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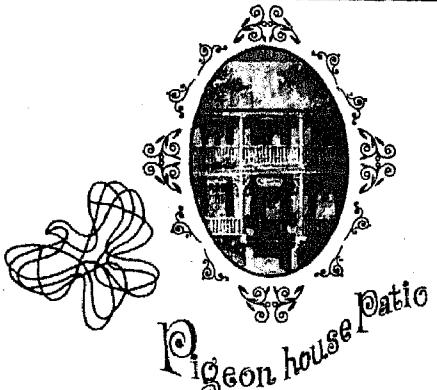
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Vol. II, No. J

Key West, Florida

November, 1976





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From the Editor

Some good news (relatively!). In September I visited the Clifton, New Jersey Cattle Quarantine Station to conduct an on-the-spot check for Solares Hill.

The station here is in the middle of an urbanized area some twenty miles from New York. It is enclosed in an area of twenty acres of very attractive outbuildings and pasture. Indeed, its appearance is far more attractive than the area in which it sits.

This station is not exactly like the one that we are going to get. (Yes, apparently so. The officials say it is all planned and ready to go). Rather than the lengthy quarantine that the cattle will undergo here, in Clifton the animals are held only thirty days after having been quarantined elsewhere for several months. Here they are checked for T.B. and a few other tests.

But there are many similarities. Both stations house cattle (though there are fewer in Clifton). Both stations have to incinerate the manure and bedding. Both stations have to deal with problems of flies and odor and noise.

When I was there, there were 165 head of cattle present (we will expect around 500) and that is their daily average. Bedding and manure was being incinerated while I was there and the only smoke that I saw was when the incinerator was opened to admit more material for burning. There was no smell evident. I was told that they used a tertiary incineration process that was strictly monitored and that there had been no smoke escaping. Certainly there was no visible during my visit.

I was told that the pens are continually being sprayed and all cow manure is cleaned up daily. While I was there I saw no flies, smelled no offensive odor, and heard no rumbling from the cattle.

This looked pretty good to me. No smell, no smoke, no flies, no noise. I thought it would be wise, however, to canvas the neighborhood and get the reactions of the people who were there on a daily basis. To a one, these people reported only satisfaction with the facility and, indeed, some were afraid that when the station phased out the pretty open land would become developed.

Without going into the drawbacks of our Fleming Key Station, I do feel that we can rest a bit easier about this project — I certainly hope so, anyway.

We will continue our series on water in the Keys in our next issue. We are fortunate to have an excellent article written by Colin Jameson that traces the history of water in the Keys until the eve of the desalination plant in 1967.

Happy Birthday, Caesar!

It looks like there is some non-sense going on at the foot of Simonton Street. All the boats that were there have had to move. Why? Are we forgetting that Key West is an island? Why are we chasing these boaters away? I have a sinking feeling that the reasons given are going to be inadequate but perhaps I am wrong. In any event, we will be looking into this in our next issue (one friend pointed out that there are certain intrinsic rights that boaters have i.e. the right to dock and get to shore. Planes have the right to land and boats have the right to dock.). More later.

This issue we are printing 12,500 copies. This is our largest printing so far. I imagine that our Christmas issue will be as large and maybe larger. We are 28 pages again after having been down to 20 pages this past September and October issue.

Bad news! Shortly before press time we heard from Tallahassee that the State Division of State Planning would not be able to do anything about the Rest Beach project as it now stands. We, hopefully, will have the full explanation of why they can't in our next issue of the paper.

In the meantime, we will continue to search for ways to bring a legal halt to this project.

Thank you.

"OF THIS TIME, OF THAT PLACE" is the title of this original zinc-plate etching of Johnson Lane by Sandi Juliano of Santon Studio, 400 Front Street, Key West

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EDITORIAL..... BILL HUCKEL COPY EDITOR..... DONNA MARSH
ART DIRECTION..... TOM POPE

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"Miss" Sanchez

by Bill Huckel



We are used to hearing about the good old days. It would seem that every generation has its memories of better times than those at present. But, sometimes, they really do sound better. Listen to this.

"One night we hired a truck and put an ice cream freezer on it and went out to Martello, singing all the way, and we carried a phonograph and we danced on the sidewalk out by Martello and we had such a good time that I will never forget it."

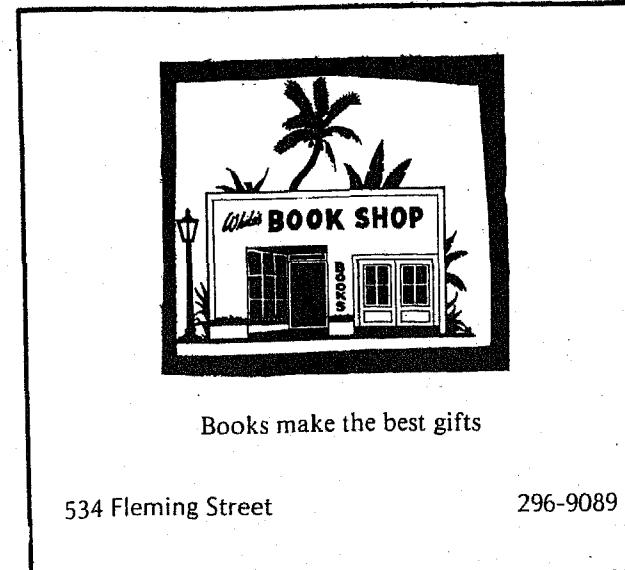
The person remembering such good times is Mrs. Ellen Welters Sanchez, a prominent, respected, and loved member of the Key West community. Now 74, her memories of a less complicated and more relaxed Key West are wonderful to listen to. She lives up a pretty lane in a house that she bought in the 1940's. A cousin used to live there years before.

She was born on Smith Lane in 1902 in a big Conch house that still stands and is presently the home of her cousin Geraldine Welters. This had been her grandfather's house originally.

Though a woman of obvious strength and character, she was so small and frail when she was born that her mother burst out crying when she saw her for the first time. When the midwife asked why



(This photo was taken at an anniversary party of the Sunset Royals a number of years ago. Going from left to right: Bernard Mingo, the late Frank Flukas, Wilfred Raymond, the late Alfonso Bailey, Willie Ward, Curtis Brown, Mrs. Sanchez, Cliff Lassiter, Henry Scott, Alpheus Deane, the late Joseph Portier, the late Gerald Fisher, Raymond Portier, Eugene Lassiter, Silas Saunders, Peter Valdez)



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she was crying, her mother said, "This baby is so small I'm afraid that I'll lose her." The midwife said, "Oh, hush. You'll be able to throw her downstairs and she'll bounce right back up." Her mother used to pin her to a cushion by her clothes and then lift the cushion so that she wouldn't run the risk of hurting the child.

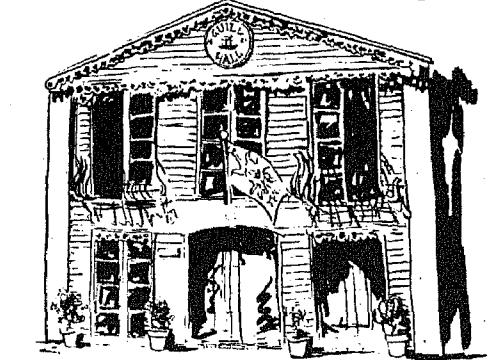
As "Miss" Sanchez says, "I'm small, but I'm strong." She spent her childhood climbing to the top of Spanish Lime trees and she remembers her grandmother running out of the house to caution her that her mother would be upset with her if she saw her up the tree. Indeed, her fondness for climbing trees extended into her middle-age. "One time when I was about 45, I had a chicken coop and one chicken got away and I looked and looked and about dark I found it way up a tree in a neighbor's yard. I just went and climbed the tree, got my chicken, and took it home to the coop."

Her early years were joyous ones. Here are some of her reminiscences.

"Every Sunday bands would play at the beach (Ft. Taylor). We used to go to Martello for picnics and then my daddy would come to play music and we'd dance and have a wonderful time.

We used to have birthday parties at the courthouse. My daddy was a friend of the Sheriff (Jaycocks) and we would hold our parties on the grounds. My daddy would play flute and he'd say to my guests, "Alright, everyone line up for the Grand March" and then we'd march around the courthouse and a man we'd

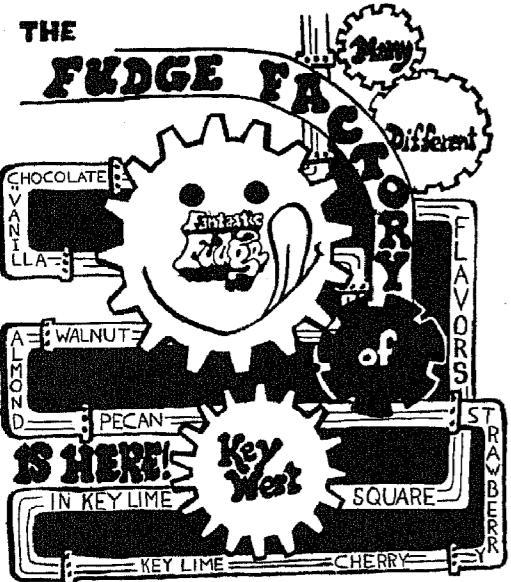
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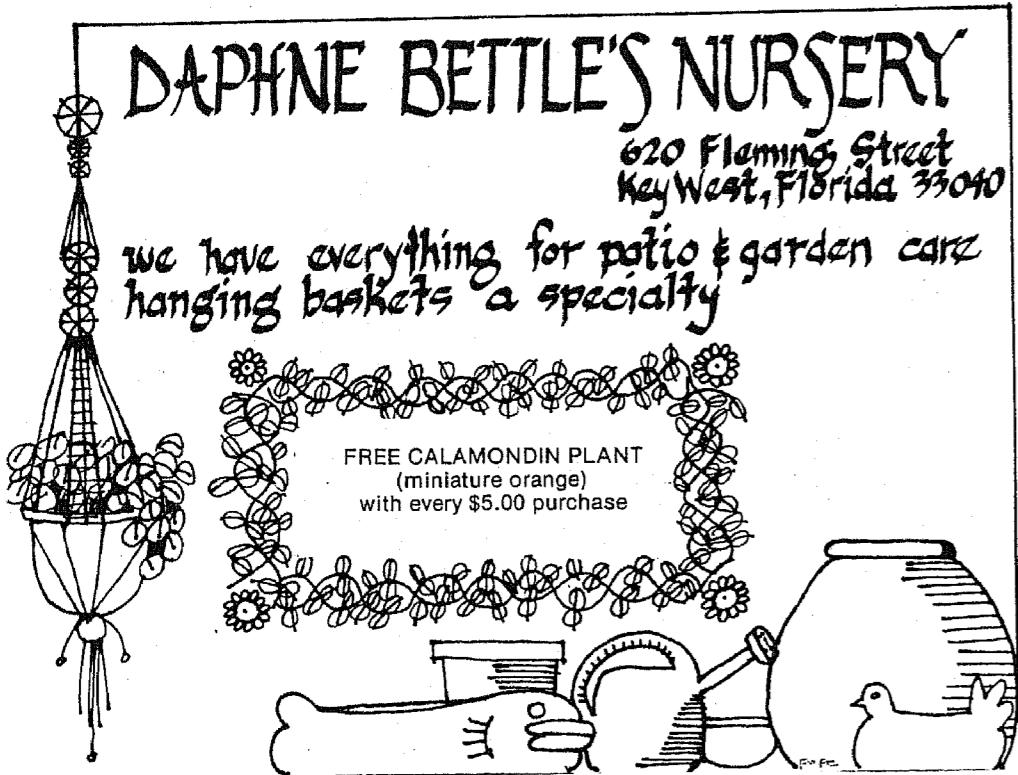
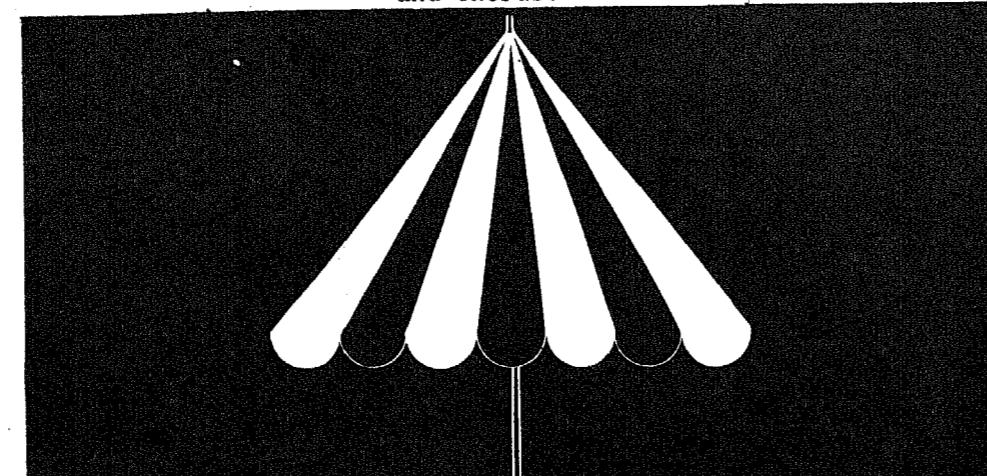


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call Uncle Diddy would pick up the guitar and maybe 20 of us would dance and then we'd have homemade ice cream and cake.

We didn't know segregation then. We all lived together, black and white, on Smith Lane. The people then called the older blacks "Uncle" or "Aunt" but it was all done with the greatest respect for one another. If one family was poor or someone was ailing, the other families would send a young person over with food.

We used to have a club. There were five of us girls living at home (two sisters, two cousins and Ellen) and some other girls came and we formed a club. Maybe one day we'd decide to play croquet and we'd all wear the same thing. Maybe we'd wear sailor blouses, neckties, and navy blue shirts and then the boys would wear the same thing. Some evenings we'd meet and play cards. Maybe we'd play whist, casino or some other game and then the boys would come. There was no boys club but they'd follow us and we'd all have good times together. I remember one time we went to a breakfast dance (a rare thing) and we met at a friend's home and they served us breakfast. After breakfast we danced right there until the afternoon. The boys wanted to spend the whole day having a party and they all chipped in to take us to a matinee and we didn't get home till 5 or 6. Our parents were a little put out with us but we said that we were just taking the day off and they forgave us.

I've always loved to dance. Once I put a hole in my new graduation slippers from dancing. My sister gave me a gift of a trip to St. Augustine, Jacksonville, and Tampa for my graduation. When I got back home I showed my mother my shoes with a hole in them from dancing.

Some Christmases when we were young men and women, we'd have Christmas dinner. The girls would give a Christmas dinner at midnight after church one year and the boys would give one the next year. We'd have a beautiful feast and then we'd sing Christmas Eve. Indeed, we sang so often on Sundays that our neighbors would invite their friends to come down to their houses and sit there and listen to us sing."

Music has always been a part of her life. "My daddy gave me my elements" she says "and Sister Mary Elizabeth at the Convent gave me my manipulation." She

also played the violin but it got destroyed in a fire. She and her sister Romalda would play duets and they played in Tampa, Miami and Jacksonville. They were known as the Welters Sisters.

She had always been very close to her sister Romalda. When she graduated from St. Francis Xavier School (then on Virginia between Simonton and Duval) as Saluditorian, it was Romalda who gave her the trip. She moved to Tampa to be near her sister in the 1920's and, though still active with her music, she studied sewing with Ann Lowe who has become a world famous fashion designer. As a matter of fact, Ann Lowe sewed and designed the wedding dress a certain Jackie Bouvier wore when she married one Jack Kennedy. "Miss" Sanchez was so good at sewing that Ann Lowe wanted her to go to N.Y.C. with her. Unfortunately, Ellen's sister died while giving birth and she went back to Key West with her sister's child.

Back in Key West her life became a series of musical events. Playing, teaching, organizing groups, and accompanying kept her very busy. One time she and her group, The Island City Choral Singers, were out on Duval Street Christmas Eve singing in front of Herman's store. The owner of the store put out a table with a plate on it for donations and people would drop money in it as they passed. "He very nicely told us to keep the money and later, as we moved down the street to sing at another location, the group stopped and handed me a package and said that it was for me. Inside was a creamer and sugar set which I still have. I never will forget that Christmas."

Another time a similar surprise was in store for "Miss" Sanchez. "My cousin asked me to play for her in a program at a hall. While I was practicing with my choral group they started to go one by one to the hall and finally I decided that I had better go, too. When I got there a lady came out on the stage with flowers and I was asked to come up front and an announcement was made that this party was in honor of Mrs. Ellen Sanchez. One of the songs that was sung was 'Give to the World the Best That You Have and the Best Will Come Back to You'. This is certainly true."

