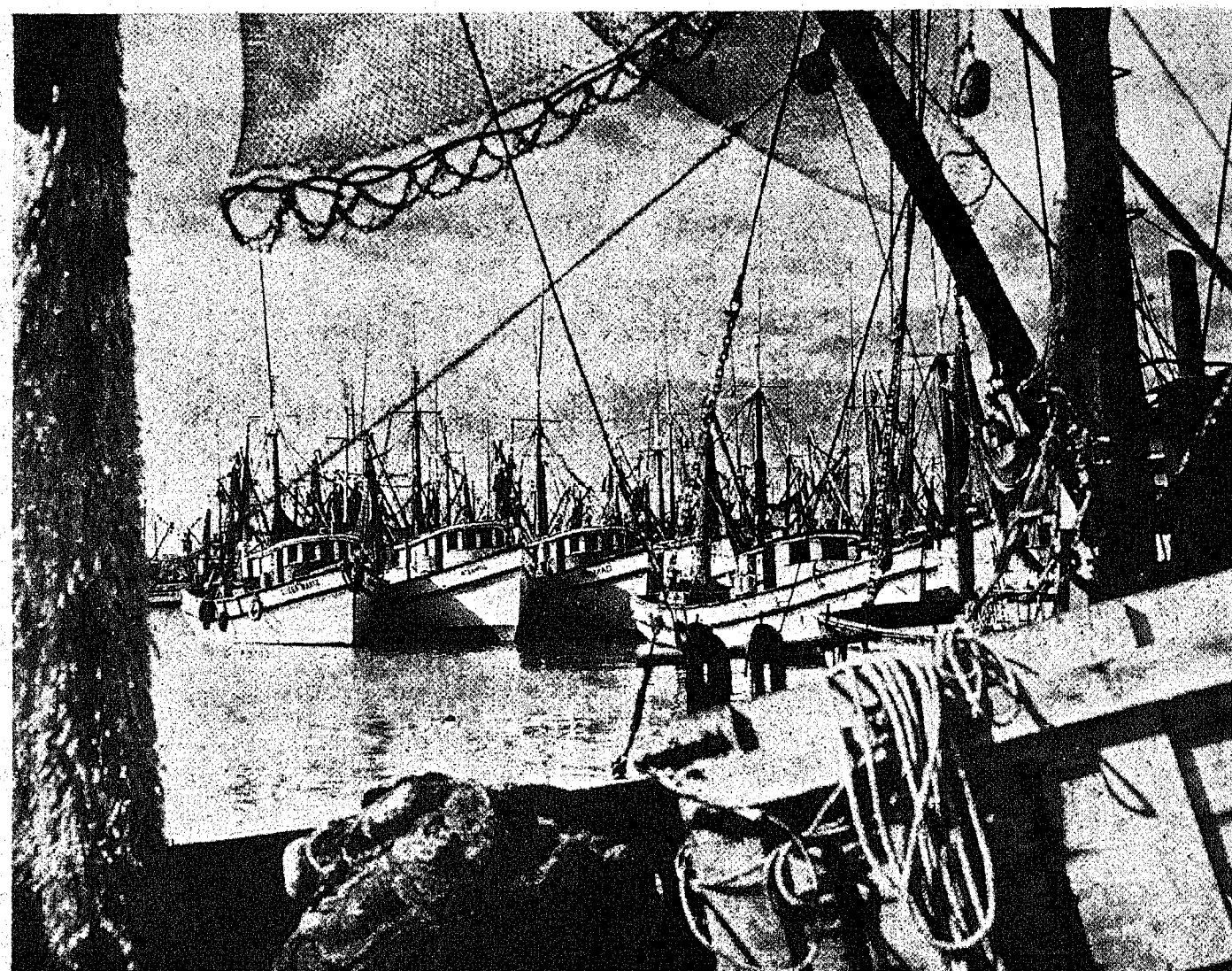
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FORE! SCORE AND TWENTYish

BY JOHN HELLEN

IN THE SPRING some young golfers' fancies turn to thoughts of purses. Others fancy just a birdie or an elusive eagle. The unheard-of ace, strictly luck, would be a locker room boast for all one's springs to come. But all these fantasies dissipate upon arrival at the first tee. It is there that the spectre of numerical disaster haunts the first few practice swings. The total concentration necessary to a picture-book swing becomes enmeshed in the hundred-fold hints from Jack and Arnold gleaned from sports pages during the previous winter.

The driving of a golf ball involves nearly as many syncretized bodily motions as a hula dancer gone disco. The first drive on the first tee presents added terror to the spring golfer, not just because he has been dreaming all winter about getting out on the links, but also because he is within view of the clubhouse. All one's fellow duffers are lounging about, silent, strictly observing whether one's grip and backswing are kosher; looking to see if the right elbow is tucked under and the left arm is kept rigid, focusing in to determine if the club is brought too high, if the hips swivel the body weight from the right leg to the left via the balls of the feet; and, the cardinal tenet, if the head is kept down forcing the eye on the ball.

THE CLUBHOUSE TEE provides the only gallery most golfers ever have, and to a man the Almighty is invoked to please favor this drive. Lord, just give me this one and I promise You I will not take Your Name in vain the whole round. Cussings, though, whether silent grimaces dripping with hatred for the

fates that be, or bellowing oaths unleashed in the heart of a carved-out forest, are intrinsic to the game of golf. They come, ironically, as a result of good shots. A comparatively long time elapses between shots in golf. Time enough to wallow in self-congratulations after making a truly fine shot.

Our supplicatory duffer, striding off the clubhouse tee after being granted his wish for one right down the middle, is aglow with purpose, gratitude and relief at a good showing in front of his critical fellows. Quite sure of himself, and perhaps a bit cocky, after a light-hearted two hundred yard walk he approaches his second shot with the idea that by putting a little more oomph in his swing he can probably lay his ball pin high with an easy putt for birdie. He takes one practice swing, briefly runs through his list of hints for fairway woods, then swings away. So anxious is he to watch his ball set down on the green that he lifts his head immediately to follow the ball's unerring flight. But the ball has been topped and has spun off the club edge with lateral English. The duffer's long sighted gaze is peripherally yanked to the right rough only twenty yards distant, where the ball is swallowed in undergrowth. A slow burn quickly melts his short-lived cheery mood. This is the love-hate irony of golf. A good shot soon negated by a bad one.

WHEN THE ERRANT BALL is located, usually among long tufts of weeds or directly behind a tree out of bounds, the duffer's numerical chagrin has just begun. He lies two and must either chip safely back onto the fairway or try to

power the sucker up the course and hope for a good iron approach to avert double bogey. He selects his two iron and



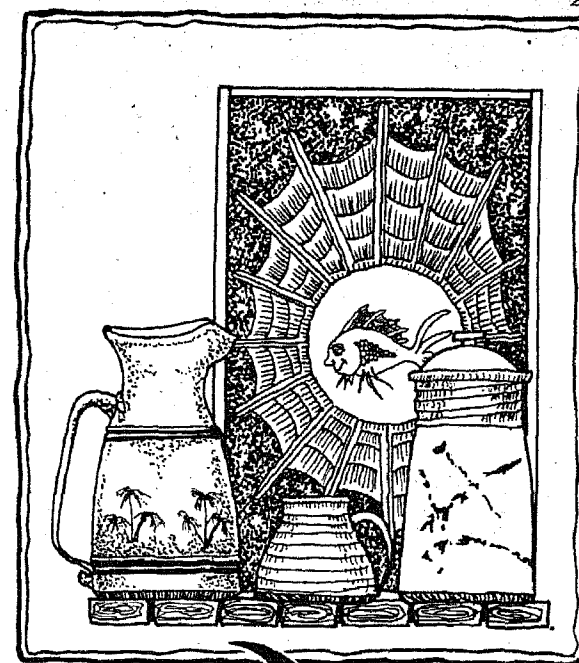
elects to go long. He must cut through saw grass, catch the ball full, yet keep it low enough to miss the lower branches of the pine tree in front of him. No appeal is made to the Creator on this one, nor are there any sports page hints that pop to mind, seeing as how Nicklaus and Christ are seldom in the rough. The duffer swings full, catching the ball well enough to launch it low under the branches and send it a good distance up the alley. Not bad, he thinks to himself, and the sour taste in his mouth is temporarily sweetened.

The short walk up the fairway is replete with new resolve. A nine iron is chosen for the remaining hundred yard 'chip shot.' Our duffer studiously runs through at least a dozen practice swings, each being slightly adapted to incorporate necessary 'form' into the complex swing. The club is taken back in a smooth arc, wrists are cocked, eyes are riveted to the spherical nemesis, then the swing -- whip -- a spray of earthen

flack goes up and the mortar is launched. As if to exaggerate the head down maxim, the duffer refuses to look up from the ground and dares peek only long seconds after his ball has landed miraculously on the green. Seeing the ball wind up more or less where it was meant to floods him with relief and renewed determination. He humbly retrieves the perfect divot he has unearthed and tamps it back in its spot as if paying homage to unknown soldiers. He looks forward gamely to the second tee, where he knows he will repeat none of the mistakes that have robbed him of par on the first hole.

FOR ALL THE HAZARDS, long range artillery and specialized weaponry it employs, creditable scores in golf are gained or lost by putting. Where a two hundred and thirty yard drive counts as one stroke in golf, so does a six inch putt. Televised golf matches, the ones wherein a select few young men's fancies are of purses, concentrate their coverage on the putting surface. A billiards-like delicacy coupled with the verdant nuances of lawn bowling are the challenges on the green. Duffers tend to regard putting as a denouement to the excitement of home run drives and alley-oop iron shots. But if the putt is mastered, it can to an extent redeem a duffer's side trips into the woods and adjoining pastures. Two putts on any green are considered to be standard. One to get 'up' and the second to hole out. However, it is not uncommon to see among duffers prolonged series of putts that would suggest a game of croquet.

REJOINING OUR God-fearing spring golfer, we find him on the green in four, yes, but some thirty feet south of the flag. He has already conceded the first hole. His mind is teeing off on two. So he glances briefly at the course his putt must run, steps behind the ball and flicks it gamely holeward. Now, greens are not flat. They look



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1 cup sugar
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flat, but they specialize in undulation. At almost any golf course there is one certain caretaker whose only concern is the greens. In many instances the greenskeeper has planned, spawned and midwifed the crewcut surfaces with all the care of a bonsai miniatureist. The greens are his children, and he feeds them and sees to it they are not too heavily trod upon by strangers. He has graded their undersurface with wiles and deceit to protect them from an ego-maddened world. Also, the greenskeeper must arrange his surfaces to accommodate varying pin placements, not only to avoid excessive wear in one area, but also to present different challenges to regular players.

The thirty foot putt of our hasty duffer failed to account for a ripple of breakage to the left about halfway to the hole, and his ball runs not only ten feet past the cup but five feet to its left. Never up, never in, as they say, but to go in it must be on the same plane as the hole. Ten feet coming back; again the ball is flicked, this time with less reckless authority, but it again has not been programmed for mid-course correction, and it curly-cues up short to the right. A two foot putt-impatience born of disgust cloaks our duffer's haste to back hand in the two footer. It, too, misses but he'll not count it as missed because it was a 'gimme.' Logging in a seven on his scorecard (really an eight, but 'gentlemen need no rules'), the duffer moves to the second tee. Now, really out of sight of the clubhouse, entrance into the forest is begun. Literally.

THE SECOND FAIRWAY is a narrow four hundred eighty yard slight dog-leg par four. It is thickly edged with forest and presents the additional hazard of a stream running across it halfway to the green. It is a classic challenge to power hitters. Our duffer, calmed after his disasters on one, tees up and decides to play short of the stream. He strokes a nice arc, keeps the old head pointed to China, and drills what at

first seems a beauty. The ball is rifled out low, gains elevation, then, as if caught in a cyclonic cross wind, tails off in a slice deep into the woods. He knows at once what he did wrong: he stood too far up on the ball; played it off his right heel rather than his left. His impulse is to hurl the driver in the general direction of heaven and fall down with fists to beat the sod.

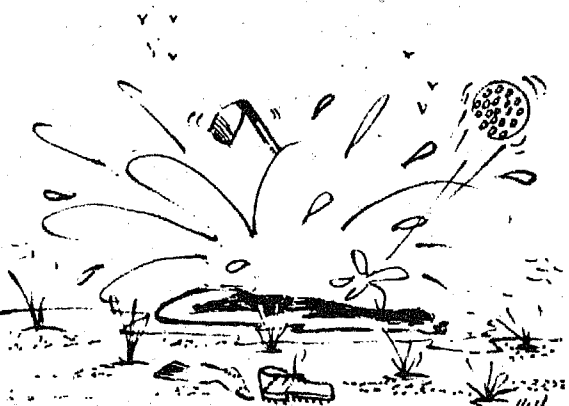
But no. A relatively harmless phrase -- "criminy Joseph" -- is muttered, and a face-saving plan is implemented. "We won't count that one. Practice shot. Play another ball." No one is around, so a second shot is drilled, this time with better results. A low strong poke that hits center and rolls well. "I hope she doesn't make it to the drink," he hopes.

WHEN A BALL goes astray in golf, you try to be at least practical about your disgust. The little buggers are expensive. What you do is 'mark' whereabouts it leaves the fairway. A tree, clump of grass or boulder near the spot of disappearance is mentally noted to help in locating the ball. When you've walked the eighth of a mile up to that spot, you know at least approximately where the ball went in. Which is about all you ever know.

Balls pick the darndest places to disappear, which is proved by where a small percentage of them are found. This writer and his dad used to play at a course in Massachusetts where, due to the pater's weakness for hook and the writer's for slice, we spent many an afternoon scouring separate woods for disappeared golf balls, like old widows foraging for mushrooms. Our ratio of recovery was so slim that eventually we surmised that the white balls must have been considered a delicacy by the local squirrel population.

WELL, OUR DUFFER meanders down to the stream, and darned if his tee shot didn't roll right to the water's edge. An iron shot out of the muck is moderately successful, but it has necessitated

the removal of a shoe and sock and the rolling up of a pant leg. A third shot



with iron puts the ball on the green, and a more concentrated effort at putting lets the duffer log a bogey five, (the first drive being deferred to practice). Feeling stronger but not invincible he handles the par three third at par, despite a nine iron into the sand bunker; a well coaxed sand wedge laid the ball three feet from the cup. Then our duffer continues his round into the heart of the forest, alternately a pro, a victim of foul fate, and amender to the rule book, cusses, hoorays and sly deceptions being the emotional range of his afternoon.

The most valuable by-product of all this rant and stress is that the walking is good exercise. An average course can be from five to six miles long, and with all the excursions among the flora along the way a golfer will become eventually in shape. Although in a sport with such limited chances of becoming one of the three hundred pros on the P.G.A. tour, it would seem more apropos for golfers, especially self-admitted duffers, to focus on the exercise and fresh air. It is very unlikely that someday they will be like Johnny Miller on sixteen in a group with Andy Bean and Hubert

Green, all tied in the final round at fourteen under par. That situation, as lucrative as it can be, is concentrated agony.

COMING IN ON nine after an hour and a half march through thick and thin, our duffer is once again inclined to proper deportment. The ninth green is generally in the area of the clubhouse tee, and one wouldn't want those going out on one to see you not replace a divot or half heartedly four-putt. After nine, some golfers stop by nineteen (the clubhouse) for a brew and a rest before setting out on the back nine.

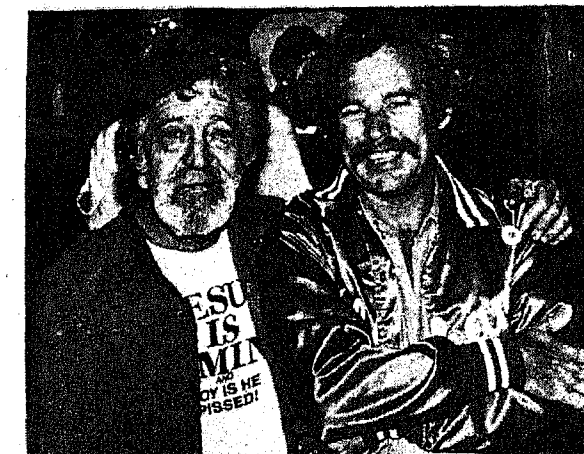
"Had a forty-three front nine," boasts our boy, without sounding boastful. "Greens're running a little slow." In the gentlemanly air that pervades country club clubhouses, no one contests his modified score, but a few twitchy eyebrows belie an undercurrent of astonished disbelief. "He's never broken fifty on the front nine in his life," his comrades ponder, but it is opening day. "Hope he submits that doctored scorecard for handicap qualification in the spring tournament!" (The average score for three rounds is what determines a golfer's handicap.)

A TRIO OF the duffer's friends, duffers also, are about to go out on ten. He is invited to join them. "Sure, I'll four up with you," he says, aware that he has just given up his lenient scorekeeper. For, when in among the pack, the worst thing a gentleman could do is claim practice shots and 'gimmies' or set his ball in better lie. Under the watchful eyes of his peers, our duffer pokes through the back nine in sixty-five strokes, never once railing against God or beseeching His help. When he is by himself he manages to flail his embarrassment at nature. With the additional scorekeepers along he gamely swallows his pride and tells his wife when he gets home that he nearly broke a hundred.

