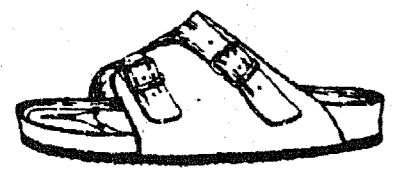




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CREDIT CARDS • OPEN YEAR ROUND

FROM THE EDITOR

In our September issue, Gil Ryder wrote, "...the City Commission has suddenly hired a new City Manager who is from out of town but it will be a good even money bet that within a short period of time when the shouting dies down, he won't be here and they'll hire another buba."

Gil is right on target on point one but I hope they won't "hire another buba". However, Gil is more often right than wrong, so...?

Recently, two big issues have come up before the City Commission where the advice of City Attorney Joe Allen III has been essential. One was the golf course proposal and the other was the houseboat rental at Mallory Square. On both issues, Joe Allen took the position that both proposals were legally correct, and presumably to the City's advantage. Read Bill Westray's report in this issue on the opinions of the real estate lawyer hired by the City to look into the golf course proposal. This lawyer in plain language says it is a bad deal for the city. The other right Randy Ludacer, attorney for a group of business men fighting the lease agreement for the houseboat restaurant at Mallory Square, gave Joe Allen a legal whipping, or at least, so it appears to me.

Some thoughts come to mind. The first thought is that maybe I'm wrong in my impressions and that Joe will emerge as having been right all along.

Another thought is that Joe hadn't done his homework and wasn't fully prepared to exercise his judgments as City Attorney.

The third thought is that probably Joe Allen is swamped by all this City business which he conducts at the same time he maintains a private practice. Key West is a City that has come of age and it needs a full-time City Attorney. I personally think that my third thought is probably the most accurate of the three.

I was very pleased to read of the State's strong insistence on the preservation of the Salt Ponds. The official from Tallahassee stated that the lack of proper protection for these ponds is one reason why the City should remain under "Critical State Concern". I agree.

The Mayor was in top form the other night at a City Commission meeting. It does seem to me that when he is backing an environmental issue (that night he called for a neighborhood impact statement from the proposed Hilton Hotel Group), he positively sparkles and is a pleasure to watch.

I went to look at the improvements Ed Swift and Chris Belland made at Mallory Square, where the controversial houseboat is moored. I feel that they have done a fine job of beautifying that area. I also agree with the conclusion of writer Peter Heyman's article on the houseboat that the rent the City will receive from the boat appears too low.

Hey, I think as much emphasis should be put on stopping kids from riding bikes fast on our downtown sidewalks as is put on enforcing the shirt law. Some pretty reckless and pretty rude young people are dangerously zipping up and down Duval Street's sidewalks, and unless this action is cracked down on hard, someone is going to get badly hurt.

Seasons Greetings, and see you next month.

WT

Cover artist this time is Leigh Martin.

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

ART DIRECTION.....WALT HYLA

With a little help from our friends...

Solares Hill Co., Inc.

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Louis "Sonfisher" Fisher

LOUIS FISHER, KNOWN by islanders as "Sonfisher" or "Son," was born here in November, 1886.

He has personal understanding of the powers that be, and the way they work on a human life. Life has made him at 94 a sweet man, a man of peace. Many times with reason to fight, he never did, and he kept his faith alive. He earned a living and lived as peacefully as a man could, despite the prejudices that pinched many a good man of his time.

SONFISHER POINTS OUT the most dramatic moments in his life were times when he was in a position to save another's life. There was the great 1909 hurricane; he was very young then, but he remembers it clearly. He managed to gather his ageing, ailing momma into his arms, wrap her up like a babe, and carry her off to safety. The water was swelling in from the beach, setting houses afloat. He walked four blocks with his sister, carrying his momma in his arms. A precious moment, he says, for his strength came from the Lord. The water was above his knees, and the storm had been raging all night long.

HE RECALLS HOW he bent down, ever so slightly, to gently place her on a bed at their friend's house. His mother, Edith Fisher, died on the last day of that year, and was buried at the first of the new year. This was an important time in Louis's life. He raised himself up after that.

"I've got a good memory," he says. "The Lord has guided me in my head."

AFTER THAT TIME, Louis stayed home from school with his sister. Douglas School was at Smith Lane Alley in those days. He remembers how one weekend the school got moved to Emma Street via mules and rollers. But he had dropped out of school before that to care for his mother. "My concentration just left me and I quit fourth grade," he says.

Their daddy, Peter, had left the family to go sponging. He was usually at Cedar Key or Tarpon Springs. In those days, they used a water glass to locate the sponges. "Sponging money never done," the people would sing over and over in those days. No one seems sure what that means, though.

"Bringing myself up like that, I just tried to be nice to people and to talk nice to people." Many times in his life he had occasion to be a peace maker, and was called upon for that purpose.

SITTING QUIETLY NOW in the living



room at Lizzie's house (Elizabeth Stocker, his oldest daughter, who lives on Thomas St.) with Flossie Brown, his sister-in-law (about 88, of hours later, at 11 o'clock.

"THE LORD GUIDES me to remember all those days," he says happily. "He's all around us. He's here. He brought you here."

In 1940, he met the man again at the bank where he was janitor. This was the real reward (there had been none financial). "Son, the Lord guided you," Curry told him, affirming his inner beliefs. "You're a number one man." That, he is. He is indeed.

OLD CONCH THAT he is, with parents who came from the Bahamas to become citizens, Sonfisher was always drawn to the water. And, in younger years when he'd throw his books down after school, they'd be asking him: "Sonfisher, where you going?" He'd go to where the boats came in. To the docks. And he spent lots of time there working, diving off Mallory, or managing men unloading ships from dock to dock. He was a good swimmer and fisherman too.

"ALL THEM GOOD great days," he comments. Johnson would be shoeing horses by the gate of the Navy Yard, and Cabrerra's grocery had all kinds of stuff to delight a young man. Some folks would tote sacks of coal on their heads from the Keys to Key West for cooking on the buttonwood-burning stoves. And you could get five grunts for a time and string them up to carry home. He ate a lot of seafood, and johnnycake.

"Key West was young in those days," he said. There were no phones. Lots of ironing boards, mules, some streetcars, and kerosene stoves. Carrying neighbors and close friends populated the island. There were lots of people in Key West in those days, he tells me. Lots of Cuban, Jewish and Chinese walking around. He was very aware of the Cuban population growing up about him too. "Cubans were crazy in those days. They came from all parts to make cigars. After working in the factories they would eat in one of the many cantinas," he recalls.

PIGEONS IN THOSE days were trained to carry messages. Because there were no phones, they were an important source of communication. His daughter Lizzie reports that after Louis had retired, he would enjoy feeding the pigeons at Mallory. He'd ride up on his bike and they'd alight on his shoulders and follow him. He mentions the pigeons a lot, reminding me not to forget to mention them.

MONDAY MORNINGS, SONFISHER remem-

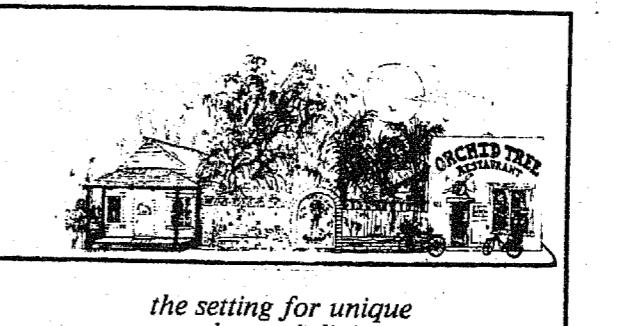


PHOTO BY JO ANN SAVIO

she's not sure), he tells me: "I was strong. I had good ideas and a good mind."

He shows me one of the "frames" he made up from his stamp collection for each of his three living daughters --Elizabeth Stocker, Lucille Alce, and Dorothy Milian. Louis also fathered Isaac Fisher and Raymond Fisher, who is the only child living outside of Key West. There were also four children who died. Louis has 37 grandchildren, 65 great-grand, and 5 great-great-grand. He also has a younger brother, Cyril, who used to cook for a navy gun boat, and a sister, Dora, still living.

ANOTHER DRAMATIC MOMENT came when Sonfisher was able to save the life of Willard Curry, who had fallen overboard from Pino dock (Trumbo) while unloading Cuban pineapples. "If it weren't for the Lord I would not have been able to save that man from the water," says Louis. He remembers removing his shoes and keys--the dock was high--while all the other men were looking at him. He jumped in, reached the drowning man and held him up for the others to save, and roll him to safety on a barrel. The man had water coming out of his mouth and his eyes, and he didn't come to until a couple



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bers, the cows would all pass by coming up Simonton Street. And the Samuel Welters Cornish band, a jazz ensemble, would play on the streets and for the horse-drawn funeral processions.

The Jefferson Hotel, now the site of the Florida National Bank, had a restaurant and bar, and was a lively spot. The electric streetcars went from Duval to Front and White, humming along with overhead wire.

AT 19, SONFISHER married Fanny Brown. She had worked mostly as a cook and was a fine woman. She's been gone 42 years now. One day before they got married he showed up at Mrs. Trevor's where she had been employed. "It's your last day here," he announced. The wedding was to take place soon, and they had picked out some plain straw furniture. "It was a wonderful wedding reception," he remembers proudly. "We were good to each other."

His very best friend was Ernest Johnson, who went to New York later. They traveled together some. A good friend also was his dog who everyone called "Dogfisher." ("That's too many Fishers," my little son interjected at this point.)

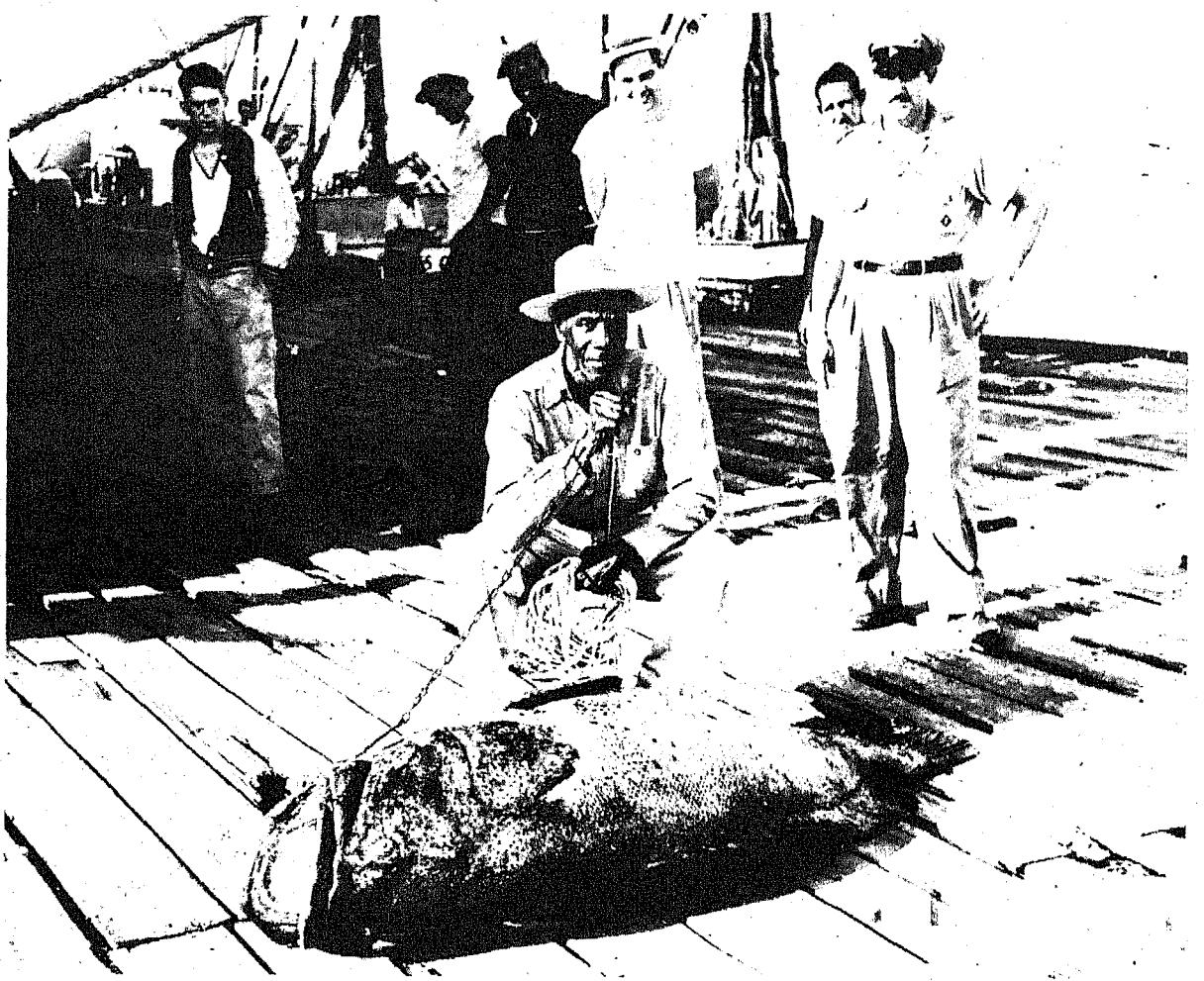
SON MADE HIS living in many ways through the years. In '32-'39, he was handyman at the Casa Marina. People were really hard up then, and times were tight. Son would reach over the fence of the Casa Marina and pass out "barrycudas" and amberjacks to onlookers, given to him from boats at the resort. The people would share the seafood for fritters and dried fish. He enjoyed feeding people very much. "I never paid rough times no mind," he says.

SONFISHER ALSO WAS well known for his fishing. A lot of it he did at the foot of Duval Street. He'd catch moonfish and sell them two for 25¢. Fish-

ing was enjoyment for him. Sonfisher worked as foreman on the bridge at Pigeon Key. He also did relief work at the Snake Creek bridge. He'd blow the whistle at 8:45 and the workers would arrive by ferry. Men worked for \$9 a

week in those days, and the black man was often put down. "I was making on relief \$7 for three days' work."

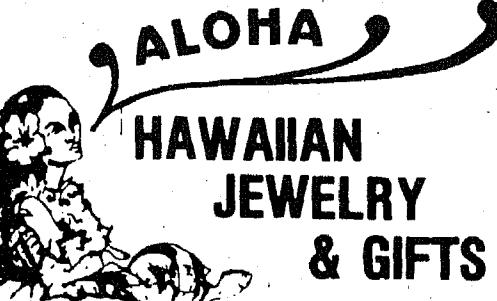
"Son, you take charge of 10 men," they told him. And he did. It was unusual for a black man to be a foreman then.



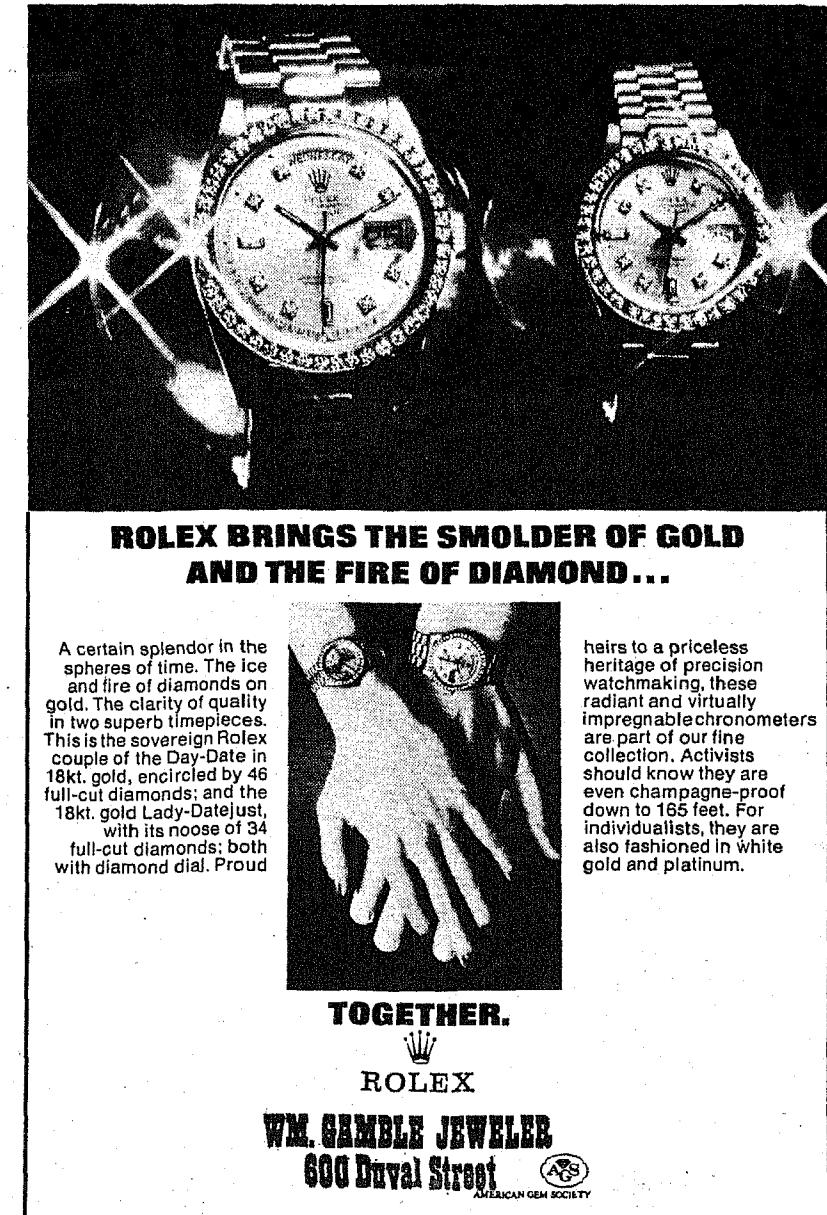
"Sonfisher" was famous for pulling in the big ones at the old Mallory Docks.



By Martha de Poo, orig. illus. by J. Tenniel, 'Alice in Wonderland,' 1865



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IN 1939, JERRY Trevor offered him a job as janitor at Florida National Bank. He worked there through the 40s, retiring at age 65. "They were always hard working people," Dorothy recalls about her parents.

I had asked Lizzie if Sonfisher had been strict with his kids in their growing up. "Oh, no," she says.

BY THE TIME he was 13, Sonfisher was quite experienced at jobs on the docks. Later on, to work on the docks you had to join a union, which he did. Force was often used to persuade, and some men got battered with the blackjack. "I knew how to talk to people, so I didn't get bothered."

A dream came true a few years back when Louis, accompanied by his daughter Lizzie, took a boat to Nassau for a delightful voyage. "That was one beautiful trip," she says. "Sure was," he intoned in unison with her.

MOST OF THE time now Louis is at 406 Julia Street, with his youngest daughter Dorothy of Dorothy's grocery on Whitehead. His son-in-law, Lang Milian, former city commissioner, drops him off at his oldest daughter, Elizabeth's home to visit during the week. He's pleased with this arrangement and has a very cheerful disposition, despite the facts that it's hard for him to get around, and that he is mostly blind due to cataracts. But, he walks with a cane and a smile.

LOUIS RISES EAGERLY to listen to WKIZ 5:30 prayer meeting, and says his prayers at night as well without fail. He used to attend the Bethel Church (now on Thomas and Truman) when it was on Duval, where the five 6's cab company is located. It was a Methodist church with lots of hollering from those who were receiving the spirit, he recalls. Sometimes the meetings would continue on until the following day.

"I enjoy how it is now," says Sonfisher. "My family takes care of me, I got a long memory, and I never bothered nobody. There was a lot of prejudice, but it got better. I didn't join with any of the fighting, but I've always held my own."

LOUIS HAS ALWAYS loved sports and up until two years ago still attended the Key West High School games. In the old days there was a good baseball park at the Navy Yard. At the ball parks in those days many racial fights would occur. "White and black respected me," he says. "I tried to stop the fights. I was like a protector ... felt it to be my job."

"YOU HAVE TO just keep going on," he told me as I was leaving. "Just ride right on."

"Oh, they were great good days when I was a boy. The Lord blessed me over and over again."

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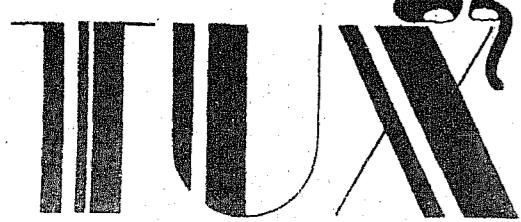


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notes & antic - dotes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

(In her column last month, Dorothy wrote about some bad experiences she had while living near the top of Solaro's Hill in 1955. In this second part, she writes about a housewarming party she gave at her next house which was on Dey Street.)

I decided to have a housewarming after I was settled in with my belongings and talked over the plans with friends, including artist Karl Agricola and his wife, Deebee who were great at providing party themes and inspired ideas for gatherings.

Then one evening toward the end of October, I was surprised to come home to a situation of confusion. I had hoped to be able to relax, take my dog for a walk and spend a few quiet hours catching up on a batch of magazines.

But as I turned into the front yard walk that led off Dey Street to my house, I became acutely aware of frustrated barking and howling from Torpedo who was confined to the house. The cause was an unexpected caller seated on the low step to the front porch. He had a violin cradled under one arm and the bow of the instrument under the other. As soon as I approached he stood up, whipped the instrument into playing position and began a spirited rendition of "The Marseillaise". All the time he was maintaining the frantic pace, a cigarette dangled from his mouth and ashes from it scattered willy-nilly over his blue denim shirt.

At the first sound of the high-pitched violin, Torpedo had set up his loud protests, and I signaled the fiddler to stop, although he was persistent and finished the French anthem.

He was a very tall man, like de Gaulle. I judged his age at somewhere in the sixties. He had a grizzled mustache, and when he whipped off his black beret I noted that his tousled hair was steel gray. He was built powerfully with the sloping shoulders of a wrestler. His large hands seemed to dwarf the violin. His pale gray-blue eyes had a lively twinkle. He bowed ceremoniously and announced, "Bon soi, madame. I am Paul Chotteau, with an 'o' and two 't's". I am sent to you by my very good friends, the Agricolias, to advise you about your housewarming party."

I replied that I was having only a few close friends in for the event the following Sunday and didn't need help, but he insisted. "I am a fabulous arranger," he boasted. "I will furnish entertainment and cook for you."

I finally agreed just to get him off the premises so I could relax and to stop my dog from more noise. Chotteau put on his beret at a jaunty angle, tucked his violin case under an arm and swung off down Dey Street with an au revoir and an added note: "I shall return Sunday at the appointed hour." Which was to be about four o'clock in the afternoon.

Came Sunday noon and I was eating my brunch alone and happy and scanning the Sunday edition of The Citizen. Then I found a feature story in the B Section that brought me out of my euphoria with a shock. There was a picture of my recent visitor, Paul Chotteau, and an accompanying story. It revealed that Chotteau was born in Paris, France, in 1898, which

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meant that he was now about 60 years old, and that he had studied violin at the Conservatory of Music in Paris where he had been graduated with honors. Then still in the student age range, he had served in World War I with the French Air Force, and, according to his claim, had been awarded the Croix de Guerre.