And still another time a tribute was given to her as a surprise by the Coral City Elks Club. They awarded her with a plaque and "even though Coffee's daddy had died that night, he still came to sing 'The Isle of Key West' for me." This song, incidentally, is a beautiful waltz that was written and composed by Ellen in 1946. She sent a copy of the song to the White House (Truman was President) and received a nice letter of thanks from the White House. At a later date, at the dedication naming Truman Avenue, she sang the song with "Coffee" and chorus.

An activity for which "Miss" Sanchez became very well-known in the Black community was her kindergarten. After having taught in many schools in Key West, she started her own kindergarten in 1949 with just 9 pupils. Her kindergarten went until 1969 when she retired. Yearly, her classes would put on elaborate pageants for which she would play the music, train the pupils, decorate the hall and sew (remember, she had studied sewing with Ann Lowe) all the costumes. In the performance of Sleeping Beauty, for example, she made 20 costumes. Photos taken at the time of these performances show lovely sets and beautiful costumes. "A lot of work but I really enjoyed it; I really loved it."

Her religion has played a big part in her life. She was baptised when she was only two days old at St. Mary's because her parents thought that she would die, and she has been a Catholic for 74 years now. Even though her music took her to many churches as an organist, she would go to her church first and then home for breakfast and then over to the church she was playing at. "I always go to church and I'll go for as long as I can."

She has written music, played music, taught music (she still has a few who still come for a lesson) and danced music. Her eyes are not so good now so her active music life is over - well, not all the way. Recently a couple little nieces and nephews were over to visit and they said, "Aunt Ellen, I bet you can't dance," and she told them, "Let me just put on this record of 'Coffee' Butler and I then clapped my hands and got to dancing and I showed them." Maybe she'll put a hole in her new shoes again because she mentioned that still "I get to clapping and dancing around and the dog (Sporty) stands up for me to hold his paws and we dance all around!"

Though she lives alone with her dog, she is far from alone. She has a niece, Florida Seymour of Miami, who has been like a daughter to her and another niece, Annie Gonie of N.Y.C. She has a nephew, John Angelo Flukers of Homestead and Cousins Geraldine and Agatha Welters, Frank Welters, Julia Mackintosh, Louis Welters (the subject of a previous Solares Hill feature), "Bobby" Welters and Linda Welters (a cousin by marriage), Lizzie, Idelene and Sarah Cleare and friends too numerous to list!

"I wish to say that all of my life I've dealt with the public and I must say that all the time they've never given me any unnecessary trouble. I appreciate each and everyone who has ever helped me any way in my work. My work has been a pleasure to me in every way in dealing with the children as well as with the

grownups. I wish to express my many thanks to all my friends and helpers and I'm asking God to bless them and I ask them to join me in prayer that after the elections are over, we may be able to feel the presence of God in the White House and in our schools."

In talking about Congresswoman Barbara Jordan, Mrs. Ellen Welters Sanchez said, "God gives people gifts and if you use them He gives you more." The same truth can be applied to this splendid woman.

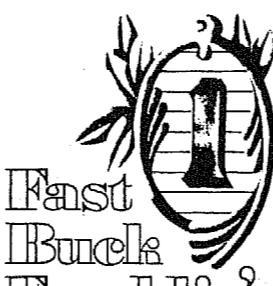


Bruce Saunders and Karyn Payne starred in the pageant "Sleeping Beauty and the Prince" in 1980. Note the beautiful costumes which were sewn by Mrs. Sanchez

don't from page 6

Commission (OIRC) could be overcome in the future. He said that he could identify such projects at the outset and make sure that they met restoration guidelines and received OIRC approval before work started. "If we can set another \$200,000 in January we ought to be able to approve another 25 to 30 applications," Roberts stated.

Mayor McCoy emphasized that he is particularly interested in helping those who can't afford or qualify for bank loans. He said that they would consider any deserving application and would consider enlarging the project area if the applications warranted it.



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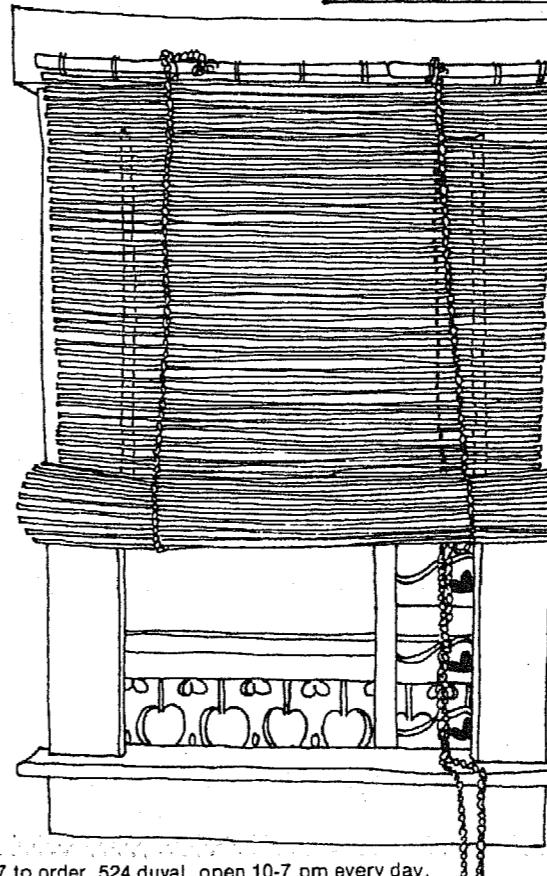
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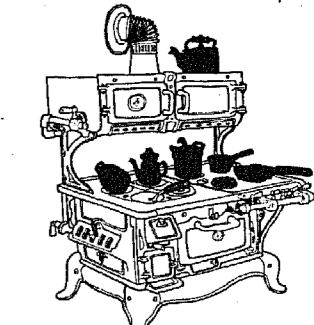
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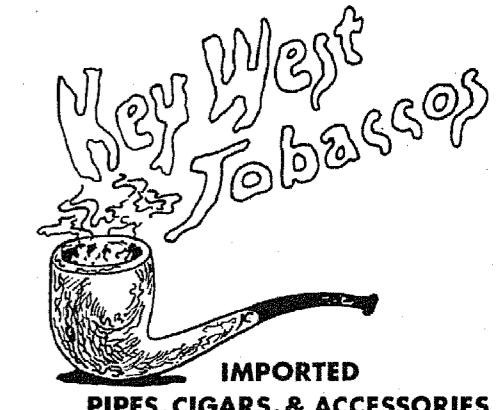


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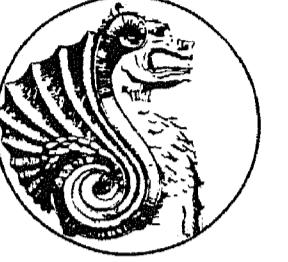
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some remarks

by Bill Westray

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MORE ON MAYOR'S REHABILITATION LOAN FUND

Ten out of eleven of the previously approved Housing and Urban Development (HUD) Loan projects reported in our September issue have been substantially completed, project director Paul "Blondie" Roberts reported last week. The twelfth project has had to be postponed because the owner is ill, but two new projects have been approved by the review board and will get underway immediately, and the eleventh project is also in work. There is a good possibility that all thirteen will be completed before Christmas.

"We will have spent over \$95,000 of the available \$100,000," Roberts said. "We're holding back just a few thousand for possible cost overruns."

All of the homeowners seem delighted with the results. Mary Szetela of 521 Grinnell Street (see before and after photographs) said, "There's no way we could have undertaken this work without the HUD loan ... we just couldn't have afforded it."

"We have just received our 90th application," Roberts reported. Two HUD officials who inspected the work in September seemed highly pleased with the results. The prospects for another \$200,000 to add to the revolving fund in January 1977 seem excellent, Roberts said.

As reported in September, the 2% rehabilitation loans up to \$12,000 are available to owner or lessee-occupants of one and two-family homes in the designated urban renewal or code enforcement area. Eligible families are those who by reason of advanced age, limited income and resources, limited credit rating, are unable to secure comparable terms..."

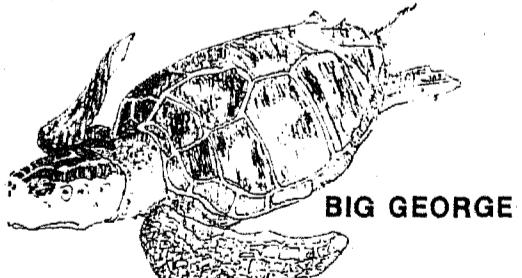
The program is the brainchild of Key West Mayor Charles E. McCoy. The Mayor had long sought a solution to the problem of helping families who could not afford or qualify for commercial home repair loans for preserving or restoring



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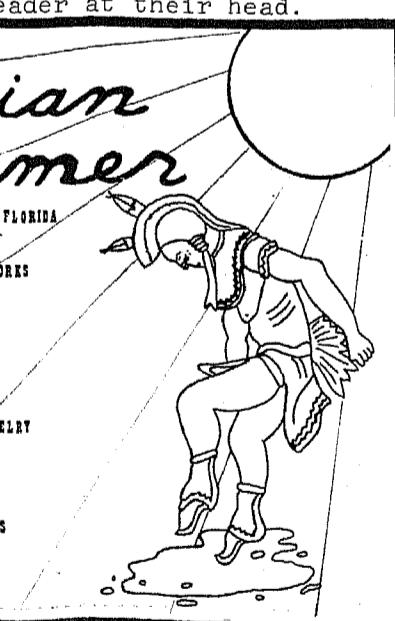
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False Whales False Leaders

by Malcolm Ross

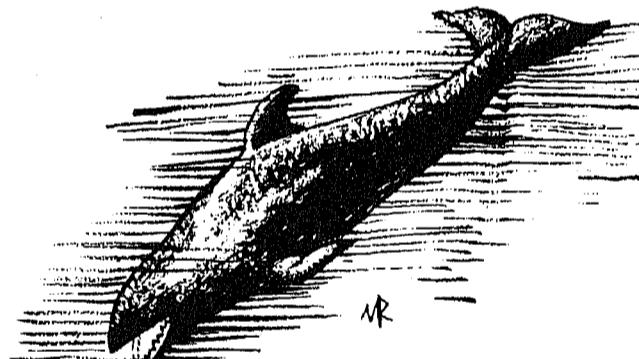
Newspapers and radio stations recently reported the incident of 29 false killer whales beaching themselves on Loggerhead Key in the Dry Tortugas about 80 miles from Key West. Marine biologists and other scientists from all over the Southeast as well as personnel and vessels of the Coast Guard, Florida Marine Patrol and other concerned citizens were on the scene within hours to try to help the stranded animals. Such incidents have often occurred in the past where great numbers of the dozen or so species of whales have headed for shallow water and certain death. In the 1950's about 200 whales beached themselves in the Key Colony Beach area near Marathon. A great number of the whales were saved but many died on the beach despite rescue attempts.

Not clear is the motive for such mass suicide attempts, but man's main objective in such situations is to direct healthy animals back into deep water where their chances of survival are greater. Rescue efforts of this type can often be frustrating as the whales sometimes make an abrupt turn and head back for shore. This was the case at Loggerhead Key. After towing and directing a sizable number of the beasts into deep water these also turned and made straight for shore. When it seemed that all efforts to rescue the whales were doomed to failure, some perceptive human who was on the scene ascertained that the herd seemed to be under the influence of one beached whale which was very ill and close to death. Apparently this was the leader of the herd and the herd maintained some intangible link with him and him only. Whales which were lying on their sides in shallow water appearing in poor health when towed out to sea had become active and healthy whales, but were nevertheless still drawn back to their sick and dying leader. In a short time the inevitable happened and the ailing whale succumbed. An interesting thing then happened, for with the death of the old leader the other whales appeared to respond to another whale -- a healthy one who seemed ready and able to take over the leaderless herd. Social animals that they are, the herd of whales seemed to be unable to act independently but required the guidance of one particular whale for their functioning. Rescue efforts were again resumed and the herd with the new leader at its head was directed again toward deep water. This time in the open sea the whales did not turn, but kept right on going, diving and carrying on like healthy whales and did not head back for shore. Aerial surveys of the surrounding waters on subsequent days turned up no sign of the false killer whales. Apparently they were safe at sea -- in deep water again -- with a new leader at their head.

An autopsy performed on the dead whale was quick to reveal the cause of his distress. The body, in particular the internal organs, was heavily infested with worms. The beast in his parasite-ridden condition had only one thought and that was for his own preservation. Air breathing animal that he was he headed for shallow water -- with the rest of the herd following -- so that in his sickened condition he would not drown. Little concern was given to the others in the herd who were in fine health; they just followed as they always had and accepted the same fate.

An analogy might be drawn between the plight of the false killer whales on Loggerhead Key and the propensities of certain governments and societies in history to blindly follow a chosen leader regardless of the consequences or the path of political suicide along which they are directed. Wasn't it said earlier in this century, "My country, right or wrong, but nevertheless my country"? Need one call to mind the example of a Nazi Germany running a collision course with a crazed and demented leader at the helm? Or might we cite another example closer to the present of a war costing many lives and dollars which was needlessly prolonged by a power hungry head of state?

Perhaps it might be well for us in this election year to take a lesson from the herd of false killer whales and carefully examine those that we set up for ourselves to be our leaders. Homo sapiens is generally distinguished from the rest of the animal kingdom by his ability to think and make decisions. Whales and other lower animals rely on instinct and generally this is all they need to live by. Man, however, needs something more to survive in the complex society which he has created for himself. The birthright of rational judgement and free will are there to help us avoid fatal mistakes such as that made by the false killer whales.



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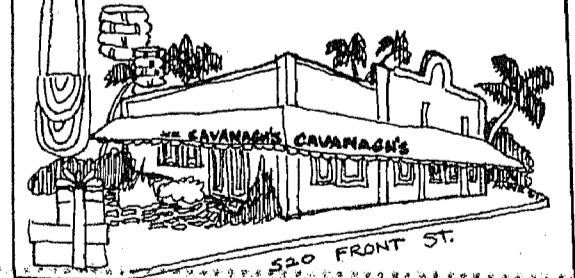
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WHO WILL WATCH THE WATCHDOG?

There has been a lot of talk recently about setting up special investigative committees in Monroe County. For example, Sheriff's candidate Shaw proposes the creation of a group to investigate criminal conduct of officials, narcotics traffic and organized crime. Similarly, Ralph Sweeney and Ronnie Rondeau, two former candidates for the Democratic nomination of Sheriff of Monroe County, called for the creation of a nine-man Civilian Crime Commission to help combat crime and to receive and review citizen complaints of inadequate or non-responsive law enforcement.

Solares Hill would like to see a Police Review Board begun. Supreme Court Chief Justice Burger has said that "...to accomplish the objective of maintaining lawful law enforcement (it) calls for a commission or board which is predominantly civilian and external rather than an internal agency."

Why have a Police Review Board? Well, as Justice Burger has pointed out, "Who will watch the watchdog?" As it is now, the police customarily review the police and, naturally enough, that leads to protecting one's fellow officer. A person who feels he has been badly treated by the police can go to the State Attorney's office and ask that the Grand Jury look into his case but this process can take a very long time. He can file a civil suit but this takes time and lawyers. He can go to the police, of course, but in a sense that's asking club members to take action against one of their own - it really doesn't work. What you need is a "commission or board which is predominantly civilian and external rather than an internal agency."

Are there police wrongs that need correcting?

Apparently so.

We have recently had a Grand Jury report on the police action last New Years Eve that was critical. We often hear stories of certain police acting in brutal ways but little seems to be done to prove these stories or disprove them.

To illustrate this point we note that a city policeman is currently the defendant in two civil suits brought against him for brutality. In both cases, the officer's official report states that he had to resort to force. In the one case, the officer reports that he did so for his own protection. In the other case, he stated that the person was resisting being searched and he had to use force. In both cases, the subjects went to the hospital; one was kept over night and then released from the hospital and the other was given 5 stitches and then released from the hospital. The reports of the officer make it perfectly clear

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editorial

that he felt that he was acting as he should be.

The persons suing feel differently. One has a file of at least five witnesses who swear in official depositions that he first was handcuffed and then hit with the nightstick. In the other case, the person swears that he had his hands against the policehouse wall and his legs spread out and that he posed no threat to the officer at all when he was shoved against the wall and knocked out. Both persons are claiming that this arresting officer used unnecessary force in carrying out the arrest.

This same officer was involved in an incident at South Beach a few months ago. While checking the beach for trespassers he was threatened by a large dog that came barking and growling at him. Because the officer felt that he was in danger of bodily harm from the dog he shot and killed the dog. The dog was the property of one of the people leasing the beach.

This same officer also used his gun to fire a warning shot over the head of the person involved in the trespassing charge.