DRIFTING SANDS

Hands of children --
Playing with sands --
Looking for treasures --
Shells and things and
Dreams that their parents
Knew long ago --
Dreams that drifted
Through their hands --

by Viola Veidt



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NOTES AND ANTIC-DOTES continued from page 9

Herlihy, Duane, Danny Stirrup, and dozens of other followers, one of them being David Loois, novelist, trooped into a night-club named "All That Jazz," which was then in the interior of what is now Dedek's Fogarty House. It was known originally as Luigi's and was operated then, in 1960, by New York "immigrants." It was an ultra-smart spot for the town and was frequented by local and visiting writers and celebrities.

TALLULAH APPEARED ON stage and gave a throaty rendition, a recitation rather than singing, but a hit performance, presenting old favorites such as "As Time Goes By." She "wowed" the audience, including playwright Williams.

Accompanied by her cohorts, Tallulah attended a performance of *The Sleeping Prince* at the Barn Theater. She also sent me a telegram with the traditional theatrical greeting, "Break A Leg," for the opening.

ALAS, I DID not fare well in the review of the play. I was described as "a charwoman masquerading as a duchess." The next day I trudged into *The Citizen* with a mop and pail, for the moment resigned to my ill-fate on stage.

A few days after Tallulah left Key West for New York, I received a tremendous surprise! She sent a check for \$75 to cover the final amount I owed on the purchase of my dog.

As for her performance in *Midgie Purvis*, which was finally produced and presented February 1, 1961, at the Martin Beck Theater in New York, Tallulah scored a personal triumph once again. For her interpretation of a middle-aged woman who skipped the years between that and old age, portraying an 80-year-old heroine, she was nominated for an Antoinette Perry Award -- a "Tony."

SHE GAVE ME HER private telephone number before leaving Key West. So in the summer of 1962, while vacationing in New York City, I called and asked if I might speak with Miss Bankhead, announcing that I was a newspaper columnist she had known in Key West.

The booming answer was immediate, "I remember you, Dorothy. This is Tallulah."

And then I pulled the blooper of all time, while my host, David Loois, novelist, collapsed in convulsive laughter in the background. My telephone reply was unwittingly the most ironical on record. I faltered, "Oh, I didn't recognize your voice!"

This in answer to the most famous vocalization perhaps in the whole world!

WE DIDN'T MANAGE to have another meeting then, due to conflicting respective engagements, but the friendly exchange via telephone concluded with a promise to have a further encounter in the future. Tallulah had received a copy of the *Key West Citizen* article of April 2, 1960, and was distinctly pleased with it.

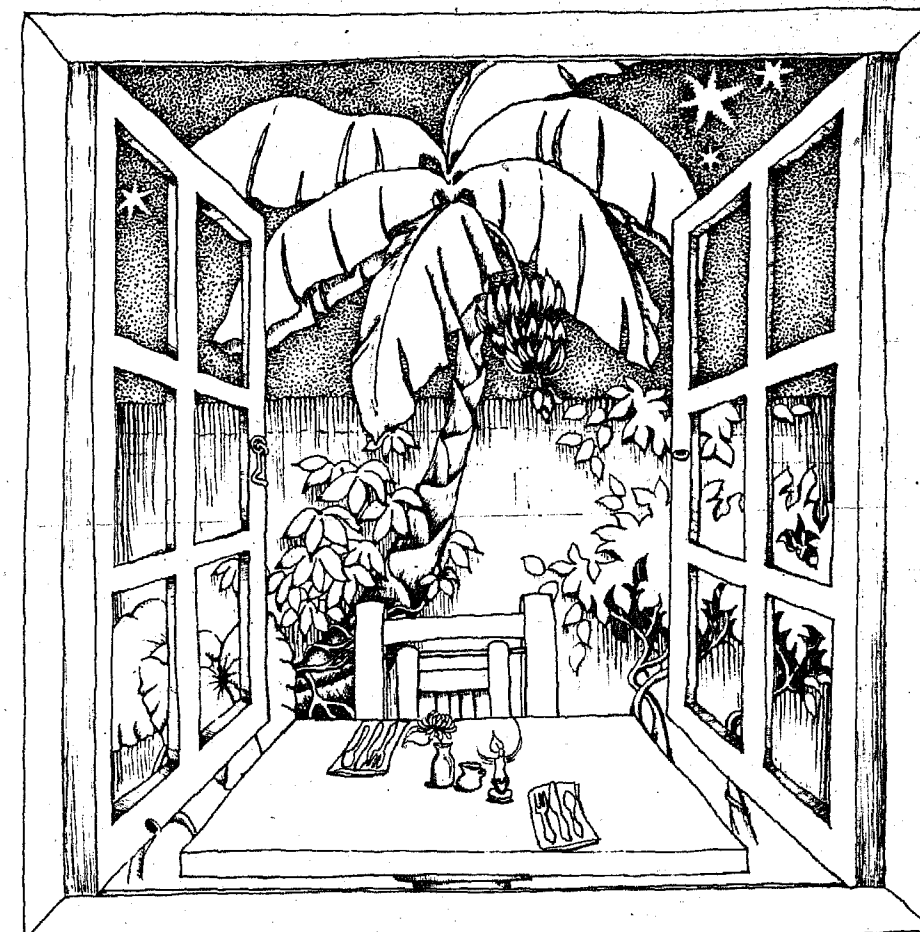
During the ensuing eight years, Tallulah scored several successes, including TV appearances, but she last appeared in 1967 on the Johnny Carson Show, and then retired into semi-seclusion.

She contracted flu, followed by pneumonia, and her fatal illness was in December 1968. Her funeral on December 14 was a tribute to one of the most superb actresses of the 20th century.

MY DOG

I have a dog, you've seen him around,
He's short and he's squat and quite a bit hound.
He's white and grey and a little bit black,
With brown and red up and down his back.
His papers are done and everything's legal,
It says right there he's primarily beagle.
Granted, it's hard to determine each facet,
But between you and me he's a good deal basset.
He's slow and lethargic, but he still gets around,
You'll see him out cruising both uptown and down.
He's got a full schedule, there's places to be,
Hydrants to check, and garbage to see.
He'll root out a bone or roll in the dirt,
And before he moves on, he'll give it a squirt.
He's not getting younger on any less fat,
But there's one thing he hates and that is a cat.
He growls when he sees one and he'll chase it a lot,
If the cat is asleep and the weather's not hot.
My dog's never lonely, he's never alone,
There are fleas by the thousand who call him a home.
Together they march all over the land,
Proclaiming their presence and making a stand.
If you see my dog out just give him a nod,
There's no need to shoo him or poke him a prod.
He's up to no good but he's up to no bad,
He's utterly useless, the best dog I've had.

by Ernest Hathaway



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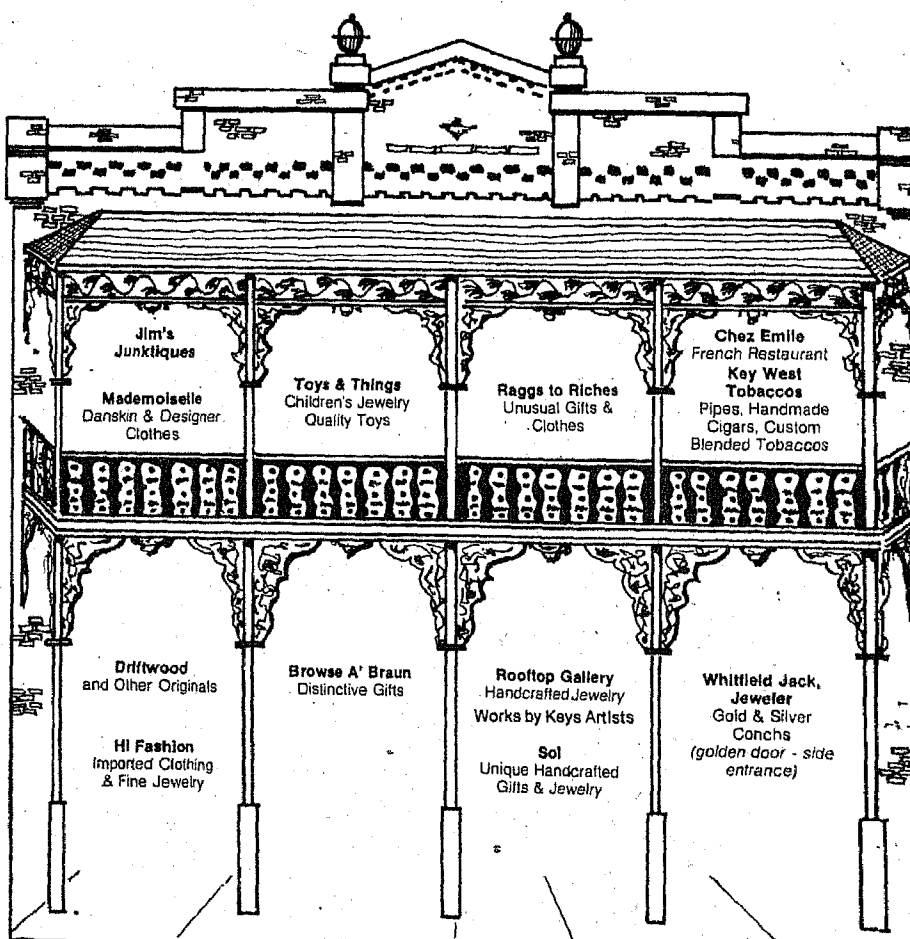
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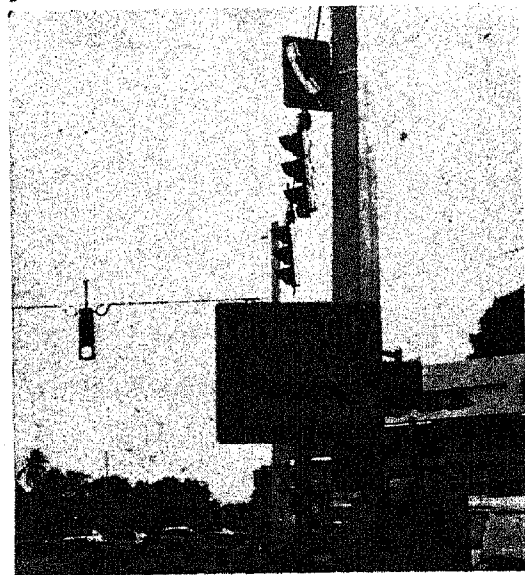
LEMON CITY: CONCHS ON THE MAINLAND

BY LEE ROHE PHOTOS BY CINDY ROHE

DURING RUSH HOUR an avalanche of traffic creeps slowly northward on Biscayne Boulevard. At Northeast 61st Street and the Boulevard, prostitutes in hot pants and high heels sashay in front of a motel which advertises mirrored ceilings and adult films. A passing motorist blows his horn. The girls turn their heads and smile.

A liquor store, a Greek Deli, and an Exxon Station straddle the intersection. Drug deals are made openly in nearby parking lots. The windows of houses have bars across them. Biscayne Boulevard, or U.S. 1, is the dividing line between rich and poor. On the poor side, you might hear Haitian, Vietnamese, or Arabic spoken. But on the other side, the very wealthy, in luxury cars, turn onto side streets and speed towards high-rise, maximum security apartment buildings and condominiums. It is a place where the residents live in fear of crime; a place where neighbors are alienated from each other and the very community in which they live.

YET IT WAS NOT always so. Perhaps nowhere else in Miami was there ever such a cohesive community as the one which once thrived in this same area. For squeezed into the clutter of signs and traffic signals at NE 61st and Biscayne is a



A sign along U.S. 1 announces what used to be. Downtown Miami is five miles to the south.

small sign which proclaims: LEMON CITY PIONEER SETTLEMENT. This was the hub of a settlement started over a century ago by Key Westers and other Conchs from the Keys and the Bahamas.

But mention Lemon City to a typical Miamian today, and you are likely to get a reply of, "Lemon City -- where's that?" To be precise, Lemon City, or what is left of it, can be found within that area bounded on the north by Northeast 71st Street, on the west by Northwest Second Avenue, on the south by Northeast 54th Street, and on the east by Biscayne Bay.

UNLIKE KEY WESTERS, Miamians were not preservation-minded when Lemon City came under threat of the bulldozer's blade. Here and there only a whisper remains of things past. As recently as a couple of years ago, the oldest house in Lemon City, at 701 NE 61st Street, was demolished. Unaware of what lies in their own backyards, local residents petition city government for the erection of a "concert hall" on the grounds of the historically significant Tee House Plantation. To the transplanted Easterner or Midwesterner, Miami cannot possibly have a history.

It is hard to believe that as late as the 1890's, one Lemon City pioneer

remarked that, "We'll either be devoured by wild beasts or scalped by Indians!" And there were many Key Westers who braved the hardships as well as the Seminoles, panthers, bears, and crocodiles to establish homesteads on the mainland. There were Conchs by the names of Pent, Pierce, Saunders, Albury, Sands, Moffat, Filer, Knowles, and many others, all of whom settled or lived in Lemon City.

LIKE MUCH OF South Florida history, the record is scant as to how and when Lemon City actually began. Of course, there were local legends. The adopted daughter of Key Westers who settled on the mainland, Dellie Pierce, recalled one of those legends for the *Miami News*:

"It is hard to say how the first settlers came to the area. The theory was, some survivors of ships wrecked off the coast, unable to live in mosquito-infested jungles on the beach, came across the bay in make-shift rafts and settled here. Others, like us, came by boat from Key West. Still others, by foot from West Palm Beach, then a frontier town of several hundred people."

MARJORY DOUGLAS, in her book *The Everglades: River of Grass* (1947), merely remarks that Lemon City was "settled by Key West people long before the railroad."

Another legend had to do with how Lemon City got its first name: Motto. One very old pioneer, interviewed for a newspaper story, said:

"Chief Motto of a Seminole Indian tribe pointed at a door of friendship and to it walked about 20 adventurers, homesteaders, Civil War Vets and their families. This was a new village on Biscayne Bay. The chief had erected it for homeless white settlers...."

OF THE EARLY CONCHS who came to Lemon City before the Civil War, Temple "Squire" Pent was probably one of the earliest. Pent had arrived in the Keys from the Bahamas when Florida was still a Spanish territory. At first, Pent and his large family lived on Vaca Key. During one time or another, Pent was a sailor, wrecker, fisherman, turtler, farmer, ship's carpenter, and state representative and senator. In 1820, "Squire" Pent served as Commodore Porter's reef pilot.

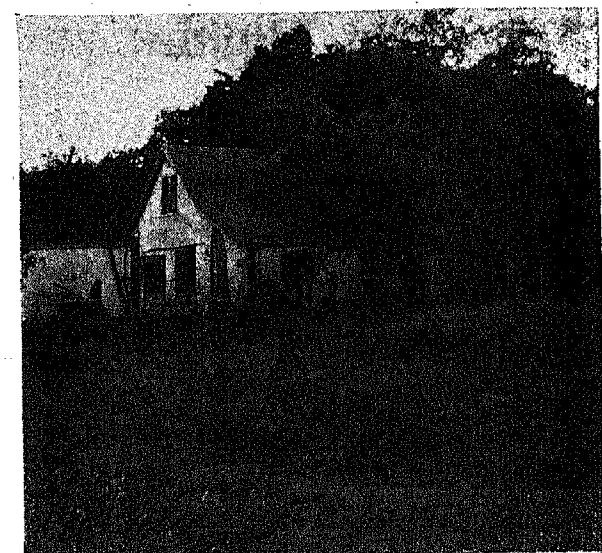
Being seafaring people, the Pents knew the coast from Key West to upper Biscayne Bay. Temple Pent claimed a homestead on the bay, but it was his son, Ned, who finally managed to "prove up" a forty-acre parcel. In those days, the people on the Keys referred to the mainland as "the backcountry." It was lonely living back in the pine woods.

Later, Ned Pent became the first barefoot mailman, carrying the mail between Lemon City and Lantana. The trip consisted of crossing the bay by boat and then walking the fifty miles or so along the sand beach. For one dollar, Pent would allow a traveler to accompany him on his "narrowbone special."

EDWARD PENT, Ned's brother, also lived on the bay. Ironically, those who resided in Dade County, like Ed Pent, thought that their distance and isolation from the "law and order of Key West" would allow them to take legal shortcuts. The wreck of the *Three Sisters* is a case in point.

In October 1870, a storm washed

ashore on Virginia Key a large brig known as the *Three Sisters*. Her home port was New Brunswick, Nova Scotia. The



A typical Florida "Cracker" or pioneer-style home in Lemon City.

crew had abandoned her and the cargo of lumber. To the bay settlers, who were without a sawmill, nothing could have been more valuable than lumber.

Pent and a former Key Wester, Sears, along with a number of other men, relieved the ship of her cargo. Mysteriously, the brig then burned to the waterline.

No doubt, burning the *Three Sisters* was an attempt to conceal the crime of stealing her cargo. Wrecking was, by then, a well-regulated occupation, and the lumber should have been subject to proper Admiralty proceedings in Key West. But the temptation was too much; there was lumber enough to provide everyone along the bay with a new home. The court in Key West would not even know of the lumber, much less care about "proceedings."