After the war had ended, he became interested in swimming and was the amateur swimming champion of France in 1921. He believed he could make a living as a professional swimmer and came to the United States in 1929. There was a great surge of interest in swimming prowess and contests at that time, in the way of Gertrude Ederley, the American girl who swam the English Channel in 1926.

But the only job in this line that Chotteau could find was acting as lifeguard and giving swimming lessons to beginners, so he supplemented this with a return to musicianship. He was employed by Conductor Walter Damrosch of the New York Symphony Orchestra. This engagement was followed by working with concert master, Louis De Francisco, chief conductor for Fox Theaters. So Paul Chotteau took up residence in California. He learned quite a bit about movie-making but remained capable of meeting the ocean challenges.

He tried to cash in on the popularity of endurance swimmers. He also was influenced by the glamor of the period in the late 1920's and early 1930's occasioned by Johnny Weismuller, swimming star, who became a movie personality still remembered for his roles in the Tarzan series. The trouble was that Chotteau was not handsome enough by Hollywood standards and was much too independent to take direction as even a minor actor. He had to be the top performer, or not at all. Something I learned from the disastrous housewarming party for which I reluctantly agreed to hire him as "director" instead of keeping to my intuitive hunch and refusing his offer.

I was still sound asleep on the appointed Sunday morning when Torpedo began his warning blasts. I arose groggily, opened the door an inch and behold Paul on the porch loaded down with paraphernalia. I told him to wait while I secured the dog in the back yard, dressed hurriedly and then admitted my visitor. Grouchy as I was, and still sleepy, I protested the early 9 a.m. hour of his arrival. Paul shrugged.

"Ah, but madame, I have to set up the 'entertainment'." He had arrived on his bicycle which was loaded down with all sorts of mysterious looking items, among them a projection machine.

"The rest of the things will come later when the Marines arrive," he said.

"The Marines!" I exclaimed. "What Marines? I'm not expecting any situation to get out of hand!"

"My buddies," Chotteau replied. "I have four Marines who are going to bring a screen and set up for my movie. It is part of the party fun." As Paul spoke, his French accent intensified and he was very excited, sometimes lapsing into pure French, so that I only understood part of what he was saying. The one thing I did understand, without further explanation, was that I had better stock up on more beer to provide for getting the situation well in hand, in Marine tradition.

I realized I had to buy more food, too, so sent Chotteau off to purchase extra cheese, bread, crackers, and beer. There was no use trying to go back to sleep, so I set about preparing to

Continued on page 32

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BY HELEN CHAPMAN

SCENE: The office of Be It Ever So Humble Realty Company, the Realtor, Ms. Humble, is seated at her desk. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

HUMBLE: Good afternoon. Are you the folks who called earlier?

JOHN: Uh, yes, we are. I'm John Jones and this is my wife, Mary.

HUMBLE: Hm, interesting names. Well, sit right down. Now, what can I do for you? Are you looking to buy?

JOHN: Well, no, not yet. We'd rather rent for a while until we're sure we want to live here. But of course I'm sure we will.

HUMBLE: (gushing) Oh, you'll adore living here. Key West is so carefree, so relaxed. Why, it's like being on vacation all the time.

MARY: (suddenly hysterical) We're desperate! We're paying \$85 a day at the hotel. We've been looking everywhere. Please help us!

HUMBLE: (with great feeling) Oh, you poor dears! (Opens listing book) Now, you must realize it's the height of the season. I don't have many rental listings. What exactly are you looking for?

JOHN: Uh, well, we need three bedrooms, two baths. Good-sized yard. Furnished.

HUMBLE: (Warily) For just the two of you?

JOHN: Uh, well, no. We have three children, a dog, two cats and a mynah bird.

HUMBLE: (slams book shut) Impossible!

BOTH JONESSES: Impossible?

HUMBLE: Impossible! The animals will have to go. Except maybe not the bird as long as he doesn't talk after nine at night and never swears.

MARY: Oh, no, we're church goers.

JOHN: (sadly) I hate to part with Hercules, though.

MARY: Hercules is our Great Dane.

HUMBLE: (stunned) Great Dane! I might have been able to place a beagle or a poodle, but a Great Dane?

MARY: (to husband) Well, John, maybe it's just as well. His food bills are really outrageous.

HUMBLE: Good! That takes care of Hercules. (Opens book again) Now I have a lovely house, partially furnished, right in the heart of Old Town. Look at this picture.

MARY: Lovely.

HUMBLE: Three bedrooms, two baths. They will allow children providing they are very quiet, don't play outside and go to bed at eight p.m.

MARY: That'll be hard on Danny. He's 16.

HUMBLE: (suspiciously) Smokes marijuana?

JOHN: Oh, never! We're church goers.

HUMBLE: (beaming) Well, that's different.

MARY: How large is the back yard?

JOHN: There certainly isn't any front yard.

HUMBLE: There's plenty of room for a barbecue grill.

JOHN: We're not much for eating outdoors.

HUMBLE: Oh, you couldn't do that in any case. There's only enough room for the grill.

MARY: Is the plumbing in good order?

HUMBLE: Oh, certainly. Of course you must realize this is a very old house. But the cistern is easy to reach.

JOHN: What do you mean, reach?

HUMBLE: For your water, naturally.

JOHN: Well, what about the . . . you know.

HUMBLE: (exasperated) Mr. Jones, that's why there's only room in the back yard for a barbecue grill.

MARY: You say it's partially furnished. What sort of furnishings?

HUMBLE: There's a charming old sofa in the living room.

MARY: And?

HUMBLE: And what?

MARY: What else?

HUMBLE: Nothing else. You really mustn't expect too much for the price. It's really a steal. Besides I dare say you'd prefer using your own things.

JOHN: We sold everything before we came here.

HUMBLE: Well, don't worry. The owner said he'd put in a kitchen stove if necessary. A charming old wood-burning stove. Saves energy, you know.

JOHN: Just what is the rental price?

HUMBLE: Only \$675 plus electric, gas and trash removal. First, last and \$200 security deposit.

BOTH JONESSES: \$675!

HUMBLE: (coolly) Well, of course, if that's too much . . .

JOHN: About \$300 too much!

HUMBLE: Mr. Jones, you must realize some sacrifices must be made for the privilege of living in this lovely town. So relaxed, so carefree. And besides, think what you'll save on water.

MARY: What else can you show us?

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Key West Welcomes You

BY HELEN CHAPMAN

SCENE: The office of Be It Ever So Humble Realty Company, the Realtor, Ms. Humble, is seated at her desk. Enter Mr. and Mrs. Jones.

HUMBLE: Good afternoon. Are you the folks who called earlier?

JOHN: Uh, yes, we are. I'm John Jones and this is my wife, Mary.

HUMBLE: Hm, interesting names.

Well, sit right down. Now, what can I do for you? Are you looking to buy?

JOHN: Well, no, not yet. We'd rather rent for a while until we're sure we want to live here. But of course I'm

sure we will.

HUMBLE: (gushing) Oh, you'll adore living here. Key West is so carefree, so relaxed. Why, it's like being on vacation all the time.

MARY: (suddenly hysterical) We're desperate! We're paying \$85 a day at the hotel. We've been looking everywhere. Please help us!

HUMBLE: (with great feeling) Oh, you poor dears! (Opens listing book) Now, you must realize it's the height of the season. I don't have many rental listings. What exactly are you looking for?

JOHN: Uh, well, we need three bedrooms, two baths. Good-sized yard. Furnished.

HUMBLE: (Warily) For just the two of you?

JOHN: Uh, well, no. We have three children, a dog, two cats and a mynah bird.

HUMBLE: (slams book shut) Impossible!

BOTH JONESSES: Impossible?

HUMBLE: Impossible! The animals will have to go. Except maybe not the bird as long as he doesn't talk after nine at night and never swears.

MARY: Oh, no, we're church goers.

JOHN: (sadly) I hate to part with Hercules, though.

MARY: Hercules is our Great Dane.

HUMBLE: (stunned) Great Dane! I might have been able to place a beagle or a poodle, but a Great Dane?

MARY: (to husband) Well, John, maybe it's just as well. His food bills are really outrageous.

HUMBLE: Good! That takes care of Hercules. (Opens book again) Now I have a lovely house, partially furnished, right in the heart of Old Town. Look at this picture.

MARY: Lovely.

HUMBLE: Three bedrooms, two baths. They will allow children providing they are very quiet, don't play outside and go to bed at eight p.m.

MARY: That'll be hard on Danny. He's 16.

HUMBLE: (suspiciously) Smokes marijuana?

JOHN: Oh, never! We're church goers.

HUMBLE: (beaming) Well, that's different.

MARY: How large is the back yard?

JOHN: There certainly isn't any front yard.

HUMBLE: There's plenty of room for a barbecue grill.

JOHN: We're not much for eating outdoors.

HUMBLE: Oh, you couldn't do that in any case. There's only enough room for the grill.

MARY: Is the plumbing in good order?

HUMBLE: Oh, certainly. Of course you must realize this is a very old house. But the cistern is easy to reach.

JOHN: What do you mean, reach?

HUMBLE: For your water, naturally.

JOHN: Well, what about the . . . you know.

HUMBLE: (exasperated) Mr. Jones, that's why there's only room in the back yard for a barbecue grill.

MARY: You say it's partially furnished. What sort of furnishings?

HUMBLE: There's a charming old sofa in the living room.

MARY: And?

HUMBLE: And what?

MARY: What else?

HUMBLE: Nothing else. You really mustn't expect too much for the price. It's really a steal. Besides I dare say you'd prefer using your own things.

JOHN: We sold everything before we came here.

HUMBLE: Well, don't worry. The owner said he'd put in a kitchen stove if necessary. A charming old wood-burning stove. Saves energy, you know.

JOHN: Just what is the rental price?

HUMBLE: Only \$675 plus electric, gas and trash removal. First, last and \$200 security deposit.

BOTH JONESSES: \$675!

HUMBLE: (coolly) Well, of course, if that's too much . . .

JOHN: About \$300 too much!

HUMBLE: Mr. Jones, you must realize some sacrifices must be made for the privilege of living in this lovely town. So relaxed, so carefree. And besides, think what you'll save on water.

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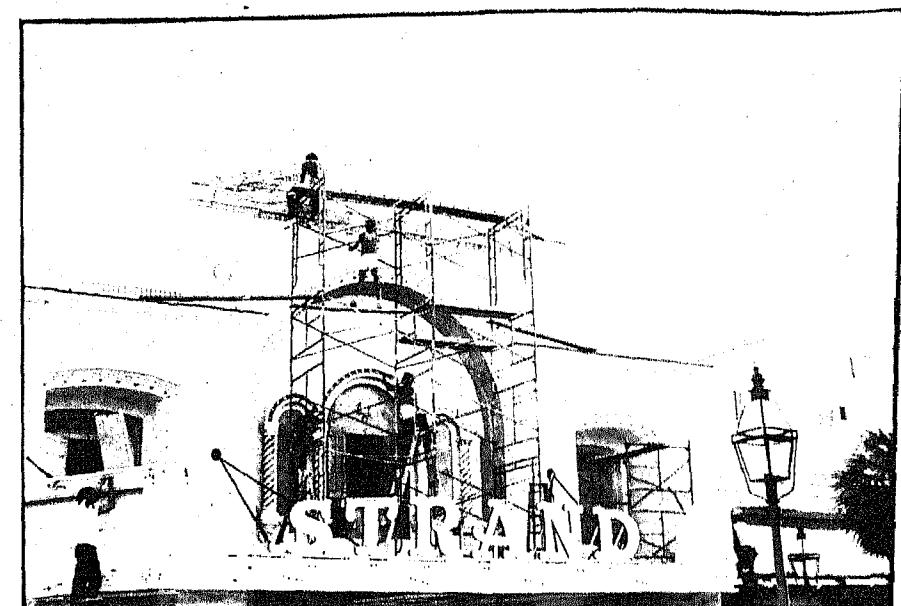
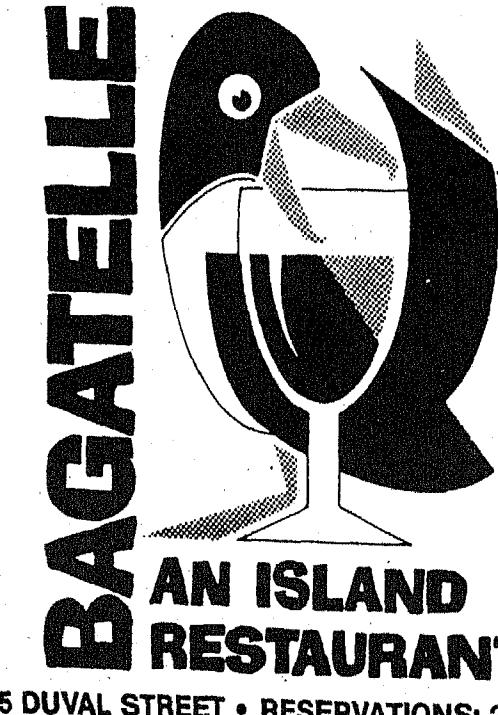


PHOTO BY JO ANN SAVIO

Not everyone needs a face-lift at sixty, but the Strand Theatre has seen her share of life and action since her birth as a movie house in 1921. To say nothing of the thousands of pictures she has hosted, the Strand recalls the great fire of '34, which tore off her roof and killed her projectionist's son. Undaunted, the concrete-enforced structure converted her hatlessness into a boxing area under the stars! It wasn't until 1939 that celluloid strips were rolling again. By 1974, a weary Strand closed, but lo! What change is wrought! Under the hands of a remarkably industrious and talented renovation director and crew, Miss Lady is perking up beautifully! With renewed 1981 vigor, she plans to feature a concert hall, a performing arts theatre, a dance floor, and of course, a refreshment stand and bar. The great classics in film that made her famous will be back, and how could she forget the boxing fans who were so loyal? Closed circuit sports productions will be offered to them as well!

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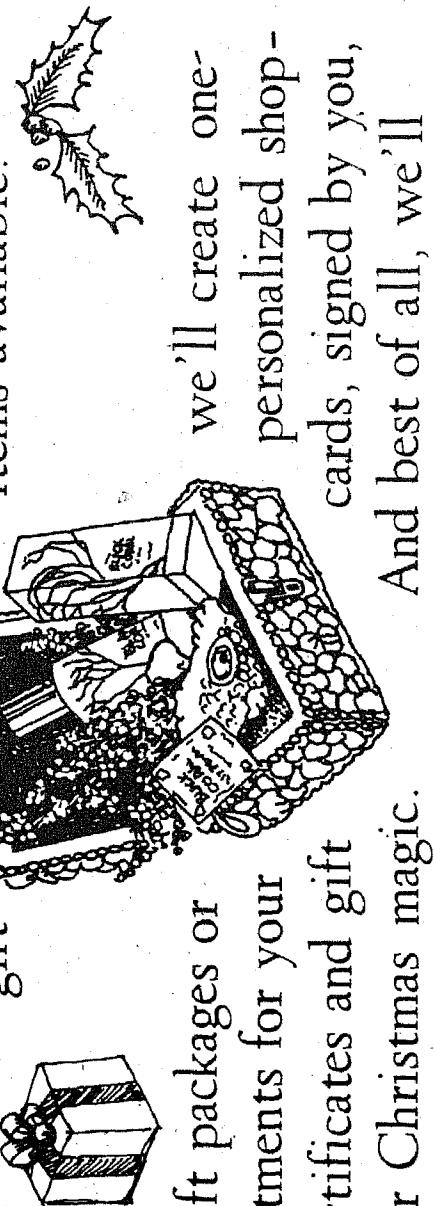
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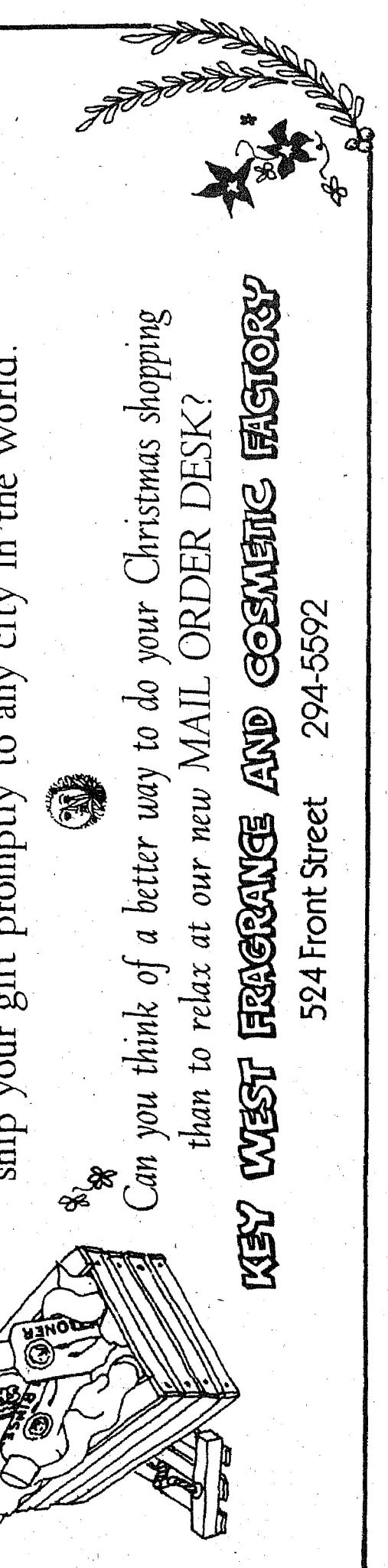
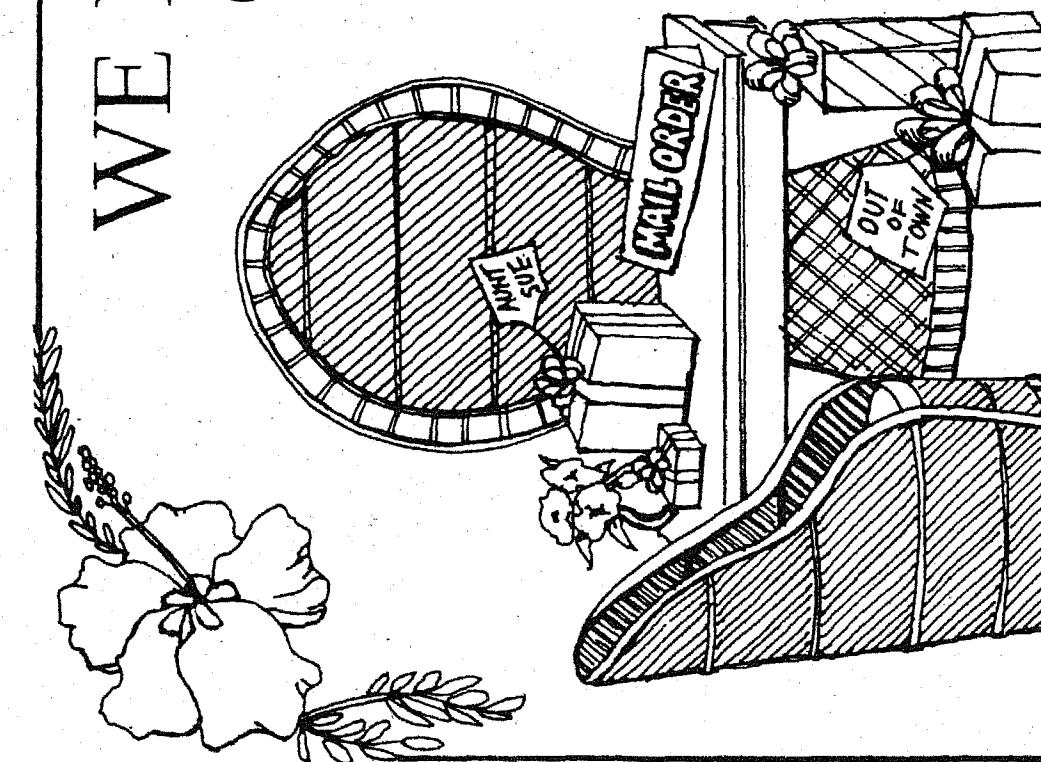
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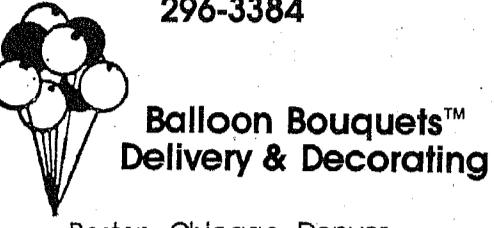
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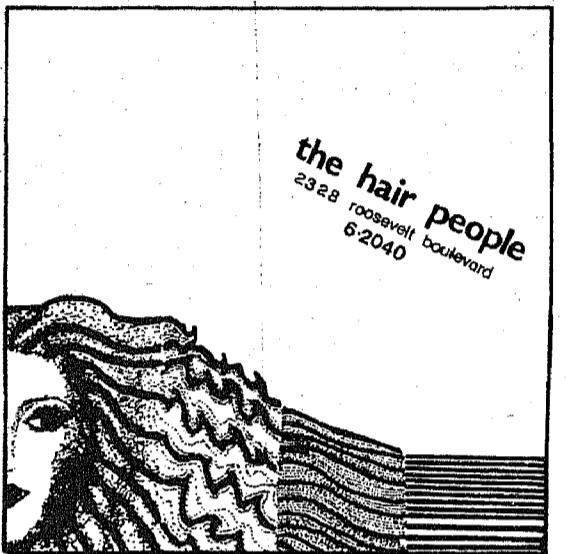
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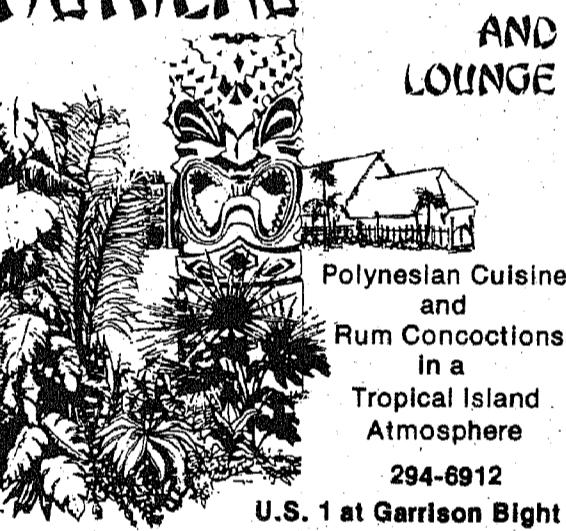
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WRECK ON THE REEF

BY GERALD SEMLER

THE WIND WAS blowing hard and steady at forty knots from the southwest while the captain of the sailing merchant *Southern Lady* fought desperately to keep her from running aground on the jagged coral reef that would rip the hull open and put his ship at the mercy of a pounding sea.