One dog killed, two people sent to the hospital, and two shots fired. Two civil suits pending. This is pretty heavy. Admittedly these actions cover a period from January 1975 to the summer of 1976. And admittedly maybe all of these events were justified and the officer should not be criticized; maybe he should be praised. Who knows? The public doesn't, that's for sure. And this is why it would be such a good idea to have a Police Review Board so that if an officer shows signs of being unlawful or dangerous then appropriate action can be taken. Similarly, if an officer is being wrongly accused of unlawful actions, then this Board would be there to clear him.

How would such a Police Review Board be set up?

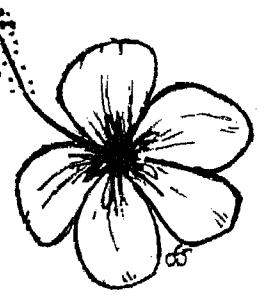
Ralph Sweeney, the former candidate for the office of Sheriff of Monroe County, has some thoughts on the matter. He feels that because a board of this nature would be responsible to the Executive Branch of our local government then it would appear to follow that the selection of members would be made by the City or County Commissions. They, in turn, should designate the Mayor as the executive to give final approval of action or recommendation by the board.

He suggests that seven would be a good number for the board. It could consist of two police officers, two lawyers, and three lay citizens. To keep continuity and to allow for the accumulation of special experience needed, members should have staggered terms so the board would not lose more than three members each year.



All of this is exploratory. We are not sure if this is the best way. It is one way, though. What does the public feel about this? How would you go about setting up a Police Review Board? Do you feel that it is necessary? Are we over-reacting? Are we under-reacting? Certainly, the creating of an investigative board must be carefully considered. Please give us your thoughts.

Thank you.



(This information did not find its way into the local daily newspapers. We feel it is important and we print it now.)

Unsuccessful Sheriff candidates Ralph Sweeney and Roland Rondeau, in a noon press conference at Marathon, September 13, called for the creation of a nine-man Civilian Crime Commission to help combat crime and to receive and review citizen complaints of inadequate or non-responsive law enforcement.

Sweeney explained that the proposed Civilian Crime Commission would be modeled after an existing Dade Metro Crime Commission which was established by a special act of the Florida Legislature about ten years ago to investigate and deal with gambling in Dade County. As envisioned for Monroe County, it would have three members appointed by the governor from among residents of each of the three natural subdivisions of the county -- the Upper Keys, the Middle Keys, and the Lower Keys including Key West. It would operate at two levels. Three-man sub-commissions would receive complaints from area residents that would be peculiar to the local subdivision.

These complaints would be passed on with appropriate recommendations to the sheriff for action. The full nine-man commission would have broad powers to investigate, and to make findings and recommendations in the full spectrum of police matters and law enforcement. It would have power to subpoena witnesses and to receive testimony under oath. It would have access to all levels of law enforcement agencies from municipal through highest state level, and might be empowered to maintain communications with federal agencies as well.

Both men called for a much higher exposure of uniformed personnel in marked cars. The public needs to be able to see the sheriff's deputies and identify them. Plain clothesmen in unmarked cars are not a crime deterrent, the two men maintained, alleging that there are too many of the latter at present.

Sweeney and Rondeau both enumerated a number of other proposed reforms, including special deputies to deal with drugs in schools, an improved merit promotion plan, and a better training program for in-service deputies. The two also complained about inadequate night patrols, particularly in the upper keys, and especially criticized alleged total lack of qualified field supervision of sheriff's patrols after 5 p.m.

Later in the day Sweeney and Rondeau met separately with sheriff candidate William (Billy) Freeman and Sheriff Robert (Bobby) Brown, for lengthy discussions of their proposals. Following these meetings, Sweeney and Rondeau issued statements supporting Billy Freeman as being the candidate most responsive to their ideas, and who they felt would be most cooperative in implementing their proposals if elected. Rondeau and Sweeney made an appeal to their previous supporters to support Freeman in the Primary Election runoff on September 28th.

(A friend read the Sweeney-Rondeau proposal and had some misgivings about it. Here are some of his thoughts.)

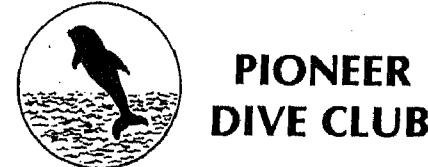
Much thought and research is needed before any steps are taken toward the establishment of a Civilian Crime Commission such as that proposed by Sweeney and Rondeau. More important than the study of the structure of the Dade Metro Commission, even more important than the study of the Commission's effect on crime, is a conscientious, deep-thinking analysis of the long and short-range effects such a Commission will have on the Constitutional rights of private citizens; that is, what will it mean to you and me?

If the Rondeau-Sweeney proposal means the creation of a maverick, vigilante type of grand jury, what advantage does it offer over the existing grand jury system? If you are suspected of having committed a crime, but there is not enough evidence against you to bring you into court, will this Commission, like the grand jury, be able to order your appearance before it without an attorney and without being confronted face-to-face by your accuser?

Crime Commissions are springing up elsewhere around the country as a result of the frustration and fear felt by ordinary, decent people like you and me in the face of rising crime and violence. A group of well-informed citizens riding herd on the police forces, serving as liaison and ombudsman between the people and their protectors, is a good idea.

Let's talk about it, and let's find a way to make it work for the benefit of you, me, our neighbors, and the policemen who risk their lives for our safety.

A civilian crime commission can be a positive energy in our community, or it can seriously erode our already tattered Constitutional rights. Let's make it a good thing.



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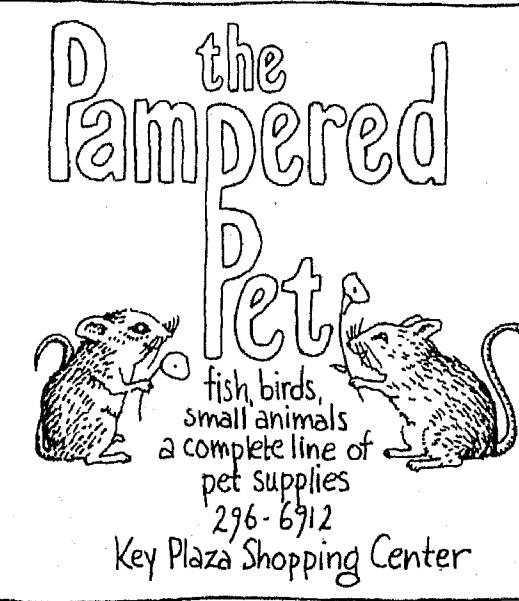
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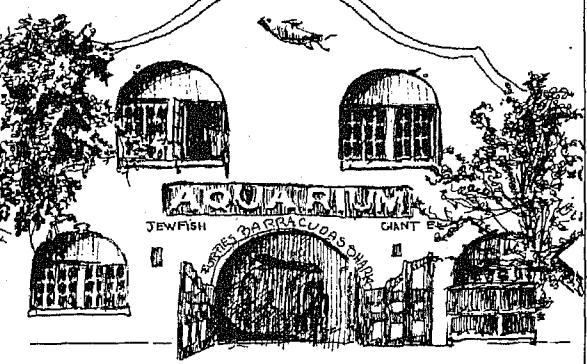


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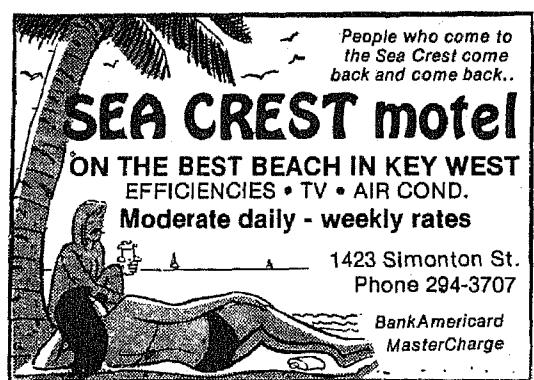
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Key West: A Bright Future?

by Ernest Szetela

(This is the second part of Key West as it might be in the future. The first part was a bleak look; the second part is, as you will see, a very happy look.)

The harbor sightseeing boat pulled away from the foot of Duval Street as it had, almost daily, for years. Before long it was within sight of the two salvage ships. It was fitting that they should be based in Key West, which, since its earliest years, had been a base for salvage operations. Not far away the replica of a Spanish treasure ship pointed its masts skyward. From it another salvage operation -- the salvage of sunken treasure -- was still being carried on as it had been, sporadically, since the first storm-tossed galleons spilled their cargo of precious metals on the reefs which tore open their hulls.

As the sightseeing boat moved past the ruins of old Fort Taylor, it seemed that the island city itself was a many-faceted treasure in constant need of being salvaged. For Key West is a sometimes rough, sometimes subtly dazzling gem in setting of tropical splendor -- a fragile, priceless treasure in itself.

Along its course, the boat passed the submarine pens, reminders of a once mighty naval presence on the island, and, beyond them, the old naval base. There, tourists could now visit the Sharquarium, unique aquarium and center for the study of sharks. Also on the site of the base was the marine institute, a center shared by many colleges and universities.

Part of the grounds of the old base were now an historical park, encompassing old Fort Taylor and the house where President Truman used to stay. A fine marina took up part of the harbor frontage.

Behind it, several small, clean industries helped provide employment for the people of Key West. Among these were a small boat building firm, and a company making fine furniture from imported tropical hardwoods. There was an area reserved for small cottage industries. Here one could observe weavers, potters, and glassblowers at work. Here makers of batik, photographers, sculptors and artists had their studios.

A small ferry plied the waters between Mallory Square and Christmas Tree Island. There, and on an undisturbed stretch of Rest Beach, park rangers led small groups on tours, and described the evolution and ecology of a mangrove island. Not only tourists, but groups of students utilized these tours as part of the excellent program of environment-

al education which had evolved in the Monroe County school system and had, in retrospect, been a key factor in making the people of the Keys, and Key West in particular, aware of what had to be done to keep their fragile, unique environment from being destroyed once and for all. And a high school course in the architecture of Key West inspired many a young man and woman to become involved in professions related to the constant restoration conch houses need.

Along the southern shore of the island, the old Casa Marina Hotel retained its prominence. It now served as headquarters for the Spottwood Foundation. The rugged but charming building had been restored in a practical, functional way to provide spartan, sea breeze cooled quarters for its residents, current members of a highly regarded "think tank" composed of futurists, artists, scholars, environmentalists, spiritual and political leaders, educators, scientists, philosophers, as well as young men and women who had won fellowships to participate in this unique, ongoing experiment which embraced the whole community, and provided splendid opportunities for cultural enrichment for all. One by-product was a beautifully written and illustrated guide booklet, in both Spanish and English, describing historical buildings and sites of special interest to those whose heritage is Cuban. As these were restored and opened to the public, increasing numbers of tourists from the Miami area began coming to Key West, and there was a corresponding increase in interest and funding for further research, restoration, and cultural activities.

Back in old town, the Conch Train approached Hibiscus Lane:

"...see that little box on the roof to your left? That's called a scuttle..." As far back as could be remembered, the driver had been following more or less the same script as the train trundled down the street. The tourists looked pretty much the same, but the train had changed. With tighter restrictions on piston engines in old town, spiralling gas prices and shortages, the decision was made to replace the faithful old Jeeps with electrically powered engines. High prices and shortages, as well as the enforcement of stringent anti-noise and pollution city ordinances, brought an end to the squeal and smell of burning rubber, and the roar of motorcycles, revved up engines and broken mufflers. There was still the sound of the sirens of police cars, ambulances and fire engines. But for some these did not fill the void. They merely evoked a sense of nostalgia. Somehow old town seemed quieter, cleaner, less run-down than ever before. How did all this come about? It was not something imported from without. The people of Key West themselves, after a seemingly endless series of "power outages", frequent loss of water pressure and water purity, increasing smog and air pollution, proliferating potholes and petty crimes, finally decided that enough was enough. They began to organize on the grass roots level, spontaneously forming block committees and neighborhood associations which in turn organized and formed powerful pressure groups which attended every meeting of the city and county commissions, utility boards, etc. They began to express themselves not only as outspoken individuals, but as knowledgeable, responsible, well-organized citizens who knew what they wanted and knew how to get it.

Many explanations were given for what had occurred. Some felt it was because there were now so many meditators, raising the over-all level of consciousness. Others felt it was just that a critical point had been reached, and

letter writing and complaining to newspapers and elected officials was not enough. The apathy which had allowed so much irresponsibility, ineptitude, and political expediency to flourish for so long was finally banished -- at least for now, it seemed. Actually, it was the old Conch virtues which had prevailed. Responsible, intelligent Conchs realized that the only way to keep what they liked best about Key West and the way of life they knew was to get rid of serious deficiencies in the way things were.

The ban on hitchhiking did not stem the influx of young people to Key West. Somehow they got here, some by using the bike lanes on the new bridges, some by other means, perhaps with less to spend than they would have had otherwise. Finally, the YMCA decided not only to instruct its own instructors, but also to provide simple, clean, reasonable priced facilities for young people, and programs which enabled both the young men and women of Key West as well as young tourists, to explore and enjoy the natural beauties and pleasures of the keys, the sea, and the reefs.

Another noteworthy development, a kind of landlocked "Hope," was the fine, centrally located primary health care center, staffed by doctors who volunteered their services for a specified time, and were provided with free accommodations. The center was an outgrowth of innovative thinking and cooperation on all governmental levels, with assistance from the private sector. Eligibility for use of the facility was determined by careful screening, so that the private practices of local doctors would not suffer. Indigent mothers-to-be, children, and the elderly were given priority. A cluster of conch cottages served as an inpatient mental health facility. Mental illness no longer meant possible incarceration, or being shipped to mental hospitals in the Miami area.

Because of the home health care program, only those who really needed the kind of medical care only a nursing home can provide had to leave their homes. Still, the fine nursing home facility at the hospital managed to stay full, and the number of those going to nursing homes in the Miami area became negligible.

With the implementation of carefully thought out welfare reforms, the inadequacies and inequities of the old welfare and food stamp programs were largely eliminated. Suitable employment was made available for all who were able to work. Far-reaching educational reforms provided alternate means of learning for problem students of all ages.

With the eventual passage of less stringent laws regulating marijuana, the drug culture in Key West changed drastically. For some strange reason, many were suddenly unemployed. The incidence of drug related crimes dropped significantly.

Change was inevitable. Yet the best things about Key West, if one can put his finger on them, did not change. Old Town's conch houses seemed destined to last much longer than had once been predicted. The air seems a bit fresher, the water tastes better, and pressure seems to stay higher. The waters around the Keys even seem clearer and less polluted. The reef seems healthier. And the special blend of cultures and characters, and the freedom to be one's own man, have persisted. The potholes and cracks in the sidewalks may not seem as big or as deep, but they are still there. The intangible essence which makes Key West such a special place for so many has not been lost over the years. The shells are still there, laid out in neat rows daily, at the Southernmost Point. And you can still buy conch salad after pedaling down to the sunset at Mallory Square.

To celebrate familial links between the Bahamian families who remained on the islands and those who migrated to Key West, a Conch Festival is now held on alternate years in Key West and the Bahamas. To help inaugurate the first such festival, a replica of the oldest house was floated over from the Bahamas, and arrangements were made to bring representatives of the Bahamian branches of the Conch families to Key West to join in the festivities.

...from page 27
We believe we have given you a clear case of major consequence. We hope you will proceed promptly on this. Please call on me if I can be of any service to you in this matter.

Most sincerely,

William H. Westray

Enclosures:

- (1) Certified Copy of Minutes of City Commission and Board of Adjustment meeting of City of Key West, Florida of September 8, 1976.
- (2) Certified Copy of Resolution 76-71 of Board of Adjustment of City of Key West, Florida adopted September 8, 1976.
- (3) Copy of Tape Recording of proceedings of Board of Adjustment hearing on September 8, 1976.
- (4) Xerox copy of Key West Citizen article of September 9, 1976 concerning Board of Adjustment hearing of September 8, 1976.



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A Poem of Old Key West

by Malcolm Ross

The following poem (courtesy of Ernest Thompson) was put into my hands by Lola Taylor of Catholic Lane -- the only lady I know who is able to grow roses without thorns! I am indebted to both Lola and Cesar Catala also of Catholic Lane and their impressive memories (may mine be half so good one day!) for the footnotes which follow it.