TWO MONTHS AFTER the wreck of the *Three Sisters*, William Allen, U.S. Marshall, appeared on Biscayne Bay armed with a court order from "faraway Key West." The order required that all lumber be attached and the participants in the "salvage" show reason as to why they should not be held liable for the missing cargo. The maverick settlers of the mainland could not believe that Key West was actually serious. In the past, their insular life had never before been so interrupted by a court of law or any other form of "civilization."

Allen searched up and down the bay but found only a portion of the cargo. The rest had been either hidden or utilized in the sudden building boom of homestead dwellings and structures. Somehow, Allen rounded up and persuaded Pent, Sears and the nineteen other men to come with him to Key West. At a court hearing, three of the men were jailed for contempt of court. According to one of those jailed, William Wagner, two months of "grits, black strap and dirty water called coffee" in the Monroe County Jail were more than enough to cure him of the habit of "wrecking."

ANOTHER WRECK had a much happier ending for the bay people, though. Mary Conrad, a Lemon City pioneer, told how Captain Henry Filer salvaged the *Alicia*, a wreck off Elliott's Key. Filer, a Conch from Key West and a blockade-runner during the Civil War, hired salvage hands from Lemon City. The *Alicia* held a cargo of buggies, harnesses, men's and women's shoes, coffee, condensed milk, linens, silverware, and a disassembled iron bridge. They worked hard

for several weeks. Since the crew was paid in cargo, most of the salvaged items found their way into Lemon City households. Mary Conrad, whose brother worked for Filer, added that, "It wasn't long before all the men in Lemon City were wearing the same Edwin Clapp shoes."

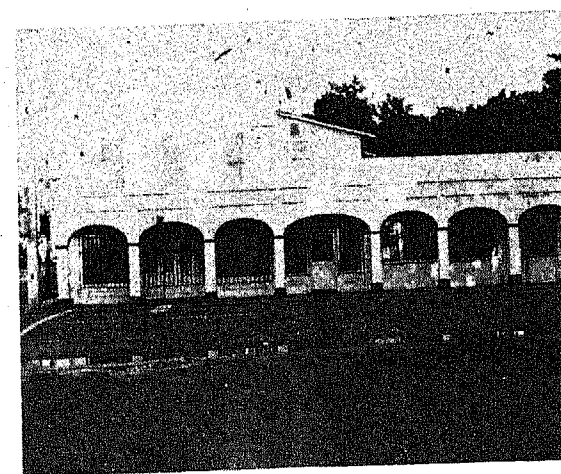
Besides some occasional wrecking, there were other ways to make a living from the sea. Before the Key West fire of 1886, Lewis Pierce, a Key West merchant, had purchased several large tracts of Section Eighteen in Lemon City. Pierce had owned a store and was also in the sponge trade. But he lost the store in the fire. Then, too, the new cigar industry brought changes to Key West. Newly-arrived Cubans began to compete in business with the more established Key Westers of Bahamian descent.

Pierce probably looked to the mainland as a place to begin anew. South Biscayne Bay was a rich sponging ground. By the year 1888, Pierce had settled, with family, in Lemon City and had built the first sponge warehouse and docks. Not long thereafter, a sponge fleet docked at Lemon City.

IN HER ACCOUNT of pioneer life, Mary Conrad wrote of when the Pierces first arrived in Lemon City, bringing with them a little of the Key Wester's penchant for the eccentric:

"When Mr. and Mrs. L.W. Pierce and their daughter, Dellie, moved to Lemon City from Key West about 1888, Mrs. Pierce was in poor health so she brought a coffin along. It was a fine coffin and cost \$100. They kept it inside a packing case stored in the top of the barn on the two-by-fours. Dellie used to say that when she went to the barn to feed the chickens she would stand and look up at her mother's coffin and chills of fear and dread would run along her spine. But Mrs. Pierce never used that coffin. When Rhett McGregor was murdered she gave it up for him."

DESPITE THE FACT that Lemon City was called a city, it levied no taxes and had no zoning ordinances nor any special districts. In fact, Lemon City had no city government. But it did have some of the



The old DuPuis Building, first poured-cement building in South Florida. Words "Lemon City" appear above arch on extreme right.

other characteristics of an incorporated city. Jerome Sands, whose father was "born a subject of Queen Victoria" and later naturalized in Key West, lived his entire adult life in Lemon City. In 1953, Sands gave a taped description of Lemon City to the Miami Library.

"From the beginning until 1896 Lemon City was the largest town in Dade County. There was varied employment. In

Lemon City there were stores, shops, a small hotel, church, school, library, large wharves, blacksmith shop, lumber yard, sawmill, and so on. Also Lemon City had valuable sea commerce with such towns as Key West, Nassau, and Jacksonville. Every week or so sloops and schooners sailed from Lemon City for those ports with cargoes of starch, pineapples, and sponges."

In the same tape, Sands mentioned some of the colorful characters who lived on the bay. One intriguing character was nicknamed "Alligator Joe." According to Sands, Alligator Joe was "the first of the professional alligator wrestlers." Joe lived out in the Everglades "with the gators," but came into town once a week. "He was a college graduate," Sands said, "you couldn't stump him on a single thing."

EVEN UP TO THE 1890's, the bay area settlers were apprehensive of the Seminoles. However, the first Key Wester to homestead in Lemon City, "French Mike," made his living by selling goods from Key West to the Indians. Nonetheless, the rush for homesteads brought newcomers who were quick to spread rumors of impending Seminole attacks. One pioneer woman died of a heart attack when Indians walked into her home. The Indians were not familiar with the white custom of knocking on the door before entering. Mary Conrad wrote about the Indians who lived near her family:

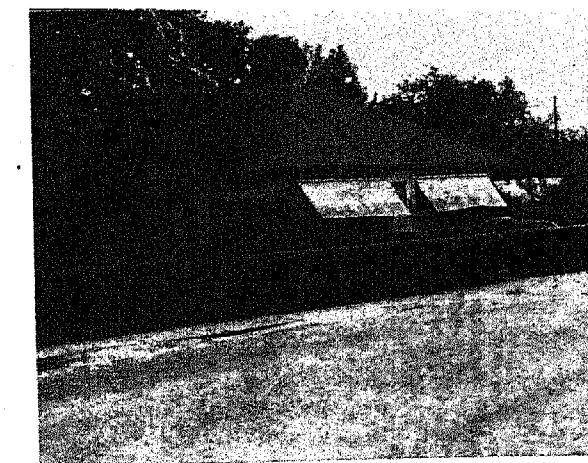
"Father always got on well with the Seminoles. He was their friend. The Indian family living nearest us was that of Crop-eared Charlie Osceola. Each time an Indian was caught telling a lie a bit of ear was cropped off. Usually after a couple of crops they became either truthful or careful. Charlie's family consisted of about twenty, some adults and some children.... He would always stand silently outside the wall until we noticed him and then he would come to the back door but never inside."

"...Some Indians knew how to read and write as well as the whites. Charlie Tigertail and two of his Indian friends were invited to church in Miami and then taken by some white friends to the Royal Palm Hotel for dinner. They were asked to sign the register and Charlie Tigertail wrote, 'Charlie and two Indians from the Everglades.'"

LEWIS PIERCE DID business with the Indians and always invited them to dances held at his sponge warehouse. The Seminoles, it seems, got more fun out of watching and imitating the whites dancing. The Seminoles sometimes asked Pierce to settle disputes between the Indians and settlers. On more than one occasion, the Indians complained to him of whites stealing their chickens. And whenever the Indians were in town, they used to come and listen to Dellie Pierce play "big music" on the piano or organ.

MOST OF THE Lemon City settlers acquired their land by clearing it, making improvements, occupying the site, and then applying for a patent under the Federal Homestead Act. The land was covered with palmettoes, pines, scrub oaks, vines and coontie plants. Some disillusioned pioneers from the North referred to South Florida as "the land of fruit in cans and flowers on the labels." Before their groves and gar-dens flourished, the Lemon City pioneers had to rely on Key West for staples. A typical homestead of 40 acres in the 1880's was valued at \$250 with im-

provements, or \$6.25 per acre. By the time Lewis Pierce was finished planting, his land contained 60 orange trees, 400 lime trees, guava trees and sapodilla trees. Conchs like Captain Higgs of Elliott's Key bought lots in Lemon City and raised pineapples. The Seminoles introduced them to the Florida pumpkin and showed the settlers how to make dyes and paints from ochre. From the Indians they bought pigs and chickens. Yet despite the early hardships, the bay homesteaders managed to throw a good feast once in a while. A menu at a wedding celebration contained the fol-



Surrounded by high-rent apartment buildings, this house which survived the razing of old Lemon City now seems to be out of place.

lowing: terrapin soup, stone crabs and crawfish, leather-back turtle, wild turkey, venison, quail, assorted vegetables, avocados, hearts of cabbage palm salad, pumpkin pie, lime pie, and plum pudding.

SAM FILER, Key West banker, was lucky when he came into Lemon City bay-front land by inheritance. Filer's benefactor, Dan Clarke, had remembered the banker in his will. Filer and other businessmen and officials well knew Clarke's famous signature. Clarke had been an early Dade County Commissioner, but could not read nor write. To sign an official document, Clarke dipped the right paw of his hound dog into a saucer of ink and stamped the paw deftly on to the paper. The signature was "honored from Tallahassee to Juno." But, according to one Lemon City pioneer, the famous hound-dog signature hindered Clarke's romantic intentions:

"Dan was an upright citizen and was enamored of a widow in Lantana of whose charms the stage coach driver had informed him. Dan engaged a sympathetic spinster lady to write some courting letters to her with, of course, the dog's imprint attesting to the authenticity of the epistle and sincerity of purpose. But the signature lost the lady. She got to seeing spots before her eyes. Things like dog paws on clean floors, table covers and sheets. Then she took to scratching for fleas and worrying about mange."

IN ADDITION TO the large Clarke-Filer homestead, all of Section Eighteen in Lemon City had been claimed by 1889. The bayfront was divided among Saunders, Pent and Pierce. When the Moffat family of Key West arrived, they had to stake their claims "out back in the piney woods."

It seems that the Moffats were motivated not only by the prospect of "free land," but also because of Duncan Moffat's unpopularity in Key West as a former member of the Union Militia.

Born in Scotland in 1831, Duncan Moffat was shipwrecked as a young man in

the Keys. Upon rescue, he was taken to Key West, where he met and married Matilda Knowles. The Knowles had come to Key West from the Bahamas during the 1840's. In 1861, soon after they were married, Duncan joined the federal troops, which occupied Key West.

DUNCAN NEVER MADE IT to Lemon City, but his widow and children did. Just as in Key West, the Conchs on the mainland formed intricate family connections. As one resident of Lemon City said, "Every one of the Conch families was kin to one or more of the other Conch families, making a web of kinship that defies unraveling."

Edmund Moffat, son of Duncan and Matilda Knowles Moffat, married the daughter, Emma, of his mother's brother -- Edmund Knowles. Edmund Moffat was the namesake of Edmund Knowles. Thus, Edmund Moffat married his cousin, and Emma's father was both uncle and father-in-law to Edmund Moffat.

THE INTERMARRIAGE OF Currys and Filers in Lemon City was a "double connection." Ben Curry married Annie Filer. Annie's brother, Henry Filer, married Ben's sister, Alicia Curry.

Occasionally intermarriage produced anomalous physical traits. Abe Sawyer's family came from Spanish Wells. Abe was born at sea, on board the boat taking the Sawyers to Key West. Despite his efforts, through diet, exercise, and medicine, "General Abe" stood no more than 41 inches high. Sister Hattie was also a midget. In Spanish Wells, dwarfism and albinism are not extremely uncommon.

Yet Abe and Hattie did not mind making money from their sideshow-like tour of Cuba or, in Abe's case, by advertising a certain brand of shoes with sandwich board signs. Although Abe grew up in Key West, he often visited his relatives, the Robert Sawyers, in Lemon City. Three of the four Sawyer children

in Lemon City were deaf mutes.

CESAR CATALA, 78, of Catholic Lane, remembers Abe Sawyer. "He lived near us when we were living close to the Convent," said Cesar. "Boy, was he ever a sassy little guy!"

And, true to his reputation, Abe was especially "fresh" with the ladies. Once, after he pinched a lady who was walking by, the woman became so enraged that she picked the midget up and dumped him into a garbage can.

As part-time or full-time residents, Abe and the other Conchs added a great deal to Lemon City's uniqueness. Up



The multi-million dollar Palm Bay Club occupies the former homestead of Key West's Lewis Pierce

until 1925, at which time Miami annexed Lemon City, the pioneer settlement retained much of its special character, a "character" that was different from that of Miami. The Miami News, in 1964, stated of the people in Lemon City that:

"They did not consider themselves citizens of Miami because Miami was a culturally barren shanty town five miles to the south. It was a jumble of frontier saloons, huts, honky tonks and boom stores stocked with crude essentials."

BUT THE RAILROAD came through, and that changed everything. Lemon City's permanent population in 1894, just before the railroad reached Miami, was approximately 300. Population statistics for Miami alone were not calculated then. By the 1910 Census, Miami reported a population of 5,471. Lemon City had only grown to 1,214 in the same year. There were, besides the railroad, other causes for Lemon City's decline. A county road built between Lantana and Lemon City created the need for a hotel, which, in turn, began to attract winter tourists. The hotel, at one time known as the Carey Hotel, ran an ad which read:

"This hotel...is within a short sail of the finest fishing and hunting grounds in Florida. Fine surf bathing the year around. Guests supplied with a naphtha launch, boats, fishing tackle and competent guides for the Bay."

NORTHERN VISITORS BEGAN buying up waterfront property, building winter homes, and displacing the Conchs along the bay. Many Conchs sold their land for as little as two dollars an acre. Saunders broke up his 148-acre homestead into lots. They sold quickly. A real estate speculator, Harrington, bought tracts and subdivided them into lots for \$35 to \$65 apiece. Two different plats of proposed subdivisions contained traces of Key West in the names of streets: Moffat Avenue, Kingfish Lane, Grunt Street, Front Street, and Cuba Street.

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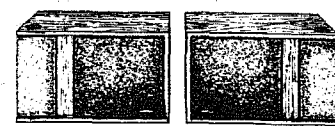
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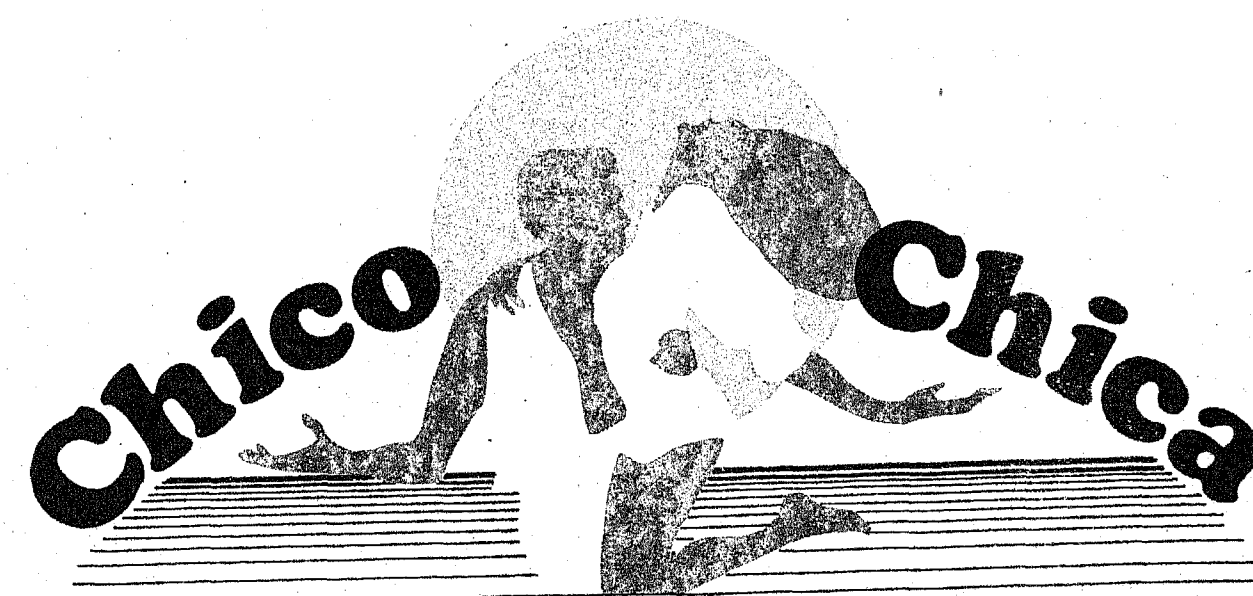
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Some of the newcomers considered themselves better than their neighbors. They built fences between their homes and the homes of the early settlers. Yankee children were forbidden to play with the children of the homesteaders.