He had taken in the mainsails and ordered his crew to throw some of the heavier cargo over the side, but it was too late for anything to be done now. The reef was drawing dangerously close with each gust of the fierce wind and the heavy squall seemed to be turning into a strong gale. Rising seas had been whipped up into such torment that it was impossible to govern the vessel in any manner. The captain's only hope would be for the *Lady* to be carried over the reef by the rolling waves and into the less treacherous waters of Hawk Channel.

BUT HIS HOPES would not be answered and as Providence would direct it, the *Southern Lady*'s starboard side struck hard on the coral bottom. She rolled way over, her masts nearly touching the tops of the sweeping waves, then rocked back almost upright again.

The dying ship went through this violent maneuver several times until finally it sat at a sharp angle with its smashed hull resting on the reef. She moved back and forth just slightly now, and only the sea and the wind knew how long she would remain in this position before she would break up and be washed away forever.

ON SHORE, THE wrecker captain waited for the worst of the storm to pass before he and his crew would set sail for the reef. He had received word of

the struggling merchant being sighted in the Gulf Stream by a fisherman who had sailed his small craft into the bight just before the violent gale winds struck with force.

Although they would be rescued, it was not the captain and the crew of the ill-fated ship that were on the wrecker's mind, but the ship's cargo. If what was in the ship's hold could be salvaged before it was lost in the raging sea, it could be worth thousands of dollars when sold at the wrecker's auction in Key West.

MANY OF THE island's residents had become rich salvaging the wealth carried in the hulls of hundreds of luckless "Ladies" that had gone astray on reefs whose names meant little to passing captains until they became the reef's victims.

Fowey Rocks and Molasses Reef, Coffs Patch and Halfmoon Shoal, and Sombrero and Western Sambo were familiar names to the wreckers who navigated the waters of the Florida Straits and who had knowledge of every shoal and sandbar from Key Largo to the Dry Tortugas.

IT TOOK SKILL and daring to be a wrecker and because he braved a multitude of hazards and risks, countless lives were saved and many ships with their cargoes were able to continue to their destinations.

The wreckers and their families were a hardy breed of seafaring people who migrated to the Bahamas from the coastal areas of the Carolinas and New England when the United States declared its independence from Britain. Being loyalists, they preferred to live under British rule.



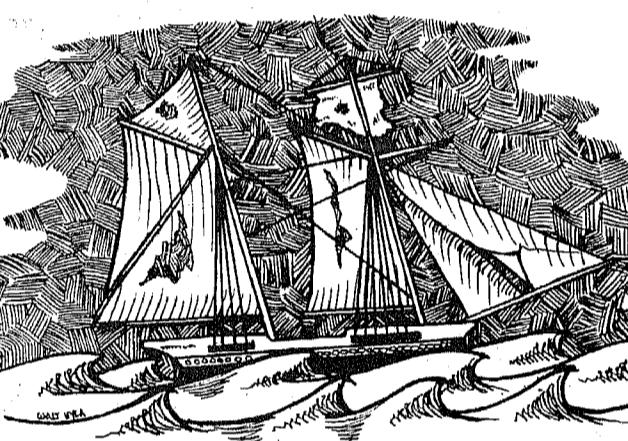
LATER, IN THE early 1800s, they began to move from the Bahamas across the Gulf Stream to the Florida Keys where they became known as "Conchs" because of their avid appetite for an abundant shell-covered animal which inhabited the waters surrounding the Keys. They lived a simple isolated life; fishing, sponging and turtleing, but soon discovered that the natural coral growth that formed the reefs offered them more than an abundance of fish. Not a month would go by without several ships sinking, running aground or being abandoned on the rock-hard shoals, resulting in that rare opportunity for wealth seldom be-

nearly a century. In its heyday from the late 1840s to before the start of the Civil War, over five hundred wrecks were salvaged on the reefs off the Florida Keys and Key West. On these treacherous shallows the wreckers fought nature and each other for the treasure that made Key West, whose population during that period was about 2,500, the richest city per capita in the United States.

ALMOST TWO MILLION dollars in profits were taken in during one year by the wreckers. The salvaged cargoes were stored in warehouses until they were auctioned off to the bidders who came from as far away as London, New York, New Orleans and San Francisco. The earnings were then divided up among the wreckers and the cargoes' owners. Everything from silk to silverware, rum to potatoes, furniture to the latest fashions were transferred, legally or otherwise, from the wrecked ships and into the homes of the island's residents. Even the heavy planks and timbers from the abandoned ships were used to build many of the houses on the island.

On a typical, quiet island evening many residents would dress in the most elegant finery and with the clip-clop sound of a trotting horse on the red brick streets they would ride in comfortable buggies or carriages to visit friends where they refreshed themselves with liquor or other drinks served in delicate glassware while they sat in expensive furniture under the glow of a beautiful chandelier. Most, if not all, of these luxuries were harvested from the fertile reef.

THIS STORMY DAY would be no different from any other when it was known that a ship had run aground. Excitement filled the air, for it was said that the only events that broke the monotony of the island's quiet life were hurricanes and a wreck on the reef. As many as 50 salvage boats operated from Key West and



stowed on a people of any region, anywhere on the face of the earth.

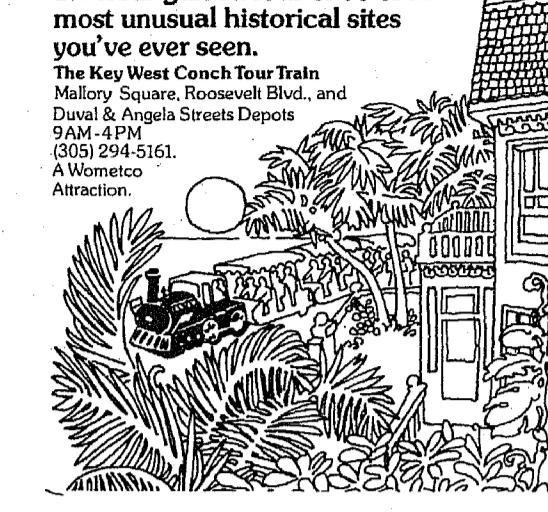
THE U.S. GOVERNMENT soon stepped in to reap some of the riches of wrecking with the formation of a wrecker's court, located in Key West, to collect duties levied on salvaged cargo.

Thus the enterprise of wrecking began in the early 1820s, lasting for

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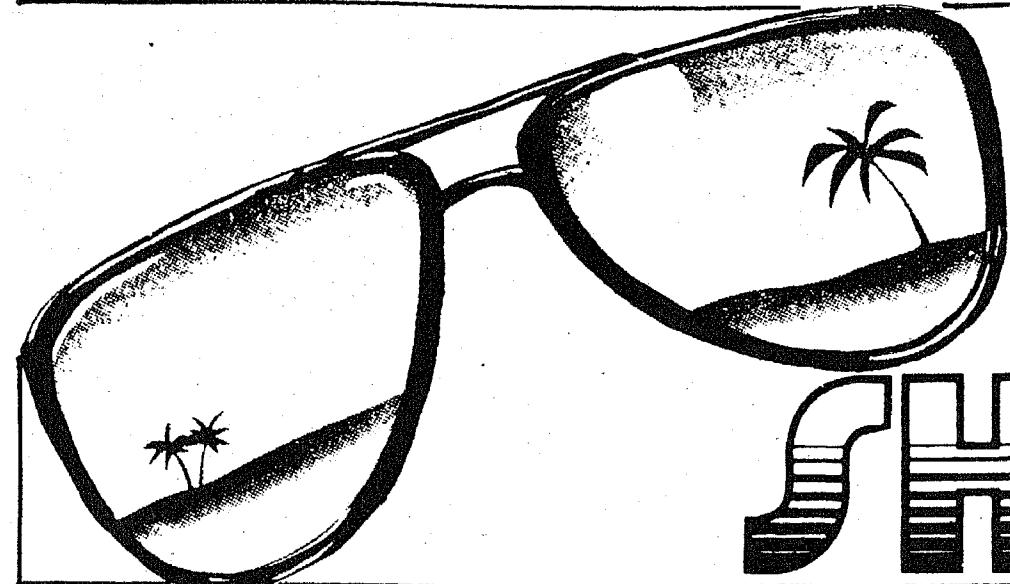
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SHADES

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it was a stirring sight to see them raising their sails as they sped from the harbor and made their dash to the wreck.

The first captain to reach the stranded vessel would be in charge of the cargo and the salvage operation. Operating under a government license, he became the "Wreck Master" and could pick any additional crews that he might need in order to secure the cargo. At times, bitter fights broke out among the crews, but usually they followed the wrecker's code of salvage.

WITH THE OCEAN'S spray breaking over their bows, the salvage boats raced towards the reef. Bucking the savage sea, they set their sails to tack against the strong wind. The driving wind whistled through the rigging and the solid masts strained from the pull of the sails. Their hulls and their ribs creaked and even cracked from the force of the waves as the boats rose to the top of each frothy crest, lurching back before rolling down the other side only to drive headlong into the next rising swell. Even the wreckers knew that it was dangerous to venture out on such a wild sea and many would turn back or sink before making the wreck site.

REACHING THE WRECK, the wreck master would move in as close as necessary alongside, for he had very little fear of becoming snagged on the coral rocks. The wreckers' boats were constructed to sit high in the water and could practically skim over most of the shallow areas around the reef. Often times he would meet resistance from a merchant captain who would prohibit anyone to board his ship. But in the midst of a howling gale it would not take much persuading by the wreckers to convince the stranded captain of his predicament and his only chance to save some part of the cargo.

IF THE WRECK master failed to change a stubborn captain's mind and get

him to sign a document allowing him to take charge of the situation, the wreckers would pull back or anchor off from the foundering ship and refuse to lend any assistance until the helpless captain, knowing that he was already in trouble with the owners, realized that he had no other choice than to let the wreckers have their way. On the other hand, if a ship had been abandoned then no permission was needed to board her and the first wrecker to reach it would be the wreck master and have the right to claim the wreck and its cargo. When a ship was considered lost, everything of value was removed including the sails and the rigging. In an attempt to be first at a wreck some wreckers would sail for the reef at the first light of dawn where they cruised up and down the length of the Keys in search of stranded vessels.

NOT ALL GROUNDINGS would occur in violent weather. Many ships would slide up on the reef during a calm ocean, the result of tricky currents caused by the flow of the Gulf Stream in combination with the strong tides sweeping in and out through the openings along the reef. The uncertainties of the Florida Straits were a challenge to even the most experienced sea captains, for the abrupt change in depth from deep ocean to shallow rocks came suddenly without warning. The darkness of night brought added concern and increased the chance for mishaps.

FREQUENTLY, THE WRECKERS would unload just enough cargo to refloat a grounded ship. The vessel was then brought to Key West where any damages were repaired and the wreckers were compensated for their services. The amount of compensation was justly decided in a wrecker's court, which was presided over by a federal judge. Many decisions made in that court are still considered law of the sea today.

There were incidents of vessels which, after having had their damages

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ANOTHER NIGHT TO REMEMBER

BY JOHN LESLIE

of water. She didn't know why she did that.

Despite her Catholic upbringing, spiritualism held a fascination for her, and once during a seance she attended with some friends, the medium said in a loud voice, "Come in...come in." And pointing to Bertha, told her that her mother was standing over her left shoulder. Bertha insisted that her mother was home asleep. The medium told the frightened girl that her mother from the spirit world would visit her home that night at midnight.

Shaken, Bertha convinced her friends to stay out with her until well after that hour, and then, still afraid, she asked a girl friend to spend the night. They got to Bertha's home and being as quiet as they could, started up the darkened stairs.

Unknown to Bertha, her foster mother was aware of the spiritualist meetings and on that particular night chose to play a prank. As the girls tiptoed up the stairs, she came out at the top landing wearing a white sheet over her head. When Bertha saw the apparition she fainted dead away.

After high school, Bertha was hired by the John Hancock Insurance Company and went to college at night. But since her school records showed her as being only fourteen, the insurance company needed further documentation. A birth certificate was required. Through his influence, her foster father was able to get one for her showing her date of birth as May 11, 1909. And at about the same time Bertha learned that she was an adopted child.

While attending college she went to her counselor and told him about some problem she was having. He suggested that they were caused by some trauma from her past. She couldn't think of any trauma so her father was called in. As it was not customary in those days to tell children they were adopted, the full story had been withheld from Bertha until the day her father confronted her with it at Boston College. Then what had happened on that night in April, 1912, gradually began to come back to her.

Today, Mrs. Bertha Herring is the Executive Director of the American Red Cross Chapter in Key West. She has lived here since 1960 and loves the Keys, and Key West especially. In order to conquer her fear of the water she studied self-hypnosis. Now when crossing the myriad bridges between here and the mainland, she sees nothing but green pastures and grazing cows, along with the traffic, of course. She enjoys swimming and as long as she can enter the water from beach has no fear. However, nothing could induce her to get into the water from a boat.

A year or two ago at Christmas a picture of an elderly woman appeared in a Florida newspaper. The accompanying story revealed the woman to be a survivor of the Titanic. And among her memories of that tragedy was one of pulling a young child from the water into her lifeboat. The little girl was wearing a soaked party dress. But for personal reasons, Mrs. Herring has yet to establish contact with her.

With recent efforts by a Texas millionaire to salvage the Titanic, Bertha Herring, after sixty-eight years, has renewed hope of discovering the identity of her natural parents.

Her parents are unknown; her age uncertain. At the time a second life began for her, she was judged by doctors to be between three and six years old. Her parents' names were, and may still be, buried in a ship's safe at the bottom of the North Atlantic.

The ship was the Titanic. And Mrs. Bertha E. Herring was the lone child survivor of that catastrophe. A vivid image of the night of April 14, 1912, remains stamped in her memory now.

Asleep in her first class cabin, Bertha remembers her mother waking her and telling her not to cry; they were going to a party. Her mother dressed her in her prettiest clothes while outside people were running along the decks, screaming.

Her father carried her to a lifeboat on an upper deck and there she recalls him and her mother arguing. Her mother wanted to stay behind with her husband. Her father was adamant; she must go in the lifeboat hanging from davits high above the water.

With the ship's band playing 'Nearer My God to Thee' over and over again, Bertha's father held his child out to be taken by her mother in the lifeboat. But it was not to be. A man, ignoring the time-honored rule of 'women and children first,' shoved her father aside in his attempt to save himself. Seconds later Bertha and her father watched helplessly as the lifeboat tipped on its davits spilling its human cargo into the sea.

With the last lifeboat already lowered, Bertha's father had no alternative but to put his daughter in a life jacket and throw her into the dark icy water, knowing that her chances of survival depended on someone pulling her into one of the crowded lifeboats drifting away from the sinking Titanic.

An SOS had gone out to the SS Carpathian in nearby waters, and a few hours later those fortunate enough to have found a place in one of the lifeboats were rescued. Bertha was one of them.

After a year in a Catholic home in Newbury Port, Massachusetts, during which time a search was made for records, and survivors of the Titanic were questioned regarding Bertha's parents, she was adopted by a U.S. Marine Colonel and his wife, chosen from among thousands of applicants who had responded in sympathy to the plight of the child plucked from the sea.

Bertha, whose birthday became May 11, her adoption date, went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, where she grew up. And during that process evidence of the trauma that she had been through began to manifest itself.

Whenever she heard 'Nearer My God to Thee', goosebumps popped up on her arms and she felt afraid. But she had so successfully blocked out the event from her memory that it would be years later before she knew the cause of her fear.

Upon graduation from high school as valedictorian of her class, Bertha's father gave her a car, an Essex Coach. A gregarious young lady, she enjoyed taking her friends riding in the sleek automobile. It was one of those times when, while crossing a bridge, that one of her friends shouted, "Bertie! Open your eyes, Bertie!" Bertie's eyes were squeezed tightly shut as they always were whenever she crossed a body

For, if the ship's safe is salvaged and still water-tight, not only would it contain a fortune in jewels placed there for safe keeping by such families as the Astors and Vanderbilts but would also reveal papers and documents concerning the ship's passengers.

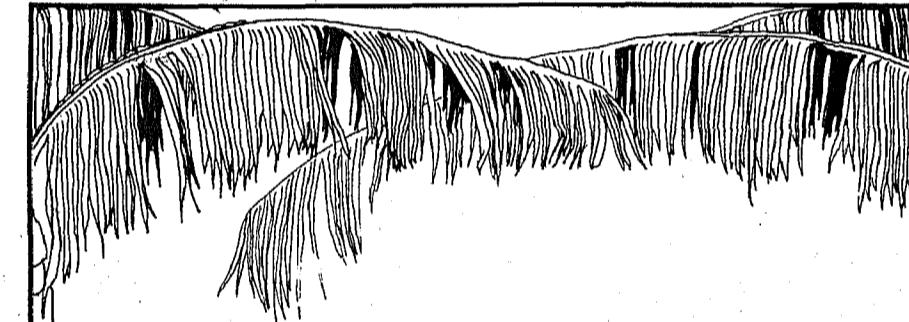
Bertha Herring says she will be on the dock in New York the day that safe is brought in.

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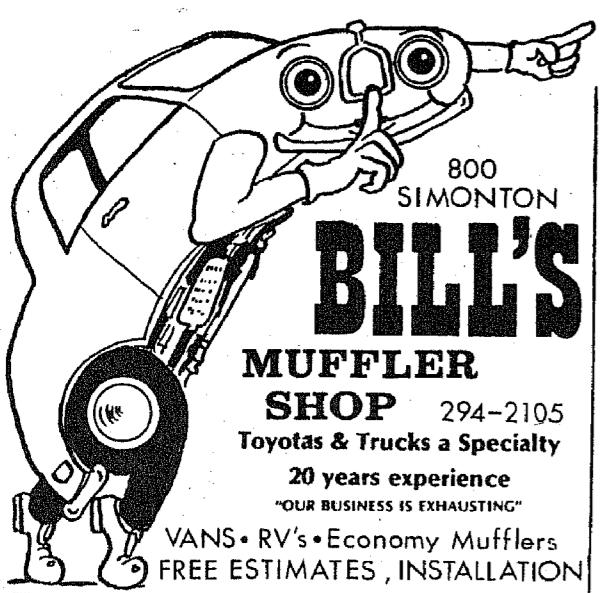
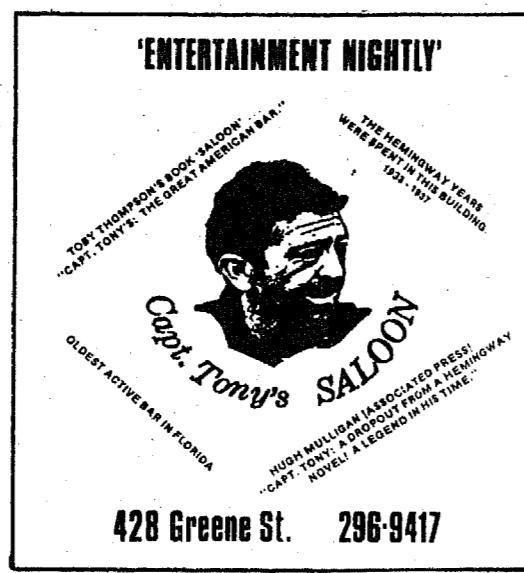
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KEY WEST VERSUS THE SAMENESS OF AMERICA

BY BILL LORRAINE

WHAT AN UGLY blight has hit America. As a boy growing up in the '50s and '60s, I took for granted new identical housing developments and square suburban shopping centers. I saw it as a good sign, a sign of progress and prosperity. No matter if all the homes looked alike, I looked past the fake bricks and plastic shopping malls. Then I noticed one day how much the outskirts of Kansas City looked like the outskirts of Atlanta, which looked a lot like the Greater Cincinnati.

IT WAS THE impersonal sameness of the rest of America that made Key West look so unique to me, and you don't have to go far to see the difference. Just compare the look of Old Town to the look of North Roosevelt Boulevard. "The strip" along North Roosevelt has a beautiful ocean and coconut palms on one side of the road, but the other side looks like the rest of America looks. The fear I have is that Key West will wind up looking like Ft. Lauderdale.

TWO SEPARATE GROUPS oversee all new building in the "Old Town" section of Key West (roughly, from Mallory Square to Angela Street, and from Whitehead Street to White Street). Garland Smith's building inspection office looks after the structural soundness of new buildings, and the Old Island Restoration Commission (OIRC) looks after the beauty of the building and how it fits along beside the existing buildings. Mr. Smith said, "My job is to see that the city's building and zoning codes are adhered to. The job of aesthetics in the Old Town area is with the OIRC. The state created the OIRC and gave them the authority to judge the aesthetics of new building in Old Town. If they vote to deny a building plan, then I am obliged to not issue a building permit until the City Commission rules."

I DROVE ON to Key West and was struck with its beauty. Here was a city full of unique buildings set among lush tropical trees and flowers.

THE ONLY CASE that has come that far is the abstract and title company building on Whitehead Street. OIRC was

prepared to take the issue to court until the City Commission withdrew its support from the OIRC point of view and allowed the abstract company to finish the building. OIRC apparently botched their influence in the controversial Billy's Bar case. At one point they approved the proposed building plans based only on an artist's rendering, not an architect's building plans. According to Smith, that amounted to a blank check for Billy's to build whatever he liked, provided it was structurally sound.