Is Key West the same,
As in days of yore?
Nay, nay! we reply --
And this we deplore!
The "Peed-la-wee Man"¹
Is no longer around --
And where is the fish-peddler
With wheel-barrow found?
The street cars -- so open --
With no windows on side --
And clear to the "Trust Factory"²
For five cents a ride!
Where are the Auction Marts
Down on Front Street,³
Where friends and neighbors
Were so wont to meet?
That Navy concert band, so grand,
Was often voted "Best in the land."
The Army, too, gave concerts rare,
With "open barracks" -- OH, MY DEAR!!!
Familiar faces are off the streets,
No Heidi⁴ and Perry⁵ or Maria⁶ to greet.
No "Monkey Man" with "tummy" so fat --
I'm sure Key Westers will not forget that.
Where's "Chicken Alley" with a sandwich treat?
With all their dirt they were hard to beat!⁸
You could walk to the "Watch Towers" --
Just a comfortable stride --⁹
Now in a car you have to ride!¹⁰
The Factories,¹⁰ too, I miss a great deal --
Altho' I don't smoke, they had their appeal.
A Pavilion was here -- "La Brisa" -- 'twas grand --
With beaches long -- you could play on the sand!¹¹
The old "Park Yard"¹² with "Jocko the Monk",¹³
To feed him peanuts took a lot of spunk!
Even "grits an' grunts"¹⁴ are fast disappearing --
And to eat a "Gator-pear",¹⁵ you have to be a "Deering".¹⁶
Even a "Conch" is getting quite rare,
But cheer up ole' Key Westers --
Peter Roberts¹⁷ is still here!

--Harry Gregory¹⁸
An "Old-Timer"

the streets towards his display. It is unclear how much business local dentists did as a result of his addictive treats, but the recipe was his secret and he died without revealing it.

2. The "Trust Factory" as it was commonly called was a cigar factory owned by the Havana-American Tobacco Company and located in the area of Third Street and Flagler Avenue.

3. Front Street in early days was the location of numerous auction rooms which sold fruits such as bananas from Central America, peaches, and canned goods from Spain, and whatever else was available from the cargoes of ships that came into port.

4. Heidi, or "Heidi Bulldog" as he was known, shined shoes along the sidewalks of Duval Street. Apparently he got the nickname "Bulldog" because his wrinkled countenance resembled that of a friendly bulldog.

5. Here we draw a blank as nobody seems to remember who "Perry" was.

6. Maria was probably "Maria la Bobo" (which translates roughly as "Maria the Nut"), a congenial derelict who often hung out in the area of Duval Street.

7. "Monkey Man," whose real name (he said) was Iron Grindstone (!!) was a corpulent Italian immigrant who came to Key West as a young man and set up with a monkey as an organ grinder on Duval Street. In later years he put aside the organ and opened a grocery in the 700 block of Duval Street. Apparently his girth was so great that it was difficult for him to keep his pants closed and this disarray of his attire shocked many of the ladies of the day.

8. "Chicken Alley" was another popular street vendor of the day who sold delicious sandwiches and other treats from

a wagon which he set up near Fausto's supermarket on the corner of Bahama Street -- also known familiarly as "Chicken Alley" and hence the source of his nickname. "Chicken Alley" was far from being fastidious in his habits and his act would not be okayed by any health inspectors today. The blatant lack of cleanliness did not detract from the quality of his sandwiches, however, or cause his clientele to dwindle.

9. This reference is probably to towers which were built during the days of sailing ships to watch for those ships that were due in port. One such tower existed at the head of Duval Street, another on the Curry building on Front Street. Fort Taylor also had a watchtower as did both the East and West Martello fortifications. Apparently the only watchtower remaining is the one at the East Martello (hence a ride in a car rather than a short walk.) Widows walks on private homes served the same function.

10. The cigar factories.

11. Not to be confused with the present restaurant with the same name, the original La Brisa (meaning "the Breeze") was a popular dance hall and pavilion located at the Atlantic end of Simonton Street. The Sands restaurant now occupies the site and utilizes part of the original structure which was badly damaged and subsequently razed after a severe hurricane in 1910. One surviving feature of this old structure is a distinctively shaped roof which was salvaged and now tops a house at 1013 South Street.

12. The "Park Yard", as it was known, was another recreational area complete with baseball diamond located at the foot of Simonton Street. Logun's Lobster House now offers a different type of recreation on the same spot. The park property was originally owned by Eduardo Gato, a wealthy Key West cigar manufacturer.

13. "Jocko the Monk" was an eccentric self-styled intellectual who was wont to organize impromptu lectures and discussions on poetry, history and the other humanities. It was said, maybe by him, that he once held a position somewhere as a professor.

14. A meal of grunts (a plentiful pan fish) and grits (as in hominy -- a corn product) has always been regarded as a low cost basic meal -- no pretenses, just basic nutrition. Over the years it has also come to connote hard times when people could afford little more.

15. An "Alligator Pear" is a familiar term for avocado.

16. Possibly a reference to John Deering, wealthy bachelor and builder of Miami's palatial "Viscaya". The elegantly furnished villa, which was recently turned into a museum is a tasteful example of the "conspicuous consumption" fashionable around the turn of the century and prior to income tax legislation. Deering's prodigious fortune came from "John Deere" farm machinery and equipment.

17. Peter Roberts is of course no longer here, but at the time was considered a good example of "local color". Not too much is remembered about him except that he started out each day by eating "grunts and grits" and his kind-heartedness extended to feeding several dogs and cats as well as raccoons and two rats!

18. Harry Gregory came to Key West as a young man, married and maintained a home on Southard Street for many years until his death. What his poetry may lack in style is certainly made up for in spirit for the work portrays well the feeling of Key West during the early years of this century.

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Key West in the 50's

by Bud Jacobson

It was in the 1950's that almost all of Key West's new young people were toddling around in their play pens or being carted off to day school by their working parents.

Today that group of toddlers from all over the U.S. and Canada, are here and many of them are settled in as permanent full-time residents, opening shops and stores and producing much for the local economy, besides lending this small city a new flavor.

Key West's reputation, in recent years, because of many of them, has changed from the home of the Presidents to the home of those spectacular sunsets at Mallory docks!

In this day and age in Key West when about 35 years of military domination over the local economy is gradually coming to an end, these new young people with imagination and a bright outlook are helping to turn around the weight of the economy from military to one that's more tourist-oriented -- which is about the only way it can go since, as we all know, there is no industrial base in the area.

But back in their day, the 1950's crowd had the oyster all to themselves -- and they loved it!

The island, then, was not nearly as well-developed as it is today.

All the shopping centers and motels on Little Roosevelt were merely dreams in the eyes of the promoters. The Holiday Inn, the first of the easternmost major motels on the island, was just getting underway guided by the late Sam Golan. The Key Wester and Key Ambassador were already well-established.

The city commission used to meet in the old city hall on Greene Street, on the second floor, the scene for many a stormy protest or demonstration -- aside from the location, it hasn't changed much.

City cops had their station on the ground floor and the city jail there was fondly known as The Black Hole -- not far from the truth. Grand juries used to condemn it to perdition on a regular basis -- shame!

Sloppy Joe's, down the street at the corner of Duval and Greene, was run by a popular couple from the old country, Mama and Papa Galaskis. They'd crack the doors open at 7 a.m. sharp to give liquid aid and comfort to ragged sailors on their way to the Base, or to shrimpers in need.

One of the Navymen, Bob Moore, used to freelance on the piano at Sloppy's until one day he told Mama Joe he'd clean the ancient instrument. So he did. He took it apart and washed all the keys in soap and water. It was a long job and Mama kept him from perishing of thirst.

Time came to put it all back together and besides losing the directions, Moore found to his chagrin that in drying out, all the keys had warped into Dali-esque shapes. That ended Moore's engagement at Sloppy Joe's.

Pepe's Cafe (now Le Mistral) was across the street, an incredible place, for dining out. The Cuban food was delicious -- the best chili in town was stewed up by Cootie, along with souse, boliche, black beans and rice, arroz con pollo, you name it. It was just the atmosphere that sometimes, if you looked too closely, might put you off your feed. A roach might scuttle across the counter, chased by its family. Flies buzzed the beautiful mirror behind the bar, leaving it a fly-blown battleground (the mirror is still there at Mistral, but all cleaned up).

The late Mr. Grass -- he was a wheel in the city's once thriving bo-lita racket -- operated Pepe's and kept the customers informed about the winning

numbers from the Havana throw by chalking them on the mirror.

Screen doors didn't fit too well on the front, and just inside was a wild blue-yellow-green jukebox stuffed with Latin favorites and turned to high volume. Shorty, one of the help at Pepe's, would gyrate madly at some of those tunes, spinning off to hit the old tables and chairs while cheered on by his pals.

Pepe's was open all night to the lasting joy of the 1950's version of the night people. From the upper to the lower strata, they converged there for a bowl of chili and a glass of milk, or a thimble of Cuban coffee -- it was, said they, a sobering experience.

Bankers, lawyers, businessmen, the town's prize drunks, cops and robbers, you could meet all your friends at Pepe's. The new Pepe's Cafe, with Cootie serving and cooking up those Conch favorites, is on Caroline Street in the middle of what used to be one of the toughest parts of town.

The night in Key West always held a special magic; a something in the soft-scented air, the salt breeze, the blue-black night sky top heavy with stars.

When the 4 a.m. bell rang downtown in the 1950's the hard-core boozers and revelers would take the road to Stock Island, or many of them would slither on over to the after-hours 116 Club.

Now the 116 was in a class by itself.

It was in an old wood frame building that leaned worse than the Tower of Pisa, on the corner of Greene and Fitzpatrick. Washed out paint on the front carried the notice: 116 Club. The joint was pitch dark. Not a light showing.



You stood in the shadow and knocked on an unmarked door. The knothole would open and you stared in the face of a short little Cuban gent with a cigar stub clamped in his mouth, a bow tie and celluloid collar, hair slicked back and parted in the middle.

If you weren't the fuzz you were welcomed with open arms.

He'd crack the door a bit, and in you slipped.

It was a scene from a Fellini movie. Dim lights, what there were of them, a long bar with broken stools, a pervasive smell of stale beer and smoke from cigarettes, tacky tables, many of them holding sleeping customers, a dance floor and sometimes a staggering couple.

The 116, it was clear, catered to the high-time revelers.

Over in a corner a fine old pianist competed with the jukebox and yowls from customers, sounds of fights and general madness. There were nights when his chair might accidentally slip backward



looking for some action, or a few old shrimpers soaking up beer and telling sea tales.

Farther on down at the end of Front and across from the A and B fish company's docks and restaurant stood the magnificent "Taj Mahal of Key West" -- the towering turreted graceful old wooden frame building, with a railed porch all around the second floor, that once housed Curry and Sons, ships chandlers, salvaging, and supplies.

In that building, back in the mid-19th century, the millionaire patriarch of the Curry clan (at least one branch of it) dominated the business picture here for years, long before the evils of the income tax. With love and affection, he built many fine homes in Key West for his marrying daughters and their families and some of them are here today.

When wrecking and salvaging died out, and the old Mallory Steamship faded away, the Curry Sons building passed through several owners and down the years fell into disrepair through neglect.

Bar owners were something like their patrons -- they used to cruise the competition to check the traffic. Jack Gray, at the Downtowner (where Howie's used to be), held court for the pols and specialized in some of the curviest of the barmaids along with a raucous jukebox, and an on-going feud with his neighbor, Art Davis, at the Top Hat (now burned down), while across the street Rudy's Happy Hour (now the Sandwich Deck) kept pace on the street of dreams.

Sailors,

Marines and military men from many nations kept alive the downtown end of Duval, near Front, and a few steps away they could view the delights of China Doll and Miss Pat at the city's only strip joint, the Mardi Gras, operated by Tommy Thomas with Herb behind the circular bar.

The Mardi Gras, featured in Rose Tattoo, burned down one night like so many of the colorful places, and its sister nightclub, the Havana Madrid, open to the night sky and with a beautiful old fashioned Cuban tile floor, fell under the wreckers' hammer when they created the Old Town Square opposite the bank.

Just down Front Street was the Dos Amigos (now the Raw Bar restaurant) a favorite for locals and the pool playing sailors.

In the 1950's you could step outside the Dos Amigos at night and look across at a weedy, tangled empty lot that stretched all along the waterfront of the main ship channel. You could see the channel and lighted buoys, shapes of shrimp boats tied up, row boats and deserted old fishing boats washing along on the tide at the beach, the shoreline dotted with floating beer cans and iridescent smears of diesel oil.

Silhouettes of battered cars and vans could be seen on the lot. They housed some of the transient populace, then, behind the one-story bulk of the Key West Tire and Battery frame building with its corrugated tin roof, dirt floor and sign out front saying: Red Devil Batteries.

It was far from being the smart part of town that it is today. The solid glittering concrete bulk of David Wolkowsky's famed Pier House, the celebrated hideaway for stage and screen stars, writers and other notables, was not on the drawing board then.

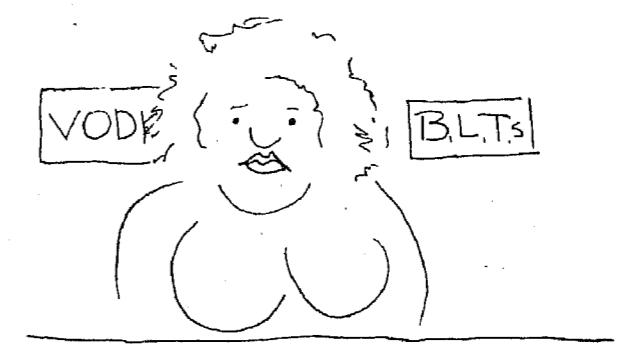
What is today the tourist mecca then was an area known for its rough edges, nighttime adventures and mishaps, dimly lighted and mostly deserted after dark except for the wandering sailor

decorated in hand-painted murals of leering satyrs chasing coy young things in brief attire. The drawings were supposedly done in the WPA days by one of the artists on federal relief, sent here for R and R. They paid for his bar tab, so the saying goes, a common form of barter in Key West.

It was, among other raunchy old places, a favored hangout for some of the artists and writers then. Ghosts seemed to cling to the place -- they've long since been chased away in the amplified din from Tony's.

If you didn't stagger into Pepe's for your nightly bowl of chili, you might have found your way to Mom's Flagship, an open-air cafe and bar on Whitehead Street, stretched under neon lights where La Brisa is today.

Mom, now dead and gone, was a short and stocky gal, a trifle bowlegged, wearing bobby socks and wedges, flaming henna-dyed hair and a cupid's bow mouth, artistically dabbed in bright red lipstick. Her accent was straight out of the east side of New York, overlaid with tones and a few cusswords from the old country.



There were tippy stools at the long counter where you could order anything from a double vodka to a BLT on toast, at any hour. Coastguardsmen from across the street and motorcycle fans made it their favorite, under the trees, lounging at the tables.

Painted on the glass store front was the legend: "Key West Bedding Factory; Marriages Performed." They were, too.

The late "Rev." Pat Kelley, a dry-witted old Irishman with a certain fondness for John Barleycorn and others of similar ilk, handled the solemn ceremonies with charm and a devilish twinkle in his eyes.

No one was too particular about who was marrying whom as long as Pat Kelley officiated. It may have been the forerunner of today's laissez-faire view of the institution.

One wedding, staged amid the faded glories of the old Duval Club (that's where Capt. Tony has his barroom now) hitched a handsome British tar to a muscular USN petty officer. The bride wore a wreath of Florida holly in his golden locks.

Behind it, hulking against the sky-line, were worn out, down-at-the-heels warehouses fronting on the city's Mallory Docks and dominating it was a shrimp company's loading platform and heading tables. Stray cats in that deepest part of old downtown in the 1950's never had it so good.

Theodore Russell ran the Midget Bar at the corner of Greene and Simonton, a well-liked night place for fishermen, shrimpers and sailors in the area. They could wander easily over to Caroline Street and the hard-core saloons, the Bucket of Blood, the Conch Gardens and the Wagon Wheel, among others.

Then as today, the two swinging blocks on Duval were between Caroline and Greene, and Greene and Front.

Don's Greene Room provided a bevy of pool tables for the sharpies on the corner of Charles St. and Duval, across from the old 208 Bar which, many years later, turned into the legendary Anchor Inn, now the New Hope Leather.

The late Luigi Cellucci, a rotund Neapolitan, ran his famed restaurant where the Fogarty House is today, and on the side was the popular Mambo Room. Across Caroline was the famous Tradewinds

which, in the 1950's was perhaps THE "in" place of them all -- fine food and one of the great bars in town prized more by the artists and writers, the winter people and the military than by the Conchs. One of the tragic night fires, like those that leveled too many of the old frame homes, raced through the Tradewinds one night and the structure was torn down by the city when it never should have been. The strong feeling in the community today for preservation would have saved it.

Where the Bull and Whistle is, Murray Singer operated his well-known Gallery Lounge (later John Brown's Bar).

The Gallery was large and friendly and mostly quiet although Murray's jukebox was regarded as the finest in town for his collection of good jazz, show tunes and current numbers. When he was flush, in the winter months, Murray would bring in a local three-piece outfit, just for fun, nothing serious.