When the Conchs left, they moved to Miami and Coconut Grove or returned to the Keys. In a moment of wishful thinking, one pioneer exclaimed, "There will be a return of the prodigals!" The local paper, in 1896, observed that, "The exodus still continues from Lemon City." According to historian Dr. Thelma Peters, herself a one-time resident of Lemon City and the author of *Lemon City* (1976), "Within 15 years after the railroad came, and the railroad was the catalyst, almost all the Conch-families along the bay had sold out to the newcomers."

A LARGE NUMBER of transients stayed briefly and then moved on from Lemon City to Miami where things were "hell-bent-for-election." And there was a huge turnover in the ownership of stores and businesses. Water transportation became less important as the railroad inched southward. Soon to change was the following picture painted by one writer:

"In the 1885-95 period, the residential and business

houses were compactly congregated on the bay....The residences were constructed of rough pine planks or clapboards. Porches and roofs were over-run with allamanda and oleander vines, while encircling lawns lush and green, had as shade trees great oaks, banyans and palms.

"...From the year 1870 until 1896, Lemon City -- first as a group of adjoining homesteads, then as a town -- was the hub and home of all business, social, political and religious activity of people within the present confines of what is Dade County."

"FLAGLER'S FOLLY" brought hundreds of workers into Lemon City overnight. Saloons sprang up. Many of the laborers were convicts, leased from the state for \$2.50 a month. The foremen carried "long black whips." In the words of one observer, "Gamblers and women followed the workers and quarrels and bloodshed ensued."

Interviewed for a newspaper article, Jerome Sands recalled what it was like to have the railroad take over the town. "I was a kid in school nearby," he said, "and every time we heard drunken shouts and sudden shots, Miss Merritt let out

school for the day. We had about 20 holidays that year!"

AND SO, Lemon City was abandoned by the Conchs, or rather Lemon City abandoned them. Just a few of the Key Westers stayed. Even today, descendants of the Moffats are living in Dade County. And Lewis Pierce died on his Lemon City homestead in 1922 at the age of 80.

Pierce was Cesar Catala's maternal great uncle. For a time, Catala's grandmother, Charlotte Pierce, lived in Lemon City but eventually returned to Key West. Cesar remembers one of her stories about a phenomenal event which occurred one day in Lemon City.

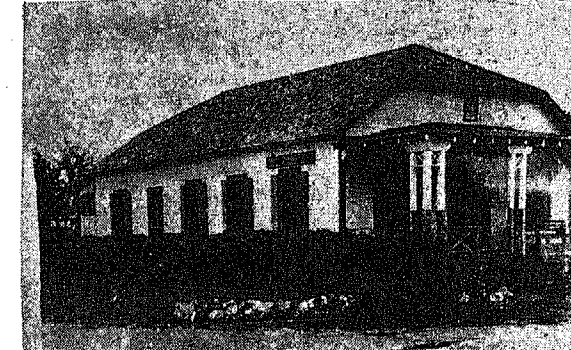
"One day," says Catala, "when she was a girl helping in the kitchen, she looked outside and saw something falling from the sky. She ran into the yard, holding her apron out to catch it. A piece of comet hit the ground nearby!"

LIKE THE PEOPLE and lore of other frontier towns, Lemon City had its share of those settlers who were good "yarn spinners." This tendency of telling tales, in combination with most Dade Countians' ignorance of local history, resulted in an official blunder in Miami. When interviewed by a newspaper in the 1950's, a woman claimed to be one of the first Lemon City settlers.

"I am 104 years old," she told a

reporter. "I came to Lemon City 99 years ago when I was five."

Not long after her story appeared this woman was "honored" in the Miami



The Lemon City Library, second oldest library in South Florida (Monroe County's is the first). The floors were constructed of termite-resistant Dade County pine. The structure was torn down in the 1960's.

Orange Bowl as the oldest living Dade County pioneer.

"My Lord!" said Thelma Peters, now a Coral Gables resident. "I went to school with her daughter. If she was as old as she said, then she would've given birth to her daughter when in her seventies!"

WHEN THE FOCUS of trade, livelihood, and activity shifted from boats and the bay inland to the railroad and "outback,"

most Key Westers left Lemon City for good. Although some had been farmers, the Conchs could not imagine life or work away from the sea.

As for those who replaced them along the shore, the newcomers were looking for nothing more than good climate and "property with a fine view of the bay." Yet before the changes happened, things were not much different, as one early settler wrote, from life on an island:

"Mr. Pierce made a lookout for himself by nailing cleats to the trunk of a tall pine. When he thought a boat was due he would climb to his 'crow's nest.' When a boat got near it signalled its coming by a blast on a conch shell. The Seminoles would come and stand on the dock barefooted and watchful. Doors banged open and children raced down to the dock. And as the boat approached closer, the conch shell kept blowing. There was always something exciting about that sound."



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Sun, you make everything grow
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So men just dug
A deep wide hole
And atop it a little hut
So that one could sit inside in peace
Behind a door that shut.

And this worked well
For many years
Until someone decided
Germs and odors that drifted hence
Just could not be abided

So someone built a john inside
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How simple the life of the pioneer
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by Jody Adams

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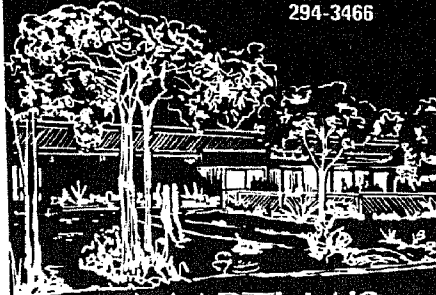
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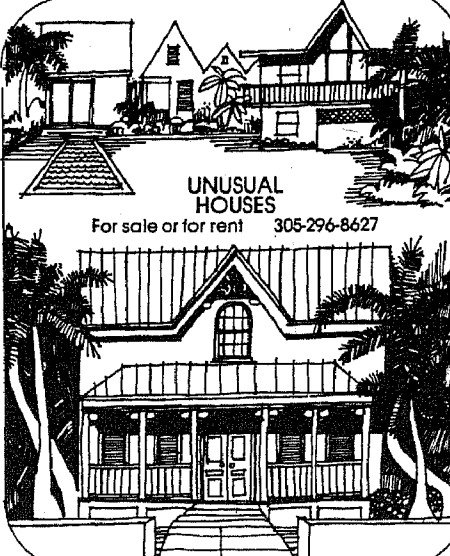
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A NEW FORCE IN KEY WEST THEATRE: AN INTERVIEW WITH RUTH NEWTON

AFTER MORE THAN 25 years in professional theatre, Ruth Newton came to Key West to retire. Her "retirement" has hardly been relaxing. Since returning to Key West less than two years ago, she has directed Private Lives and Hot L Baltimore at the Waterfront Playhouse and will direct Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf? this spring. During her term as president of the Playhouse board in 1979, she led the effort to bring Estelle Parsons and Kevin McCarthy to Key West for their much-acclaimed one-person shows. Now she and a partner, Richard Magesis, have opened the Red Barn Actors' Studio (in the original home of the Key West Players behind the Women's Club on Duval Street), and she is teaching several classes. In other words, she's as busy as she was before she "retired."

RUTH GREW UP during the Depression in Louisville, Kentucky, daughter of a leather company supervisor. In college, she landed several small roles before writing some scathing reviews of campus productions for the school paper, for which she was banned from that stage. Out in the real world, she acted in radio soap operas, recorded books for the blind, wrote film scripts for the Department of Agriculture, and studied acting under Lee Strasberg and Uta Hagen, recognized as two of the country's finest.

Ruth was cast in an Off-Broadway show, then made her Broadway debut in 1954 as Mrs. Blair in Inherit the Wind, the drama about the famous Scopes "monkey" trial of the 1920's. She acted in five more Broadway shows before being bitten by the producing bug. She produced three award-winning Off-Broadway plays, and has directed Al Pacino, John Cazale, Jill Clayburgh, Ellen Burstyn, and many others who have become stars.

Ruth's talent and doggedness in pursuing her goals in theatre have quickly gained her the respect of the Key West theatre community. Her youthful ideas and energy have earned her a following of young actors in Key West who trust her as a mentor and value her friendship.

Solares Hill: You've done a lot in theatre. What are you most proud of?

Ms. Newton: The most exciting thing I ever did was to produce (and later direct after re-casting) *The Indian Wants the Bronx*. I had always had a goal of producing a play in which the entire cast went on to become successful actors and actresses. This is the one that did it. I directed Al Pacino (*Dog Day Afternoon*, *The Godfather I and II*, *Justice For All*), Jill Clayburgh (several leading film roles), John Cazale (*The Godfather*, *The Deer Hunter*, and Pacino's partner in crime in *Dog Day Afternoon*), Michael Cowles (a regular on one of the soaps), Marsha Mason (many movie and tv roles), John Pleshette (Lee Harvey Oswald in the tv drama), and John Lieberman (several movie roles). The play was produced Off-Broadway in the fall of 1968 in the Astor Place Theatre. It took three Obies, including Best Play, the Vernon Rice-Drama Desk Award, and it gave the cast some valuable exposure. Every time I see one of those names on television or in a role in a movie I'm just delighted. It makes me very happy that they all made it.

Solares Hill: What makes a great actor?

Ms. Newton: Many things. Some are his by birth, some are acquired. But unless he has the instinct to go for the jugular of truth, he or she can't be entirely successful. That sheer animality that puts them into a kind of electrical communication with everyone in the audience is a rare and intricate thing. I call it the "animality" of an

actor, because most of us are inclined to inhibit our real selves. We hide behind defenses, are conformists. Animals live much more naturally. An actor who can do that, who is in communication with himself and has nothing to conform to, who just is, is one of the most exciting things in the world to watch. I sense it immediately. I think Brando is the finest actor this country ever produced, because there is instinctive truthfulness about his acting. He really becomes the human being he's portraying.

Solares Hill: Shedding inhibitions is an important part of learning the craft, then.

Ms. Newton: An actor has to open up all his emotions, because acting is believing and being. Lots of stars who have made it big go back to classes to work on opening themselves back up. Because actors have to deal with the truth of the human animal, they do become quite different from laymen, because they deal with things the layman censors. That's one reason actors have always been set apart. They were looked down upon as gypsies, ragtag, immoral. I think that's changing not only because sexual mores are changing, but because stars make a lot of money now, and Americans have a great deal of respect for money.

Solares Hill: You're hinting that sexuality is an important element.

Ms. Newton: A great deal of good acting comes straight from the genitals. Cary Grant had a lot of sexual appeal on film. Spencer Tracy had that warm, woolly, animal appeal. Yes, it's important.

Solares Hill: Acting class sounds like it could be therapy.

Ms. Newton: All acting is therapeutic, because you go for the truth, and you have to know yourself damned well and follow your instincts. It affords a good release, and a good show makes you feel good. Once we did a psycho-drama with the New York City police. Thirty cops came in to learn how to handle domestic violence, to get some psychological tools. We did open-ended dramas, and their challenge was to cool it down, using what they'd learned. I had great actors, all of them black. Sometimes the threat of violence was scary. I was absolutely enchanted with this therapeutic use of the theatre.

Solares Hill: Many of the stars you have worked with are famous for film work. How do theatre acting and film acting differ?

Ms. Newton: To be a skillful actor in films is a great achievement, but I've worked with movie stars on stage who have been in movies so long they have lost the ability to sustain a character. Film is a director-soundman-cameraman medium. Often in film acting it's enough to think and react to a thought, because your face will fill the screen. On stage you have to hit the last man in the balcony. Also, you begin the life of the character when the curtain goes up, and that character lives until the final curtain. In film, you might shoot the last scene first and work backwards, because so much depends on the mechanics: lighting, sound, camera angle, all that stuff. Recently some film directors have been rehearsing a company as if it were for the stage, which is a good step. Some film acting is magnificent, but I think actors should come back to the stage to refresh themselves. Pacino played Richard III on Broadway last season. It wasn't a critical success,

but Al brings young people into the theatre and keeps in touch with his craft. I'm proud of him for that.

Solares Hill: Great film performances are captured forever on celluloid. Doesn't it bother you that theatre performances are so fleeting?

Ms. Newton: I think it's healthy they're so ephemeral. It's amazing how much one does retain from a great theatre performance, and there's simply nothing like live theatre. Film is restrictive in that it's not bloody likely you're going to see someone else do the character that, say, Brando did in *The Godfather*. But if a hundred men play Hamlet, you get a hundred different Hamlets, each one a unique individual. That gives a lot of people room to work, to make characters come to life on stage. And it's not only creative, it's cooperative, because the actor, the choreographer, the set designer, the lighting person, all contribute to making that stage life real. The life of a play doesn't end on Broadway, it just begins. A lot of people get to do the same roles, so, unlike a movie, the play is a living thing that keeps growing and changing.

Solares Hill: The attitude that "if it's not happening on Broadway, it's not happening" is changing, isn't it?

Ms. Newton: Yes, theatre is becoming decentralized, and I think it's wonderful. There are centers now in Louisville, Minneapolis, Chicago, Houston, Dallas, all over -- and I think it's extremely good for theatre. Broadway has priced itself so high that people want to find a place to make theatre happen without spending eight million dollars just to have it knocked out by one critic from the *New York Times*. There are a lot of regional theatres now, and the dinner theatres are becoming more popular. But it's still tough for actors.

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Ninety per cent of them are always out of work, and we've lost the summer stock companies, where young actors could go

West attracted painters and writers, and now we seem to be moving into a cycle of theatre. I'm pleased beyond belief with



Ruth Newton as Mrs. Blair in Inherit the Wind

to learn what works and what doesn't.

Solares Hill: Key West is seeing a revival, wouldn't you say?

Ms. Newton: Thirty years ago Key

what's happening out at the college (the opening of the Tennessee Williams Center for the Performing Arts at Florida Keys Community College on Stock Island). Greene Street Theatre excites me because the people are young, vigorous, willing

to experiment. There are two functioning dance studios in town, and that's very exciting. And Waterfront deserves a lot of thanks for keeping theatre going in Key West for 40 years. Now we've got the Actors' Studio going, and I'm very pleased with the response. There's another acting school opening up, too. The more activity, the higher the quality. Competition is a healthy thing as long as it's constructive.

Solares Hill: The Actors' Studio is off to a good start?

Ms. Newton: I'm very pleased. We have twice as many students as I expected. Some marvelous talent is turning up. It's extremely exciting to watch it grow, to watch people have all their emotions at hand to call them up and use them. It's very satisfying to give young actors technique or method so they can take on the character they're going to be. I'm already seeing complete changes in attitude in people. They see what is required and they change. It's been hard work, but I get such a boot out of watching people grow I don't get exhausted by it. I'm also pleased by the children's section. They're natural actors, totally uninhibited. Give them a situation and they believe. I think the sooner children get into theatre the better. It'll make them better actors or better audiences.

Solares Hill: What do you hope to accomplish with the school?

Ms. Newton: My feeling is that if all the students ever do are good performances in small theatres, it's worth it. I think it would be marvelous if we got some people who went on to become very fine, well-known actors. That would be fine.

Solares Hill: The Red Barn has special meaning for you, doesn't it?

Ms. Newton: Yes, it was the first home

of the Key West Players, and I did several roles in that old building when I first came to Key West in 1945. It felt really good to walk back into it after 30 years and to breathe some life into it again.

Solares Hill: Is anything new happening in acting today, or has it all been done?

Ms. Newton: There's something happening in film now that interests the hell out of me. It's a combination of realism and a reawakening of the role of women as functioning members of society. There are finally some good roles for women. We used to watch Joan Crawford and her contemporaries weep their way through soap opera situations. Then Marilyn Monroe couldn't break through that awful business of being a sex bunny, even though she had a great desire to be a serious actress and a good comedienne. Now we're finally looking at women as more than things to be used to amuse men. Women's roles are really revolutionary now. Jane Fonda's role in Kluge was a high-point. She wasn't your typical whore-with-a-heart-of-gold, but a flesh-and-blood woman trying to find out who she was.

Solares Hill: Did you feel discriminated against during your career?

Ms. Newton: Actually theatre is pretty democratic. Everybody knows women have contributed as much as men to acting, and there are plenty of women producers. Lighting and costumes and choreography are all wide open. The last bastion of male dominance on Broadway is directing. Producers -- even women -- still hesitate to entrust a multi-million-dollar production to a woman.

Solares Hill: What was the weirdest thing you remember doing in theatre?

Ms. Newton: I trained a dog for a

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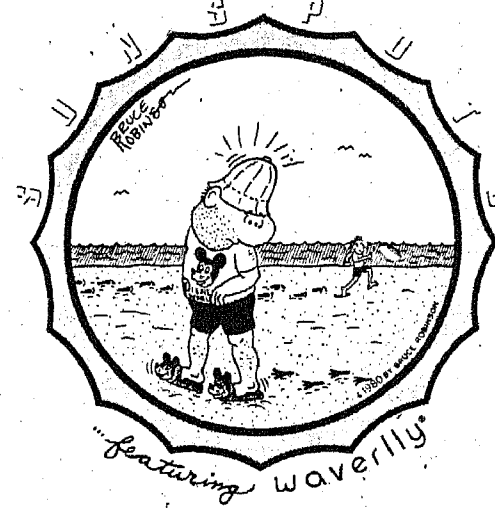
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Broadway production of Camelot. I said I would do it if I could have the dog, a big, beautiful English sheepdog named Boy. What a ham. He never missed a cue and behaved beautifully on stage. He took the Lassie Award that year, the Oscar of the non-human animal kingdom. I took him to a local tv station for a presentation, and he bit the medal.