BUT BESIDES BEING legally impotent, the OIRC has other problems. Commission members are laymen, not building contractors or architects. The language of the construction business is not familiar, and not everyone can visualize how a building will look by simply looking at building plans. To help with this, current member Janet Padron suggested that builders turn in scale drawings of the neighbor



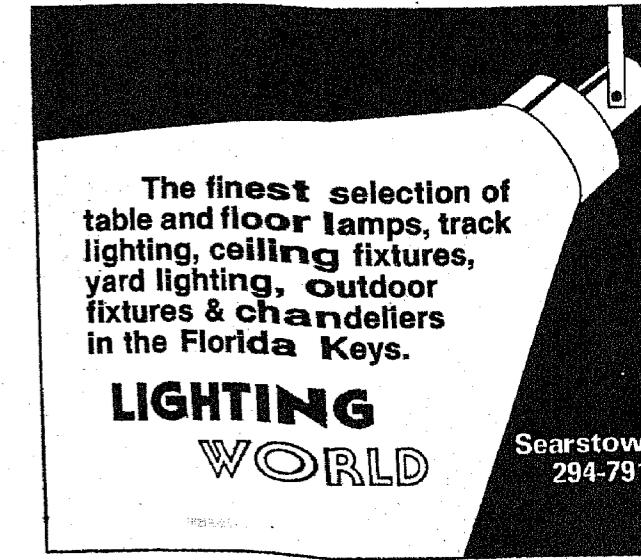
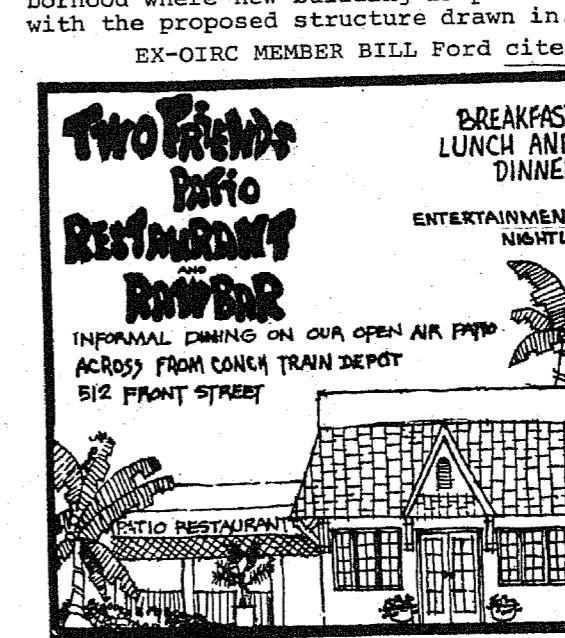
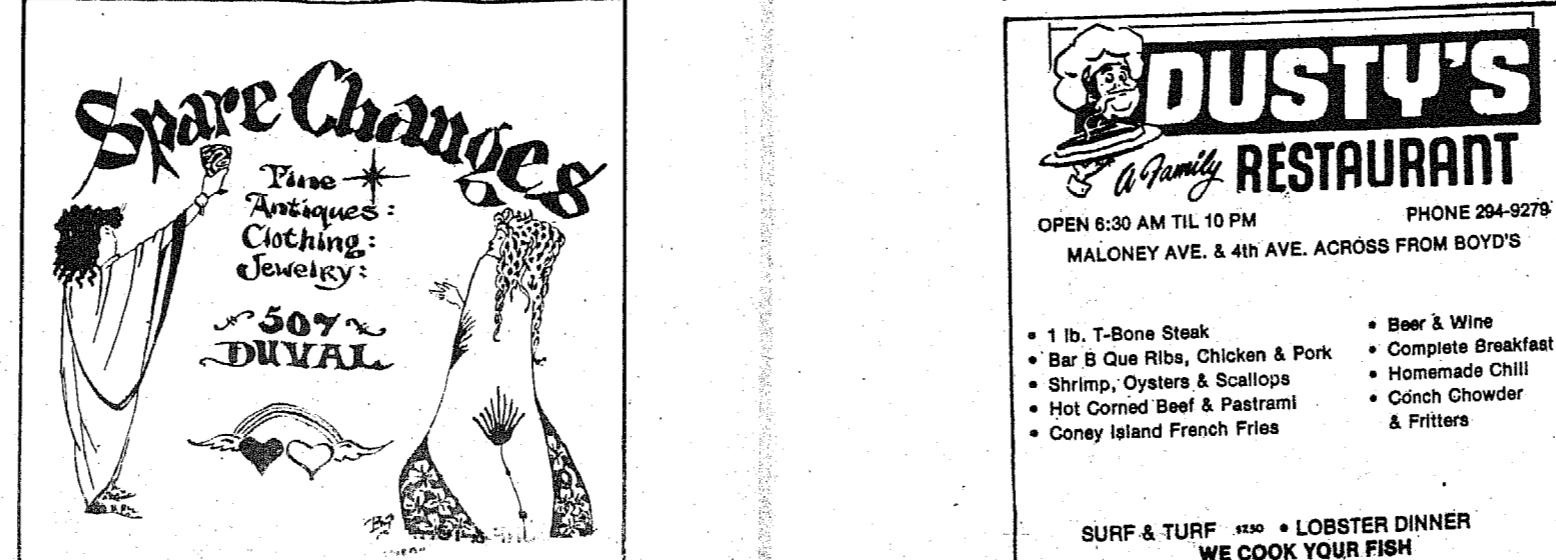
PHOTO BY JO ANN SAVIO

Compatible second story addition is pleasing to the eye.

area, and so forth, across America. And then I drove down the west coast of Florida, much of which is newly developed in the last ten years. Faceless condominiums and ugly concrete buildings dominate the landscape, diminishing the beauty of the soft, white, palm-lined beaches.

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hood can be almost any shape. You can even submit plans for a house showing a front door facing the street, then during the building of it, turn it around backwards or sideways where an ugly side faces the street for everybody to see. And even if the "good taste" of the OIRC members is offended, there is very little they can effectively do about it. They have the power to fine a violator only \$100.

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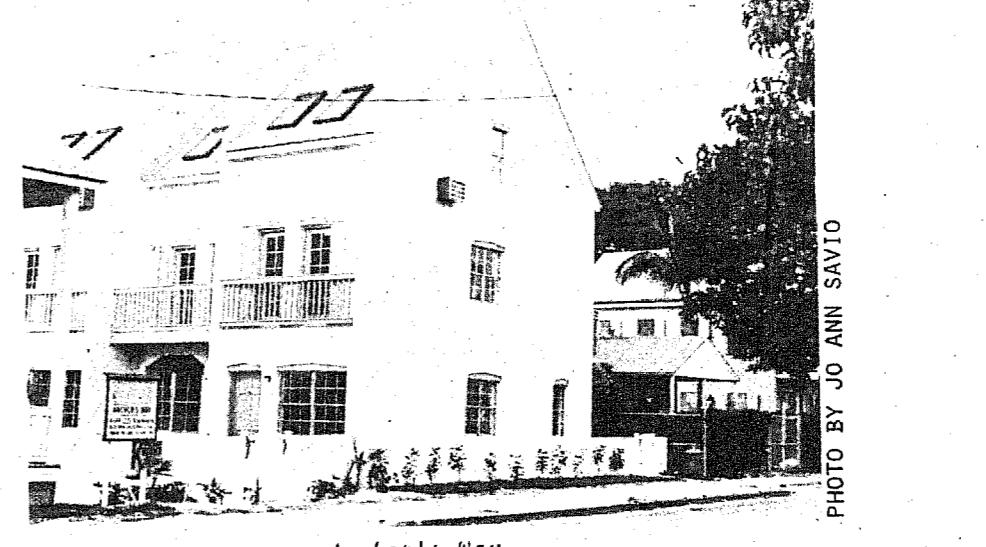
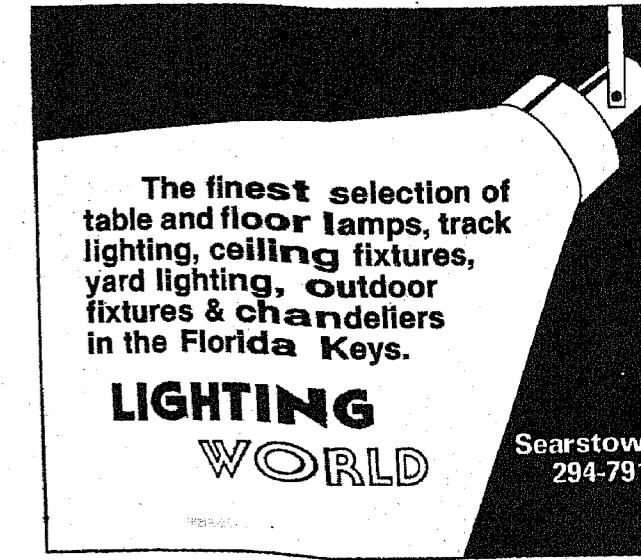


PHOTO BY JO ANN SAVIO

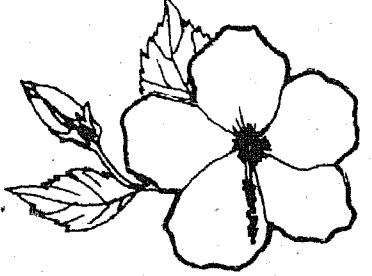
hood where new building is planned, with the proposed structure drawn in.

EX-OIRC MEMBER BILL Ford cited



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examples of how difficult it was to enforce the Commission's rulings. "When I served we got two types of applicants," he said, "one who would be reasonable, and the other one who would go to any extent to have his way, like the guy who wanted to paint his shutters black--we (the OIRC) stopped the work and later finally agreed that the shutters could be painted dark green, so the owner went ahead and painted them black, and they're still black."

"THE CITY FATHERS are hostile to the OIRC," continued Ford, "and the two groups don't function together like similar groups do in St. Augustine, Charleston, S.C., Williamsburg, Va., and Nantucket, other historic cities." Janet Padron and past member John Mercer agree. As building watchdog for the city, the OIRC must be able to have the final word to enforce what they agree upon as "good taste," and so they expect the City Commission to support their decisions. "It's embarrassing," said Ford, "to see a structure like Anchor's Way on Fleming Street get through the system. I have no idea how it could have happened!"

GARLAND SMITH CAUGHT a zoning mistake on the Anchor's Way project. HP-1 zones allow only four apartment units in the property, and the Anchor's Way building plans called for six units. OIRC had already approved the building plans with six units when Smith caught the error, and the plans were changed to four units. Later, during construction, the building's position on the property was shifted sideways. The shift was approved by OIRC, but the question was never on the agenda of a regular OIRC meeting. It was passed 5-0 at an "informal meeting," according to Smith.

FOR THREE DAYS I asked everybody I saw what they thought of the new Anchor's Way building on Fleming Street. Did they like it, I asked. The non-scientific results were 35 to 2; hardly anybody liked it. Some pointed to the stark side that faces the street, others noticed how the building was almost flush to the sidewalk, with no setback. "There's really nothing that can be done about it now," said an elderly Conch woman. "I mean, look at it, it's already built! Completely finished. Nobody is going to make him tear it down. Not here in Key West. Once it's built here, no matter how many building codes you violate during the building, it stays built! And no matter how many Key West citizens you offend by the sight of it, it still stays built."

BUT COULD THIS really happen? Could someone take out a building permit to build a house in Old Town, make everybody think it's going to look like it fits into the "Old Town look," then change the building plans during the building of the house, and end up with something entirely different, not compatible in Old Town, but finished house nevertheless? When asked what could be done about Anchor's Way, John Mercer said, "At this point, it's like beating a dead horse."

WHAT IT BOILS down to is, how much ugliness are we willing to accept? The people in Nantucket aren't willing to accept much. They are committed, and are backed up by their city fathers. Here in Key West there seems to be a big fudge factor. Most builders are perfectly willing to cooperate with the reasonable OIRC rules, but where there is disagreement with a builder, the OIRC has no power unless it is backed by the City Commission. Will Key West soon look like Ft. Lauderdale? Beware, because the sameness of America is creeping up on us from all sides.



KEY WEST IS a luncheon town; in all the pleasing lunch emporiums where you might take a noonday respite, the right-hand side of the menus doesn't run your budget off the rails as might a dinner adventure.

This little woman standing there in the orange-green blouse. The waist won't meet. Oh. It's my reflection in the freckled oval gilt mirror. Why does that hank of hair stick out from the head? What I can do is loop this around this ear and pin this to that other ridge of hair. It just won't seem to come to my hand today. Sheets of ocean spray are rinsing the windows; the rain outside beats the palms into submissiveness.

I AM TO lunch with Miss Reta. A wicked corner of me enviously conjectures, "There Miss Reta will be, one foot slightly behind the other and pointed the way a top model is depicted in a pajama suit. She could pull off wearing a 1920 bathing suit with matching cap. She'll wear her \$39.95 lace bra. She ALWAYS wears a Lili." Again, peer dissatisfiedly in the mirror. My vet would say, "This cat has worms."

STAND THERE ON Waddell Avenue glowering in the weather, rain on my tongue, the bad, dark, dark bark of the Dedek's dog, background. There is Miss Reta gliding up for me in her long, white station wagon. Something birdlike—a rare and fancy bird. Miss Reta is very much Old Island and Historical and Restoration. She has come from her imperious old Conch house with the light furniture shapes hunched like silent animals in the charming rooms... the William Morris crimson brocaded wallpaper in the bath. Sweep of steps down into the Paul Sawyer patio where the good times are had.

WE HAVE NOT far to go for our lunch, and instantly I am carried into the world of my friend of 20 years. Miss Reta with her high level of comic inventiveness. She speaks with feminine wile. In a bright flutter of words with those little Southern endings tacked on like helium balloons. Miss Reta is rather Tennessee-Belle by way of Atlanta-Pearl-of-the-South.

WE PULL UP to our destination, and Miss Reta puts out her narrow feet in their pumps. The walkway is awash, and Miss Reta plunges up to her elegant, bony hips in rainwater.

With a certain defensive sedateness, we enter Santa Maria dining room for the southern comfort of our luncheon. There is quite a cluster of achievers and under-achievers happily indulging in the cozy joys of a snug retreat. Nothing except an amphibious tank could navigate outside now.

MARTINIS COME. ESPRIT comes. Esprit is a French word meaning somewhere between the soul and the spirit. Comradery is unestablishable with just anyone who passes, you know. And, it is an honorable pastime to buy a few yards of exchange and fun, peace and talk, there with one's friend, wet feet swinging, pursuing a bit of ham across the plate and cornering it against the lettuce.

TALK GOES LIKE THIS: Our unalterable conviction that there is a God... Restaurants that serve oxtolans. Restaurants that do not serve oxtolans... I cried. O, I cried. It seemed so hard... For Christmas, I'm giving her Gigi by Colette, one of the best ever

written. So smart, so wise, so French... She ought not to have said that to him at The Rooftop that noon... Yes, there are unseen powers all about us. Forces to call upon. Forces for good. And evil... We HATE hanging pot plants... No, you're too fat to wear urban cowboy sets...

POINT TO BE taken from all of this, dear *Solares Hill* reader, is that the most ordinary lives will contain a bright thread of the comic and a glistening, black thread of the tragic.

ADDENDUM: MISS RETA'S brakes gave out en route home, and she neatly sheared off the side of that nice, big white wagon.

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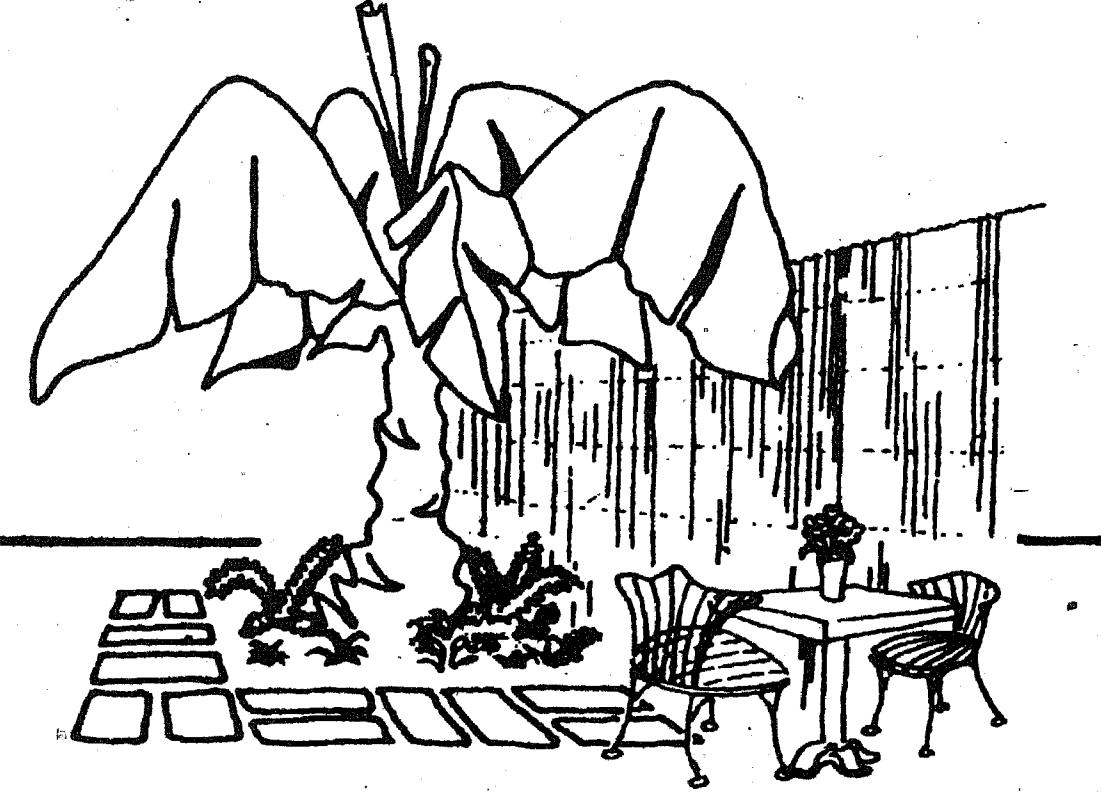
A Key West Christmas Story

BY MARTA VAGO

SANTA CLAUS DID not come to Key West last year. Some of the kids claimed not to have noticed—not being into Santa Clauses—but others were quite upset, even angry, at such an unfair oversight. You could see them huddled over half-empty glasses and flip-top cans, discussing this most distressing event.

"I don't get it," said Joe, shaking his head with confusion. "I was a good boy all year."

"What did you do?" asked Sam. "Well, I was friendly with everybody, I went to all the parties I was invited to, and even won first prize for the best 'Tropical Depression'."



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real cool-looking stand had the nerve to start rusting on me, so I had to go out and get more paint. Believe me, it hurt! Then the cops started hassling me about permits and licenses, and all I wanted to do is sell lemonade from this jazzy stand, make a fortune, and open a larger lemonade stand in Disney World or someplace like that. I mean, all I really needed was Santa Claus to come and lay a little bread on me so I can pay back my friends, paint the stand with Rustoleum and buy me a couple of bottles of Realemon until I scraped enough together to use real lemons—like maybe next Christmas."

"IT'S A BUMMER," said Sam. "I know exactly what you mean. Look at my situation. I have this lemonade stand, right? Now, I know I spent too much money making it look spiffy. Hell, I even borrowed some from friends. I thought I could pay them back real soon, like when Santa Claus came. Anyway, I spent all this money and by the time I got to buying lemons, water, and sugar for the lemonade I just didn't have enough left! Plus, this

"BOY, YOU SURE know what it's like," sighed Betty. "My parents told me long ago that if I got good grades in school there wasn't anything in the world I couldn't do. So, I studied real hard—I was especially good in English and crafts—and thought I'd leave school for a while and earn a few bucks in a nice, warm place tutoring rich kids, whose parents would love me so much that they'd give me money without my having to do a whole lot of work for it. Really, a creative person can't get bogged down with working all day, especially with younger children, for heaven's sake! So, there I was, expecting Santa Claus to drop me the name and address of a filthy-rich family who would support my obviously unusual talents. And you know what? He didn't even show up! Now, either my parents lied to me or something is wrong somewhere!" She placed her empty glass down with emphasis and ordered another drink to calm her indignation.

THEY ALL SPOTTED Mary, walking past them, at about the same time. They called her over to commiserate. "What do you think about this nasty Santa Claus not showing up this year?" asked Joe. "Gee, I don't really know," replied Mary. "I guess I've been too busy to react one way or another. You see, I've been working on this project for almost a year. I've been going to the library to get information, saving my allowance like mad, trying to look ahead two or three years, putting together different strategies and back-up plans, and things like that. Plus, I've been talking to a lot of grownups and sometimes I stay up half the night figuring out how many months' allowance I have to keep in my piggy-bank to make sure I don't run into trouble."

"OH, IT SOUNDS so boring," whined Betty. "When do you have fun?"

"Actually, I have fun almost all the time. The planning is fun, knowing what I'm doing is fun, and, well, making money is fun!"

"You sure seem confident," remarked Joe with a certain air of disappointment.

"I don't know if it's confidence or it's just that my parents told me that the only real reward for doing things well is feeling good."

"That's all?" Betty's eyes popped wide open like saucers.

Mary shrugged. "Well, I've got to be moving along. See you all later."

"BEFORE YOU LEAVE, just tell me one thing," said Sam. "What kind of trouble do you keep money in your piggy-bank for?"

"Like when Santa Claus doesn't come."

"Oh."

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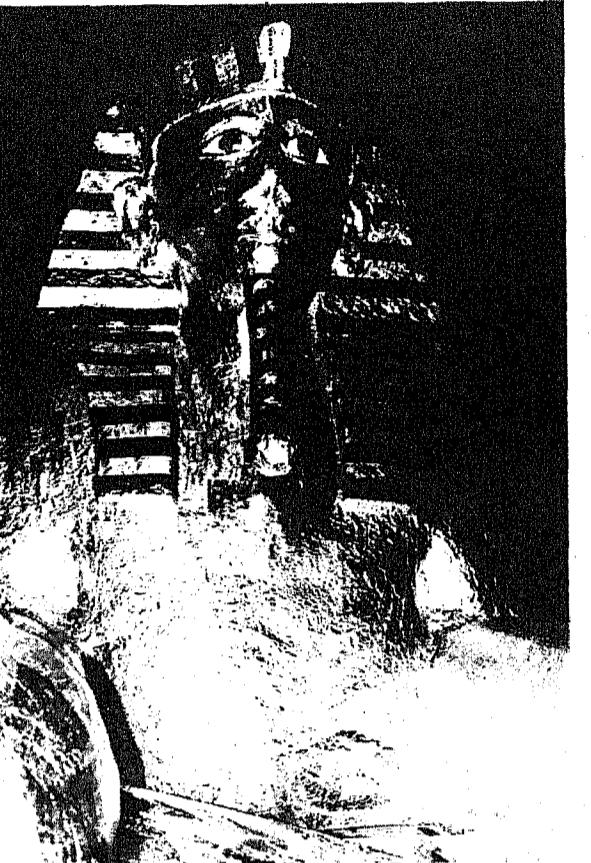
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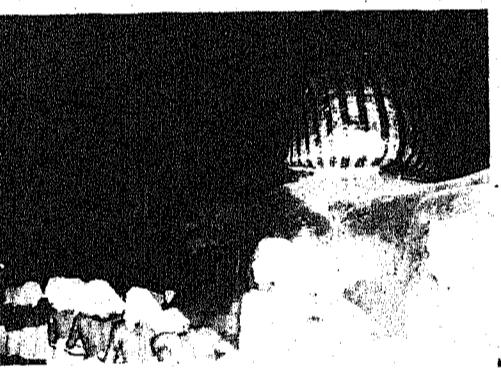
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want to be!" The old gods must have smiled at such keenful, boisterous delight! Revelers were everywhere, paying tribute to ancient spirits of Hallowmas, later called All Hallow's Eve, and finally, Halloween, vigil of All Saints! Let the old Sphinx reveal its secret; let Beauty get her Beast; yet the Mullet Wrapper goes on forever!