Ray Sosa was on the bongos and the late Warren Lowe, clarinet or piano, and a third man on whatever was needed for rhythm.

Far down on the other side of the island where most of the Navy hung out, George and Elsie ran the super-popular Sun and Sand. It drew all across the board -- young, old, Navy, civilian, Conch, visitors -- whoever. Weekends were the big scene. Bridge and Scrabble games under the shade of the cork tree.

George set up the "O.T.C." in the backroom for the Navy officers, once after a stir on the Base when some of the clubs shut down.

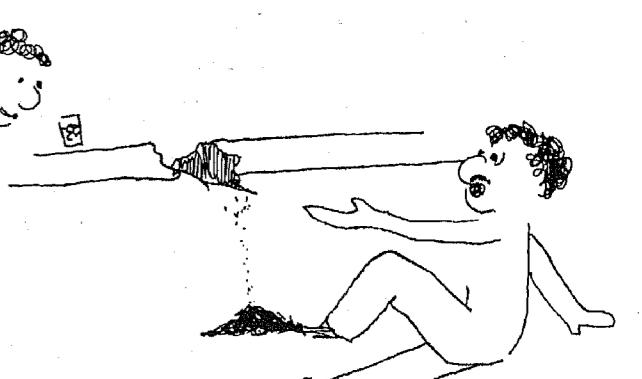
Mr. Mac (the late Ralph McBride) was known as the Mayor of Simonton Street. The grizzled oldster, with his pipe clamped in his mouth, was one of the regulars -- the 10 a.m. martini for Mr. Mac was a ritual. Bob Hicks and Manuel kept the small bar alive in the far corner of the Sun and Sand, variously called the Sun and Sex, or the Moon and Gravel, or a thousand other things.

Sundays, though, were the wonderful days of the week for the Sun and Sand -- Uncle Tom and the Whitley entourage, relatives and friends, drifted in about the middle of the afternoon and the drinking got serious, as Tom would say.

On the beach, Karl and Kate Fischer, and many of their crowd would be engrossed in Scrabble while the Navy types and their school teacher gal friends would sleep in the sun, resting after a strenuous Saturday night. Louie Kolbus, then a lowly lieutenant but a swinger, his shaven pate glowing in the sun, regaled the group with gossip from the night before. Karen would yawn and sip from the club's cold rum favorite, a SuSa.

Bob Smith (Smitty) of chinch bug fame in his cups one early a.m. leaned against the old termite-gnawed stanchion in the bar one night, reared back and said indignantly:

"Bartender! This man needs Orkin!" Smitty then was the ace salesman for the pest control firm in Key West.



METAL SCULPTURE

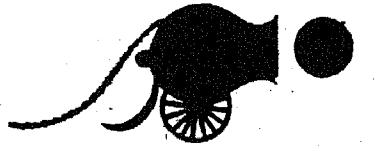
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Bar-hopping crowds had a way of dissolving from one joint to another, and one of the lucky places in the 1950's was Raul's (now Signorelli's at the head of the island, next door to the Key Wester).

Raul's had gone through some big years in the 1940's and 50's and Raul, the original, had sold finally to a Miami man and his son. The bar stayed popular but the restaurant end slowed down somewhat, until toward the 60's, dime-store owner Bill Chappell, lawyer Bob Youmans and contractors Paul and Edward Toppino turned it around into a local supper club.

Planist Billy Provost ruled the roost in his field, like Uncle Tom did with his clarinet, and the Birdcage, at the Casa Marina, to something of a degree like it is today, was a well-liked watering hole for many.

For those days those were some of what today are coyly referred to as "the swinging singles clubs" -- in a way they were, but they seemed to have more class and the level of fun and frivolity was untrammelled.

Not a small part of the 1950's scene after the sun went down (sunset celebrations like we all love today at Mallory docks were not possible then because the docks area was a falling down slum dominated by a reeking old timber shed used for shrimp boats, and most of the dock was splintered and it was dangerous to walk out on) centered around "west of Whitehead Street."

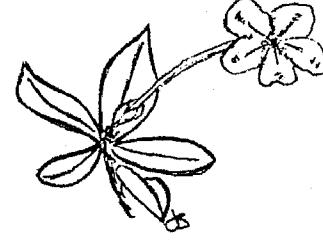
On that side of town, filled with the tastiest barbecue joints and raucous pool parlors, there was more integration of the nighthawk crowd than there has been in recent years.

The jumpiest places, of course, were Cecile Bain's marvelous 21 Club and the Regular Fellows across Petronia Street. Gambling, if it was not 'considered' wide open, was very close to it and no one was too uptight about it.

The years then, looked back at from this distance in time, had a kind of funny spoof-everything flavor that kept bankers, businessmen, the town drunks, tourists, Cubans and everyone rocking along at an easy pace -- dolling up the old town and putting on a serious face about the so-called "economy" was laughed about.

But it came about. It's here today and, take it or leave it, like it or not, it's a serious tourist-oriented Key West with serious faces down there at the Chamber of Commerce and in city hall.

Maybe there just seemed to be a little more lighthearted fun in the 1950's, but that's the way it was.



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(In our last issue we devoted space to background information on the candidates in the local Democratic primary. Here below is background information on their Republican challengers.)

County Commissioner, Group 5, Herman R. Stein; Silversmith; 56 years old; lives in Tavernier.

Qualifications: Has been an engineering draftsman, a director of purchasing for an electronics firm and has been active in Monroe County affairs since moving here.

Priority: I hold no hope that the County Commission will change its ways by November, therefore, as a new commissioner I will devote one half my time to disposing of the crises of the moment... while spending the other half of my time establishing our "Priorities for Existence" and moving towards government by plan rather than crisis.

Sheriff, Harold William "Bill" Shaw; Life Insurance; lives in Key West.

Qualifications: Worked with Key West Police Dept.; Sheriff's Reserves of Monroe County since 1968; Security Officer in the Monroe County Juvenile Detention System.

Priority: I will, with the help of the State Attorney, grand jury, State Bureau of Investigation or federal agents, launch a special investigative unit that will be responsible for the investigation of official criminal misconduct, major narcotics traffic, organized crime and internal security of the Sheriff's Dept. The head of this unit will report directly to me and he will be instructed to let no one stand in his way to do his job.

We endorse for County Commissioner, District 5, DON SCHLOESSER
We endorse for Sheriff of Monroe County, WILLIAM "BILLY" FREEMAN
We prefer for Congress, DANTE FASCELL

Greene Street Theatre announces an open casting call for Terrence McNally's Bad Habits and other future productions on November 12, 12, and 14 at 7:30 p.m. at the theatre. We are looking for actors, actresses, and technicians. In addition we will be talking with prospective students of our winter classes. This season we will offer classes in mime, dance, and acting taught by Marc Ramsey, Dan Walsh, Jay Drury and visiting guest artists.


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San Carlos



(The marquee is removed by workmen and equipment donated by Carl Rongo.)

Well, it looks like good tidings for the San Carlos theatre.

A recent dinner/preview of new work being done to the grand old building was a great success. The dinner was a sell-out and several thousand dollars were raised for her further restoration.

A high powered group from the Monster have been doing a fantastic job in getting a huge Halloween gala off the ground which will be a benefit for the San Carlos. Monster spokesman Sven Christensen has said that all the tickets are sold out for this event which promises to be one of the biggest such events in Key West history. Over 150 merchants, private citizens and groups have donated to this affair.

To be held Halloween Eve, the party features door prizes, an auction, best costume judging event and a giant dinner for four hundred people that will be highlighted by the culinary craftsmanship of four chefs flown in from New York by the Monster for this occasion. The entertainment for the evening is also being generously donated.

Best wishes to this group for a great success (actually, by the time this paper is out, the affair will have been concluded) and many thanks for all your help for the San Carlos.

A Letter

Labor Day Weekend,
1976

Dear Editor,

We are strangers; we are visitors; we are not part of your community. After reading "Two Letters" today, we wanted to express our thoughts because we are outsiders. "A Friend" says, "beauty... comes from within, which then manifests itself externally. To enforce these aims by means of legal machinery, to me, shades the initial beauty sought after. After all, if the community wishes to maintain that historical image, it will by itself maintain it through collective thought." These sentiments are admirable, although naive. Mr. Hansen's answer is eloquent; however, he does not mention the most important reason for OIRC's existence.

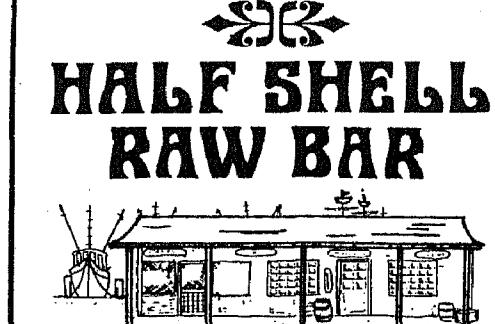
Residents of Key West should look north -- to Fort Lauderdale. Years ago the residents there had a chance to maintain the loveliness of the small town. They chose to ignore guidelines for future planning; they accepted the money of investors who cared little for the area. They welcomed the quick money -- and some now regret the subsequent rape of the landscape. Many of us are disgusted by the growing concrete monstrosity.

Key West -- that is Old Town -- is the most unique community in the country.

Absentee owners have invested money in Old Town, and, no doubt, charge outrageous rents. If OIRC loses the power to enforce community architectural guidelines, these absentee owners -- and others -- will pour money into Key West. This money will pay for the machinery to demolish the conch houses and the cigar-maker houses. This money will buy the concrete and build the condominiums which have already devastated the landscape of South Florida.

We are strangers; we are visitors; we love Key West -- its people; its conch houses; its unique character. We hope this community will maintain its charm -- and avoid the landscape rapers who continually preach "progress." To control these people -- and their money -- is OIRC's most important reason for existence.

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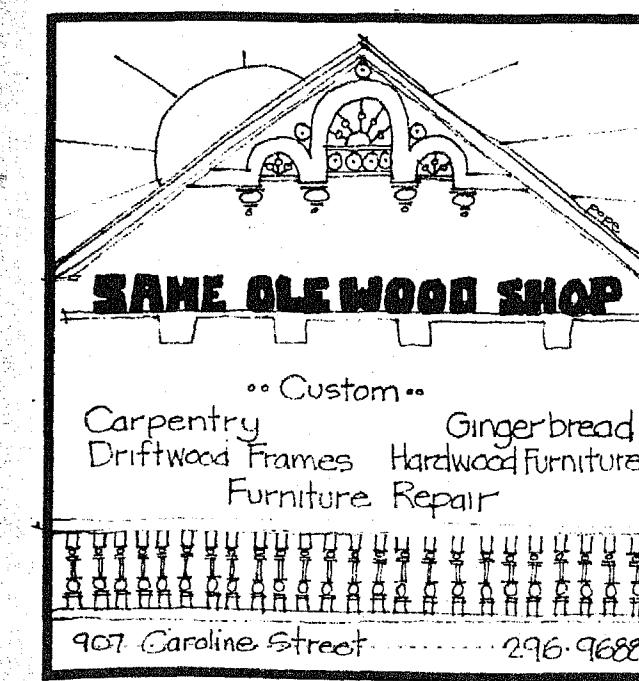
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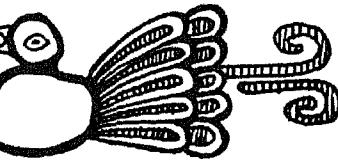
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frangipani festival

by Jim Coan

The first annual Frangipani Festival, a blossoming of local songwriters conceived and directed by Renaissance man Bill Lorraine, brought hundreds of Key Westers out to end The Summer in style. (The luscious leaves and flowers of the Frangipani Tree only appear during the tropical summer months). The second weekend of October is the absolute bottom of the non-tourist season and the festivities really brought the island back to life for many of its residents.

Things got off to an explosive start on Friday night with a "barroom ballerina" dance contest at Captain Tony's Saloon. An exuberant two or three hundred people boogied in to watch seventeen girls, about a third of them topless, compete for the winner's prize of one hundred dollars, two very chic bikinis from Peaches, frangipani perfume from Bob Palmer and the chance to dance to Lorraine's "Barroom Ballerina" song at its first public rendition the next evening. The judges were Lawson Little, Alexander Nigodoff, John Mercer, Capt. Tony, BJ Martin, Csaba and Latasha. The girls were judged on interpretation of the music, body movement, technique, communication with the audience, and overall attractiveness. Adrienne Kilpatrick, who works at the Foxy Lady won all with an absolutely stunning performance.

On Saturday, a large group bicycled from the Pier House to South Beach to publicize the need of either bicycle paths or traffic signs letting out-of-towners know that the island's 12,000 bikes have the right of way on the streets. This was followed by a two-on-two basketball competition which was won by Fugie Wallace and Rudy Randolph. (Fugie had a busy day since he was the drummer at that night's concert).

A real down home picnic at Rest Beach with people "in the mood to give away food" featured a free feast of smoked fish, two kinds of rice, four kinds of beans, cookies, fruit, plantains, and "Mouckie's" fantastic iced tea. Rev. Brown and the members of the A.M.E. Zion Church contributed the deliciously prepared food.

Kids of all ages were entertained with the "Legend of the Sea Chicken", an original puppet show written by Lorraine and presented by Phyllis Pope, Phoebe Coan, Lisa Bonmarito, and Arlene Pratt. The story was most imaginative, the presentation very professional and the paper maché rod puppets (crafted by Phyllis Pope and Pat Pucciero) were fascinating to watch. It was all great fun and those who missed the first performance of these talented people will have another opportunity Saturday, November 20, at the Children's Thanksgiving Puppet Show at the Monroe County Library.

Congressman Dante Fascell spoke about the world food crisis, a serious situation that the people at the picnic wanted to emphasize. He also praised the songwriters and musicians involved for their self propulsion in doing their thing so well.

The main event was the concert held just after sunset at Mallory Square Community Center. About five hundred excited people, including music industry representatives, attended what was not just a jam session but a first time presentation of twenty original songs by seven Key West songwriters. The contributors were Bill Lorraine, Duane McCrary, "Coffee" Butler, Rene Ayala, Eddie Castillo, Mark Saunders and Kahn. The musicians were Tom Butler, on base guitar, Kahn on acoustic and base guitar, John Gladstone on sax and flute, Rene Ayala and Duane McCrary on guitar, Bill Lorraine on piano and Fugie Wallace on drums. Female vocalists were Bea Butler, Gale Martinez and Sally Brown.

The concert opened and closed with the theme song "Frangipani Blues". "Everything is Right", by Lorraine and McCrary set the mood... "I'm looking for a feeling, I know it's in store/I really



Photo by Karen Selby

(Adrienne Kilpatrick shows how and why she won the dancing contest at Capt. Tony's as she dances to the song "Barroom Ballerina" at the concert.)



(Delighted viewers watch the two Sea Chickens and Be-Gad, the Turkey Fairy, in an inspired performance by the puppeteers Phyllis Pope and Phoebe Coan.)

I can't remember how it felt before/But when it comes upon me I'll know it for sure/Cause that's the way I give my blues the cure."

"Coffee" Butler made a big hit with "Norma Jean" in that infectious Reggae sound. "African Lullaby" by Kahn was very mellow and "Zero Diners", another by Lorraine, got everyone groovin'. Bea Butler, whose voice is exquisite, held the audience spellbound with "When You

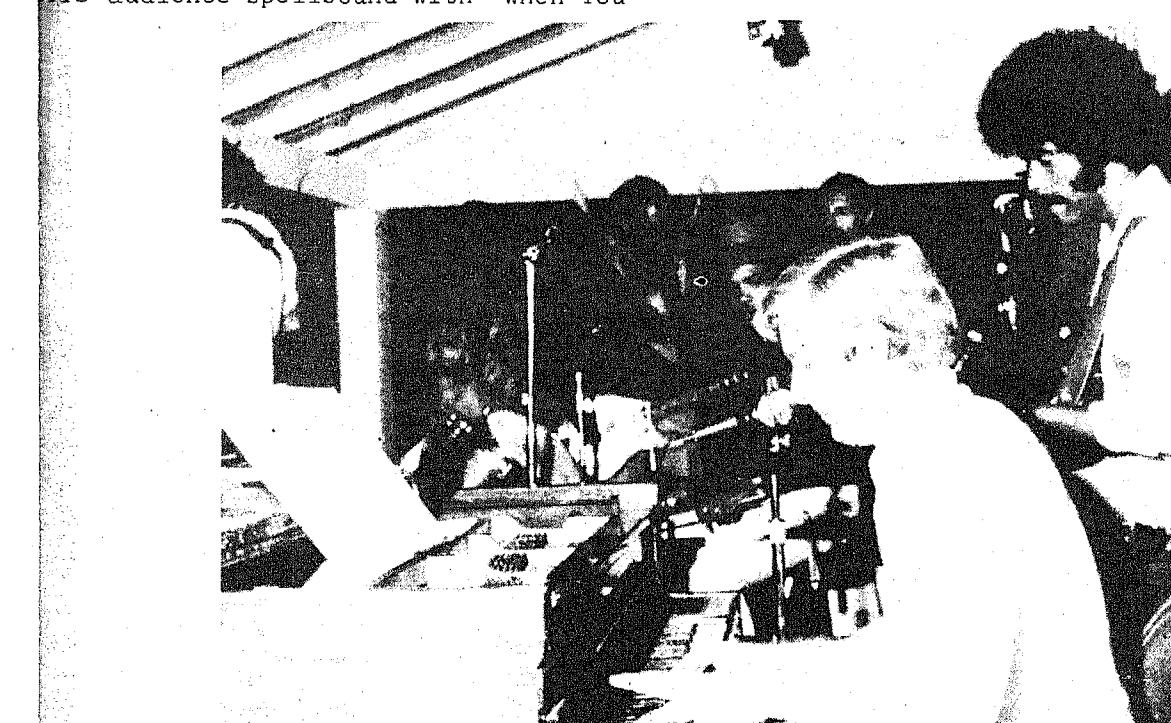
Leave Me", a slow ballad about the setting sun. Lorraine's "Mystery Man", about a visitor from another star system and a McCrary tune, "Satin Shirley", got great applause. Rene Ayala's "Boogie Beat" got everyone dancing again... "feel our funky rhythm moving in your feet, dance to the boogie beat." There was a wonderful song by Lorraine and McCrary called "I Believe In What I See", about a man who sees shining lights and talks about them.