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MY SISTER MARTHA had all the makings of a great white hunter. She had cunning, stealth, patience, craftiness and the steely resolve necessary to hold out for the sweet split-second of capture. I was a year older than Martha, but she had overcome this chronological shortcoming by being gifted with a certain flair for being able to catch things -- anything: spiders, flies, lizards, worms, grasshoppers and fish -- all things that moved in the opposite direction from her. She could always catch them. I didn't envy her other most salient attributes: being able to eat a whole stick of butter at one time, wrapping her gum around her nose, getting the sweetest Spanish limes from the top of the tree, or roof-climbing with all the skill and balance of a mountain goat.

These were her special gifts, and the way I saw it, I had my own special qualities that made me just as fortunate as she. I was punctual, charming, bright, attentive, intelligent, witty, clever with my hands, a fast swimmer, and I had perfect manners. I considered these qualities to compare favorably with Martha's list, and I thanked God every day for being so equitable when He calculated who would get what to travel with on their journey through life.

All things being thusly squared, that still left Martha with that one elusive and magical gift -- her knack for catching things. I just couldn't stand it, and I made it my sole business to observe her closely and perhaps pick



up a few stray rays from her charismatic aura to keep for my own.

ONE OF MARTHA'S favorite things to do in the summer was to go fishing at the little wooden dock at the foot of Simonton Street. Steadman's Boatyard was located there, and there was always activity of some sort going on that had to do with the repair of boats, the launching of boats, or the discussion of local politics. It was an interesting place, and the whole setting was a water-colorist's paradise. The hulls of old boats gaped at the sky, paint buckets teetered on saw-horses, lumber and tools littered the shadows, and the sun beat down on the grey marl-dust, choking everything in a transfixed glare.

To go fishing required several things: a scrap of wood, some fishing line, hooks, a bucket, and some bait. The wood and line were easy to get, since my mother always had driftwood in the yard and kept fishing line to hang her mobiles with, so Martha and I had no trouble with the basics. But the hooks we needed were very tiny and had to be bought at Thompson's Hardware on Caroline Street. For them we had to scout around for old coke bottles to turn in at Santana's Grocery, also on Caroline Street, which made it very convenient to get the money and just walk down the street a ways to buy the hooks.

I LOVED TO GO to the hardware store because it had such an awesome display

of merchandise, and I couldn't imagine how a person could not only keep track of all those things but actually make a living selling little hooks that cost three cents apiece or nails that cost even less. I was convinced Mr. Thompson probably had a rich aunt who let him dabble in such a frivolous business' venture to keep him busy and out of trouble.

The bucket we borrowed from my mother's kitchen equipment, but the bait was another problem. The best bait was shrimp, and to get the shrimp we had to be lucky enough to choose a day when the shrimp boats had just come in and unloaded their catch. Martha and I would go stand around the conveyor belt at the docks and pick up the ones that had fallen to the ground on their way into the ice house. I didn't like it when they had been baking in the sun for a few hours, because they made my hands stink, but stinky hands never bothered Martha very much, since she was more than accustomed to having her hands stink anyway, due to the fact that she had a penchant for handling the dog, old cat-food cans, and mushy piles of dirt.

ONCE ALL OUR equipment was assembled (and Martha never started anything until she was absolutely sure she had her supplies in perfect working order), we would set off for Steadman's Boatyard and our little place on the dock to do some serious fishing. Martha always led the way; in these instances she was in total control of the situation, because she was such an expert fisherman, and I was so inept with the baiting of hooks and had no feel for the whole process at all. Martha made me feel very stupid, but I still resolved to hone my fishing ability or die trying. I couldn't face the embarrassment of being laid to rest in the Key West Cemetery with an epitaph that read: "Here Rests Amy de Poo Who Never Caught Anything But The Common Cold," while

next to me lay Martha with an eight-foot marble tuna gracing her resting place.

I watched Martha go to work. First she plunked herself down on the edge of the dock after gazing at the sky, scanning the horizon, and making a few comments on the wind direction. (I think now she did this to further perpetuate her mystique and cause me additional confusion -- Martha could be very tricky.) Then, with her legs dangling over the edge and a big wad of bubble-gum in her mouth, she would arrange all her equipment neatly beside her and begin to concentrate. This is where gum chewing took over and conversation ceased. CONCENTRATION was upon her. (She really should have been a pitcher in the major

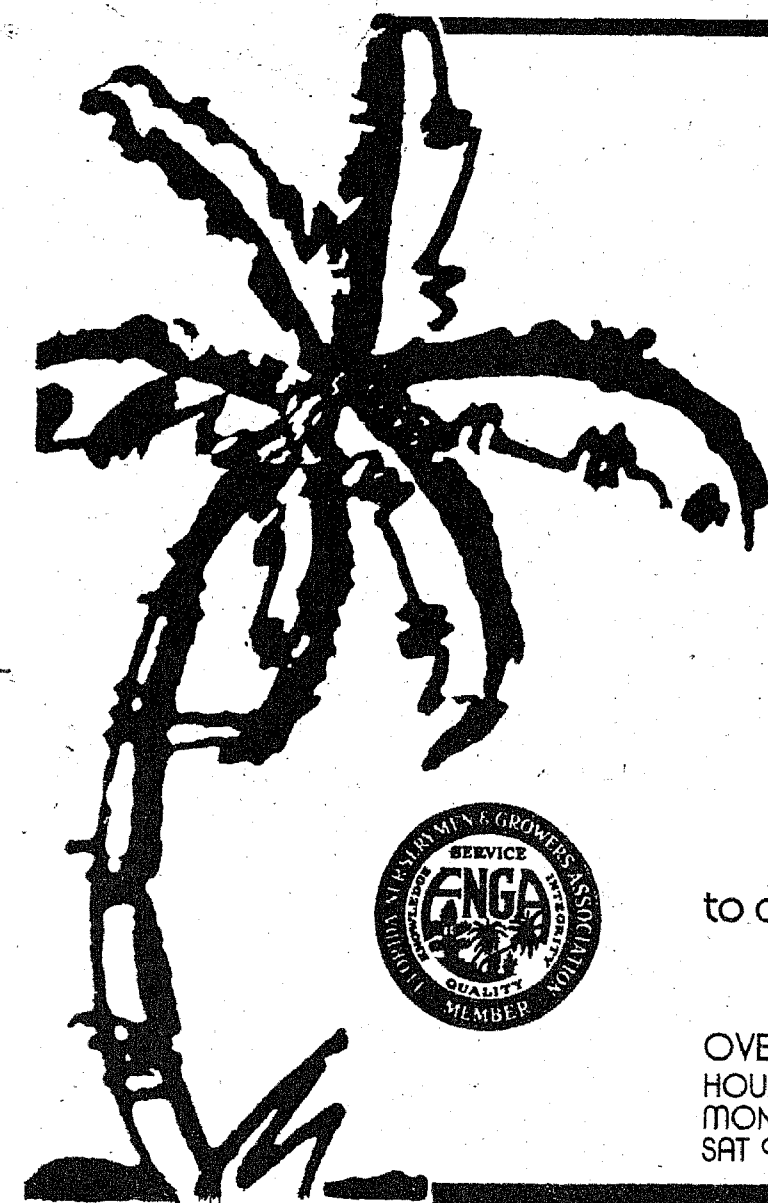
"Alright, Martha. How full do you want it? I could fill it all the way up if you want to wait for me to go get some water by the rocks, or..."
"Shut up and just do it -- you're scaring the fish." Martha had no time for explicitness, I could tell. I filled the bucket and set it down. Martha had selected a plump shrimp from her bait can and was meticulously placing a piece on her hook. I got my hook out and began to bait mine similarly. I wanted so badly to get it right and not be a fool. I decided to ask her advice.

"MARTHA, JUST HOW far down do you put the shrimp? I was thinking maybe it wouldn't stay on so good if I just left



leagues for all the chewing and tight-lipped stares she passed on to me.)
"From now on it was her show."
"Amy. Fill up the bucket."

it on the tip, so could you show m...."
"Amy, would you PLEASE shut your big mouth? I told you how to do it before and you ARE scaring the fish. If you



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can't be quiet I'm going to make you move to the other side. Now BE QUIET."

THAT ENDED THAT. I didn't want to be banished to the other side of the dock, fearing there would be fewer fish on that side, so I clammed up and proceeded to get along as best I could. Time passed, and there was no talking whatsoever, on my part anyway. I stared at my line. I stared at the water. I leaned over and tried to mentally coerce the fish into biting my hook. Nothing worked.

All the while, there sat Martha, still ferociously chewing her wad of gum and talking to herself under her breath. She was pulling in fish after fish, beautiful yellow and black-striped sergeant-majors, purple-hued pin fish, and God knows what else. It was very disheartening to have to listen to her assorted comments consisting of: "Hmhf -- gotcha; ah, you're mine, you little devil; oh, thought you'd get away, did you? And where did you think you were going, out to sea?"

I thought it was pretty disgusting the way she talked to those fish and wouldn't let me say a single thing. Presently she spoke to me again.

"Well, Amy, this bucket is full, and there's not enough water for them all to breathe. We're going to have to dump this first load. How many did you put in?"

SHE KNEW FULL WELL I did not contribute anything to her bustling bucket, and I could see she was trying to rub it in.

"Oh, I put in about four -- the four big ones."

"Liar. You didn't put any in and you know it. You HAVE big ones. What a cheat."

"Well, why did you ask me if you KNEW I didn't catch any? That's not very nice."

"I asked you just to see if you'd tell the truth for once. I should have

known better. Now dump that bucket and let's start over again. I'm going to help you bait your hook this time, and maybe you'll catch one."

I CONSIDERED THIS to be very generous on Martha's part and so out of character that the thrill of it all overcame me, and I decided to stick it out a little while longer in the unbearable heat and glare of a summer afternoon. She baited my hook for me, and, true to form, I sat there like an idiot for another hour listening to Martha flop fish in the bucket and mutter encouragement to herself while my line went untouched. It was humiliating. I could take no more.

"Martha, I have had enough. I'm going home -- this is NO FUN AT ALL."

"Oh, come on, just a little longer. I want to see if I can catch that big one I had in the bucket before. He's hiding from me right under that rock. See the one next to the..."

"NO! NO! I DON'T SEE IT! I DON'T WANT TO SEE IT! I CAN'T STAND IT ANYMORE! I'M GOING HOME I TELL YOU!"

"Alright, alright. You don't have to get so excited about it. I'm through anyway. I'll catch him another time. Let's dump these and go."

HER CONFIDENCE AND authority just galled me. My dreams were shot, she looked and felt like a champion, and I wanted to crawl in a hole somewhere and forget the entire episode. Martha could sense my utter disappointment, and I guess she felt sorry for me. On the way home she suggested that we drop off our stuff and go over to the Turtle Kraals to look at the monkeys. I needed cheering up, and the prospect of seeing the monkeys appealed to me. We didn't have the admission price, but if we went around the back way, it was easy enough to see all the creatures in captivity.

We arrived at the Turtle Kraals and managed to get around the back without someone noticing. The monkeys were all

there, sitting in their cages wondering what they had done to deserve such a fate, and we watched them and speculated just exactly where they would rather be than forsaken in a cage in a Key West tourist attraction. These observations wearing thin, we inched along the narrow boards of the perimeter of all the cages and stopped at the alligator pen.

THE ALLIGATORS WERE very sluggish, as they usually were, and Martha watched them silently as I told her what I thought they might be thinking. Finally Martha broke in and told me she thought they were so sluggish because they probably weren't being fed enough. She decided it was up to us to perk them up with some extra food. (I figured she surely must know what she was talking about after her impressive display of rapport with fish.) Martha decided they could use some fresh hamburger and she knew just where to get it.

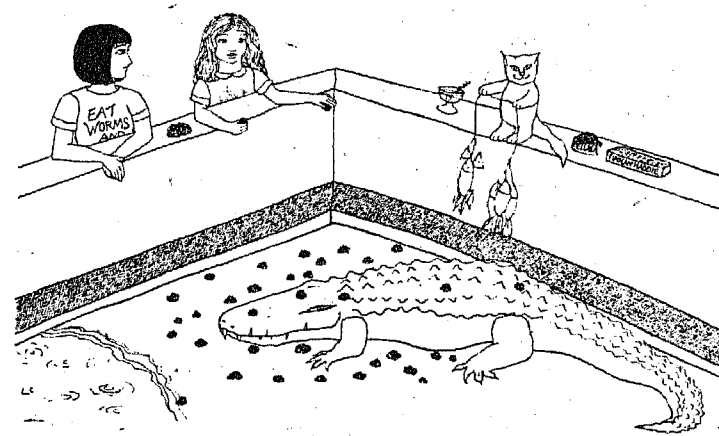
We hurried back home and went into the kitchen. Martha opened the ice-box and there was a big package of ground meat my mother had bought to make picadillo with for supper. Not one to let a poor creature go hungry, Martha dug right in with her still-fishy hands and removed three-quarters of that night's repast without the slightest flinch of worry. It was all for a grand cause -- the proper nourishment of an ill-fed creature suffering and trapped in the cold world of captivity. This was our rationale. Besides, the alligators would be so grateful, we thought, they would probably recognize us on sight from now on and move and splash and wiggle and do tricks for our own private enjoyment.

BACK TO THE Turtle Kraals we went and made our way back to the alligator pen. I held the big pile of meat while Martha employed her skill of making bait balls to the hamburger. No animal, fish or amphibian, could resist her bait, I thought.

She got on her toes and let fly

with the first of her meatballs towards the mouth of the most deprived alligator, according to our observations. It landed right by his mouth. Oh good, we

eyesight from lack of Vitamin A. She made a bigger meatball, aimed carefully and hit him directly in the eye. The alligator did not even BLINK. I couldn't



thought, he'll just snatch it right up and probably roll over and beg for more. Our eyes widened in anticipation of seeing the teeth and all, and the excitement grew.

We waited. We watched. The alligator was not impressed. He did not move a muscle. He did not even twitch. Martha thought perhaps he just had poor

understand it.

"Martha, maybe we're too late. Maybe he's dead. He's not moving at all. I think he's dead for sure. He probably starved to death and we're just too late to save him. What a shame."

"No, he's not dead. He's just too weak to move, that's all. Here, I'll try again."

AND TRY AGAIN she did. She tried again and again and again. Soon it looked like it had rained meatballs from heaven around that alligator, and he had still to take the first bite. The thrill of saving him was gone. Our hopes were gone. The hamburger was gone. WE were goners all the way around. The sun was sinking, and we knew we had to go home.

We got out of there, and on the way home I pointed out to Martha that it was her hands that actually took the hamburger out of the ice-box, and I was going to feel very sympathetic towards her when she got her beating, but there was really nothing I could do about it. She protested loudly that I had HELPED her, since one person could not do it all alone, but I reminded her that God gave certain people certain gifts and that catching fish and saving alligators happened to be hers, not mine.

The inadequacy of my afternoon at the Simonton Street docks began to fade rapidly with the light, and I was glad I was not Martha once more. Martha ended up going to bed without dinner, and we ate macaroni. I think the hamburger was still there by the alligator three days later.