Beauty and the Beast - Fast Buck's



Mullet wrapper - The Key West Citizen

EDITORIAL

BY BILL WESTRAY

LAST MONTH WE reported on a proposal by partners Toby Arnheim and Norman Wood (redevelopers of Marriott's Casa Marina Resort and Key West Villas townhouses) to purchase about 51.2 acres of the City-owned Key West Municipal Golf Course on Stock Island for \$1 million in cash for a residential development of 597 units. In a separate but related proposal, Arnheim and Wood offered to lease the remaining 110 acres for a base rental of \$36,000 per year for 99 years and develop it into a "PGA Championship" golf course at a cost to them of \$5 to

WE EXPRESSED THE opinion that the purchase price of \$1 million was much too low for land that prominent realtors had estimated as potentially worth \$6 to \$8 million, and that the purchase proposal by Arnheim and Wood was a new proposal over the original 99-year lease proposal, and should be readvertised to all interested bidders. We further suggested that the original 99-year lease proposal was a better deal for the City since its terms provided for cash payments to the City of \$2,000 per residential unit constructed on the property, AND an annual rental return on the land under lease for townhouses of 10% to 12% of the land value. (Arnheim and Wood, however, estimated the land value for the townhouses at \$10,000 per acre; we contended that the land value should be at least \$10,000 per townhouse unit built or \$5,970,000 for the 597 units; this would be about 12 units per acre.) Potentially then, a lease for the townhouse land would return to the City \$1,194,000 in CASH and up to \$716,400 per year thereafter.

WITH RESPECT TO THE 110-acre golf course, we suggested that the \$36,000 base rental ("from public greens fees ... if any") was inequitable to the City, and that though Arnheim and Wood were proposing to develop the course at a cost to themselves of \$5 to \$8 million, they were planning to pledge the City's land in first mortgage to the mortgagee (bank) to secure their construction loans, and that they could pull out at any time, leaving the City holding the bag of indebtedness. We felt that the proposed lease agreement had been written by the prospective lessee (Arnheim/Wood) in terms that favored the lessee throughout, and that insufficient protection and control was provided to the lessor (City). We felt that the completed golf course, developed with the City's resources as collateral, should ultimately yield to the City \$800,000 to \$1,000,000 per year through percentages of ALL fees and rents (including sublease rents).

THUS, WE SUGGESTED that the ultimate return to the City, not counting ad valorem taxes, could be \$1.28 to \$1.8 million per year instead of the \$1 million cash and \$36,000 per year offered by Arnheim and Wood. As we went to press last month, the City was planning a special Commission meeting for October 29th, at which revised terms for the sales and land lease agreements would be considered. The City would also have received an opinion from a Miami real estate attorney regarding the desirability of the agreements to the City.

THE GOLF COURSE agreements were not placed on the agenda for the October 29th Commission meeting, nor any other meeting. A legal opinion on the subject dated November 5, 1980 ad-

dressed to our City Attorney from Carl K. Hoffman, Esquire, of the law firm Bradford, Williams, McKay, Kimball, Hamann, Jennings and Kniskern of Miami, has not yet been considered in public. We secured a copy on November 20th and have reviewed it. In general attorney Hoffman seems to convey the opinion that the terms of both the proposed agreements appear to be one-sided in favor of the buyer/lessee Arnheim/Wood partnership. On the proposed sales agreement, Hoffman suggests changes that reduce the City's guarantees and commitments, and calls for much stricter definition of standards or methods to be used for pur-

than Public Greens Fees. No requirement for annual audit. Contains statement that lessee has no duty to maximize base rental.

ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

Proposed ground lease agreement gives lessee a carte blanche as to alterations. Hoffman writes, "The City should not give away all control over the property." Hoffman suggests three new paragraphs to give the City control and authority over deterioration of improvements, and over all alterations or demolitions under a written permit arrangement. He suggests a

We suggested that the ultimate return to the City, not counting ad valorem taxes, could be \$1.28 to \$1.8 million per year instead of the \$1 million cash and \$36,000 per year offered by Arnheim and Wood.

chase price reductions. The sales proposal required the City to guarantee "marketability" and Hoffman reduces this to "insurability," a lower standard of insurance. The proposed agreement would require the City to cure title defects promptly, and would thereafter allow the purchaser the option to cure defects at the expense of the seller without limit as to cost. This might be a sticky question, since the right of the City to sell this property may well be questioned. Hoffman recommends that the seller be given one year to cure defects, and this right be vested solely in the seller with no purchaser's option.

Hoffman takes particular note of the proposed purchase price of \$1 million, and in almost an understatement, writes: "Finally, since the City is selling property for one million dollars on which the developer can build 500 units, the land price is \$2,000 per unit, a fantastic buy in today's economy. Therefore, we recommend that the purchaser pay all costs related to the closing, including the seller's attorney's fees."

WE BELIEVE THAT this deal is more than "a fantastic buy." We believe that a substantial increase in purchase price is called for. We believe that the developer intends to add about \$2 million in land fill, utility service and street costs to the \$1 million purchase cost, and then sell the residential land in improved parcels for about \$9 million, thereby tripling his money on the land purchase alone. We still believe that the lease agreement is the better direction for the City to follow; however, if sale becomes the mandatory option, we believe that a sales price of about \$4 million, coupled with \$2 million in development costs, would total \$6 million to the developer, and would allow them a profit margin of about 50% or \$3 million on the residential land alone. They would also have all the profits on the townhouse sales.

HOFFMAN WROTE 12 pages of comments on the proposed ground lease agreement for the golf course development. Most of the comments concerned changes in, or objections to, terms and conditions that seemingly were designed to favor the purchaser over the seller, as follows:

BASE RENTAL

Ten percent of the public greens fees or \$36,000 (whichever is larger) is the total consideration promised to the City, not the base amount. Private greens fees, other income, and even rents from the existing clubhouse facilities are excluded.

RECORD KEEPING AND MANAGEMENT

Proposal contains no requirement for accounting to the City for other

than Public Greens Fees. No requirement for annual audit. Contains statement that lessee has no duty to maximize base rental.

ALTERATIONS AND IMPROVEMENTS

Proposed ground lease agreement gives lessee a carte blanche as to alterations. Hoffman writes, "The City should not give away all control over the property." Hoffman suggests three new paragraphs to give the City control and authority over deterioration of improvements, and over all alterations or demolitions under a written permit arrangement. He suggests a

USE OF CONSTRUCTION LOAN MONIES

As proposed by Arnheim and Wood, this ground lease agreement places no restrictions on the lessee as to what the construction loan, secured by City land, could be used for (such as to build the townhouses and run utility service thereto). Hoffman writes:

"(lease) ... should not allow lessee to encumber the property except to construct the sole improvements or to repair the demised premises; the lessee must not be allowed to get financing on the demised premises or to increase the financing, in a way by which the money received could be used for any other project."

"In addition, the provision in Section 4.02 (of the proposed lease) by which no leasehold mortgagee shall become liable to lessor as an assignee unless it expressly assumes such liability is unacceptable. Any mortgagee which becomes assignee of the lease or through foreclosure or otherwise assumes the role of lessee, must automatically be liable to the lessor."

ASSIGNMENT AND SUBLETTING

The lease proposal provides that the lessee may at any time, sell, assign or transfer its leasehold estate in whole or part to any entity in which the lessee has an ownership interest, without the consent of the City. Since ownership interest is not defined and thus could be any infinitesimal amount, Hoffman recommends that the lessee be required to retain at least a 50 percent interest in the transferee entity.

INSURANCE

Hoffman devotes about four pages of comments to insurance coverage of all sorts to protect the City's interests during construction and thereafter during operations. He suggests controls on proceeds from insurance to guarantee that physical damage is promptly repaired in a quality manner, and that the City's rights to proceeds are protected. Substantial minimum limits are called for.

ADVISORY COMMITTEE

Hoffman notes that although an advisory committee composed of three members appointed by the City and two members by the lessee is provided for, it is useless because the proposed agreement states that the operation of the premises is at the sole and absolute discretion of the lessee.

HOFFMAN CONCLUDES IN part with the following general comments:

"There is no provision requiring the lessee to maintain the greens in a condition comparable to other Florida first class golf courses, nor for the purchaser under the Agreement of Sale to maintain the property in a first class condition while it is still

financial or economic distress, default on the mortgage, and the City would lose the golf course in its entirety, through foreclosure by the mortgagee. An unscrupulous mortgagee could then abandon the golf course project completely, and develop it as residential property. The City would get nothing out of it except the initial \$1 million.

PERFORMANCE BOND

Hoffman believes that this provision should be revised to require a payment as well as a performance bond.

title holder thereto. There is no provision requiring the lessee to maintain structures in good repair and providing for default if repairs are neglected.

"There would be some language in the lease that members of the public and members of the private membership club will be treated equally (i.e., regarding starting times). In addition greens fees should be the same for members of the public as well as private members. There is no board or commission to review greens fees, and no outside standard for greens fees."

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IN SUMMATION SOLARES HILL believes:

That a ground lease agreement ON THE RESIDENTIAL PROPERTY under terms substantially proposed by Arnhem and Wood in their letters of May 31, 1979 and August 17, 1979 is economically the most advantageous to the City in the long run. It eliminates the problem of clear title and the question of the City's right to sell this property. Attorney Hoffman has stated that he can provide language to enable the lessee to obtain financing with safeguards for the City.

That all of the additional or modified terms for the golf course ground lease recommended by Hoffman should be incorporated.

That the City should be entitled to a percentage (nominally 10 percent) of all the gross proceeds from the operation of the golf course including public and private greens fees and rents from subleases and concessions.

That in the event that sale of the 51-acre residential tract is deemed to be the only viable alternative, a substantial increase in purchase price (we recommend \$4 million) be required.

That if Arnhem and Wood refuse to agree to substantial increases in the money to the City, that the City break off negotiations and advertise for bids on the sales and lease contracts, modified as attorney Hoffman recommends, with biddable items consisting of the sales price of the sales contract, and the base rental and percentage for the lease agreement, and award to the highest responsible bidder.

AS WE WENT to press this time we were advised that the prospective lessee's Dallas attorneys were in Miami negotiating with our law firm of Bradford and Associates, represented by

Carl Hoffman, in an effort to reach an agreement which could be presented to the City Commission for their consideration and/or approval at their next regular meeting on December 1st. We urge our readers to keep themselves informed on this subject and to express their views to their City Commissioners both privately and at public Commission meetings.

THE WAY THE DEAL STANDS TODAY IS THAT THE CITY GETS ONLY \$1 MILLION in cash to cover a \$1.7 MILLION DEBT, AND \$36,000 PER YEAR THEREAFTER. That's the way it will stand unless WE change it.



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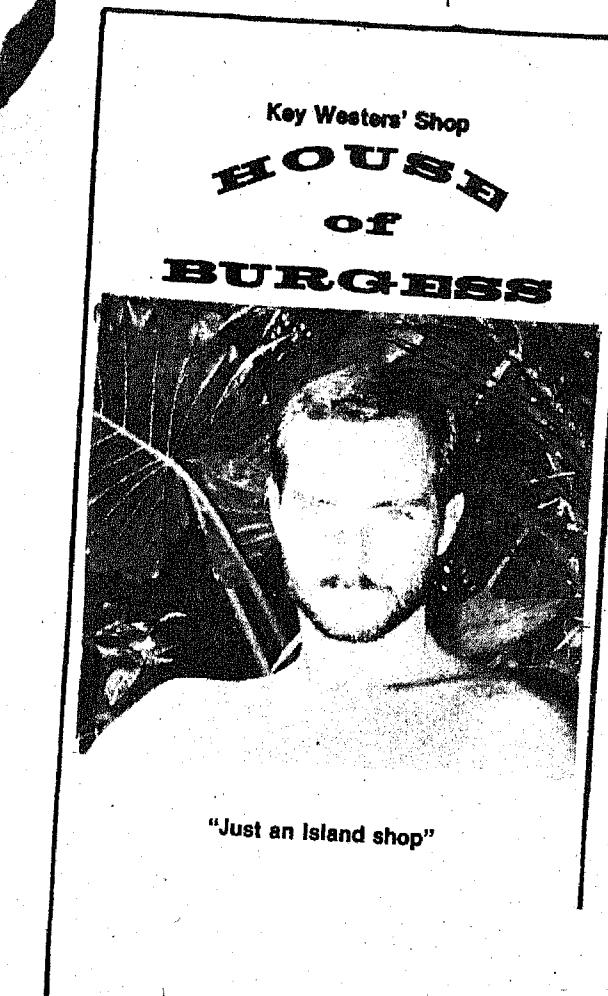


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HOUSE of BURGESS



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OLD KEY WEST

key Westers' shop

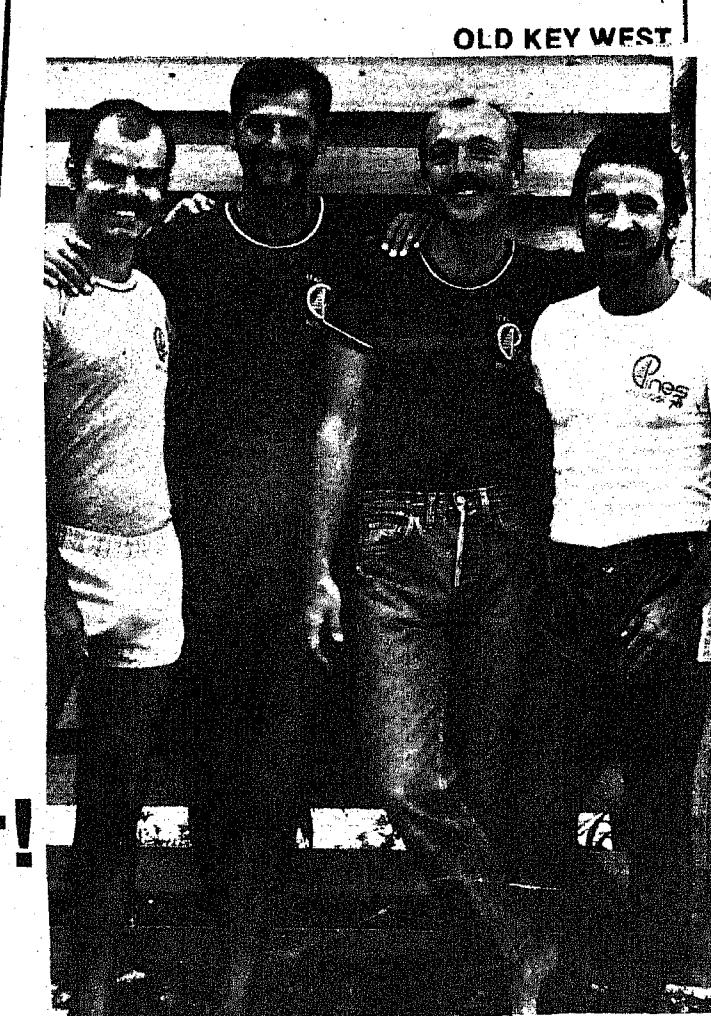
House of Burgess

FRONT STREET

BURGESS



"Just an Island shop"



OLD KEY WEST



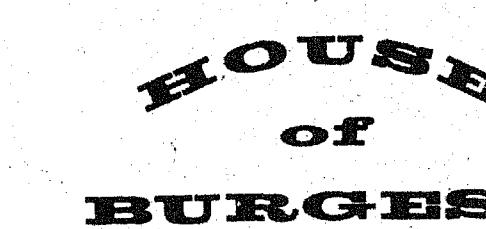
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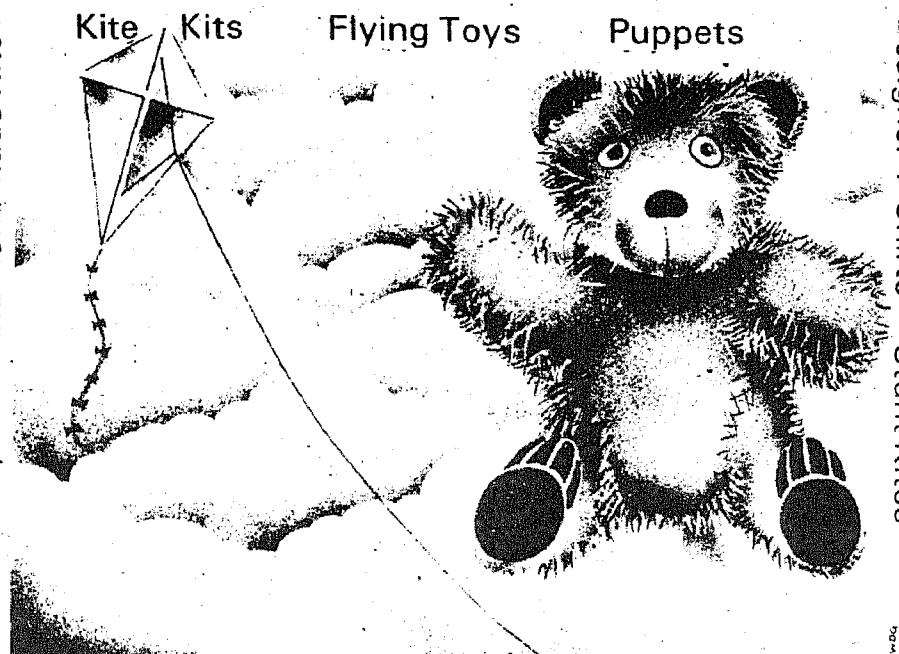
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Notes continued from page 9

accommodate more company than expected. I borrowed chairs and card tables from friends and neighbors, sent down to Thompson's ice house on Caroline Street for bags of chopped ice (they didn't have ice cube machines back then) and searched around for extension cords.

Chotteeu disappeared around lunch time and said he would be back about four, so I had time to take a nap, shower and dress. He also left a stack of scrapbooks for me to examine and through these I learned the facts about his strange career before he came to Key West and put up a primitive shack out on Stock Island in the vicinity of where Artist Agricola had a little house and studio. There they had evidently become friends. In fact, Karl had mentioned Chotteeu and asked if I might do a feature story on him. I tentatively agreed, reminding him that such an assignment would have to come about through my editor. Karl, an ex-Marine, added that Chotteeu had interested him and a group of Leathernecks stationed here in one of his offbeat adventures which could enhance the interest of a feature story on Chotteeu.

Paul had a wild dream of harnessing a shark so that he could navigate the 90-mile stretch of sea between Key West and Cuba by way of shark-power. In fact, he had once managed to capture a shark, harness and briefly ride behind it in a conveyance that wasn't exactly a skiff with pontoons, or waterskis, but a weird contraption combining the ski-pontoons-skiff invention. As for the harness, it was made of strong webbing and sailing canvas that fastened around the shark's torso with buckles fore and aft of the big dorsal fin, fashioned so that the harness couldn't slide off.

As for the guidance method or actual control, Chotteeu claimed he could do it by shifting his own 220 pounds from side to side while holding on to sturdy guide reins.

"I will show you now my invention works in the movie which will be shown at the party," he promised. Well, at least the idea was a novel one, I rationalized.

At about five o'clock, a truck stopped in front of the Dey Street abode and Paul and four husky young men in civilian garb piled off the back. Chotteeu and the driver clambered out of the cab and began to unload a big movie screen. The Agricolans also chugged up in a beat-up jalopy.

There was some brief reconnaissance and arguments before it was decided to erect the screen frame at the far end of the yard, which meant tethering Torpedo at another spot which I hoped was a safe distance from party maneuvers. But after introductory hellos the Marines, all in shorts and colorful sport shirts, got everything in shipshape order and there was a pause for first rounds of beer. As a matter fact, they had brought a couple of cases of their own, plus a big litter can to toss away discards. I began to feel more elated. It looked as if Chotteeu's system of party giving was going to be a success, after all.

While DeeDee Agricola and I set about making sandwiches in the kitchen, the regular guests arrived, some bringing extra goodies, beer, wine and even a few bottles of booze. Luckily there were plenty of foamite glasses and paper cups. There weren't enough chairs for all-around seating, but nobody seemed to mind. People simply sat on the floors of the hallway, the living room, bedroom, the porch in front and back yards.

All went merrily along with moderate noise, considering that there were some 20 people assembled in such a small area - until

Chotteeu, having consumed a mixture of wine and beer over some three and a half hours decided it was serenade and group chorus time. Out came the violin, and with dramatic flourishes he made the rounds of the party-goers, playing the French national anthem, requiring guests to struggle to their feet, stand at attention and join in the singing. The first time wasn't too objectionable, but after the fourth interruption the cooperation was practically nil. Paul then began organizing, or trying to organize, some French games while he played screechy tunes. The games involved chanting rhymes and ditties, in French and broken English, with musical chairs and the old-fashioned "post-office" kissing game. Nobody could quite understand the themes and some merry-makers lost their merriness. By that time everyone was magnetized by the food display, anyway, and began devouring the refreshments and ignored the game direction flourishes. There were even some impolite comments such as "Buzz off!" "Stow the fiddling, Nero!" Paul was finally induced to let the crowd pursue its own fun without games. But he sulked in a corner nursing more vino.

By 9:30 p.m., the last light was gone from the evening sky and it was the right hour to show the promised film. There was more scrambling around to adjust seating arrangements, set up the projector from just inside the back door and focus it precisely. Finally this was accomplished with maximum shouted instructions.

The action shots of Chotteeu swimming showed he specialized in the European-style breast stroke, only now and then applying the usual Australian crawl technique. He would come up blowing like a whale when he surfaced. Unfortunately, the audience found this excruciatingly funny and began sound effects as if blowing great gusts of water synchronized with the swimmer's movements. And when he staggered up out of the surf at the end of a swim, although the movie was silent, the watchers supplied shouts of triumph as Chotteeu struck postures of victory. I regret to state that the worst offenders were Paul's so-called "pals and buddies." But finally the baiting ceased when the last sequence was focused on screen.

This was the segment which showed the harnessing of a medium-sized shark to the pontooned-craft devised by Chotteeu, and then came the climax - when Paul actually managed to mount and balance himself on the precarious perch of the craft.

The shark began to swim around in circles, never in a straight line, and Paul, muscular as he was, was not in directive control although he tried. This bit of the unusual feat was fascinating. The audience was thrilled and strictly attentive. Then suddenly, the shark dived - Chotteeu lost the guiding reins which weren't doing an efficient job anyway, and finally, his huge hulk toppled into the water.

The shark was evidently too frightened to turn on him. It disappeared under the waves, dragging the craft out of sight with it. Paul was rescued by a standby crew in a small outboard motor boat, and the movie was concluded.

Afterward, there were some clusters of discussion and pledges made to help Chotteeu in his obsessive mission.

The first objective was to capture a suitable shark. It must be healthy, not too large, but powerful enough to pull the combined weight of the man and craft. The Marine representatives swore to promote the project there and then.

The party finally broke up about midnight - after a call by police who said the uproar and loud music could be heard blocks away.