Adrienne Kilpatrick danced beautifully to "Barroom Ballerina" which has great commercial potential. The McCrary and Lorraine country song, "I Got Mean", epitomized that genre -- "It was a strong coffee morning after a weak minded night before." Mark Saunders' "Nymph of the Forest", played on mandolin, acoustic guitar and flute, was excellent.

Eddie Castillo, only sixteen, loaded with talent and high energy, really turned the folks on. He wrote, "This is Our Love Song", sang lead and played drums.

The criteria for entering songs in the festival are that they have lyrics, are 2-1/2 to 4 minutes long and are copyrighted. Applicants for next years Frangipani Festival should send their creations to Bill Lorraine, 418 Virginia Street.

New Orleans has its Mardi Gras, Pasadena has the Festival of Roses. Who knows? This could be the start of something....



(Bill Lorraine at piano and Rene Ayala on guitar perform at the concert.)



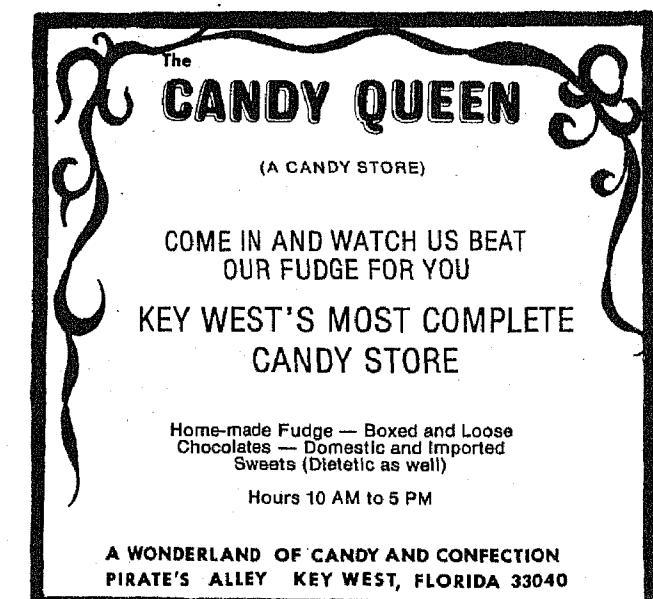
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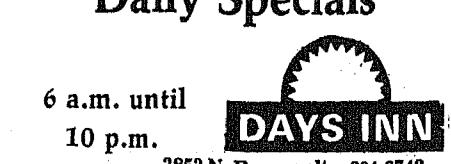
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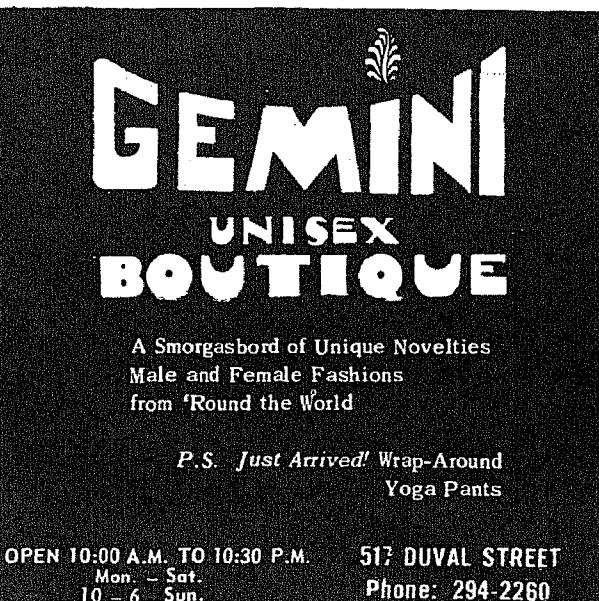


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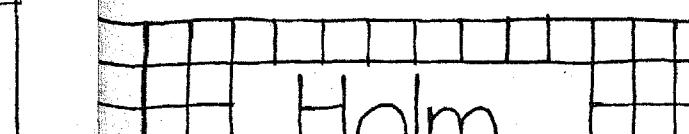
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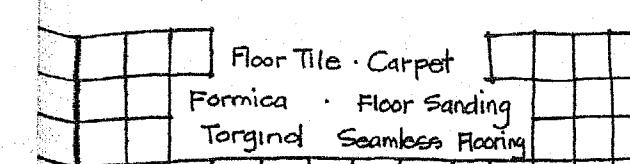
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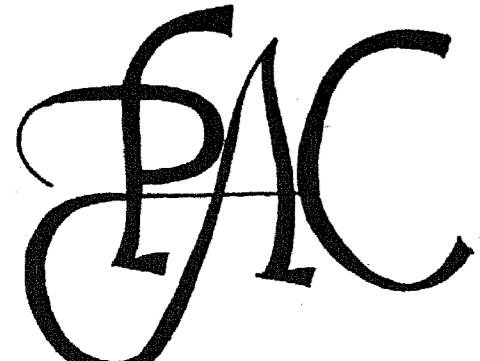
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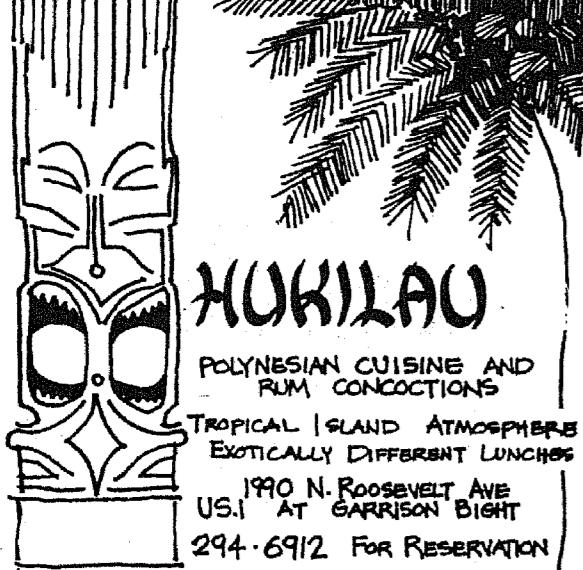
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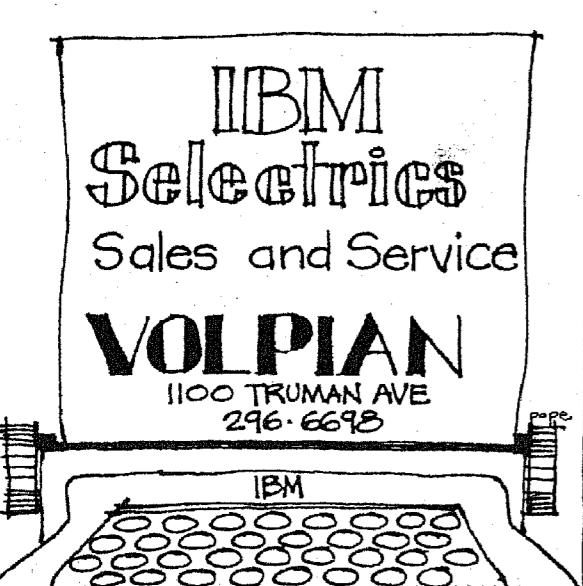
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The Community Pool

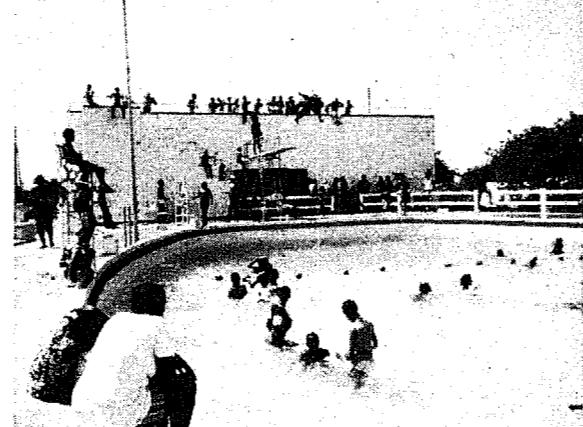
(This is the second of two parts on the
problems and pleasures of re-opening the
Community Pool ... ed.)

It was the last week of October, when, with work almost completed, the filling of the pool commenced. This time the water was clean and clear. The pool filled slowly and after two days was only half full. But the half level was sufficient to start up the circulation system. A last check for tightness and the immense valves were opened and the pump started. The pipes groaned, the water gurgled, the pump growled and then settled down into a steady whine. Around the pool, still above water, thirteen jets sputtered and sprang to life like an immense decorative fountain. A few minor leaks appeared, which were easily corrected, but the system was working and filtering the water at a rate of 1000 gallons a minute.

This flow rate was nearly twice what was required. With the pool completely filled it was sufficient to completely recycle the 180,000 gallons of water every three hours. This meant that all of the water was completely cleaned eight times every day.

The next few days were spent adjusting subsystems, correcting minor faults and getting new life saving equipment sorted out and in order. The pool had a three-meter springboard tower but no board. Diving boards were expensive and time was short, but inquiries elicited the intelligence that Navy Special Services had an old aluminum board it no longer needed. It had one small crack in it, not serious, but needing to be corrected. The Key West High School Vo-Tech department responded by taking on the repair job as a special project for its welding class. The crack was repaired and the heavy 200 pound board was heaved into place by many willing shoulders.

Opening was set for November 1, 1972. Mayor McCoy and Commissioners Lang Millian, Al Key and Judd Grizzle were



in attendance. This writer awarded Senior Life Saving badges to the new guards. Willie Ward presented new red and white life guard shirts. Mayor McCoy threw out the first life ring and then everybody jumped in for a swim. The pool was open at last with sparkling clean water. The cheers were loud and long. This time we did not have to worry about "Red Water."

It had been planned to operate the pool for only nine months out of the year, shutting down during the cold months of January, February and March. But surprisingly the pool maintained a high use rate right on into January. Patronage was sparse on cloudy winter days but every sunny day found the pool heavily used.

The county funding for the life guard salaries was only for nine months. At a heavily applauded P.A.C.A. meeting in early January, a motion was made to ask the county to fund the life guards for twelve months a year. A letter was sent to Commissioner Freeman and he sponsored a resolution to increase the funding. This was unanimously approved by the Board of County Commissioners.

On through the winter and into the spring the pool continued to operate.

Late in the winter, two things happened that had considerable impact on the future of the pool. When Mayor McCoy had persuaded the City Commission to finance the pool renovation to the tune of \$10,000, he did so with the positive assurance that our HUD project was in order and that HUD would reimburse the City for the money advanced. Now, suddenly, HUD announced that its grants program was being severely cut back by Executive Order, and that it could not live up to its commitment of \$16,000 to cover the pool restoration and other improvements to the Community Center facilities. A real low blow in the face of rising costs and a tight city budget. There was no recourse. The \$10,000 had already been spent. "I've been zapped again," declared Mayor McCoy.

....Continued

by Bill Westray

At about the same time, through the efforts of Lang Millian and Willie Ward, the VISTA project was expanded and two new VISTA recreation specialists arrived in Key West. Wendy Schwartz was a dynamic young lady from Los Angeles, California. Lindy Harrison was a quieter, but capable young physical education major from Rochester, New York. They looked at the facilities, which other than the pool itself, were shabby and run down and badly in need of paint. The loss of federal funds didn't dismay them. "Let's organize a community self-help project," argued Wendy. "We'll get the kids and their parents to do the work ... we'll ask the merchants to donate materials."

"Yes," agreed Lindy at the P.A.C.A. meeting. "We can ask the stores to contribute food and soft drinks and have a big weekend."

Their enthusiasm was highly contagious. The P.A.C.A. Board of Directors agreed unanimously. Early in April the appeal for help went out ... by letter ... by radio ... by newspaper ... by word of mouth. The biggest need was for paint ... over a hundred gallons of it! The pool's needs had been carefully calculated by color and by type of paint. The big paint stores responded generously. Sears, Harris Paints, and Mary Carter Paints, contributed large amounts of their best grades. Lindsley Lumber contributed brushes and rollers and discounts on other items. Smaller stores contributed a gallon or two of special colors or blends. Lumber and nails came from many different sources.

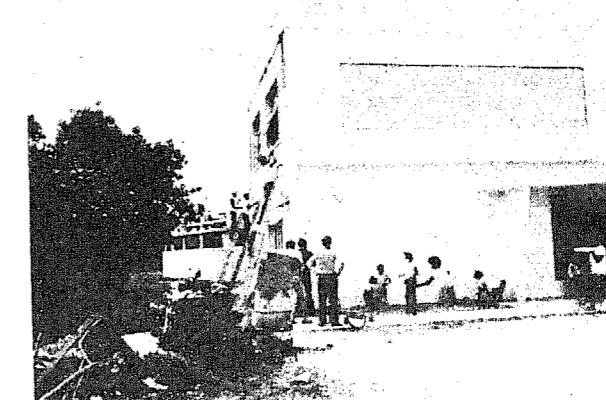
Certain preparatory work, such as masonry and plumbing repairs were accomplished in advance by local artisans after work.

The staging area was the VISTA cottage at Whitehead and Amelia Streets. This was the girls' home, which they had themselves redecorated from a tumble-down shack to an attractive home and office. It was barely two blocks from the pool. Its living room became the storehouse, and the floor groaned as the piles of materials grew. The refreshment horde, too, grew rapidly as Coca Cola and Pepsi Cola, the supermarkets and small markets and bakeries contributed sodas, ice, snacks, hot dogs, rolls, ice cream and other goodies. The writer's wheezing old station wagon became the beast of burden and groaned as its springs bent double.

The big weekend arrived early in May. On Saturday the volunteers came by the dozen, in all ages from six to sixty. Within an hour they were painting from the ground, they were painting from the roof, they were painting from ladders, they were painting from the windows and from inside out. The work

went unbelievably fast. By mid-morning over forty painters were slinging brushes and pushing rollers at the same time. Gradually, the center changed from a colorless grey to a bright ivory. By nightfall, the entire outer perimeter, some 600 feet around, had received a spanking new coat. Over one hundred volunteers participated in the first day's effort, and many cases of soda, as well as hot dogs, potato chips, ice cream and cakes were consumed by the multitude.

Sunday's effort was a repeat of the day before except that the concentration was on the interior areas, and on the trim painting around doors, windows and other accented areas. By early evening the job was done, and the Community Center and Pool sparkled as it had never done before. The tired workers glowed with pride at what they had accomplished.



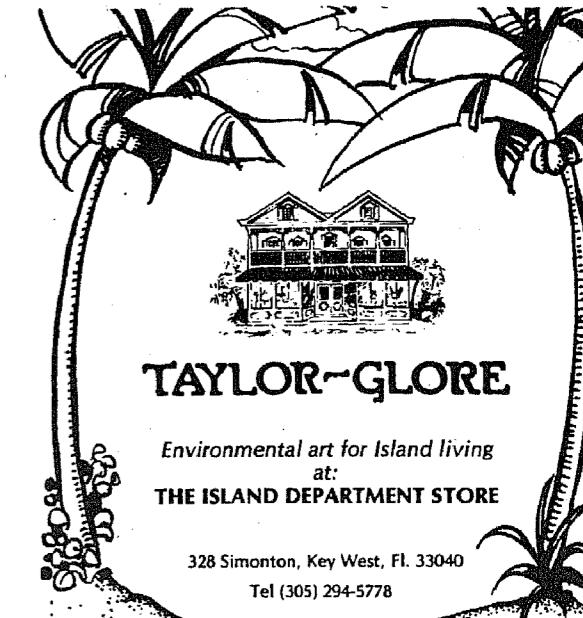
"I wonder how long it will stay this way," declared Henry Green, one of the leaders behind the effort. He was conscious, of course, of the frequent vandalism in the past that had marred the center. Not surprisingly, however, the vandalism stopped almost completely.