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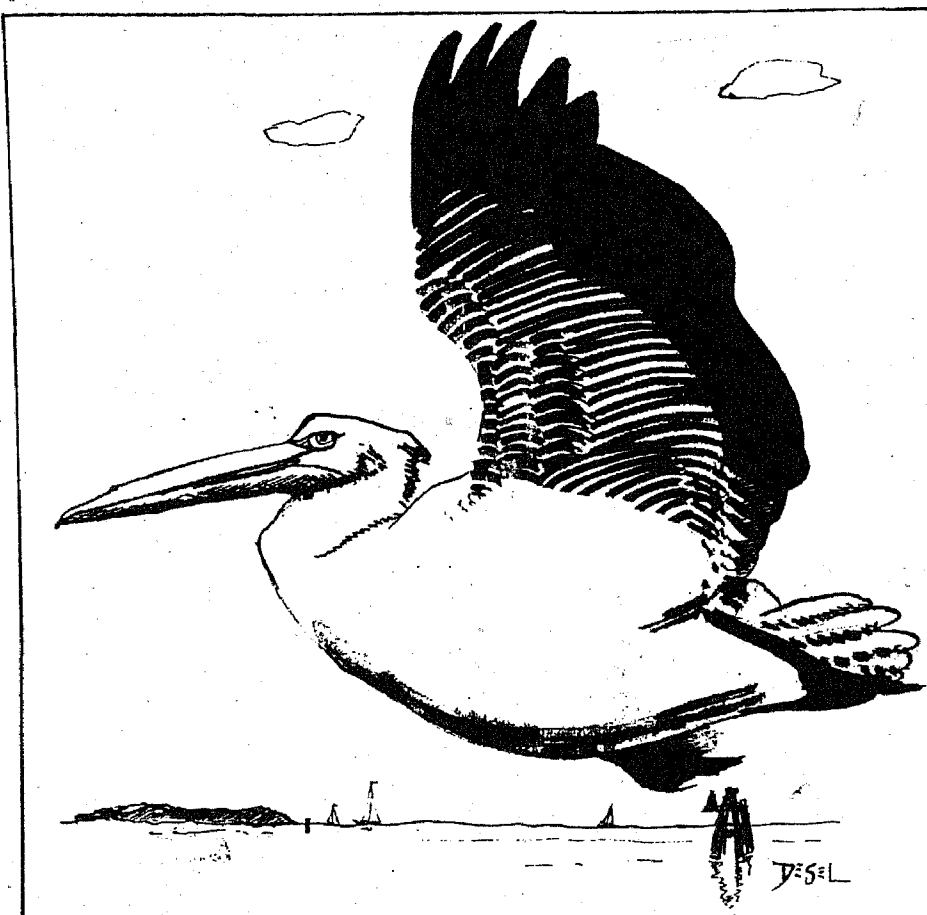
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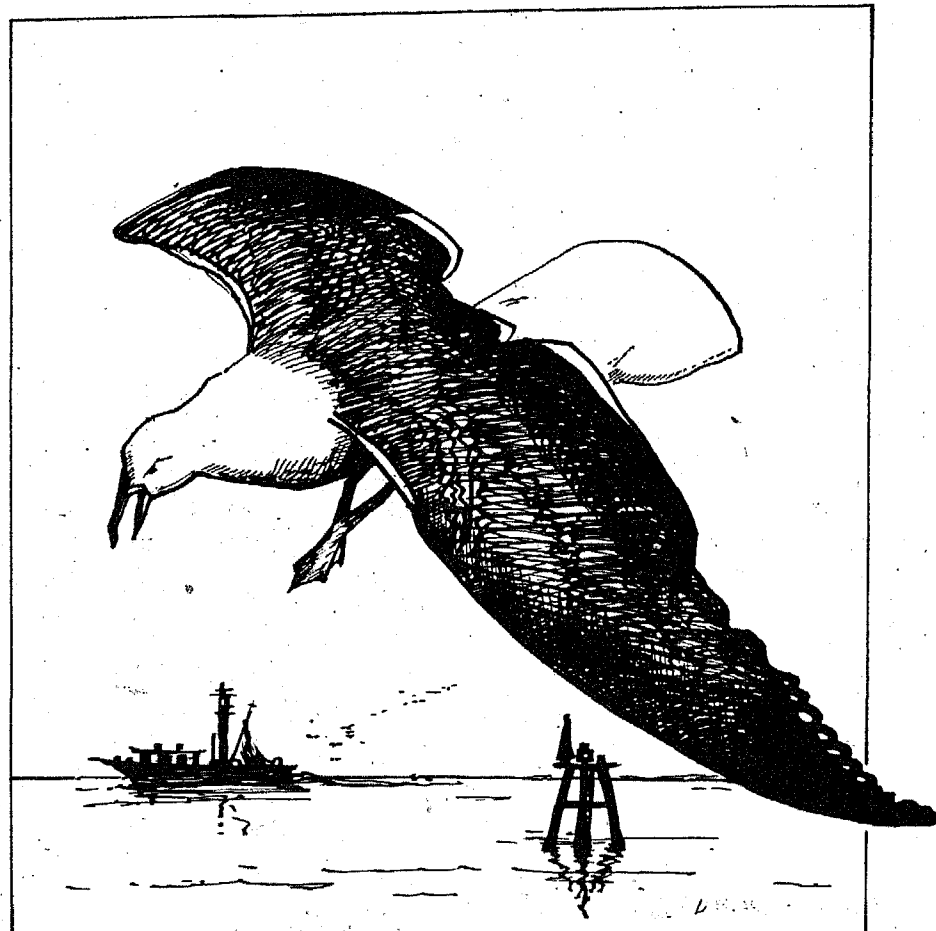
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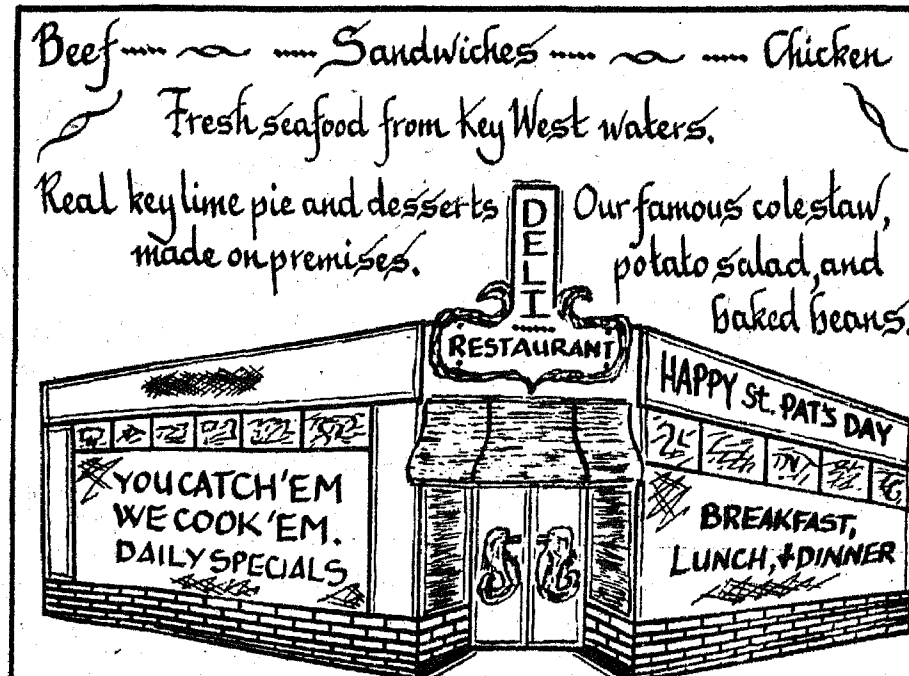
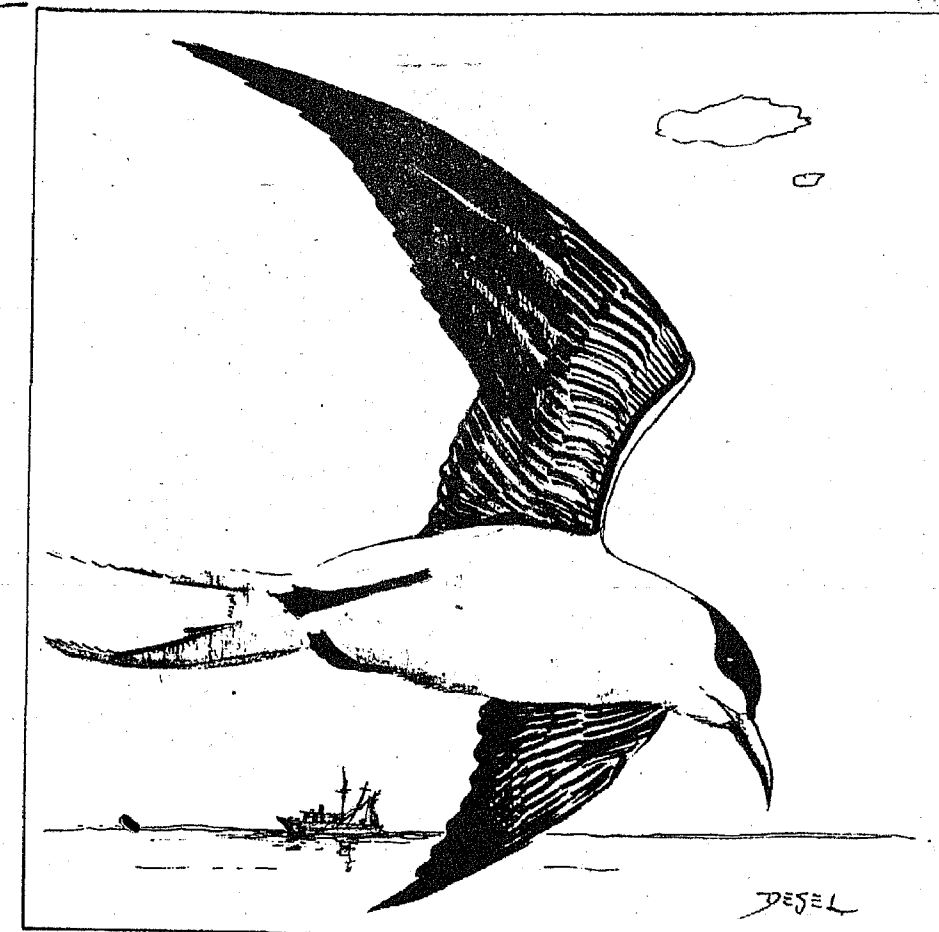
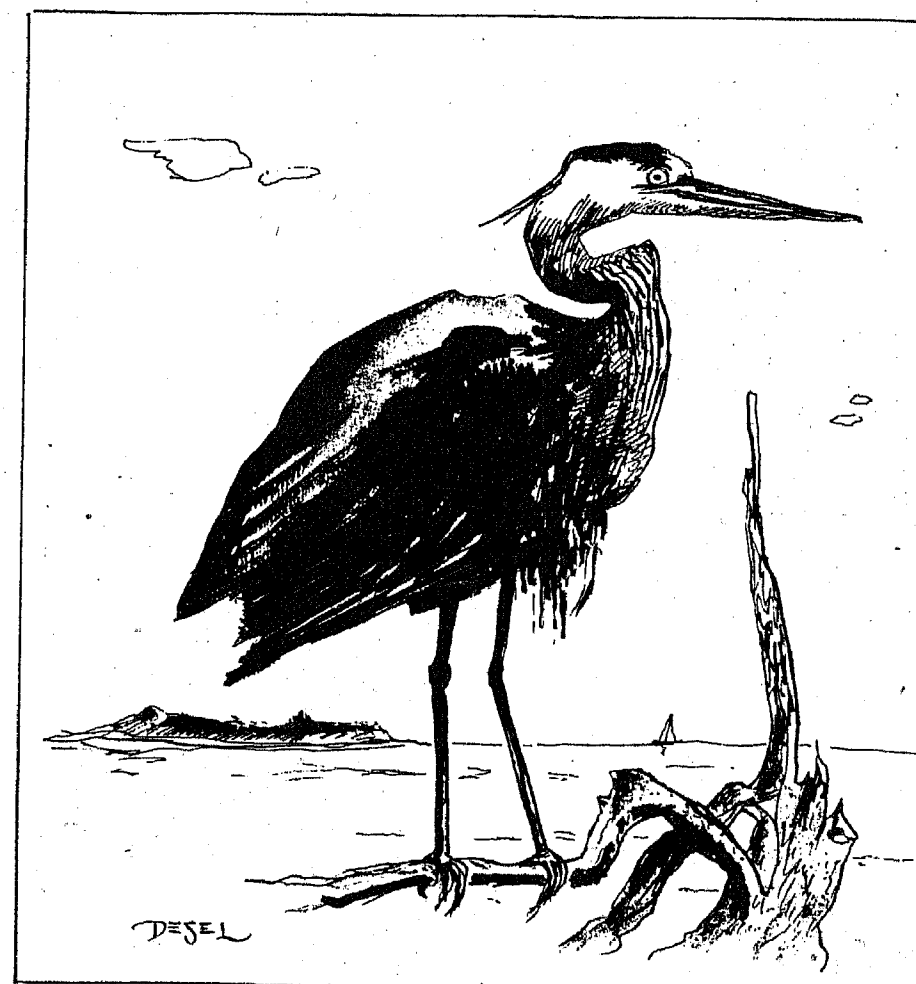
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SOME REMARKS

ARE YOU OVERWEIGHT and can't get rid of it? Have you tried diet after diet and just can't get it off or can't keep it off? Have you been to doctor after doctor in your search for relief from overweight and its accompanying problems? Many people who have tried in vain every other means known for losing weight finally found relief in Overeaters Anonymous. Weight losses of 30, 50, 100 pounds and more are not uncommon in O.A. O.A. is a nonprofit spiritual program (but is not affiliated with any religion or denomination) and adheres to the Twelve Steps and Twelve Traditions of Alcoholics Anonymous as adapted for compulsive overeating. There are no membership fees or dues, although there is a freewill collection taken to pay for literature, etc. A new meeting of O.A. has been started in Key West. It meets at the Fleming Street Methodist Church, corner of Fleming and William Streets, every Tuesday at 8 p.m. Everyone who has a problem with overeating is welcome.

TM IN THE AM AND THE PM

THE TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION program, a twenty-minute mental technique which anyone can learn and practice successfully and easily, has been the subject of two Introductory Lectures in the past two months here in Key West. Those attending learned that the technique brings about increased mental potential, improved health, and a more positive psychology about oneself and one's environment.

The claim of increased potential of the mind was discussed and verified by objective scientific research showing that those practicing the Transcendental Meditation technique enjoy: (a) greater increases in intelligence, (b) increased grade point average, (c) broader comprehension and improved ability to focus attention, and (d) increased creativity and productivity. The fact that TM brings about better health is based on the way it allows the body a rest twice as deep as that of sleep; and that depth of rest allows the body to neutralize deep-rooted stresses which, without Transcendental Meditation, continue to build up in the nervous system and cause disease and discomfort on every level of life.

REGULAR PRACTICE OF the Transcenden-

tal Meditation Technique, research shows, brings: (a) normalization of high blood pressure, (b) reduced use of alcohol and cigarettes, (c) reduction in the use of prescribed and non-prescribed drugs, (d) relief from insomnia, (e) normalization of weight, and (f) for bronchial asthma patients, 90% reduction in airway resistance. No wonder many doctors are recommending it to their patients.

Those who practice the TM technique tell of improvements in their lives on every level, from Merv Griffin and Grandma Walton to Key West's lady bartender, Linda Simpson, or the guy selling cars, Mark Power. Ms. Simpson says that since she's started TM, she's calmer, things don't bother her as much at work, and her personal relationships are smoother and more enjoyable.

Simon-In-The-Sun (Simon Hendricks), a DJ on WKWE, started TM several years ago. "I got to feeling so good," he grins, "that I quit TM, thinking I was ok and would be from then on. But then I started to get like I had been before. I started TM -- the me I didn't like, you know? So I've gotten back into it, and I'm like a different person -- much mellower, better, happier. I don't plan to stop again ever, or even miss a meditation. It's a waste not to be at my best and enjoy all I can, and I also think it adds to my performance in being

on the radio."

THE TRANSCENDENTAL MEDITATION Technique is taught the same way all over the world, through an Introductory and Preparatory Lecture, after which there's a personal interview. Then there's actual personal instruction in the technique, for which one pays a course fee, followed by three meetings in which questions are answered, the technique is checked, and further knowledge about the technique is given. For further information, call 4-3180 or 6-2031 until mid-April.

THE SHRIMP BOATS ARE COMING!

by Bets Reynolds

ON PALM SUNDAY, March 30th, the Shrimp Industry of Key West and the Old Island Restoration Foundation will sponsor one of the most colorful events of Old Island Days, "The Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet."

An annual event, it is the Grande Finale of the Old Island Days celebrations, although several years ago when it was first undertaken, it was much less dramatic and for an interesting reason.

During the first years of The Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet event, it was hard to persuade enough boat-owners to participate to make a truly impressive showing. Important parts of the event are the decoration of the shrimp boats, the water-parade of these boats, and the prizes given to the best decorated. The prizes were impressive. What was wrong? Why didn't more boats take part in the parade?

The answer, as it turned out, was simple enough. The dates chosen for the event were wrong. Not being shrimpers, the schedulers of the event didn't realize that many shrimpers prefer to fish at the dark of the moon. During a full moon the shrimp tend to hide at

the bottom of the ocean and are more difficult to catch. Once this was explained by the amused shrimpers, who thought it needed no explanation, the dates for The Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet were changed to coincide with the time of the full moon, and now the number of boats participating makes a dramatic showing.

THE BOATS THEMSELVES are not dramatic in appearance. Handsome, yes, and sturdy, but to anyone accustomed to sleek-lined boats, they look clumsy. Far from it!

This impression of clumsiness doesn't last long once one has seen the "Big Fleet" leaving Key West Harbor, with sometimes up to thirty or forty boats at a time putting out to sea. Skillfully handled, they pull out rapidly, bow

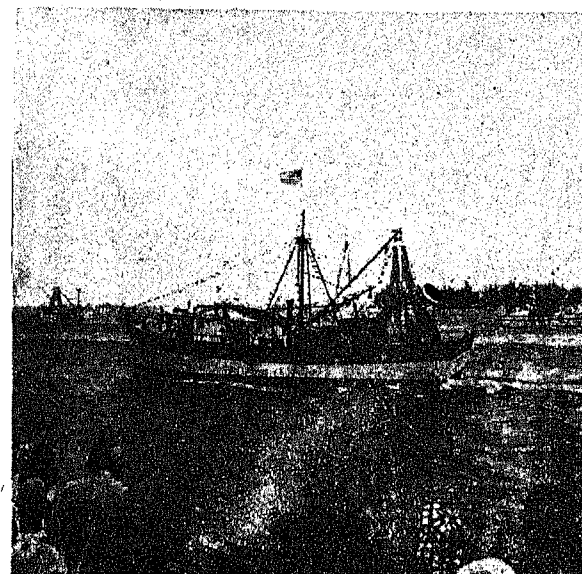


PHOTO BY IDA BARRON

to stern, one right after the other. They turn on a dime almost at full speed, their deep-throated engines echoing over the buildings of Old Town, bound for a trip that may last up to two weeks.