The final note was that Chotteeu obtained written pledges of

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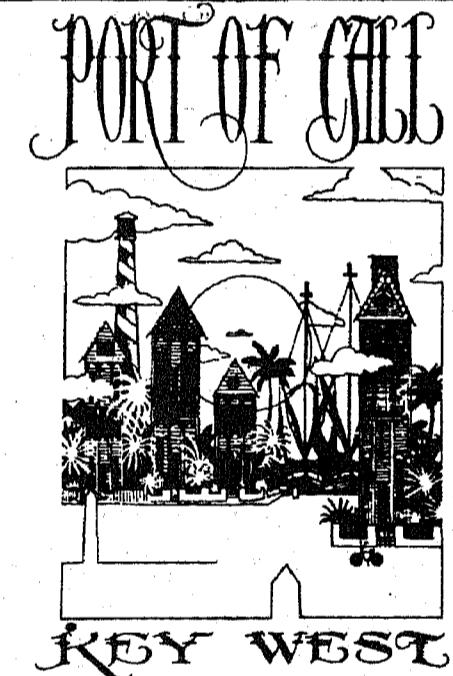
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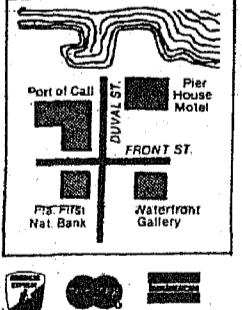
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(with Shrimp Salad)	5.50
Avocado, Tomato and Onion	2.75
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SANDWICHES

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Dessert of the Day	1.75
Key Lime Pie	1.75
Ice Cream (Chocolate Sauce 50¢ extra)	1.75

financial support from several of my guests as well as promises from the Marines for support in catching the right specimen of shark.

The aftermath: Several sharks were obtained but they never did succeed in the Key West-to Cuba, via shark power enterprise.

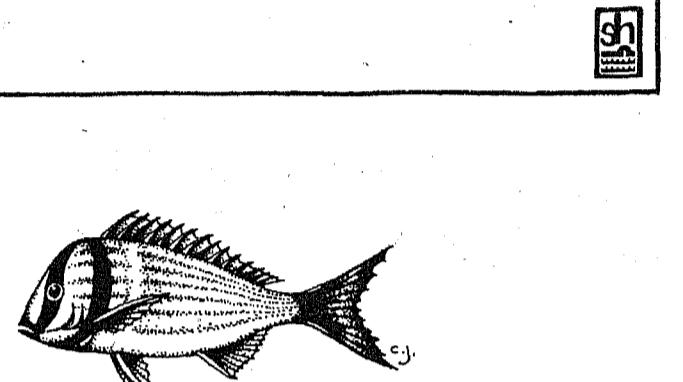
The original Marine promoters became involved in other things and drifted off to different, unknown destinies.

Several years after the brief burst of interest in his plan of 1955, Paul Chotteeau drifted off to Miami. I had written a feature story, as requested, but it wasn't of sufficient appeal in the light of more serious happenings in the world. The Miami Herald repeated Chotteeau's fruitless ambitions to be in the spotlight.

The last report of him was his death in the late 1960s. He was found deceased in a campsite along the Miami River, surrounded by all his publicity notices and his violin in its case ...now forever silent.

P.S. In addition to being a long distance swimmer of note, Paul Chotteeau was a writer and an amateur artist. He left a legacy of his skill in an illustrated book, *Oscar: A Romance Under the Sea*, which was published by the Florida Printing Publishing Company, sometime during Paul's stay in Key West in the 1950s.

There are a few copies of his work in the Monroe County Public Library.



OF GIBES AND LIES UNDER TROPIC SKIES

BY JOHN HELLEN

It is a well understood fact that to have playing cards and money in general proximity to each other on a bar is a major 'no-no'. "Gambling" would be the immediate assumption on the part of a police officer, should he enter such a bar and observe those 52 laminates cuddled next to change from a twenty. Even cribbage, a card game given formality by the use of a pock marked piece of wood, must be played without any currency in view. Backgammon, another game popular in bars, also has a scoring system wherein money is traded (paid off) only after the session has ended. Darts is dangerous, considering the frequency of those who suddenly go amuck on hot tropical afternoons. And 8-ball necessitates the ponderous presence of a table and the clutter of difficult to maintain equipment, as well as a whole lot of less than welcome legwork.

What is a bar-goer to do on those baking, hot tropical afternoons when not even overhead fans or ice cold beers can muster his attention sufficiently to converse? Well, there are nothing like bar games to jar the bar-goer into afternoon joviality, to awaken and cool down his benumbed attention.

But card games, as noted, are suspect in bars. Solution: get rid of the cards. And board games are either cumbersome, limited in the number of participants, or repetitive. Solution: get rid of the boards. Now that leaves us with the core element of all bar games: money. Money of and by itself is what the most essential, although not the simplest, bar game is about.

In the context of the game we are to discuss here 'money' means one dollar bills, although, conceivably, say at the Ocean Reef Club, 'money' could mean twenty dollar bills. One dollar bills are both the cards and equipment of Liar's Poker. The one dollar bill neatly incorporates dice, aces, darts, cues and pay-offs into a thin piece of paper. It is Monopoly without Park Place, billiards without balance, cribbage without calculation, it is purely and simply gamesmanship, or if you will, out and out prevarication. Yes, that's right, fibbing.

Unlike true poker, with all its variations, Liar's Poker has only one set pattern of bidding. True poker allows the player to bluff, whereas Liar's insists that he bluff.

But first we should run over the rules.

The rules of Liar's Poker are as follows: whoever insists that a certain notion of his own is a rule, and gradually overcomes the protestations and cries of 'foul' from the other participants, succeeds in making his notion the rule. It is not so much making up rules as you go along as it is totally involving all the participants previously beset by torpor in a kind of rules committee. Bringing the group to life is an important and not altogether secondary purpose of the game.

The procedural flow of the game, agreed upon generally by those who play it regularly, is pretty easy to follow. Thanks to the government's penchant for categorization, every bill (remember here we mean \$1's) has a serial number consisting of a letter, eight numbers and another letter. Disregard the letters, as they do not enter into the bidding. Liar's Poker does not make use of suits, flushes, full-houses or wild cards. It is based solely on the most of one number, i.e., a cumulative count of one number from each bill in the game. The opening bidder must call a bid of two or more, say he bids two 'sixes'. On his bill he may or may not have two 'sixes'. No matter, this is where the game derives its name. The next bidder must bid higher or he may 'call' the first bidder (to 'call' generally does not happen in the first round of bidding). The bid of the second player must be higher, either by saying three 'sixes' or, say three 'fives'. Let us say he bids three 'sixes'. The third bidder (for the purpose of this explanation we will use three players, although conceivably, a limitless number of players may take part) must then determine whether to bid higher. He does so by saying four 'sixes'. The third player has tipped off that 'maybe' one of the other players has 'sixes'. The third player's hand does indeed contain three 'sixes', so his bid of four 'sixes' is likely to be made if a call were to be put out by players one and two. If a player is called by everyone else in the game, the bills he and they hold must equal or surpass the bid he has made.

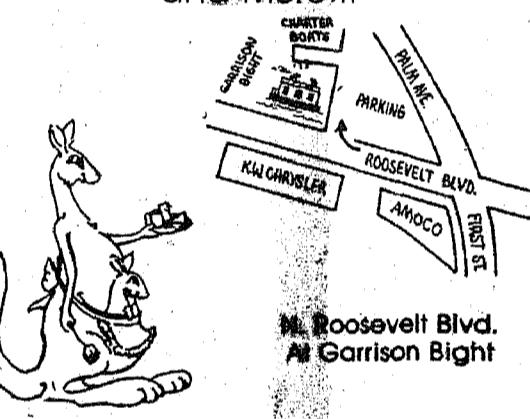
Player one, whose bid it is now, notes the confidence with which player three has bid four 'sixes' so he assumes that #3 has at least two 'sixes' (or he may actually have all four 'sixes' on his bill). But, player one thinks to himself, I really don't have any 'sixes' on my bill; my first bid was a bluff. Player one says "I call four 'sixes'". Player two now has the

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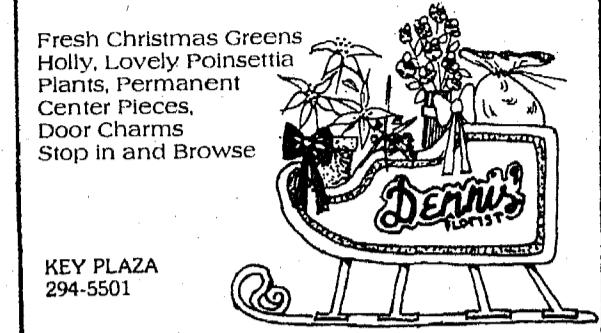
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slalomed through the greasy-palmed American public, legally having tendered how many thousands of public and private debts, having been spent and deposited and saved and invested and waddled up in the lint lined pockets of how many tens of drunks, to think of it having purchased bubblegum, beer, aerosol spray, Pampers, of it having circulated, jumped counties and states, having once been dropped at a subway token booth (when newer) and found by a grandmother who gave it to a grandson who had it taken away by a bully whose father took it from him to buy drugs with, to think that this note should have wended its way by chance into a Honduran pocket and should now be the cause for Harry and the others to toss less



With characteristic nonchalance Arri-son pays for his next Lite with the winning bill, and Harry rings it up and buries the note in the oblong plastic sepulchre among its fellow \$1's, again to be counted, deposited and passed on, unnoticed, except when found or bid with.

Harry is a master of finesse in the game of Liar's Poker. His usual ploy is to adopt the blunt noncommittal look fashionable (and necessary) among real poker players. He bids quickly and assuredly and seldom allows himself to get caught with his hand in the cookie jar. If his hand holds little promise and all the other players call one player, he will go along with them and call. Seldom will he be called by all the other players. It is better to pay out one dollar than to have to pay out several dollars (depending on how many players are in the game). On the other hand, when he perceives a weakness in an opponent's bidding and has a good hand himself, he will hold his ground and be called by all. When he wins he makes much show of collecting his dollars while humming "Bringing in the Sheaves". When he loses, he too uses the balm of accusation, calling his opponents 'lucky' (among other things).

It is relatively easy to stay solvent in a game with four or fewer players, in that chance is likely to smile on the least wily player at least some of the time. Depending on how many hands are played, a less than skillful player will have time enough to determine that gradually his pile of \$1's are defecting to the neighboring piles and he can resign. It is with a larger group, say six or seven players, that getting caught pilfering the Oreos can be very costly. Frequently the bidding in these games may reach into the teens and, considering the cumulative nature of the final count, the player who finally has been called (thus catching him at or near the cookie jar) had better pray that the four 'nines' he has on his bill will be allayed by nine more 'nines' scat-

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tered over his opponents' bills in order to cover his stranded bid of thirteen 'nines'. Otherwise he owes six people a dollar each.

Harry, the scorekeeper, is excellent in roll calling among these large groups. In a group of seven or eight players who have had seven or eight beers each, attention spans become shortened either because of the exhilaration of winning a few hands or due to the tendency to switch the subject to women chasing by those who have lost a few. Harry hauls in the count and passes bills from any player to another who wishes to 'spot check'. He exchanges used bills for new ones and deals the fresh ones upside down to the players buying them. He keeps a modicum of order among the group without infringing on each player's right to allege and quibble. Quibbling, along with the questioning of one's opponent's ancestry is half the fun of the game.

One memorable triumvirate, who used to play on the patio of the Midget Bar after hours, was a truly hilarious and unself-conscious bunch. All three of these gentlemen, although in their forties at the time, were bartenders. The bidding and joviality were usually the greatest when they were the tipsiest. Freddy would open, as he always did, with a play on 'pair of ...'. "Para dox," he would bid. Lionel, a French Canadian, who took the games seriously, would squint and peer helplessly at his bill, then complain of poor lighting. George, from Boston, would try to spur Lionel into a bad bid. (One of the rules they had haggled out was that if you misbid, i.e., failed to bid a higher number than the previous bid, you lost the hand immediately.)

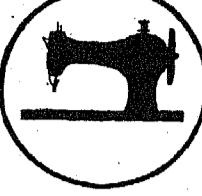
"Muthah of God, Lionel, will you hurry up. We halfn't got all night. Here, try these." And he would hand Lionel his glasses. Lionel would finally focus in on his bill and respond, "Toot trees."

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George would reclaim the glasses and make a ridiculous bid, "Nine 'nines' is eighty-one. Thaats the yeeah your wife was bonn, isn't it, Lionel?"

Lionel would take a moment to absorb the jibe, then call George the son of an unprintable seller of easy women. Freddy would butt in to ask whose turn it was and be told it was his. "Oh, o.k. Well, para phrase?" Again Lionel would squint and borrow George's glasses. "Sicks 'toots'" he would bid, illogically. George would reclaim his glasses and notice that Lionel's bill was only folded in half, thus exposing the upside down printing of the twin serial number. And usually George could not resist using to his own advantage Lionel's careless holding of the bill. He would postpone the urge to mock the Canadian's indiscretion in order to use the clear view of his serial number to complement his own hand. After winning the dollar from Lionel, George would needle him, "You hohse's ahss! I've neva played with such an easy mahn." Freddy's interest in these matches usually would wane after he had used up his supply of 'para' puns and he would go home. But Lionel and George would continue on indefinitely, often playing right through to 9 a.m. when the bar would open again. They'd move back into the bar, get some new \$1's and continue on, exchanging the one pair of glasses like children admonished to share a toy.

So then, on a hot afternoon or late at night, in a bar or in a boat, when the party gets a little dull, when life begins to seem mundane, get some folks together and shuffle up your \$1's. You won't believe how graciously your friends will accept being told that their father was a stinking goather, especially after they have just won a dollar from you. Para site? No, para sol.

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NIGHTHAWKS

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JOHN BELUSHI DAN AYKROYD

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The logo is a square divided into four quadrants. The top-left quadrant contains the text 'THE KEY WEST SPEARFISHING SCHOOL'. The top-right quadrant contains the text 'PO. BOX 835 KEY WEST FLA. 33040'. The bottom-left quadrant contains the text 'OF THE'. The bottom-right quadrant features a stylized fish with a crossbar through its body, and three vertical lines of varying lengths extend from the bottom of the fish's body.

SOME REMARKS

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Reviewing Stand

BY JODY ADAMS

I HAVE JUST read the booklet *Inside Gulf Shrimping*, by Leon Cyens, for the second time.

I broke into shrimping years ago in Texas without having any background on boats or knowing anyone in the industry, and I found that many of the techniques I found for finding jobs and doing the job very closely paralleled the experience that Cyens describes in this booklet.

I had set out to see the world in the late sixties and early seventies and shrimping was the way I found of supporting my travels. I first started trying in Morgan City, Louisiana, and hit about every shrimping town along the coast until I reached Aransas Pass, Texas. I was traveling with two other companions I met on the road who had no more knowledge of shrimping and the ocean than I did. I had heard from a traveler I met in a hostel in New Orleans that one could hire on a shrimp-boat as a "header (whatever that was) without experience if he persisted long enough.

THE SHRIMPERS' BAR in Aransas Pass in those days was the Blue Bar, operated by Ol' Joe Clark, a former shrimper who ran the bar as a kind of supply store, as well as sold used clothing and provided showers for the shrimpers. He also sold toys for shrimpers' children and plastic souvenirs he made himself. We had talked to the rigman on a boat in Cohn Brown Harbor who told us this was the place to find work. He gave us the name of his Captain, and it was here in the Blue Bar that Captain Louie Themis, originally from Tarpon Springs, hired us. I think it took us about two weeks from the time we started looking until Louie hired us.

I'm relating this experience to confirm what Cyens says in his chapter "Where To Go" . . . "Walk the docks in the morning—drink in the fisherman's bars at night."

I WORKED ON about a dozen shrimp-boats and that was the same formula I developed for finding a job. People are getting ready to go fishing in the morning and, sure, they would rather have experienced men, but if the Captain is all ready to go and all that he lacks is a man, he'll take whoever is there and hope for the best. Cyens has accurate information here for the inexperienced person wishing to break into shrimping.

He recommends going down to head shrimp until you can get on, and I have also seen this work.

In the chapter "The Work Itself" and in "Getting The Job" Cyens describes the crew situation on shrimpboats as one of constant turnover and crews not showing up because of being drunk. "It's just the way it's done in the industry," he says. This is only a partially accurate statement.

I WORKED FOR a year on the shrimp docks packing in Key West, and I saw some shrimpboats on which the crews were stable and held on to their jobs for long periods of time. These are not the boats, obviously, that a newcomer would find work on. There are some boats on which the crew turnover is high, often related to drinking, but not always.

These are the boats the newcomer is exposed to, of course. They aren't all like that.

I really have to take exception to one statement he makes: "You see, on a shrimpdragger there are only two important tasks. First, staying awake at the wheel, and, second, clearing the deck of shrimp."

Anyone who shrimped long would have to question that; these are important

tasks, they most definitely are not the only ones. He barely mentions the skilled craft of net-mending, vital to any netting operation, not to mention navigating, cooking, and mechanical work and maintenance. I would like to see boat-cleaning (an unpopular but vitally important job) mentioned.

ON THE OTHER HAND his description of a typical shrimping trip sounds like the story of a man who's been there, and who's been sensitive to the unique world of constant emergency that is shrimping. He knows what he's talking about when it comes to handling shrimp.

There is a certain mental feeling like drunkenness or a high that is produced by the physical and mental strain of fishing, plus probably the isolation of being on the sea. All of this combines with the dizzy rocking of a boat and with sleeplessness to produce what I heard one veteran net fishing mate call "Kingfish drunk." Cyens makes a good effort at describing this feeling. He says, "It's some indefinable truth you learned in that pile." I've experienced something like that and I found it undefinable.

In the section on dangers and precautions, I would like to have seen him mention alum, which is used by shrimp handlers to neutralize shrimp acid and prevent shrimp poisoning.

HIS COMMENTS ON ECOLOGY as it relates to shrimping are worth reading.

In spite of some inaccuracies and obvious omissions, he's written an informative and descriptive account of the experiences of a third man on a shrimp-boat. I know, I was one, too. I liked the book.



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Slipped on Ice

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY AMY LEE DEPOO



County Jail or just wishing and not touching, I chose bridling my desires and remained an honest citizen.

EVERY CHRISTMAS AFTER my seventh or eighth birthday brought some kind of crisis. The only logical explanation for this appears that up until the age of seven or eight, children are very malleable and usually accept what they are given for Christmas

without complaint. But after that age, something changes in their chemistry and the ungracious little snots become very vocal about what should have been given them or what they really wanted. Naturally, these characteristics were more true of my two sisters, always loud and complaining and rapacious to the gills, but I was not that sort at all. I was always the uncomplaining waif in the corner, content with my solitary wooden top and set of used jacks. (Being the middle child made me the recipient of what I could make-do with as opposed to what I really needed--consequently I developed an acute imagination and was more than content with an old rubber alligator with no tail while my sisters developed a blasé attitude towards life, forever bored with their shiny new bicycles and dollies with platinum hair.) Try as I might, however, I could not escape being collectively labeled, along with my sisters, as one of a bunch of three ungrateful wretches by my father John. He seemed to get a bit more testy than usual at Christmas time and there was always but ALWAYS one girl who managed to commit some heinous crime right around the sacred day that caused John to threaten us with a bare tree on Christmas morning. It could be anything--staying out too late after dark, forgetting to put away your bicycle, shoes in the middle of the room--these atrocities took on the high glare of the inexcusable in John's eyes if Christmas was approaching. There were times when I considered pre-packaging all the presents with my name on them and shipping them to Africa for the needy children in Kenya.

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because that's where John said he was going to send them eventually. I suppose children can be very tiresome in their youthful unawareness of the awesome task of parenting, so I can't blame John too much for being exasperated with us. There were also times I wished I could have shipped Martha and Kathryn off to Africa too, so they would feel more comfortable around the savages and beasts of the wild, those entities being closer to their ilk.

THERE CAME THE occasion one particular Christmas I was positive signified my formal entry into the civilized world; I received an invitation to a formal dinner from our neighbor, Martha Neil, who lived in the most beautiful house on the block. Her house was on the corner of Caroline and Simonton streets and was always being asked about by tourists because it had never been painted. The wood had been allowed to remain exposed to the elements and had turned a silvery-soft grey color thus making it stand out in the company of surrounding houses that suffered peeling, chipping and cracking in the tropical sun. Not only that, it was a huge house and she and her husband, Jim, had gone to great lengths to restore the inside, ceilings and all. They had those plaster rosettes and a thin gold line on the living room ceiling and to me that was on a par with the Sistine Chapel considering my mother favored spider webs to decorate our ceiling. It was all too much for me. I felt so honored, but after carefully weighing Martha Neil's alternatives (Martha or Kathryn) I could see I was the ONLY acceptable choice being that I was exceptionally skilled in the social graces. I imagined what a nightmare her dinner would be if she had to put up with Martha who would undoubtedly disgrace our family by making bread pellets while waiting for the entree,

or perhaps spilling wine on Martha Neil's antique table cloth--nothing was impossible in Martha's repertoire of ghastly dinnertime antics. And Kathryn, well she would be an impossible choice because of her innate shyness and her weak vision. That left me, of course, sparkling and effervescent in conversation, impeccable in manners and dexterously gifted with artichoke appetizers. I had this all figured out when my mother got off the phone with Martha Neil a few days before the dinner and informed me I was chosen because I was closest in age to a young man who had also been invited and they didn't want him to feel alone in a world of adults. Ignoring the rude snickers and wrinkled-nose hissing from my two graceless sisters, I still maintained that I really was the only suitable choice and Martha Neil was very clever to have thought up that other reason to keep Martha and Kathryn from feeling the pain of rejection. The young boy was Buddy Brooks and he was known for his tremendous wit and I felt the match to be appropriate.

I SET ABOUT preparing for this dinner with a shade more enthusiasm than, say, Elizabeth had for her Coronation. I had to have the perfect dress, tasteful white on white, from Key West Fabrics, where my mother worked as a textile designer. I chose a lacy paisley design that would show well in diffused lighting. (Martha Neil had a chandelier hanging directly over her dining room table with the clear, tiny, pointed bulbs that sparkled like delicate stars in a circle when it was turned on. Her walls were oyster white and she planned to arrange poinsettias on all the surrounding chests and bureaus which I thought would throw out a nice rosy glow to the whole room making it a fit dining hall for a queen. In addition, she was

adding several extra leaves to her already-quite-long table to accommodate all the people and I was beside myself with the expectant joy of having one meal without Martha's grubby elbow in my ear.) I had a special pair of black patent leather shoes, sleek pump affairs that rivaled Louis the Fourteenth's, with grosgrain-ribbon roses on the toes. To hear my sister Kathryn tell it, they were the only pair of shoes in the store that fit my woman-sized foot, but then she could not ever be completely happy unless she could make a remark about my rather large feet. (I always knew I would grow into my feet someday and my kind mother pointed out repeatedly that Greta Garbo also wore size ten so there was nothing to be ashamed of, really.)