After all, one doesn't usually destroy something one has built or created. And one doesn't like to see one's peers destroy it either. Today, over three years later the outer appearance still has much of the freshness that characterized the day they painted the Community Pool.

About this same time, Commissioner Lang Millian discovered some uncommitted fund at the City Electric System that could be made available for recreation facilities. Several thousand dollars were allocated to build a new outdoor basketball court next to the pool.

The summer of 1973 proved the value of the pool and center complex. The facilities were open and free to everyone. The pool served several hundred patrons every day. For the first time in a decade the young people had a safe and clean place to swim. Many of the young women learned to swim for the first time.

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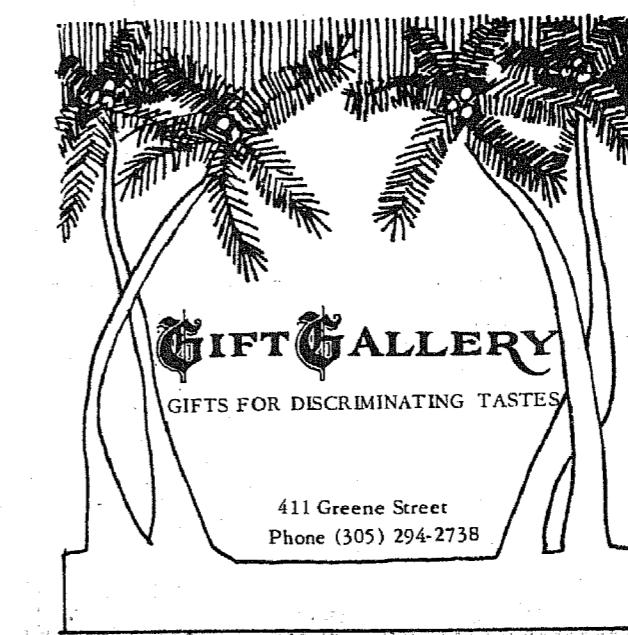
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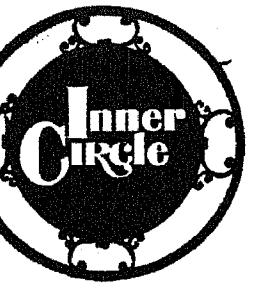
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DOWNTOWN '76

The battle rages, but not very loudly, concerning the restoration (or should it be called rehabilitation?) of Duval Street.

Basically, there seem to be two opposing camps, with the Mayor, Charles McCoy, and the merchant, Ed Swift, heading up one side, and Mary Le Mire and Grace Johnson the other. Each camp has as ammunition an imposing number of documents as evidence of the correctness of position. The fundamental difference between the opposing positions is in the area of historic accuracy.

The Mayor contends that the primary objective is to rescue Duval Street from its collapse into a slum area and, in doing so, to make it appear as it should have appeared in approximately 1910 -- not the way it actually did appear at that time.

Mmes. Johnson and Le Mire take the position that the Mayor not only should not impose that type of planning on the area, but that it is completely illegal for him to do so, and that non-compliance with federal laws concerning the use of federal funds for work done in an area on the National Register of Historic Places constitutes a flagrant violation of the law.

The ladies submit statements attributed to Ernest Holz, member of the President's Advisory Council on Historic Preservation, criticizing the brick planters as "out of scale with the street... more appropriate to a shopping center... widened sidewalks are also out of keeping with the nature of the historic district."

On the other side of the coin, Ed Swift said the widening of the sidewalks was essential because of the need for benches along the way. If the sidewalks were kept narrow, there would be no room for pedestrians to pass when the benches were occupied, as people occupying the benches usually have feet and legs stretched out in front of them. Mr. Swift pointed out that the wheelchair ramps at intersections were also historically inaccurate but were required by law, and that other minor historical inaccuracies must be accepted either because of legal requirements, materials that are no longer available, or sheer ugliness, such as the large number of overhead wires for phones, electric and street car operation that existed in the early days.

According to Mmes. Le Mire and Johnson, Mayor McCoy lied when filling in the "Environmental Review Record Community Block Grant Program Environmental Clearance Worksheet", inasmuch as some or all of his answers to questions in paragraph D, E, and F were not true (these paragraphs generally dealt with compliance with local ordinances and state and

federal regulations). Mmes. Johnson and Le Mire also stated that a City Ordinance of 1969, granting powers of architectural review of all building permits in the historical district by Old Island Restoration Committee, had been consistently violated for seven years, and that the original two blocks of restoration work had not been reviewed by OIRC.

An element of confusion enters into this phase of the battle because, again according to Le Mire and Johnson, with the exception of St. Paul's Church and grounds, the 400, 500 and 600 blocks of Duval Street, for some obscure reason, had been eliminated from the State Historic Area in 1965. However, the city zoning ordinance adopted in 1969 makes the OIRC responsible for architectural review of H.P.-1 and H.P.-2 and those three blocks (400, 500 and 600) of "Downtown '76" are in H.P.-2. The city has been in violation of this ordinance because it has sent nothing to OIRC from H.P.-1 nor H.P.-2 except for the small part in the State District. Johnson and Le Mire state that the 100 and 200 blocks of Duval and the 400 block of Greene were ok'd by OIRC, but that approval by OIRC does not excuse the Mayor from following federal law, and that OIRC, in their opinion, was subject to social and political pressures and that OIRC showed obvious ignorance of the law and, further, that OIRC violated the public trust which they accepted when, as members, they became watchdogs of our historic heritage.*

Mmes. Le Mire and Johnson said that in a State report on restoration in Key West it stated that City records display a consistent pattern of obstruction of preservation needs and that effective architectural review within Historic Preservation Districts 1 and 2 have been blocked by the City Commission and that there has been a failure to submit many building permits requiring OIRC review to that Committee, and that the City has failed to prosecute violations. Johnson says, "This is why the city of Key West was included in the area of critical concern." Mmes. Johnson and Le Mire stated that there is a memorandum of agreement with the President's Advisory Council on the Mayor's desk since approximately October 10th that the Mayor has not signed. Robert Williams of the State Department of Archives History and Records Management has said, "There is more than one way to lose an historic district besides tearing it down -- it can be modified out of existence." They give us as an example a house at Grinnell and Tompson Ln repaired and extended with a loan from the revolving fund. The addition of concrete block is detrimental to the historic lines of the building and the permit was issued without OIRC approval.

According to Mayor McCoy, just

prior to the beginning of the restoration project, only 20% (or less) of the buildings in the area were occupied, and there were constant demands for heavier police patrol in this rapidly disintegrating area. He felt that the best thing to do was change the image, and so went to work to start the transformation of the area. He had many turn-downs on his original applications for federal grants but finally got the OK to do two blocks as a sample. This, according to the Mayor, activated private money for improvement of private property, while public money was improving the public sector. Mayor McCoy, Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Le Mire all feel that the public should be made aware of the difference in private and public investment in the restoration. Approximately \$400,000 of federal funds, i.e., public money, went into improving the street itself, and an unknown amount of private money went into the improvement of private property.

The Mayor was asked if the City had ever received the \$100,000 promised by the County some time ago, and he stated that none of that money had ever come to the City.

McCoy said that the cost to the City so far was approximately \$200 for minor items, such as photographs.

The Mayor said that the restoration of the area was not necessarily required to be historically accurate, and pointed to a statement by a Mr. Phil Johnson of HUD, specifying that the restoration of Duval Street was the "finest project in the State", also, that he, Mayor McCoy, and the City of Key West had been nominated to receive the National biennial HUD award for excellence for the Duval Street work.

McCoy said that after the sample first two blocks of the project were completed, money was granted for the next three blocks, etc. He believes that there will be no problem of any consequence in procuring the funds to complete the entire project.

Ed Swift maintains that the old buildings have been restored accurately and that the "Oldest House" is a prime example, and further points out that some of the buildings involved would have to be classified as non-historic structures. According to Swift, no old bricks or gutters were taken out of Duval Street during the restoration -- they were removed years ago in an earlier repair job. Mr. Swift feels it would be much nicer to have all brick walks, but that it's just not feasible, and to put in the turn of the century plank walks would not be acceptable at all.

Mr. Swift believes that it would be a physical impossibility to restore a large area and be absolutely correct in all historic detail. For one thing,

present laws would prohibit some of the ancient, and then acceptable, practices, i.e., road and sidewalk construction must comply with modern standard specifications. Some of these specifications were unheard of at the turn of the century.

He also says that a study of old photographs shows that Duval Street had no trees in the old days. Mr. Swift feels that the trees do belong on Duval Street now, even though they are historically inaccurate. He would prefer Gumbo Limbo and Silver Buttonwood instead of the Palms, but will not argue the point since the trees in each area were decided upon by the people in each area.

Swift would like to see the old bricks re-used in the street work from this point on but goes on to say that historically in Key West, when streets were torn up or public buildings torn down, the bricks were given away to whoever could use them. That's why there are so many lovely brick patios in many private residences in Key West.

Mmes. Le Mire and Johnson contend that widening the sidewalks, and thus narrowing the roadway, increases the hazard for cyclists by removing their margin of safety between cars and curbs.

The ladies state also that on August 17th a field representative from Washington, D.C. met with Mayor McCoy in Key West and inspected the project. As a result of that inspection, on September 29th, the Advisory Council on Historic Preservation mailed a memorandum of agreement (mentioned previously as being on Mayor McCoy's desk), spelling out the conditions under which the project may be continued. These are the conditions:

- 1) In the future, the City shall comply with the federal historic preservation regulations that it has previously agreed to observe.
- 2) All original granite curbing (an expensive and almost irreplaceable item) shall be retained in sidewalk construction and not be allowed to pass out of public ownership.
- 3) All original street paving brick shall be re-used in appropriate project elements; all paving bricks not re-used shall be stored and protected for use in future public restoration and renovation projects.
- 4) The original pattern of common and running brick bonding shall be repeated in all project elements. Chevron, basket weave and stack bonds are inappropriate.
- 5) Raised brick planters shall be eliminated from further project work.

6) The street lighting standards used in earlier project installations, while historically inaccurate, will for the purpose of continuity be used in the remaining portions of the project.

7) An alternate sidewalk improvement plan for Petronia Street shall be prepared that respects the existing scale of the street.

8) In the future, the City will observe certain specified procedural reviews for projects funded under the City's federally financed Housing Assistance Program.

Two citizens not directly involved in the controversy were interviewed for the purpose of perspective.

Melvin L. Levitt, retired, in business previously in Key West for a number of years, prior to that an attorney in New York and at present a well-known Senior Citizen advocate, had only one comment concerning the project: "It will never work due to inadequate parking."

Lou Carbonell, retired business man, present Utility Board member, and a native who can remember some of the early 1900's in Key West (he was born about 1903 or 1904) has this to say: "I am much in favor of the project. Duval Street looks better than it has in many, many years and a great deal of it never looked this good. In my early memories, the area from Olivia Street to the ocean was lovely, maybe even magnificent, all huge mansions owned, occupied

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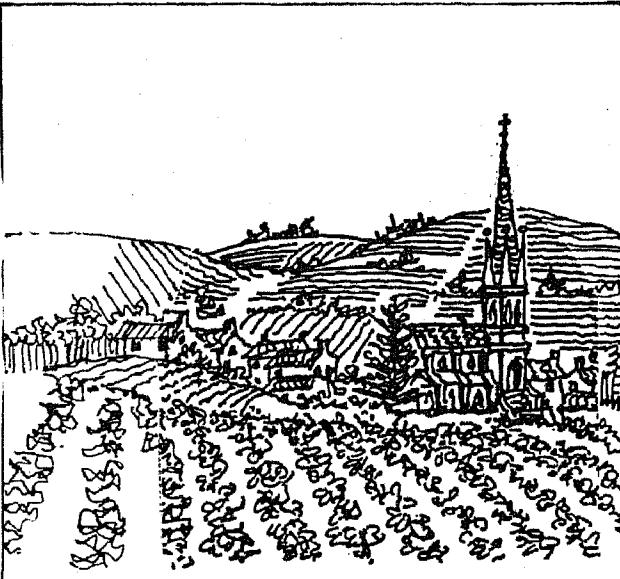
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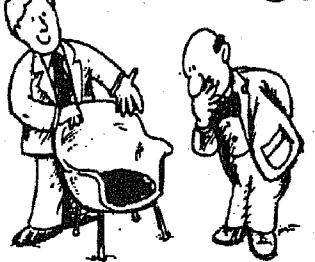
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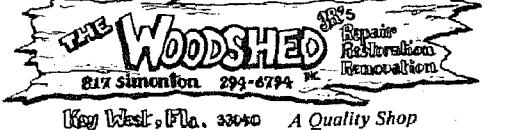


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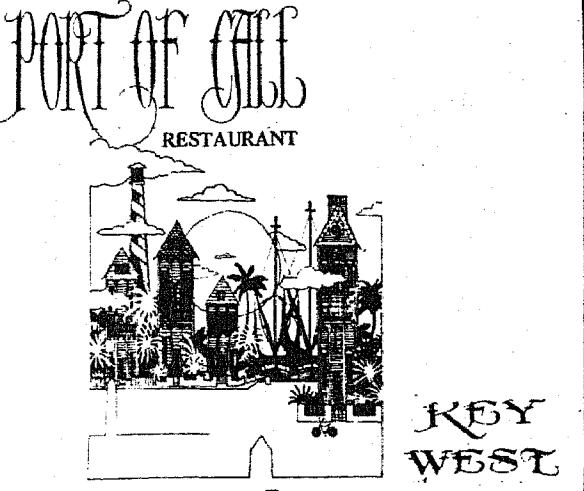
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and properly maintained by wealthy people. There was a business section for a few blocks above Olivia Street and after that a nice residential section. As you got to the Gulf end, it was more warehouse type area and not very attractive.

"I don't remember any wooden sidewalks. The sidewalks were just dirt paths on Duval and in most of Key West. People who remember wooden walks are probably confused with the plank covers over the deep drainage ditches that were our storm sewers in those days.

"I'd like to see all brick street paving, but I sure wouldn't want to go back to the original dirt street that I remember, with the trolley track down the middle, although I liked the trolley.

"No, I don't think it's necessary or desirable to restore the street with historic accuracy. It couldn't be done anyway. Where would we get all the horse manure and flies from in these days?

"I have high hopes for the San Carlos restoration, but it can't be historically correct because the original building was wood and it was rebuilt of concrete after a fire. The Strand theatre was also originally wood and rebuilt of concrete after a fire -- several other buildings had the same problem. If the restoration work wasn't done, Duval Street would have deteriorated into complete collapse.

"I think everyone should be very proud of what we have done to save our 'Inner City' from degrading into a useless, shameful and dangerous slum, as happened in so many other cities.

"No, it's probably not historically accurate but it sure looks a hell of a lot better than it did a few years ago, and I'm tickled to death with it. Now, if we could only bring back the historic sociability of Saturday night on Duval Street, we'd have it made in spades!"

The original intent and purpose of this article was to winnow the wheat from the chaff and identify both for the edification of the reader. If you have read this far with an open mind, you will see that exact identification is not that simple.

We keep coming back to basics: Was Duval Street supposed to be rehabilitated and beautified, or was it supposed to be historically restored?

Having heard and read the evidence presented by both sides, we still don't know. The area involved is obviously much nicer to look at, but it is equally obvious that the project is historically inaccurate.

We expected one camp to be mad at us -- now both will. C'est la vie!

* To the Editor:

The Florida law establishing the Old Island Restoration Commission (69-187) describes the boundaries of the Old Section of Key West in which the OIRC is to have jurisdiction and it also spells out in detail the duties and responsi-

bilities of the OIRC.

In doing this the law specifically excludes the 400, 500 and 600 blocks of Duval Street from this Historic Preservation District. It also omits from the list of OIRC responsibilities, any reference to street paving, sidewalks or utilities.

Therefore, the OIRC did not expect to be consulted by the City in regard to the street and sidewalk beautification project. Then, because the area was not in our preservation district, the private group that renovated and repaired so many of the stores in those blocks did not apply for OIRC approval and we did not expect them to do so.

However, the OIRC was interested and kept an eye on all the work and we were generally pleased with the result. It was a very substantial upgrading of a run down area.