A VITAL PART of the life of Key West, shrimping is its biggest single fishing industry. About 500 boats work out of its harbor. There are nine shrimp packing houses in Key West, with a total of about 100 employees. During the season as many as 400 additional workers are hired to work in the packing houses.

Shrimp boats are fifty to one hundred feet long and are built of wood, fiberglass or steel. If you would like to buy one, be prepared to pay as much as \$70,000 for a wooden boat in just fair condition. The glass and steel boats are much more expensive.

If you would not like to buy, but would like to see a shrimp boat up close, The Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet is the time to do it. One or two shrimp boats will be pulled up to Mallory Dock, where the water-parade and the Blessing take place. Visitors will be allowed aboard the boats.

THIS IS JUST one of the many reasons why you won't want to miss The Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet. The actual parade of boats doesn't start until 2 p.m., but a lot goes on before that. Be at Mallory Dock at noon to hear the Junkanoo, Coffee Butler, and Fred Ames' Band, and to enjoy the shrimp and sauce treat served in the Community Center. There, volunteers of the Old Island Restoration Foundation will be busy serving the results of the previous night's catch of shrimp, cooked while you wait and served with a mouth-watering variety of sauces.

At 2 p.m. the boats will assemble off Old Naval Station Mole; the U.S. Navy Color Guard will present the colors while the national anthem is sung; Cmdr. Robert Weeks, USN Chaplain, will read the invocation; and Master-of-Ceremonies, Capt. O.D. MacMillan, USN (ret.), will introduce the boat judges.

NOW, AT LAST, the shrimp boats will begin their water-parade, all of them decorated from bow to stern, moving

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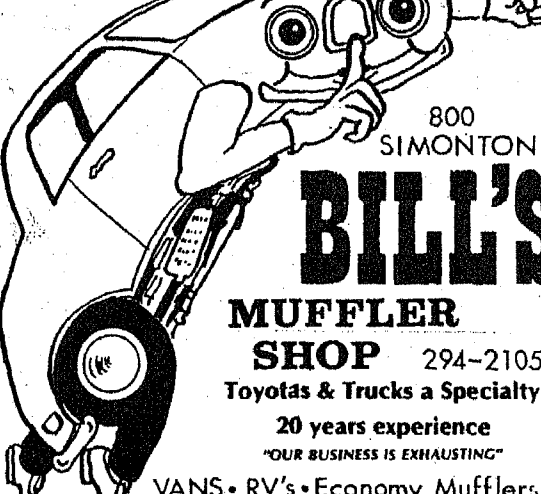
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majestically and certainly colorfully through the blue-green water of the harbor. There will be two pass-bys, one for judging the best-decorated boats, and one for the Blessing by Father Anthony Mulderry. After the boats are blessed and the winners are announced, Father Eric Potter will close the event with a Benediction.

Meanwhile six fortunate boats will have won impressive prizes, including a trophy from the Greater Key West Chamber of Commerce for the Best Display of Theme of the Industry, a trophy for the first prize winner from the Old Island Restoration Foundation, and plaques for the first, second, and third prize-winners from the Southernmost Chamber of Commerce.

THE PRIZES THEMSELVES are worth working for! The first prize, 1500 gallons of diesel oil from Sand's Standard Marine; the second prize, given by Singleton Enterprises of Key West, Inc., 100 bars of ice and 500 gallons of diesel fuel; the third prize, a coil of 1/2 inch steel rope from the Coral Shrimp Company; fourth prize, a coil of 3/4 inch nylon line from Standard Marine Supply; fifth prize, 7 x 50 binoculars from Marine Electronics & Hardware; the sixth prize, \$50 worth of paint from Sirco, Inc.

The Blessing of the Shrimp Fleet is an event that is obviously worth everyone's time, from that of the planning committee, chaired by Fred Cole and Jeanie Toomer Roberts, to that of the participants, particularly the shrimp boat owners. And it's definitely worth your time as a spectator. It's a must-see! -- beginning at noon at Mallory Square, Key West, on Palm Sunday, March 30th, 1980.

RESOURCE ORGANIZATION FOR ACTION RESEARCH

A GROUP of Key West citizens have recently begun to organize their energies to make Key West continue to be a worthwhile place to live. Realizing

that even paradise can be beset with problems, the group hopes to be a worthy instrument in helping to resolve some of the issues critical to our island's future. In identifying problems and their appropriate solutions; the group intends to "preserve the best of the old and encourage the best of the new."

Acting on the belief that a trust factor is the most essential ingredient for successfully influencing people, Resource Organization for Action Research (ROAR) is finding ways to build a solid structure of credibility. By making research the foundation of their means of operation, they are developing a means of taking information through a systematic evaluation process before final recommendations are made. Then they will make the evaluation process available for scrutiny to citizens and appropriate decision-making bodies. In so doing, ROAR intends to "open the windows and let the sunshine in."

ROAR FEELS STRONGLY that an assertive presentation of the recommendations is essential. "We think we can avoid the usual blood-letting that goes on in political groups," says Ashley Simmons, coordinator of ROAR. "There is a need for a positive negotiating force in this community."

The first subject for research is the manner in which the excessed navy properties are to be developed by the private sector. A synthesis of available research on the competing conceptual plans by the city and the county will be studied by the group. They will then ask questions of key resource persons to help clarify some of the issues under discussion. Invited to the first question/answer session are Redevelopment Agency Director Denis Anderson and County Commissioner Curtis Blair.

AT THE RECENT organizational meeting, ROAR's initiators enjoyed the expert skills of Juanita Brown, ten-day-a-month management consultant to the municipality of Palo Alto, California, and Organizational Development consult-

ant to a multitude of groups, educational institutions, corporations, and government agencies in the United States and Latin America. Ms. Brown helped the group identify its long and short range goals and some possible strategies for achieving those goals.

Leticia Lowerbee, reporter for the Miami based Cuban television station, Channel 23, informed the group that a substantial number of Cubans are leaving the community because of economic pressures. Channel 23 will air the series of interviews with the local Cubans starting the second week of March.

PARTICIPANTS INSISTED THAT the exodus includes all ethnic groups but expressed particular dismay over the fact that Key West youth have traditionally migrated elsewhere due to a lack of meaningful work, educational opportunities, and wholesome recreation. It was noted that the current trend has been noticeably escalated due to the increased cost of living and a critical lack of affordable housing.

ROAR is in its beginning stage and is looking for researchers, independent study students, writers, clerical workers, and sincere, assertive persons with excellent communications skills. For further information call 294-8564, or write P.O. Box 1672.

IN PRESIDENT CARTER'S State of the Union Message last month he called for registration to the military draft in response to a so-called threat from the USSR to our national security that he claims is now developing in the Persian Gulf region.

A group of us have watched Carter's actions with increasing alarm. Not a decade ago, this nation was involved in a civil war in Viet Nam. The results of our involvement there were disastrous socially, both at home and abroad, in the destruction of the land of Southeast Asia, and finally for the families who

lost sons and brothers there needlessly. It is imperative that we, as a nation, keep our historical perspective and realize, through the clamor of this most recent call to arms, what pain war brings to us all.

IN RESPONSE to this potentially fatal move, we have decided to voice publicly, peacefully, our opposition to war as a means of solving international conflicts, and to oppose registration to the draft as the first step in launching another military adventure halfway around the world in the name of national security.

In conjunction with the Miami chapter of the American Friends Service Committee (AFSC), a Quaker religious group dedicated to non-violent social change, we prepared a peaceful, educational discussion and rally on February 24 at Mallory Square Dock.

The rally was sponsored by the AFSC Miami chapter, the American Civil Liberties Union of Miami, and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference (SCLC), Miami Chapter. There was also a rally in Miami at Bicentennial Park on the same day.

Barbara Deming, author of *Prison Notes* and *We Cannot Live Without Our Lives*, was at the rally, along with Viet Nam veteran Philip Caputo, author of *A Rumor of War*. Jane Verlaine, a local feminist, and others spoke.

by Sam Jannarone

MARINE INDUSTRY INTEREST FIZZLES

THE FEBRUARY ISSUE of *Solares Hill* contained an article discussing use of certain areas within Truman Annex for expansion of the local marine industry.

Since then, we have tried to contact Richard Vetcherry, of Mississippi, and Gulf Coast Transit, of Tampa, to confirm their familiarity with the subject and their possible interest in establishing marine industry in Key West.

IN BOTH CASES, Chet Alexander, owner of Alexander's Marine, was the local contact.

Alexander advises he has not heard from Vetcherry in almost three months. Alexander has misplaced Vetcherry's business card and is, consequently, unable to initiate further contact with him.

Solares Hill contacted Gulf Coast Transit and spoke with Gene Flood, Vice President. Flood recalled conversation at a board meeting wherein the Truman Annex proposal was discussed.

Although not personally familiar with Alexander, Flood confirmed, "Gulf Coast was contacted by someone from (Key West) about the Navy base property." After brief discussion, it was decided the proposal and invitation to consider Key West for corporate expansion did not suit the corporation's needs.

ALEXANDER HAS HEARD nothing more from Gulf Coast. He was not surprised the proposal was rejected, pointing to slow progress in land-use development plans and failure of the Key West Redevelopment Agency to grant leases for longer than one-year terms.

At present, Alexander is unaware of interest in the property by any other marine industries. He considers an aggressive search for new industry somewhat futile because of the unknown time factor involved in final determination of a land-use plan.

As all this continues, Key West's once-thriving marine industry struggles to remain a part of the local economy.

by Kathleen Hargreaves



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by Jezebel

Air Florida: The New "Air Sometimes"

ARTICLE AND PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

IN AN IMPERFECT WORLD in which we are all sinners, one should not be surprised when a rapidly expanding airline suffers growing pains and makes a few mistakes. However, if you believe Air Florida Board Chairman Ed Acker's claim that his company provides Key West with "absolutely superb service," let me tell you about a Seven Mile Bridge that I'd like to sell you cheap.

County Commissioner George Dolezal's description of Air Florida's service and attitude as "cavalier, abominable, and faulty" is closer to reality, although some of us would not be that charitable.

I HAVE ONLY flown with Air Florida once. That was last summer when the old Air Sunshine DC 3's were still on the Miami-Key West run. There was only a slight delay while the pilot waited for the fire in the starboard engine to burn out, and we arrived in Key West more or less on time.

Since then I have had only two encounters with Air Florida, and both make hitchhiking look like the most reliable alternative to Greyhound for getting to Miami and back.

LAST OCTOBER, Air Florida said that my brother's flight from Miami would arrive in Key West at about two o'clock, then 3:30, then five o'clock. He got here after seven, after a six-hour wait in Miami. Five other frustrated passengers finally chartered a plane that got them here an hour earlier and a dollar cheaper. Air Florida explained that the plane for one flight was unavailable; it was out of the country on a charter. Another plane had mechanical difficulties. After six hours of false promises and cancellations, a plane load of pas-

sengers and their friends and families were no longer interested in excuses. At least the incoming passengers had arrived at their destination. Those leaving Key West had to rewrite their itineraries.

If five passengers could find themselves a plane, why could Air Florida not have done as much for all its passengers?

IN NOVEMBER, my sister-in-law Patty had confirmed reservations on Air Florida to fly from Key West to Miami to connect with an 11 a.m. flight to Minneapolis. Air Florida atrocity stories abounding at the time, Patty checked every few days to see if the reservations were still intact.

Shortly before the scheduled flight, she was told that her reservations had been cancelled because there was no room on the plane. She asked a reservation clerk how this could be. The clerk asked a computer, which explained that there were no more seats on that flight. Had her seat suddenly disappeared? Patty wanted to know, since she had been told several days before that she had a seat reserved.

The computer insisted that the seats on all flights that would get Patty to Miami for the 11 a.m. connection were filled and that Patty's name was not on any of those seats. Patty persisted, and a clerk discovered that the reason the computer thought the seats were full was that all those flights had been cancelled.

Furthermore, the clerk explained something that clerks are not supposed to admit: the Key West-Miami flights had been cancelled so that the planes could

be diverted to the more profitable New York-Miami route.

AT THIS POINT I got involved. I told the clerk that I understood that airlines were not supposed to cancel flights arbitrarily just to make more money flying more lucrative routes.

"Don't get me into trouble," worried the clerk. "I'm only trying to be helpful." I called the reservation number a few more times and asked different clerks the same questions. Some stonewalled; some claimed, as did other Air Florida employees in later interviews, that it is a policy of Air Florida to cancel flights and reroute planes when more money is to be made elsewhere.

One Air Florida employee said that the airline is "getting away with murder" in its cancellation practices, and "someone should call them on it." Another employee, who lives in Key West but is based in Miami, has to drive to Miami instead of flying to be sure of getting to work on time, because of cancellations.

IT IS ALSO an Air Florida policy (obviously not followed by all employees) to deny that such a practice exists.

In a February 7, 1980, article in *The Key West Citizen*, Larry Herndon, Air Florida's vice-president for advertising and public relations, denied reports that the airline had diverted planes from the Key West route for more lucrative northern flights. "We have never intentionally cancelled a flight (to Key West) in favor of a New York run," he said.

Admitting to 14 percent (55 flights) cancellations on the Miami-Key West route in September and seven percent in October, Chairman Ed Acker claimed in a

continued on page 52



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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE

BY KIMMA CATZ

Sun in Pisces, after the 19th in Aries
Venus in Aries, after the 6th in Taurus
Mercury in Pisces, retrograde, turning direct the 18th

Mars in Virgo, retrograde into Leo on the 12th
Uranus in Scorpio, retrograde
Neptune in Sagittarius, turning retrograde the 23rd
Pluto in Libra, retrograde
North Node in 28 degrees of Leo

THERE ARE SEVEN planets in retrograde motion this month. Overall, this signifies more of the same; situations that have been previously experienced are doing a rerun, so to speak. The Fourth house of the chart is the area that is aspected the most strongly. As this is the nadir of the horoscope and rules new beginnings -- we are making repeated attempts at improvements and new starts that should prove positive for the future development of the City.

THERE ARE TWO Full Moons in the month of March. The Full Moon on the first is in Virgo, and the Full Moon on the 31st is in the sign of Libra. The first Full Moon aspects our Fourth house -- again of new beginnings, construction, home, family. This Full Moon is very potent for the chart of Key West. Things will definitely come to a head in this area of experience.

The second Full Moon in the sign of Libra aspects our Fifth house in a milder form, but it will be good for social happenings, and creative endeavors.

THE NEW MOON will be on March 16 in the sign of Pisces. This occurs in the Tenth house of the chart, which is the House of the Public. Our "image" should be improving. Also the employment situation will be showing a strong and healthy upward trend.

OUR CO-RULERS, Saturn and Mercury, are in retrograde motion this month. Try again and again -- do it right -- Key West seems to be being told. We are given the opportunity to correct some old mistakes, and some new mistakes that have been made because the city does not seem to be learning its lessons as easily as it might.

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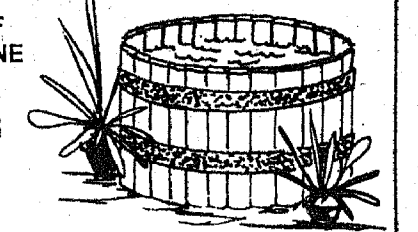
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52 AIR FLORIDA continued from page 50
December 9, 1979, *Miami Herald* article that cancellations since October had been "absolutely nil." A couple of those "absolutely nil" cancellations forced my sister-in-law to alter her complicated travel plans and changed a few schedules in Minneapolis as well.

POOR SERVICE IS only one of the complaints that Key Westers have about Air Florida. When Air Florida first took over Air Sunshine and established 12 flights a day, it seemed that we could put up with the two or three mid-day jet flights. The nerve-racking noise and the modern hustle-bustle of jet planes roaring over the city destroyed tranquility and heightened fears of a wholesale slaughter with the possibility of a large jet flaming out and not being able to glide away from the crowded island. But at least we had service like we never had before. We could come and go almost anytime and connect with a wider variety of Miami flights.

Now service has been cut back to five jet flights a day. We have less service, more noise, and a greater threat of disaster. Besides, the regular \$42 one-way ticket is out of the practical reach of most Key Westers. (The fare is \$25 Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday on the 9:45 a.m. Key West-Miami flight and the 8:45 p.m. Miami-Key West flight.)