KATHRYN HAD A flair for measuring things and making cutting remarks which is probably the reason she also made such an excellent seamstress. I knew I would have to be nice to her to get her to make my special dress for the dinner party and it took all the intestinal fortitude I could muster to put up with her foot and ear jokes during the week preceding the party. She was also very crafty and she KNEW she had me on the defense, being that I wanted the dress so badly and being that she was the only one who could make it properly, so she seized this very rare opportunity to watch me suffer. She accomplished this very easily in number of ways: she made me run to the store for every whim of her taste buds (I still get sick every time I see a Slim Jim--it got to be quite embarrassing for me to have to show up several times in the same afternoon to buy one of those repulsive, greasy sausages that reminded me of an open sore when you bit into them), she kept Martha more than

mathematical genius ("Hey Martha--do you want to KNOW what Amy's foot size is in millimeters? Are you READY for this? Do you want to hear this? Oh God, this is not REAL, why I believe it's close to FOUR HUNDRED MILLIMETERS!"). She sent me into the front room to fetch her pin cushion ("NO, not THAT one, you fool, my wrist pin-cushion"), her sewing tape ("What are you, stupid? I said sewing tape, BIAS TAPE, you fool, can't you read? This is finishing lace!"), and a hundred other minute articles that only an Italian tailor would have use for. Naturally I had to reach very deep into my soul to put up with all this calculated abuse but in the long run I felt it would be worth it. Kathryn could sew very expertly and my grand entrance was on the line. By the end of the week my tongue was very sore and red from having been bitten repeatedly in lieu of telling Kathryn to sit on her damn pin cushion and risk losing my debut-dress. Kathryn was like that--one, and I mean only one small remark like that would have put me out of the running forever and eternally. Luckily I had learned this lesson previously because Kathryn was supposed to make me a mandarin-collar jacket out of orange Key West Fabric once and I made the fatal mistake of calling her a pig. She looked me straight in the eye and told me it was common knowledge that pigs can't sew and she was not about to touch that jacket ever again. I tried to persuade her that surely somewhere on this earth there was a pig who sewed, maybe in China, the Chinese people are very clever and they can teach anybody, just about, how to do anything. It was to no avail. Kathryn turned away from those pattern pieces and never picked them up again.

HAVING SURVIVED THAT ungodly week of catering to Kathryn, the day of the

dinner party was at hand. I was still certain I had been chosen to attend this dinner because of my suitability on all counts. I knew I was not Martha Neil's favorite--Martha had always been Martha Neil's favorite. I knew this to be a fact. Up until the point when I entered the first grade, Martha and I were inseparable. We did everything together. But soon after I began attending first grade at Harris School I began to notice subtle changes in Martha's behavior to me. She became distant, uninterested in me and my world at school. She was simply withdrawn. At first I could not figure it out. Then one day it became very evident why Martha was no longer my close confidant and companion: Martha Neil had taken her under her wing and stolen her from me. Unbeknownst to me at the time, being that I was totally fascinated with first grade and the learning process, Martha began going regularly to Martha Neil's house the first thing in the morning. I suppose Martha Neil did this as sort of a favor to my mother who was forever trying to squeeze time to paint, care for three small children, take care of a husband and keep order in the house as well. It really hit me the first time Christmas Vacation rolled around and I was not required to attend school. Martha, of course, had no such break in her routine and she continued her normal pattern of traipsing through the back yard to Martha Neil's back yard which adjoined ours. I was alarmed by the matter-of-factness of it all. I had nothing better to do, so I followed her. We walked through Martha Neil's back yard, which she let us play in because it really was not a back yard at all but a massively dense jungle of vines that had been allowed to grow unrestrained for countless years. This made for a very dark and mysterious passageway and an excellent place to demonstrate one's ape-like

abilities. The vines were so strong you could hand and swing of them without fear of breakage. I felt I was on the trail of some sort of weird discovery about Martha--she was leading the way and I was following, a position I was not comfortable with at all. We arrived at the kitchen door and Martha, bold as brass, walked right up the stairs and did not even bother to knock, calling gaily as she entered the door, "I'm here!" I was astounded. Martha Neil was at the sink and greeted her warmly, fairly ignoring my presence, and told her the coffee would be done in a minute and to have a seat. Not getting the same invitation, I decided to make a study of the termite damage on the frame of her kitchen doorway and just hang around to observe this amazing ritual.

THE PERCOLATOR WAS bubbling happily away and Martha went over to the cupboard and removed one cup and one saucer and then went to the silver drawer and removed one silver spoon. I thought I would get sick. She set a place for herself at the breakfast table and then went over to the record player. I thought surely she was just going to look at it, but no, she selected a record, all without speaking, and proceeded to put it on the machine and turn it on! I thought I had lost my mind! I never saw such a thing in my life! If we ever even breathed on the record player at home my father would have delivered a severe clout to the ear on the spot. At this point, Martha, still not noticing me or offering me any indication that I was to be included in anything, nestled herself in the chair at the table and began to SING ALONG with Barbra Streisand! I thought I'd keel over when her head began to sway with the music and her tiny lips were singing, "What kind of chair is a Morris Chair." She was only interrupted by the fact that the cof-

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fee was done and Martha Nell was pouring her a cup! Martha drinking coffee! I really could barely stand to watch



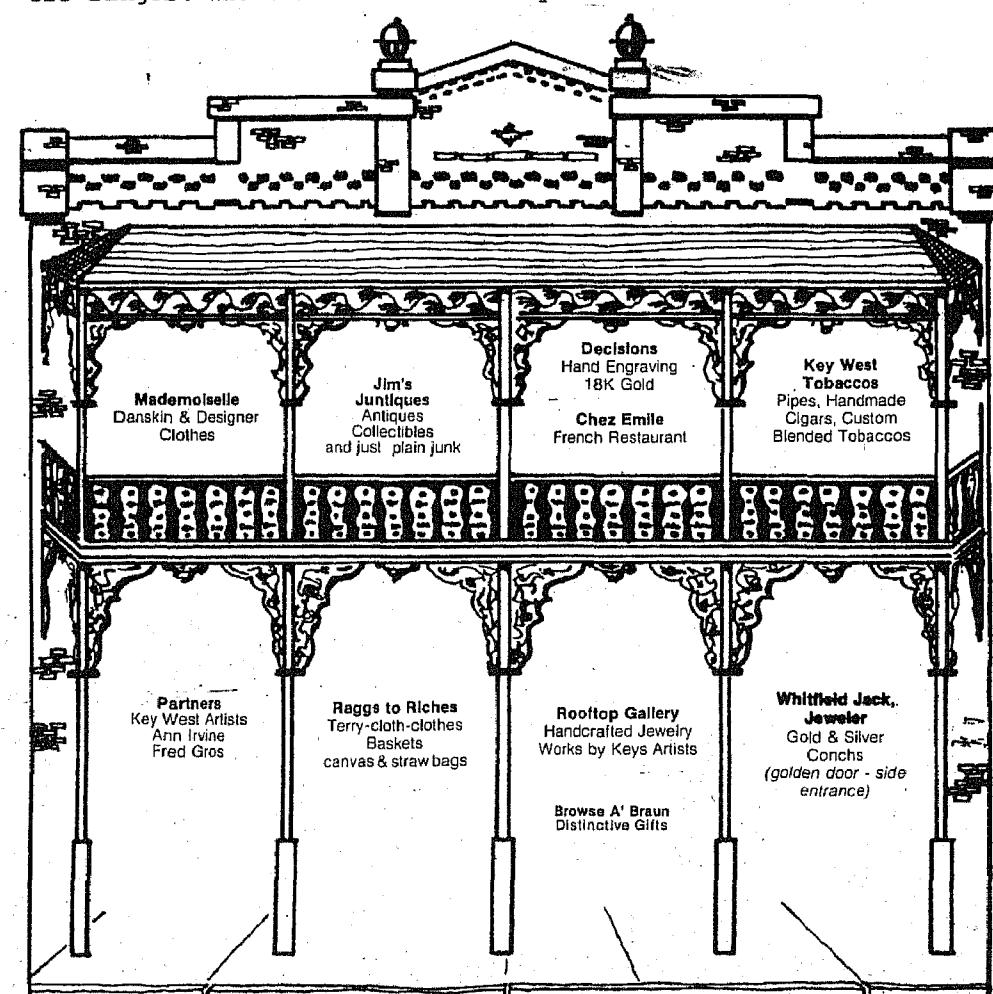
but being slightly masochistic I had to stay on, it was all too rich. Martha was gazing intently at her steaming cup of coffee and she had just put in three sugar cubes (a refinement unknown at our house), added a healthy dose of real cream (I thought they only served real cream in Fred Astaire movies) and was raising the cup to her lips. I was spellbound and totally unprepared for what she did next: She LIFTED HER LITTLE FINGER AND TIPPED THE CUP TO HER LIPS, TOOK ONE DELICATE SIP, PAUSED, SNIFFED, PUT IT DOWN AND SAID IN A WHISPER, "ah." My head was reeling. I could take anything, drinking coffee, singing about a Morris Chair, ANYTHING but lifting that little finger! Who the hell was she any-

way? She was nobody I ever knew. But one thing for certain, she was Martha Nell's little zombie and no relation of mine.

new dress was freshly pressed, my shoes were their shiny blackest and my mother even let me wear a pair of stockings. The whole outfit was the Ritz. I thanked God for giving me hair to match the color of my shoes and set out at about sundown to keep my appointment with destiny. I considered this my debut into the elevated stratum of people who go to dinner not stay home and make it. I even chose to go the long way around the block to Martha Nell's house instead of taking the short-cut through the back yard, lest I sully my beautiful shoes.

I ARRIVED AT the front door, which was festively decorated with a wreath, knocked and waited to be let in. Jim answered the door, smiled at my transformation (and a smile from Jim was rare), let me in and offered me some of Martha Nell's famous home-made eggnog—with rum. I couldn't have been happier. I sipped on my eggnog and made my way to the kitchen where Martha Nell was putting the finishing touches on the roast goose. That just topped it. How exotic, a roast goose. I felt as if the world of Charles Dickens had magically transported itself to the balmy shores of our island. It was quite a flurry in the kitchen as there were other women guests present and they too were assisting in the presentation of the dinner. Then I heard a shriek from Martha Nell—they were out of ice! Apparently this was a major tragedy to her. I don't mind a slightly warm drink but given the extensive preparations she went through to make this dinner nothing less than perfect, she became quite upset. Remembering my pact with myself, I gallantly offered to go back to my house and bring some ice.

THE NIGHT AIR was brisk. I felt the exhilaration of being part of a



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formal dinner and being such a big help too, right at a crucial moment. I hurried inside, went straight to the freezer and emptied the trays into a bowl. No one was around except Martha who was entertaining herself by tapping mindlessly on the table as she is wont to do at times. I told her we were desperate for ice (just to let her know she was on the outside looking in after all those years of being the dimpled favorite) and rushed back to the party.

MARTHA NELL WAS obviously pleased and that made me feel even better than ever. We all sat down to dinner about half an hour later and I can honestly say I much preferred this style of dining to that which we practiced at home. The plates glistened, the silverware gleamed and the water glasses sparkled and tinkled. I was having a very good time sitting next to Buddy because he took such a sardonic approach to the whole thing and was put out because he was made to wear tie. He kept whispering the most hysterical things about the goose and the formality of the whole affair. I became confused with the silliness. Everything but everything became funny. Maybe it was the eggnog, maybe it was the goose, maybe it was the Yorkshire pudding—it all went to my head. I was laughing gaily, throwing my head back and just about the closest to heaven I had ever been.

THEN CAME THE knock on the door. At first no one heard it. Then it came again, right at the front door. I didn't pay much attention, surely it was some misguided soul looking for directions to The Mascot Bar. I was just about to plunge my fork into the exquisite Yorkshire Pudding when I heard a familiar voice say in a whiny, high, nasal-tone: "Is Amy here? I know she's here—I know she's here because there isn't any ice over there, where she lives."

OH GOD NO. It couldn't be—but it was. It was my father, John. I felt myself turn sick inside, my stomach shriveled up into a tight wad, my appetite for life left me. I wanted to be called to my maker by some sort of rare disease that strikes fatally at black-haired girls who eat goose on Christmas Eve. Reprieve did not come. I excused myself and went to the door, praying that he would not do anything awful in front of everybody. Heads at the table turned and watched me leave. An arm came through the door and two fingers took hold of my left shoulder. I was removed from the premises. John spoke. He was not in a good mood at all. I had totally forgotten about the ice.

"AMY, DID YOU know we don't have any ice at home? Do you know why we don't have any ice at home? We don't have any ice at home because all our ice is over here. Do you know that we have four empty trays sitting on the counter at home? Do you know why they're empty? They're empty because you didn't fill them when you took all the ice away. Did you know that ice-trays cannot fill themselves? They can't fill themselves because they don't know how. They have to sit and wait until the person who emptied them makes them full again. That's how we get ice. Did you know all that?"

I WAS ABOUT to cry but I didn't. I mumbled a yes to him. He persisted in his monologue all the way home and did not let go of my shoulder once the whole time. I felt as if some horrible crab with flesh pincers had gotten a hold of me and regretted the day I was born.

UPON ARRIVING IN the living room

with my two sisters burning a hole in me with their eyes, and snickered in a most unpleasant fashion. I was served up some further humiliation. There sitting on the couch was the most handsome man I had ever seen in my life. He was a total stranger to me. He was wearing a black turtleneck sweater, black pants, had black wavy hair and was smoking a cigar. Martha, ever the gracious wit, spoke as I fumbled by the couch.

"Oh Amy—we want you to meet Ronnie Rybackie—he's Ralph Martell's nephew. He just got in from New York and he's staying for dinner." She smiled an evil little smile.

I COULD NOT bear to look him in the eye, he was that handsome. I looked at the floor and traveled right on through the living room to the kitchen counter to fill up the ice trays. The humiliation was just over.

47
whelming. I cursed the dinner party. I was stuck with cold goose, cranberry sauce with whole berries (my most unfavorite kind) and an uncouth, pubescent dinner companion. Martha and Kathryn had New York at their feet. Ralph Martell was a good friend of my father's who had a very successful restaurant called Martell's, right on the corner of 83rd and 3rd. We always heard stories about it from my father and now they were getting a close-up of the real thing. Life was so unfair.

I WENT BACK to the party a broken spirit. Nothing was the same. I have never slipped on ice since.

sh
den

NEED A NEW BASKET?



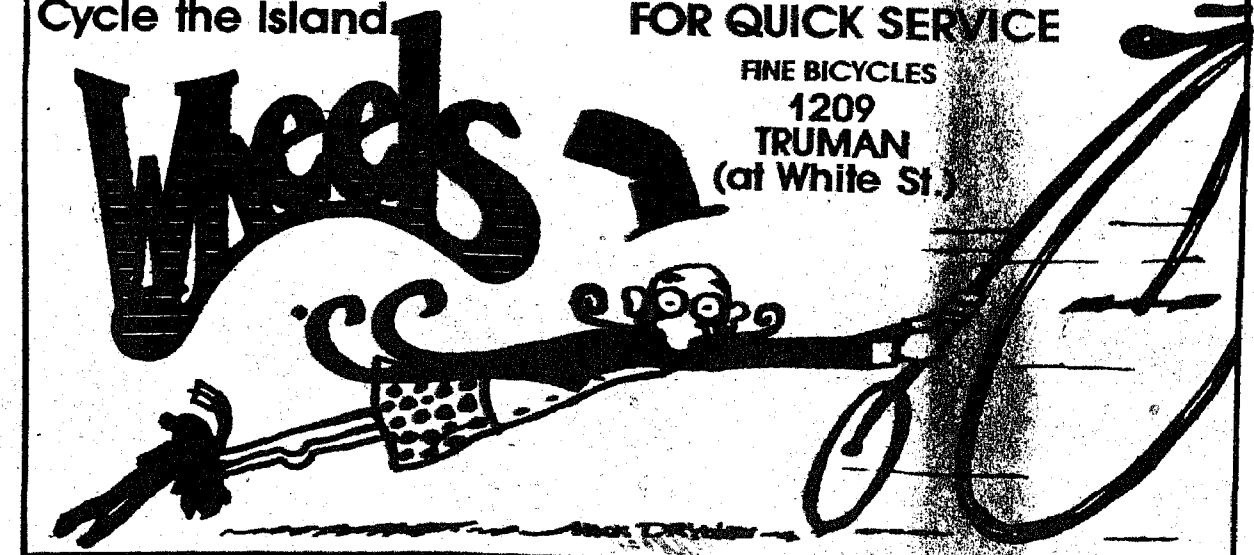
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Houseboat at the Dock

THERE'S A HOUSEBOAT docked off Mallory Square. It sits there in quiet waters, barely stirring. Inside there is a long, brass-topped bar waiting to be stained by dozens of spilled pina coladas. The decor is plush and red, and soon there will be plenty of lined tables and soft chairs for the tourists, but so far there's not a person there in the evenings, and only workmen during the days.

Still, this big houseboat is causing a lot of commotion. It's a business with the potential to make close to a million dollars a year. It occupies prime dock space with direct access to Mallory Square and the sunset crowd. It seats a hundred and fifty people; and if the people running it get their way they'll be leasing the location for only \$400 a month the first year, and \$600 the next.

CHRIS BELLAND LIKES to show people what he and his partner, Ed Swift, have done with the area around Mallory Square. When I called him he wanted to see me, to show me around the area, then let me have a look at the famous Surfside Six houseboat which is owned partially by himself and Ed Swift. I went down to see him that afternoon.

"WHAT A LOT of people don't understand is how much money the city is already getting from here," Belland says. "When we took this property over five years ago the city was getting about \$6,000 a year for it. Now, on 10% of our gross the city is getting about \$50,000 a year." He is talking about the property occupied by the Aquarium, the Sponge Market and the Shell Warehouse, as well as other businesses which will soon be opening. The businesses are owned by Tropical Shell and Gift Corporation. If Bel-

land's figures are correct then the businesses on those properties are already grossing close to a half-million a year.

BELLAND STILL HAS plenty to say as we walk over to the houseboat. He explains that the property leading up to the houseboat and the dockage space for the boat are covered by two different leases. One was signed two years ago and it provides for a rental of 10% of the gross sales of any businesses on the property. Since then Belland and Swift have invested \$75,000 in building a boardwalk walkway from Mallory Pier back to their businesses, and in other improvements around the property.

"WHEN WE SIGNED that lease we weren't planning to have a houseboat restaurant here," he tells me. "Then Martha and Mike Halpern talked to us about the idea of Surfside Six. We told Martha we had a lease which included a rental fee of 10% of the gross, and she said this was just too high for a restaurant starting out." At this point Belland and Swift began working for the more favorable lease.

We go onto the boat and climb a steep set of steps to the second level. On this level they have the brass bar. Wide windows let in plenty of sunlight and a beautiful view of the water.

"WE'VE DONE A LOT for this area," Belland keeps saying. "We aren't trying to get into competition with anybody. We're trying to cooperate, but they have a different point of view."

I ask Belland if he and Swift are willing to compromise. "Compromise what? The lease is up

for renegotiation in a couple of years. Meanwhile what about all the money we've invested here?"

HOW DOES THE CITY feel about all this? Do they want the 10%, which might bring in \$90,000 a year, or do they want the \$4,800? The City Commission hasn't said for sure yet. At the City Commission meeting of November 17 Richard Heyman suggested that City Attorney Joe Allen and Randy Ludacer, attorney for a group of downtown restaurant owners, get together and settle their disputes. Ludacer says he has already discussed things with Allen and Ludacer is "inclined to sue." The restaurant owners Ludacer represents are angry that a houseboat with such a fine location is going to be paying only \$4,800 rent in its first year.

ONE DUVAL STREET restaurant owner told me: "Let them have their restaurant. I can't challenge that, but I pay \$2,500 a month on my lease. They've got that boat on the water and they want to pay \$400? Let them have it if they'll pay the 10%." The restaurant this man is paying \$2,500 a month for is a beautiful place, but it is not on the water, and it doesn't seat 150 people.

WHEN I TALKED to Randy Ludacer he was mad, fighting mad. He was angry at Ed Swift, who told a meeting of the City Commissioners that if they were to let Randy listen to any tapes they had better check to see there weren't any "18 minute gaps" when the tapes were given back. It was a direct affront to Ludacer's integrity, and as he talked about it he began to get emotional. However Ludacer was dis-

turbed about a lot more than petty insults.

"What this amounts to is we, the taxpayers, are giving risk capital to Swift, Belland and the Halperns. This is going on in a city that is nearly bankrupt."

LUDACER WENT ON to say that the lease was a bad one because it wasn't signed by the City Commission. The lease was signed by the Port and Transit Authority, but Ludacer doesn't believe that they had the authority to grant that lease. He had a lot to back up his points. He gave me a copy of the original lease, the sub-lease and the petition from the downtown businessmen he represents. He pointed out that the \$75,000 Swift and Belland have already spent was already required by the lease they signed in 1978, thus it is not a consideration now. Belland and Swift had to put in

the walkway and make other improvements so they could have access to Mallory Square for their businesses.

LUDACER IS NOT at all happy with the City's attitude on this. "The City is putting the private citizen to the expense of enforcing the City's rights." Ludacer is contemplating a taxpayer's suit to void the second lease.

IN ESSENCE THIS is a problem of all citizens in Key West. Belland, Swift and the Halperns have put a good bit of money into the property and the boat, but they did it with their eyes open, and it can hardly be denied that they stand to get a good bit out of it. Their profits are illustrated by Belland's admission that the rent they've paid the City has gone up nearly eight-fold since they started leasing the properties in the area.

After all, the rent wouldn't have gone up unless the gross sales had gone up proportionately. But Belland, Swift and the Halperns are simply tenants, and though their leases may get confusing, the one thing for sure in the end is the City is their landlord. Thus the citizens of Key West are the landlords, and they will influence this decision either by their interest in its outcome or by their lack of interest in it.