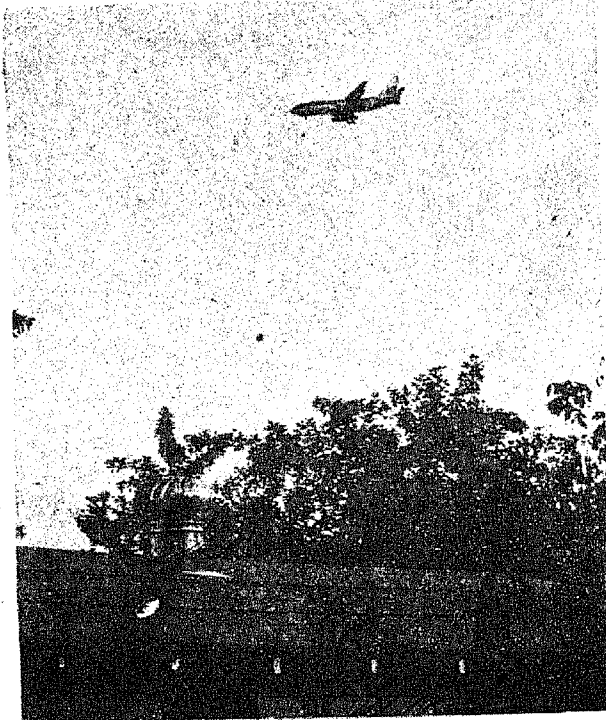
RESIDENTS' COMPLAINTS about Air Florida can be summarized as follows:

POOR SERVICE -- more flights on smaller propeller or prop-jet planes would better serve resident and tourist needs; the volume of cancellations is unacceptable; attitude toward passengers is insulting; tourism is suffering because of Air Florida's poor service.

COMMERCIAL JETS do not fit Key West -- they are unnecessary, noisy, polluting, dangerous, and contrary to the island's

lifestyle; Navy jets are acceptable because they do not fly over or land on the island, and they are necessary to the economic well being of Key West.

THE FARE is unreasonably high -- rising fuel costs do not justify the increase from Air Sunshine's \$40 round



trip fare to Air Florida's \$42 one way fare.

ALL IN ALL, Air Florida is doing more to make the previous service by Air Sunshine ("Air Sometimes," as it was fondly called) look good than Air Sunshine was ever able to do. Air Sunshine was a joke. There was an amateurish, homemade atmosphere about Air Sunshine that made it easy to laugh at

its shortcomings. There was a feeling that, being locally owned, it would respond to local needs.

Air Florida is not funny. People are serious about their complaints. Property owners in Air Florida's flight path are suing Monroe County for damages based on the theory of "inverse condemnation." They claim that the value of their property is damaged by the noise and pollution of the jets, and that the County should be made to share the cost of the damage.

CITY COMMISSIONER Richard Heyman suggested at a recent Commission meeting that other airlines should be encouraged to give Air Florida some competition. There is a reliable report that a Key West resident plans to establish a new airline in the near future to break Air Florida's monopoly.

Meanwhile, city residents have an opportunity to speak their minds about jet service in Key West at the County Commission meeting March 4 at 7 p.m. at the Courthouse in Key West. There will be a hearing at that time regarding the proposed lengthening of the runways to make it safer for the currently-operating 737 jets to land and take off. Presumably, lengthening the runways would also encourage larger and noisier jets to operate here.

MANY KEY WESTERS feel that eliminating jet service to Key West and replacing the jets with more frequent flights of smaller, non-jet planes would solve a lot of problems. It would also remove the need for further damage to the salt pond area that would be caused by the longer runways.

And the beautiful vista of the unique Florida Keys that can be enjoyed from a low-flying propeller plane, and is denied to the jet traveller, would once again be an extra, added attraction of flying to Key West.

A tale is fictitious but not imaginary, for both its agents and actions are drawn from the passing scenes of life. The essence of this narrative has been taken from a collection of unpublished short stories entitled Tales to be Told in a Whisper, by Hank Villate.

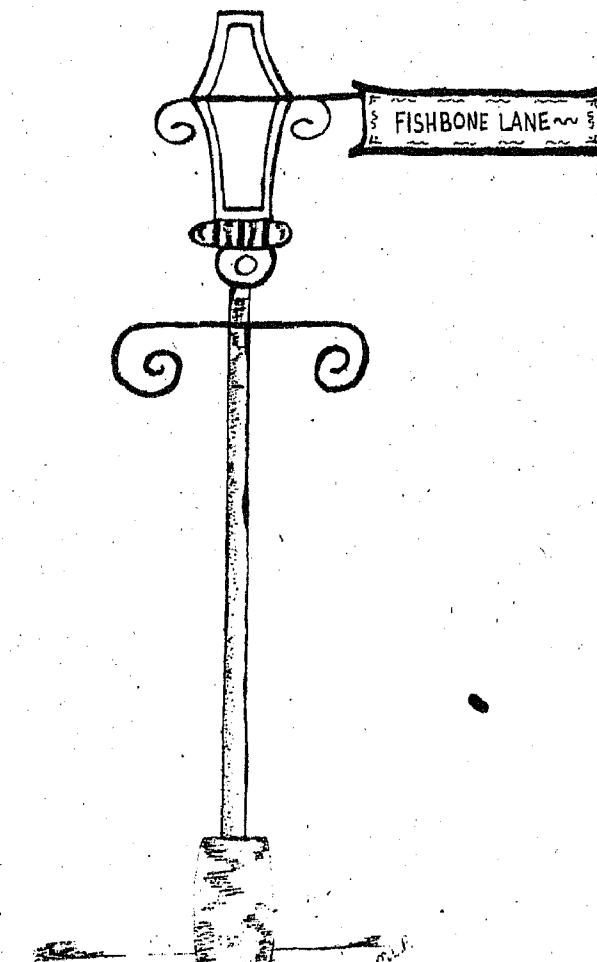
THE HAM

FISHBONE LANE HAS style, in a way that frames and holds one's thoughts. The lane is filled with all the haunts of nature, tall trees thick with foliage and flowers everywhere. A place dressed in rags, dirt and tatters, with a rustic lazy mood that no other place enjoys. The inhabitants are gentle simple people of plain manners, living in weathered shacks held up by the lush vegetation. They spend endless hours sitting on their porches engaged in idle gossip, reported second hand. Ill news and queer stories spread that could drive the accused to hang one gossip by his tongue and the other by his ears. Nothing really ever happened, until the day of the ham.

Morning came with its first streaks of light, a purpling of the sky to the east. The flowers became more odorous, the birds of the lane sang louder, a golden sun ascended to the top of the shade trees with its usual brightness. The people began to have their first awakening thoughts.

ON THIS PARTICULAR DAY, the good people of Fishbone Lane received a gift from an anonymous donor, an enormous ham weighing no less than two hundred pounds. It came with a note attached which read: "My time is short, my obligations infinite. You have been visited, the work of piety accomplished. God Bless."

The people of the lane were thrilled. To have a little meat after so much fish was indeed a blessing. The ham was to be hung in a cool, tight, well-ventilated place, free from insects. Mr. Carlos Santana, an older resident of the lane,



53 had the suitable place. He agreed to change the wrapping, if it became grease soaked, and keep check on the overall condition of the meat, until it was ready to be eaten.

It would take eleven months to the day.

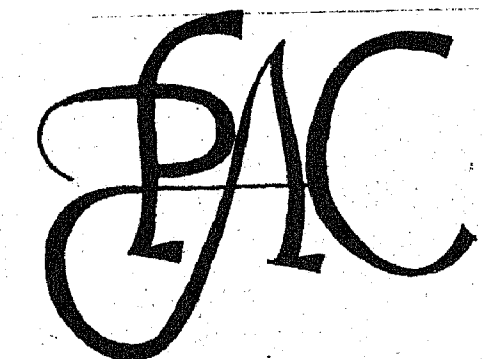
TIME WITH ALL its celerity moved slowly, for those who watched its flight. It showed no mercy from the ever-lurking uneasiness of expectation. The delightful visions of just tasting the ham gave in to all earthly desires. They imagined the sultry and delicious smells of slabs of ham, thick steaks and rashers of bacon.

In the months that passed, babies were born, some old-timers died, a few marriages, a boy fell from a tree and was killed, a woman faced with menopause went mad. Daily, the ham was appetizingly and most succulently mentioned.

A crowd had been gathering in front of Mr. Carlos Santana's house since early morning, talking in low, excited voices. The final hour had come when the ham was ready to be distributed among the people of Fishbone Lane. Mr. Carlos Santana came out of the house and stood on the porch for a long, long moment. Then, with the conviction of a fatalist, he spoke: "Ladies and Gentlemen, the ham has been stolen. It is gone and cannot be accounted for."

AT FIRST THERE was fierce mumbling and some confusion, but then, gravely and most seriously, the crowd walked away in a quiet procession. There was a bright side to the theft of the ham, among so many amusing realities of life, we must not rob anticipation of its pleasant memories.

Today, when the people of Fishbone Lane sit on their porches absorbed in leisure conversation, and a discussion of some fascinating event comes up, the question is always asked, "Did it happen before the theft of the ham or after the theft of the ham?"



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EVENTS

THEATRE/CONCERTS

Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center (TWAC) Gingerbread Square Gallery, 903 Duval, at Florida Keys Community College, Stock Island; Box Office 294-6363
 March 13-15 & 20-22 Greene Street Theatre at TWAC presents *Egus*
 March 16 Ensemble Guillaume de Machaut of Paris -- concert of Renaissance music

March 9-17 Michael Robinson -- wildlife in watercolors & acrylics.
 March 18-April 7 Piko Aversa -- Bold Floral paintings in oils & acrylics.

Garden Show, West Martello, 294-3210

Begins March 6 - Awards Night 6-8 p.m. - and continues March 7, 8, 9; 10 a.m. - 6 p.m.

SPECIAL EVENTS

Monroe County Public Library, 700 Fleming Street, 294-7100 or 294-1343
 "Thursday Night Live" (Seminars) 7-9 p.m.

March 6 Love and Addiction
 March 13 What Do You Do After You Say Goodbye
 March 20 Dealing with Loneliness
 March 27 Plan and Control Your Life

"Gardening in the Keys" with Ray Zerba
 Week of March 17-21 2-5 p.m. everyday

East Martello, South Roosevelt Blvd, 296-3913

Combat Art Show, through March 30, WWII action paintings and 1976 Tall Ships Parade.

Cayo Hueso Graphics, 806 Duval Street, 296-5221 (Tues.-Sun., noon to 5)

"Body Beautiful" -- show by local artists: Anton Haardt, prints and collage; Laura L'Hammedin, three-dimensional paintings of tropical themes; Ralph Freer, wood sculpture; Robert Lyon, Jr., acrylics and mixed media.

Poetry Readings, The Bookshop, 534 Fleming, 296-9089. 4:30 p.m.

March 2: Norman Rosten and, back by popular demand, Harry Tierney & Michael Buller.
 March 16: Manana Ides of March Reading
 March 30: Paul Verlaine's Birthday -- readings from Verlaine, Baudelaire, Rimbaud, & Valery by Zephyr Blevine, Robin Kaplan, & Richard Marsh.

Poetry Reading, Guild Hall Gallery, 614 Duval, 296-9359 8:30 p.m.

March 2: Richard Marsh and other local poets.

Senior Citizens Center, 600 White Street, 294-3119

March 10 Free blood testing 7-8 p.m. for persons over 55; interested senior citizens are welcome at 8 p.m. meeting and film on NFTA-AARP services.

March 12, 19, 26 Three talks on consumer tips by Dr. Bart Freihaut from Florida Keys Community College, 7-9 p.m.

March 17 St. Patrick's Day Dance, 8-10 p.m. All senior citizens welcome. Donation \$1. Refreshments & door prizes.

Key West Art Center, 301 Front Street, 294-1241

March 1-15 One-person show: Steffi Smith, oil paintings.

REGULAR EVENTS

Monroe County Commission

March 4 (Key West) & 5 (Marathon) Hearings on Key West Airport runway extensions; 7 p.m.
 March 11 Regular meeting, Key West; 10 a.m.
 March 25 Regular meeting, Plantation Key; 10 a.m.

City Commission

First and third Mondays, 8 p.m., City Hall, Simonton & Angela

Aqueduct Authority
 March 20, Key West, 1 p.m.

City Electric Utility Board
 Second and fourth Wednesdays, 5 p.m., Board Room, 930 Caroline Street.

Arts and Crafts Flea Market

Every Sunday, noon to 4 p.m., behind San Carlos Theater. Enter from Fleming Street.

Greyhound Racing - Key West Kennel Club, Stock Island
 12 races every night except Sunday at 8:00 p.m.; 11 races Saturday at 2:00 (free); Ladies free Tuesday. (Through April 14)

Monroe County Public Library, 700 Fleming Street, 294-7100 or 294-1343

Book Sale first Saturday of every month; back of the library. Use Elizabeth Street entrance.

Children's Movies every Saturday morning; 10 a.m.

March 5 Movie: Superpoint Austria & The Grand Canyon

March 12 Movie: The Making of Star Wars

March 19 Movie: Drottningholm Court Theatre & Mario Sanchez

March 26 Movie: The Scandinavian Experience & Unknown Eiffel

Book Reviews every Monday morning; 10:30 a.m.

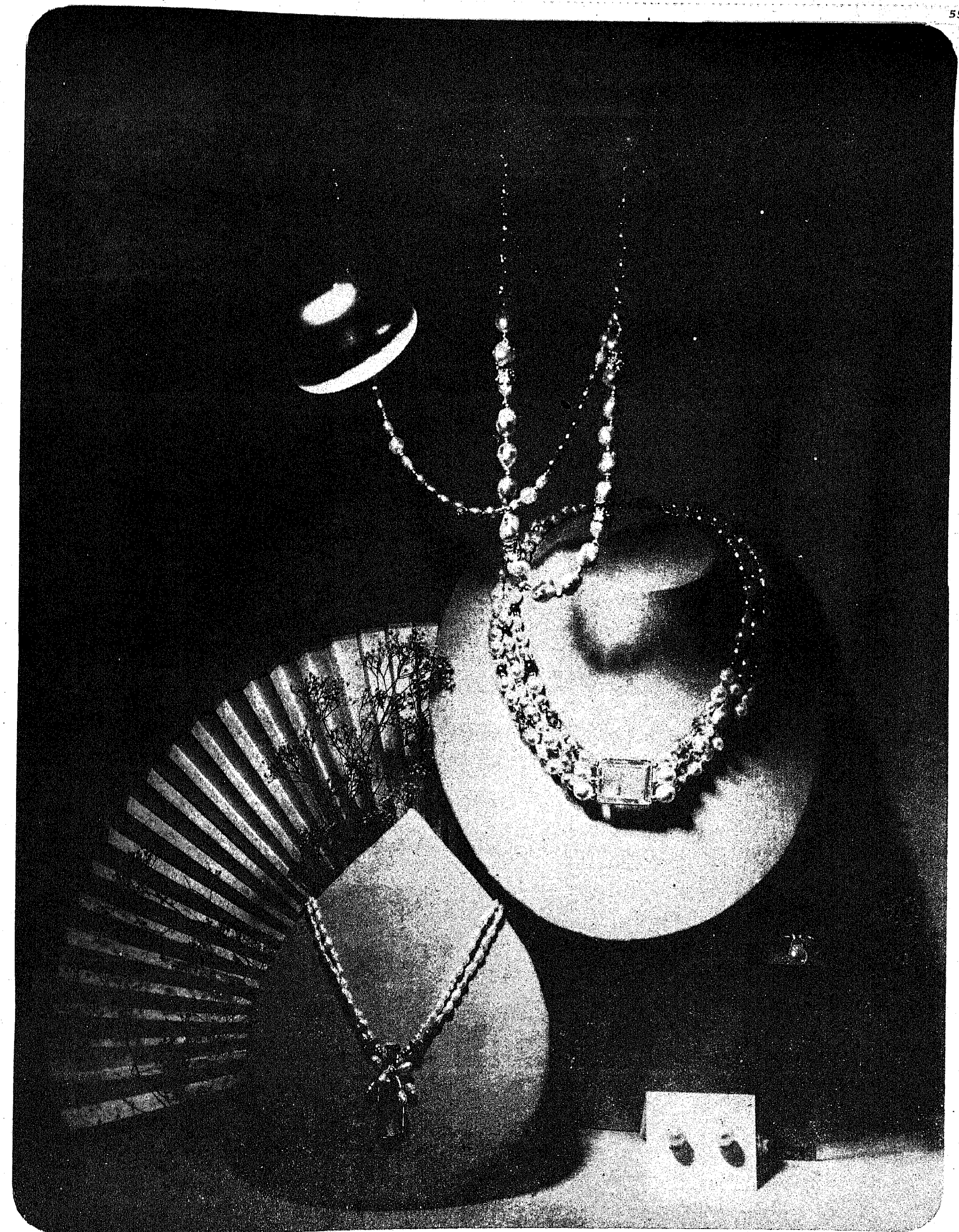
Great Books Discussion every other Monday evening; 7:00 p.m.

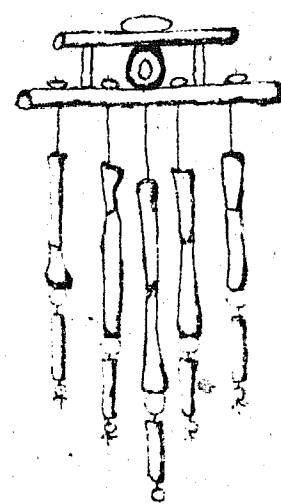
Please send notice of events of public interest to Solares Hill, 513 Fleming, Room 3 by the 20th of the month preceding the event.

EVENTS

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