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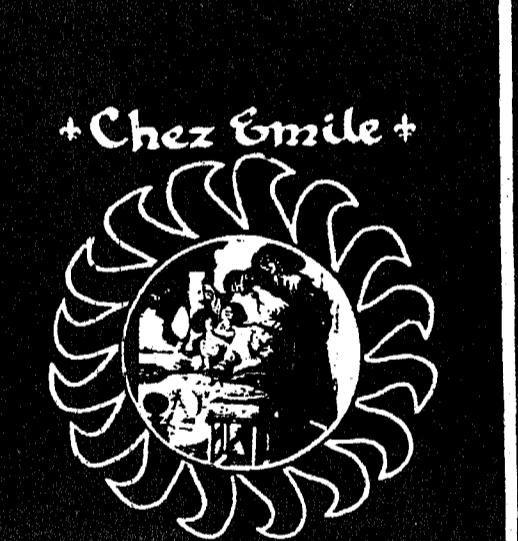
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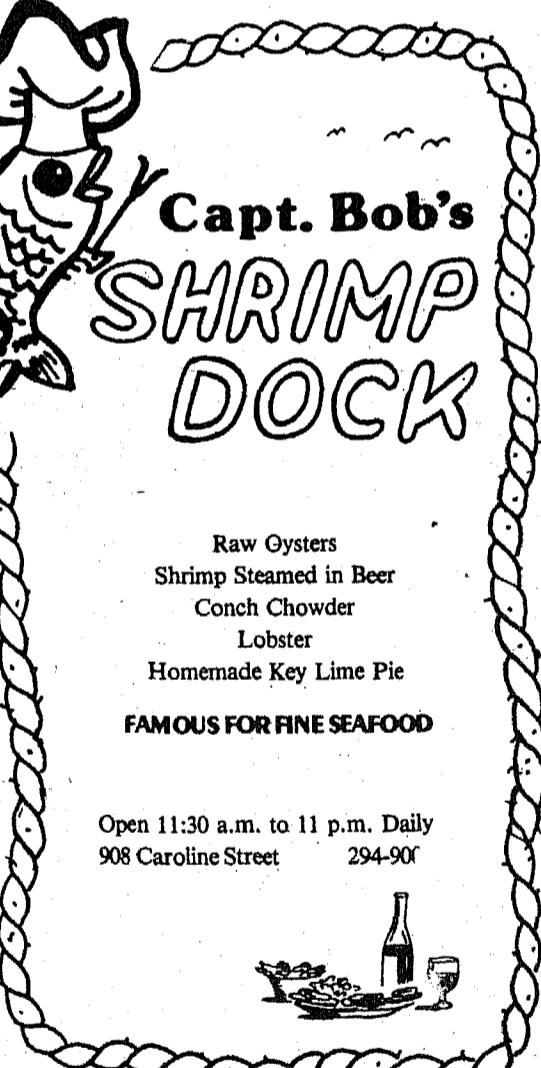
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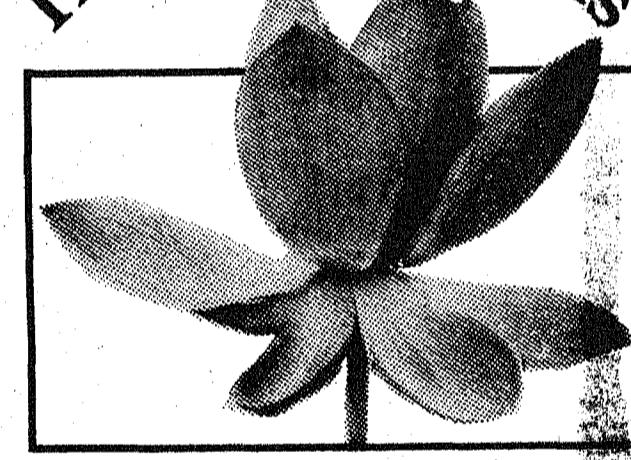
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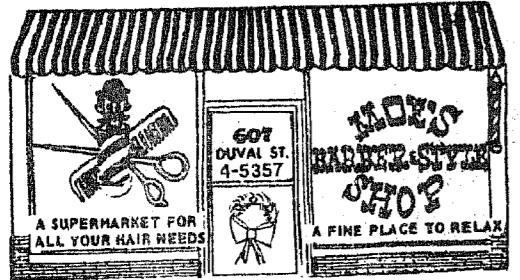


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INTERVIEW

BY B. G. CARTER

IF YOU BELIEVE THAT:
We receive more illegal immigrants than anyone, or
Law enforcement and public corruption explain the continued traffic in marijuana and cocaine, or

The Joint Caribbean Command assures the operation of the Naval Air Station, or

Help is distant in your own tiffs with federal agencies,

THEN, YOU ARE WRONG!
Read further! Our representative to Congress--Dante B. Fascell (D.)--gave other answers in this edited interview for *solares Hill*. Here in Key West shortly before November's election, he addressed himself to many issues--both local and national.

ON REFUGEES

PART OF THE problem is that the sheer movement of people outstrips the law. There are fixed numbers in both categories--for genuine refugees who flee persecution and for others who come on the basis of regular admission. Yet, the last influx of some 125,000 Cuban refugees simply overwhelmed the annual total of 50,000 which was set by the Refugee Act of 1980. Of course, to admit additional refugees legally is easy. The President has only to state his intent to the Committees of the Judiciary.

Another part is the blurred distinction between a refugee who faces physical harm or imprisonment if he is returned and someone who just wishes to come here. For example, there has been for years an "underground railroad" from Haiti up the chain of islands. Haitians claim that they are

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true refugees and should be considered for admission on that basis. They arrive in South Florida at a regular rate between 200 and 500 a week.

BUT WE MUST have some perspective. Consider the major problem of aliens from Mexico. Last year the federal government apprehended and deported 1 million Mexicans. That's a fantastic number; but, depending on your source, some 6 to 10 million remain. Whether you politely call them undocumented aliens or merely illegal immigrants, some 200,000 enter every month.

We must admit that we have not been able to stem the influx. To have meaning, any policy on immigration must be enforced strictly. But, how to enforce it? Think of Mexico, again. Even with the discovery of oil there, underemployment continues as does a booming population. In 10 years Mexico City will be the largest on earth. By the end of the century, statistics for Mexico's increased population are frightening. Our administrations come and go, but each of them goes without any resolution of the problem.

ON DRUGS

IT'S NOT INEFFICIENT enforcement or public corruption which explains the active traffic in marijuana and cocaine. It's users! If nobody uses it, then there's no traffic!

In the last several years there have been more personnel assigned to the pursuit of the traffic. We have more assistant federal attorneys with the Organized Crime Task Force. We received a full quota of five federal judges.

MORE CAN AND should be done. With the Coast Guard's heavy commitment to the effort, we cannot afford to let its budget slip. Already, the Coast Guard is one of the leanest agencies

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in the government.

Also, we should concentrate prosecution on the "money" cases--apprehend the men with washtrubs of money. They are the ones who subvert normal business processes and who actually take over entire communities.

ON LOOE KEY

WITH ITS DESIGNATION as a marine sanctuary, a necessary compromise was made. The commercial fishermen wanted a smaller area, but their desire was weighed with finding a size that could sustain the environment and also nurture fishing. Part of preserving the industry involves protection of the environment.

ON THE NAVAL AIR STATION

ESTABLISHMENT HERE OF the Caribbean Joint Command was an important step, but it does not guarantee a continued high level of operations at Boca Chica. There are no assurances!

IN TERMS OF fair weather, accessible air space, and strategic location for the entire South Atlantic, the Air Station has tremendous assets. Still, without its being assigned a steady primary mission, there is the risk, every year, of reduction.

Its obvious use is in flying air-planes and reconnaissance. It is possible that the Joint Command could be considered its primary mission. That is a military and not a congressional decision.

ON BRIDGES AND THE PIPELINE

THANK GOODNESS, we can see their completion. When we sought money for repair of the bridges, the budget for the whole country was \$75 million. We faced strong opposition--both in Congress and through normal bureaucratic channels. Ultimately we obtained \$118 million. The project actually is within the budget and ahead of the con-

struction schedule. For a federal project of this size, that is unusual!

For finance of the pipeline, we returned to the Farmers Home Administration. The amount was increased from \$53 to \$74 million. This work, too, is on track.

ON FEDERAL SPENDING & BALANCED BUDGETS

ON PAPER WE have the target of a balanced budget, but it is doubtful that it can be met. We tried to limit the budget to a percentage of Gross National Product. However, you could still have a fixed percentage as your guide and have fantastic deficits. Unexpected matters happen quickly.

Remember that for every decline of 1% in employment, there is a cost to the federal government of \$16 billion. Other surprises--a volcanic eruption, a wave of refugees, a massive hurricane--can ruin any proposed balanced budget.

However, we in the House tried to make some sense to controlled spending by using this year a reconciliation technique. When we learned that the total of all authorizations exceeded the target in our budget resolution, we sent them all back to the authorizing committees.

ON HELP WITH FEDERAL AGENCIES

THAT IS READILY available. Write or call my office--either in Washington (U.S. House of Representatives, Washington, D.C. 20515) or in Miami (Federal Bldg., 51 Southwest First Avenue, Miami, FL 33130).

(INTERVIEWER'S NOTE: Cong. Fascell was re-elected overwhelmingly.)

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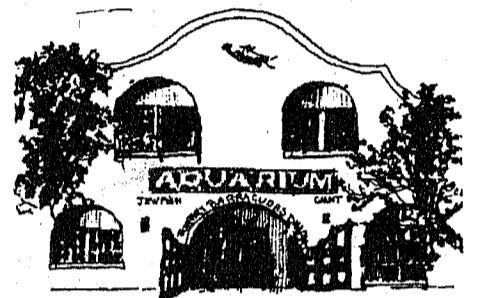
I gave up my Christmas for a life of crime,
I didn't even steal a single time.
And now the State spends thousands on this fool
to keep me working and going to school.
Obeying their rules strict and stern,
Teaching me what I've already learned.
Christmas here is Christmas there,
and I'm not complaining about what is fair.

So I decided to get out of bed,
and forget these thoughts inside my head.
I left the pod and went out in the hall,
and you wouldn't believe what I saw.
Santa was in a uniform calling roll,
and Wainwright was next to him giving paroles.
Now Nelson now Johnson, now Brown, now Lee
pack your belongings and come with me.
When he was through, I was all alone,
I said, "What about me? Ain't I going home?"
He checked again to see if I was missed,
and said, "Sorry, Perez, You're not on the list."

I didn't take it all that hard,
I ran out the door and past two guards.
They ran out after me, as I passed the Gym,
and a big, dumb, sergeant yelled, "After him!"
I hit the first fence like a breeze,
but on the second one, a guard hollered, "Freeze!"
I ran through the bushes like a streak of blue,
My shoes were smokin', and they were brand new.
I didn't look to see who was behind me,
I hid in the weeds and hoped they didn't find me.
The night was cold, but I was covered with sweat,
and the front of my pants was soaking wet.

The next morning they found me, and put me in the hole,
for trying to make an early parole.
By New Years Eve I was out of jail,
out on the compound raisin' hell.
The moral of the story is very clear,
If you can't have a Merry Christmas, have a Happy New Year.

Manny



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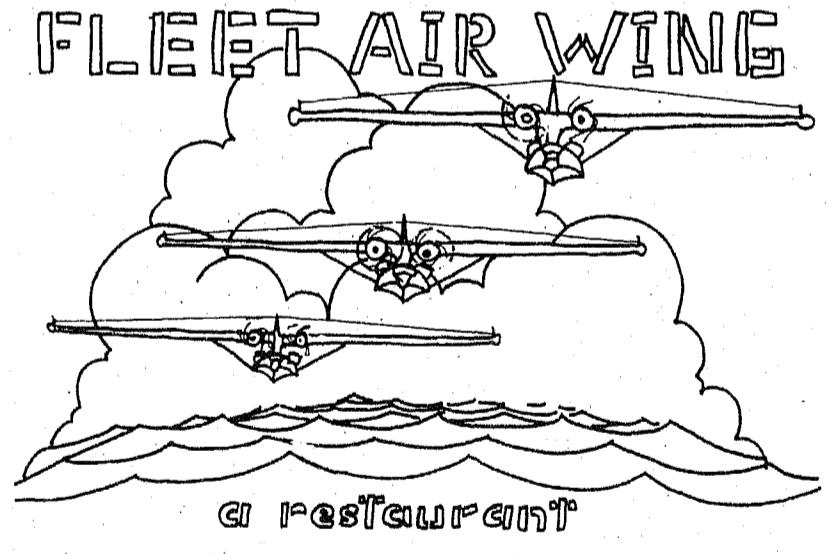
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And in our hearts, there is a song,
with morality our guide,
and when the river steers us wrong,
the light won't let you hide.

Manny

BRIDGES

Passed over your concrete arches
Bathed in sunlight and salt air.
Said hello to a whiskered seagull
Perched upon a fishing pier.
Did I see a hint of melancholy
Behind his curious stare?

Watched each island
Glide by the window
In a palm frond and hibiscus blur.
The mainland crept up on me
With its noisy traffic's whir.
As the ocean faded from my sight,
I mumbled a tearless good-bye
To things that had always been,
But could not be ever more.

Many miles inland
Found the earth friendly and warm.
With new roots firmly planted,
The umbilical cord finally torn.
She holds no claim on me,
Except what I choose to give.

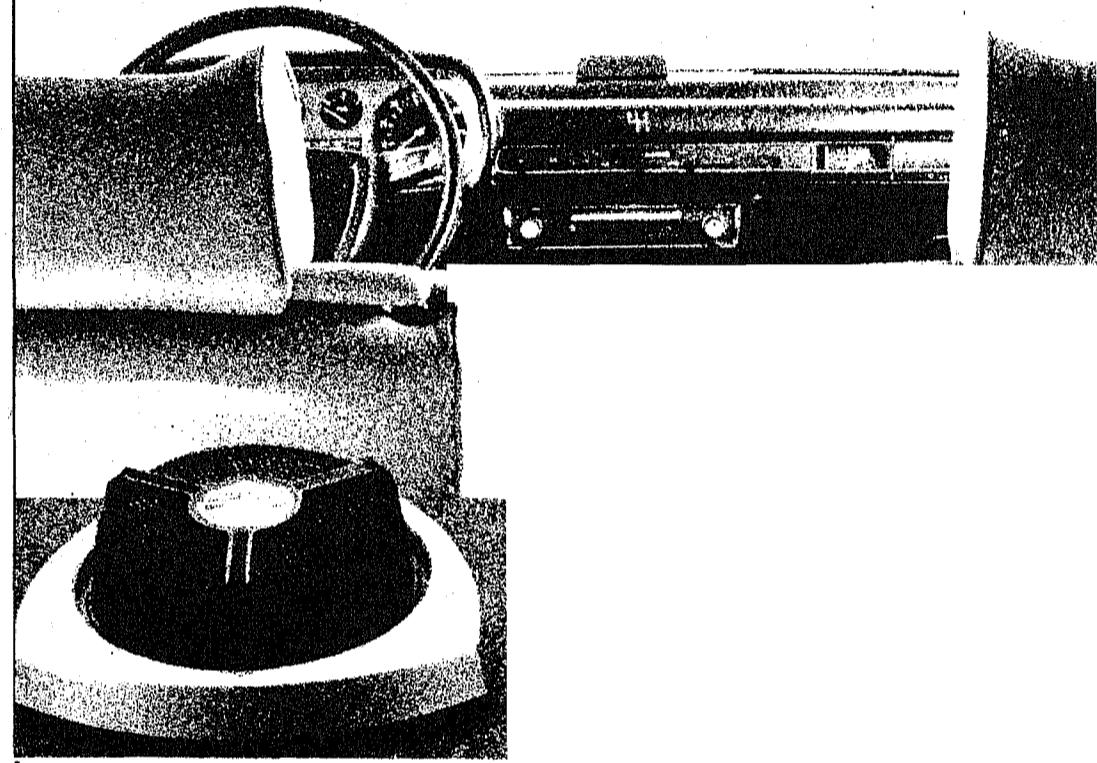
Now, I see those old bridges
In a different kind of light.
Had they always stood there tempting
With a silent urge for flight?
Was I drunk from too much sunshine,
Perhaps blinded by the glare?
To occupied with loving her
To hear their persistent dare?

Jean M. Bruner



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Army centers year-round—but especially
at Christmastime.

Families going through hard times are helped in
many ways by the Army's skilled professionals—but especially by giving them a meal, a
dinner, toys and warm clothing for the children.

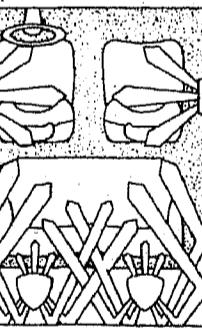
Thousands of prisoners and parolees are helped
toward a new start in life by The Salvation Army—
but especially at Christmastime, the prisoner and his
family are remembered and visited.

Men and women, dependent on drugs or alcohol,
may feel lonely and desperate during the holiday
season. The Salvation Army has year-round Adult
Rehabilitation Centers, are full of hope and self-
help, especially at Christmastime.

The elderly in nursing homes, men and women in
hospitals or other institutions may find their days
very long. Especially at Christmastime. The Salvation
Army brings the gift of music and a friendly visit.

Over 2½ million people are aided by The Salvation
Army during the holidays.

Michael Landon
National Christmas Chairman



Introducing Bose® Direct/Reflecting® car stereo.

Bose introduces the Model 1401™
Direct/Reflecting® car stereo.

Which means that now you can listen
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sitting in a traffic jam or cruising down
the highway, that you hear when
you're home with your stereo system.

Two Direct/Reflecting® speakers with
adjustable vanes let you reflect the
sound off the rear window or other
solid surfaces of the car. And reflect
sound the way it is reflected in a
concert hall.

And two accessory speakers can be
mounted in the doors to bring even greater
dimension and fullness. And all speakers are

full-range speakers based on the
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And it all fits under the dash.

The system also features a Spat
Control™ to shape the sound to the
car; active equalization for flat power radiation
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listening to the same quality sound you'll hear
when you get there.

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ARTS, ETC.

BARN THEATRE, 319 Duval St., 294-5721, presents *Line by Icowitz*. Previews Dec. 2 and 3. Sc. 4 at 8:30 p.m. Continues Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday in December.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER, Junior College Road, Stock Island, 294-6363. Dec. 10, 11, *H.M.S. Pinafore*, by Gilbert and Sullivan. 8:30 p.m. Matinee on the 13th on 2 p.m.

GALLERIES, ART SHOWS

ARTISTS UNLIMITED, 221 Duval St., 296-5625. Hours: 12-5 p.m. or by appointment. Good Haitian art and quality local artists.

BAGATELLE RESTAURANT, 115 Duval St., upstairs, 294-7195. Dec. 5 & 6 New work by Walt Hyla, Janet Minge, and Sonia Robinson.

EAST MARTELLO, S. Roosevelt Blvd., 296-3913. 9:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. daily except Christmas. Dec. 3-Jan. 3 Dominic Cheng, Mineral Watercolors.

FARRINGTON GALLERIES, 711 Duval St., 294-6911. Variety of local artists, featuring for December, watercolors of nautical Key West by artist Don Van der Linden ("Skipper"). Also Mario Sanchez, Tennessee Williams and Martha Davis. Hours: 9-5:30 p.m. daily except Sunday.

GINGERBREAD, 903 Duval, 296-8900. Hours starting Dec. 1st: 11-6 daily including Sunday, re-opening Fri. and Sat. 7-10 p.m. Featuring Henry Faulkner, Stell Adams, Tennessee Williams, John Kiraly and Van Eno. Dec. 16: Opening of Robert Franke show, an American primitivist working in oils; a foremost Key West artist at the gallery.

GUILD HALL, 614 Duval St., 296-9359. 9:30 a.m. to 5:30 p.m. daily. Featuring Walter Ashe, Barbara Bauer, Barbara Hodgens, Joan Howe, Walt Hyla, Ann Irvine, Fran Kebischull, Maxine McMullen, Irma Quigley and Bea Sackett. Dec. 7 Annual show opens. 5-8 p.m. Dec. 7-21 Barbara Bauer, featured artist. Dec. 22-Jan. Ann Irvine, featured artist.

KEY WEST ART CENTER, 301 Front St., 294-1241. Regular meeting Dec. 11th at 2 p.m. (Christmas party for members.) Juried show continuing until Dec. 20. Dec. 21 to Charles Gruppe, featured artist.

MOIRA, THE ART GALLERY IN KEY LIME SQ. 294-1254. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Tuesday thru Saturday. Jim Lehmkuhl, artist in residence. Ready-made standard size frames in stock. Professional discount.

ROOFTOP GALLERY, 423 Front St., 294-5892. 10-5 daily. All Keys artists featured. Handmade jewelry and gifts of distinction.

TENNESSEE WILLIAMS FINE ARTS CENTER (TWFAC). See Theatre, above. Lobby exhibit through Dec. 20. "New Directions in Prints," from Pratt Graphics Center in New York. Works by Jim Dine, David Sullivan, Jack Sonnenberg, and others.

EVENTS

POETRY READINGS, LEARNING, ETC.

GUILD HALL POETRY SOCIETY, 614 Duval St., 296-9359. Ordinarily held on the first Sunday of every month. Refreshments. New time: 8 p.m. Date change for December. December 14: open reading.

MONDAY NIGHT SALON SESSION, library, 700 Fleming St. Theme: "The Search for Meaning." Meets every other Monday from 7 to 9 p.m. Open to all to share discussion if the reading has been done. Read for: Dec. 8 *Bartleby the Scrivener*, by Herman Melville.

FILM

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

Dec. 6 "Atom Ant Trio" Cartoon. Dec. 13 "Silent Night" (Church Mice) and "Deep Sea Doodle" "Night Before Christmas" and "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus" "Atom Ant Trio" Cartoon. Adult films, Wednesdays at 7:30 p.m. Free.

Dec. 3 "Helen Keller" Dec. 10 "Treasure" Dec. 17 "Charles Dickens Christmas Time"

T.W.F.A.C. (See above, theatre.) Dec. 1 Judy Garland in "Meet Me in St. Louis," third of the Great Actresses in Film Series.

PANACHE EUROPEAN STYLE COFFEE HOUSE, 524 Duval St. at Smith Lane. 294-6433. Hours: 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. daily; 11 a.m. to 1 a.m. + on weekends.

Dec. Schedule "Nightmare Alley" and "Sweet Smell of Success." Call for exact dates and times.

SELF HELP

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

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

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

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

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

MAIL-A-BOOK PROGRAM, for shut-ins and those who find it difficult to travel to the library conveniently. One hundred new book titles recently added. May be obtained through libraries at

Marathon, Key Largo, Islamorada and Key West, as well as bookmobiles. Will mail to anyone in Monroe County. Catalogs, etc., available at 700 Fleming St. Library. New phone: 294-8488.

METROPOLITAN COMMUNITY CHURCH meetings for the gay community. Sundays at noon at the Woman's Club, 319 Duval St.

WOMEN'S CENTER, 602 Duval. 8 to 4:30 p.m. weekdays. 294-8481. Call for exact times of classes, schedules, etc.

WORKSHOPS IN LIFE PAINTING AND DRAWING Tuesday, 7:30-9:30 p.m. and Fridays 2 to 4 p.m. (\$2-\$3 model fee). For info call Malcolm Ross at 294-8301.

SENIOR CITIZEN NEWS

SENIOR CITIZEN CENTER at 600 White St. New phone: 294-4641, Ext. 363. Sat., Sun. and holidays phone 294-2801. Hours: Mon-Fri 8:30 to 6. On Fridays the Center re-opens 7-10 p.m. Dec. 10 Senior Citizens Christmas Party at the Holiday Inn, 7-11 p.m.

REGULAR EVENTS

AQUEDUCT AUTHORITY meeting, 1100 Kennedy Dr., 296-2454. Call for times. Dec. 11 Workshop. Dec. 12 Meeting.

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

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

MONROE COUNTY COMMISSION meetings, 294-4641. Dec. 2 Plantation Key, 10 a.m. Dec. 16 Marathon, 10 a.m. Dec. 30 Key West, 10 p.m.

MONROE COUNTY LIBRARY Dec. 6 Book Sale, rear of 700 Fleming St. Books, 25¢. 10 a.m. to 2 p.m.

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

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

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Dec. 5 & 6 New work by
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HEATHER HARPER
HELEN WATTS
JOHN WAKEFIELD
JOHN SHIRLEY QUIRK
LONDON SYM
ORCHESTRA & CHOIR
COLIN DAVIS, CONDUCTOR

Christmas Eve
7 - 10

Christmas Day
4 - 7

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