The second Beautification project on the 100 and 200 blocks of Duval Street was of a similar nature. In this case, probably because it is in the preservation area, the City requested our review of their proposed work and at one of our regularly scheduled meetings we were fully briefed on the project and gave our approval.

There were no other conferences or discussions of the project between us and no pressures brought to bear on us for our approval - which perhaps they did not need anyway.

Due to the passage of several State Acts and City ordinances after the original enabling act of 1969 there may be legitimate grounds for differences of opinion as to whether those Duval Street blocks are in the preservation district, and whether the OIRC is charged with the responsibility of reviewing street and sidewalk work. The OIRC has attempted to settle some of this confusion but has failed to do so. It requires legal interpretation, opinions and action.

J.H. Hansen, Chr.
OIRC



Let There Be Light In Your Heart

MASTER CANDLEMAKER WAYNE "ARTIE" DUNN
OLD TOWN STATION CANDLEWORKS
ANGELA AT DUVAL, KEY WEST, FLA.

Unlike their brothers who in the past had learned their water skills in the ocean or at Mallory docks, the girls had not previously enjoyed such freedom. But now they had a safe place near home and they were anxious to take advantage of it. They learned to swim quickly. Boy friends were ready and willing to help them. Besides, it was a great place to show off a saucy new bikini!

During the spring of 1973 another program was being initiated that was to have a profound effect on the future of the Community Pool and Center. The Wesley House Community Center had initiated a pilot program of day care for pre-school children of low income families. Sizable state and federal funds were available to supplement local resources. The target group to be served was, in a large measure, the same families that were served by the Community Pool.

The pilot project got off to a good start using the Wesley House Center on Varela Street. Twenty children from age 2-1/2 through 5 enrolled in the initial program. The seed money came from many local organizations and individuals. The state matched the local money on a 1 to 1 basis, then the federal government matched the combined total on a 3 to 1 basis. The first year program was to cost \$24,000 of which \$3,000 was raised locally, \$3,000 from the state and \$18,000 from federal sources. But Wesley House director Ann Barnes foresaw a much larger need. There was provision in the federal aid program to count local "in kind" contributions as part of the local share. The Community Pool had several under-utilized recreation rooms, which could be used to expand the program to take care of more children. Part of the cost paid by the city for maintaining these facilities could be counted as a local "in kind" contribution. The children from Wesley House would use the pool every day. Therefore a part of the county-paid life guard salaries could also be counted.

On July 1, 1973, through agreement with the city and county commissioners, a day care class of 20 more pre-school children was inaugurated at the pool. In the Fall an even more ambitious program was envisioned. This was an after school program for 6 to 12-year-olds. An additional facility was founded at Porter Place contributed by the Key West Housing Authority. This expanded program provided for 135 children from ages 2-1/2 to 12. All of these made regular use of the Community Pool and adjacent recreation facilities.

In November 1973, Wesley House asked permission from the Key West City Commission to be allowed to take over and operate the entire Community Pool and Center for the day-care and after-school programs, as well as keeping the facilities open for general public use. The City Commission approved and Wesley House took over the entire operation on December 1, 1973, with continued financial support by city, county, state and federal government.

This is pretty much the program as it is today. The pool is heavily used during warm weather. On a given summer day, over three hundred people may patronize the pool during the ten hours it is open each day. Red Cross swimming classes for all age groups are regularly taught. Water safety and life saving classes are conducted from time to time. Throughout Fall, Winter and Spring the program continues. Even on the coldest Winter days a few hardy souls complete their laps.

The pool program had one serious interruption during the last winter when the main drain pipe collapsed causing serious leaks, but emergency repairs were effected by the City Sewer Department personnel and the pool was back in operation when school let out the first of June. This summer has seen the greatest usage ever. It is not unusual to see a hundred and fifty people enjoying the cool, sparkling waters at one time.

One of the greatest thrills is to watch the 50 to 60 pre-school youngsters taking to the water for the first time. Boys and girls, Black and White, plunge fearlessly into the water and swim to the waiting arms of their instructors. In a few short weeks most can dive and swim half the width of the pool. Frequently they make mistakes and come up sputtering with water in their eyes, mouths and noses. But they wipe it away, laugh, and plunge right in again.

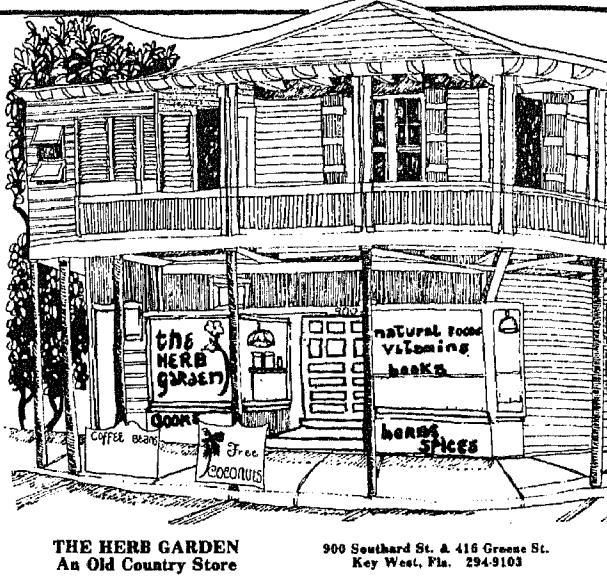
The older children, too, on up into their late teens, have become water people. The high board resounds from continued heavy use. The energy they expend produces healthy well-toned bodies.

What's it all about? "I'll tell you," says City Manager Ron Stack. "Kids have lots of pent-up energy. If you provide a wholesome, healthy place for them to expend it, you have a well-behaved, healthy community. If you don't, they may find ways to create mischief. Most of our youngsters, tired after their day's activities, now spend their evenings relaxing and telling stories. This center is worth every cent we spend on it. The pool really helps keep the cool!"

For You

You fill my day with light,
When I fill my mind with darkness.
You bring to life my emotions,
As I suppress them every day.
Because of you a pleasant calmness engulfs
me in my sleep.
Like the dew covers a newly
cut lawn.
You are my tranquility,
While I swim in conflict.
You are my strength,
When I am so weak.
I will try to be your haven,
If you are circled by the storm.

Ruth Cecchin

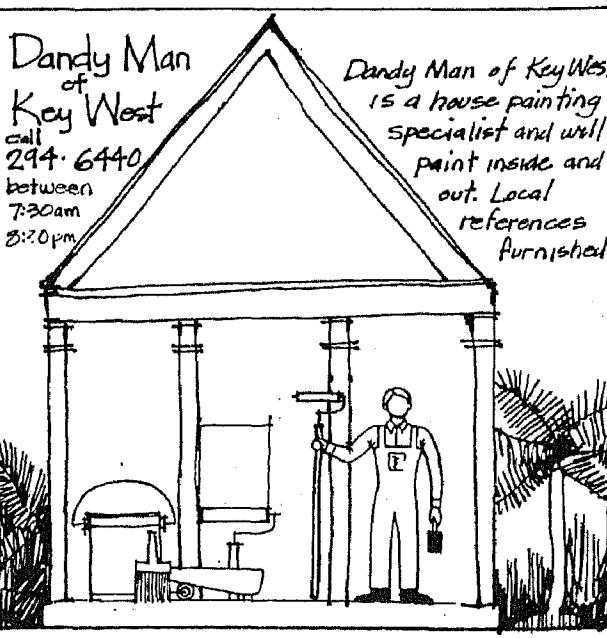


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REST BEACH: UPDATE

by Bill Huckel

On September 8, the City Commission, sitting as the Board of Adjustment, heard my Administrative Appeal on the six building permits issued thus far to builder Carl Rongo for his townhouse project on Rest Beach.

The City Attorney recommended that the Appeal be denied on the grounds that I was not an "aggrieved person" and that my appeals were not "timely filed" within the sixty day period allowed after issuance of the building permits.

I felt that I was an "aggrieved person" based on legal precedent that a citizen has the right to challenge a governing body if that body is not properly adhering to its own laws. Similarly, I pointed out that of the six appeals filed, four of them fall comfortably within the sixty day period and that the first two permits could not be appealed until the third was issued because it was not a townhouse project until at least three buildings were specified as being joined together.

The mayor granted me permission to be heard.

The following were my remarks to the Board of Adjustment.

Gentlemen:

I'm here tonight to ask that you take action to correct an illegal townhouse project currently being erected on Rest Beach. Four months ago, I submitted an Administrative Appeal addressed to you, the Board of Adjustment, asking that you issue a stop-work order on this project until it had squared itself with the law or, if it failed to square itself with the law, that it (the project) come down. Tonight, at last, after four months of steady building this project is being presented for review.

I maintain that this townhouse project has not followed the laws as stipulated by the Key West Comprehensive Zoning Ordinances.

I would like to read to you from the Appeal I submitted in May of 1976.

"1. Planned Residential Development for Townhouses

"Townhouses developed to group separately owned one family dwelling units into a group or row of dwellings in such a manner as to make efficient, economical and esthetically pleasing use of the land, so restricted that the same will be continually well maintained, and when such is provided for in a carefully drawn plan, the Board of Adjustment may permit such development as planned, providing the following conditions are met:

"There follow 18 site and building regulations, which in general appear to be met by the subject proposed development except for the limitation on Grouping Length and Height, which state as follows:

"(1) Grouping length. A grouping of townhouses shall not exceed 200 feet in length.

"(3) Height. The maximum height for any townhouse shall be 30 feet or two stories whichever is less.'

"In the subject instance, the proposed group of eight units, each 30 feet wide, amounts to a grouping length of 240 feet, exceeding the regulation by 40 feet. No exceptions to this limitation are allowed for in the regulation.

"Also, in the subject instance, the plans filed by the builder, Carl Rongo, Incorporated, depict a building height of 37 feet, and the construction actually completed at 1334 Atlantic Boulevard, Key West, Florida, exceeds 30 feet and appears to be approximately 37 feet in height, in violation of the aforesaid

height limitation of 30 feet.

"In order for the Board of Adjustment to permit a townhouse development as a Special Exception, it must receive an application from the owner with a scaled and dimensioned site plan of the development, prepared by a registered engineer, land surveyor, landscape architect, or architect, which includes typical tentative floor plans, location of off-street parking, plans for the provision of utilities, exceptions or variations required, and considerable other detail, WHICH HAS NOT BEEN DONE. The Board of Adjustment must then give at least 15 days notice of public hearing, and a public hearing shall be held, at which any party may appear in person, or by attorney or agent. THIS HAS NOT BEEN DONE. Before any special exception shall be issued, the Board of Adjustment must make written findings certifying compliance with the specific rules governing individual special exceptions and that satisfactory provision and arrangement has been made concerning some nine factors enumerated in Paragraph 2, Section XV of Ordinance No. 69-29. THIS HAS NOT BEEN DONE."

Gentlemen the law is clear on this and the proper procedures have not been followed. I ask that you issue a stop work on this project until such time as a public meeting is held and until such time as all the requirements necessary for the lawful continuation of this project be met.

Further, even if this project is given a lawful clearance to continue I would urge that it still be denied because it is against the best interest of our community to have it. Permit me to read:

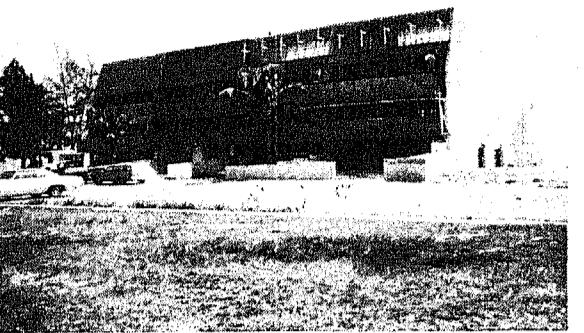
"2. That the Key West Comprehensive Plan, Volume 2, prepared and published by Milo Smith and Associates on June 1, 1968 was adopted by Section I of Key West Ordinance No. 69-29, with respect to zoning regulations, zoning map and land use arrangement on July 9, 1969 by the City Commission of the City of Key West. Section C, Community Facilities Plan of the aforesaid Key West Comprehensive Plan, Volume 2, on page 11C states:

"The recommended additions and improvements to the City's recreation facilities include:

"6. Acquire property and develop the beach area between White and Bertha, south of Atlantic Boulevard as a city park to connect Smathers Beach and Higgs Park.'

"Acquisition was recommended by means of a 'City and Federal Open Space Grant.'

Further, the building land dimensions as described in the metes and bounds of Carl Rongo's Rest Beach property are no longer applicable and that, indeed, from the time that these metes and bounds dimensions were put forth the depth of the property has diminished to such a degree that it is problematical that there is enough land here to build on in the first place. The law calls for a forty foot set-back from the street and a fifty foot set-back from the mean high water mark and, given the depth of the buildings planned for, it is impossible for these set-back requirements to be met by most of the buildings planned for this area. However, there are special exemptions for townhouse set-backs. If Carl Rongo goes through the proper



procedures as called for in a townhouse development, he will only have to be twenty feet back from the road but, to date, the proper procedures have not been followed. Further, even if granted the right to build townhouses with a twenty foot set-back from the road, many of his buildings even then would be violating this coastal set-back law.

Gentlemen, we ask that the proper procedures as set-up in the Key West Zoning Ordinance 69-29 be followed with Carl Rongo being required to submit a proper application for a special exception to build townhouses and that a public hearing be set-up after proper public notice so that everyone, as the law so states, will have an opportunity to agree to or disagree with a special exception being granted for the townhouse development of this property.

In the meantime, I ask that the city put a stop-work order on this unlawful project.

In the discussion that followed it was pointed out by the City Attorney that the six units under construction had not exceeded the building length and that height limitations were not being exceeded because of an eight foot elevation requirement now in effect. I pointed out that the plans called for an extra forty feet beyond the permitted length and that the building code specified that the height of a building started from the ground, not eight feet up.

The City Attorney also pointed out whether the city "rightly or wrongly" gave out the building permits it was still legally "estopped" from revoking them because of the building that has already taken place. I objected to this and do so strongly. This is how so many undesirable buildings become accepted. They are put up without proper reference to the law and then it is said, "Well, here we are and since we are here you can't change us now." Nonsense. This has been going on too long. There is no reason in the world why a building or buildings can't be stopped or changed or torn down if they are where they ought not to be. What would happen then though? The city would be liable to be sued. This came out in questioning of the City Attorney by the Commissioners. The city could be sued if it revoked or voided building permits after considerable building had taken place. Shortly after this came out the commissioners voted five to nothing to deny my appeals.

The Mayor remarked that he felt that I was "quibbling" and "nitpicking". I feel that the taking away of this potential beach/park area by unlawful building is a major issue and that it affects the lives of many, many Key Westers.

This, then, is what transpired at the City Commission meeting on the night of September 8.

We did not expect any satisfaction at the city level. Accordingly, we have appealed to the State to step in and help

us see that these laws are upheld. The following is a letter that was sent by Bill Westray to Ted Forsgren, the Director of the Division of State Planning after the meeting. This letter was sent on the 22 of September.

Director
Division of State Planning
660 Apalachee Parkway
Tallahassee, Florida 32304
Attn: Mr. Ted Forsgren

Dear Sir:

I forward for your action a decision of the Board of City Commissioners of the City of Key West, Florida sitting as the Board of Adjustment of said city, made on September 8, 1976 which dismissed and denied an appeal concerning a development order filed by William Huckel, a citizen of Key West, Florida, with respect to a townhouse development being constructed by Carl Rongo, Incorporated on Atlantic Avenue (sic) in Key West, Florida under building permits No. B-6147, B-6158, B-6199 and B-6200. Copies of the Appeal dated May 6, 1976 and amended appeal filed August 4, 1976 were previously furnished to you by my letter dated May 23, 1976 and August 23, 1976, respectively. I am agent for William Huckel.

I enclose also a copy of my tape recording of the proceeding of September 8, 1976. I had intended to enclose a copy of the City of Key West tape recording of the same proceeding, however, the city clerk advises me that the city tape recorder did not operate during the September 8 hearing.

The City Attorney argued that so much work had been completed by Carl Rongo, Incorporated, that the City would be precluded by the principle of "estoppel" from doing anything to revoke the permits or stop work. We argue that Rongo was notified by Sands and Niles on February 2, 1976 that a complaint had been filed by me against his development (in my presence in Niles office) and that therefore he proceeded at his own risk, and that furthermore this point makes little difference when a grossly illegal act by the city has compromised the best interests of all surrounding property owners as well as all the citizens of Key West, Florida.

The City Attorney opined that so much work had been completed by Carl Rongo, Incorporated, that the City would be precluded by the principle of "estoppel" from doing anything to revoke the permits or stop work. We argue that Rongo was notified by Sands and Niles on February 2, 1976 that a complaint had been filed by me against his development (in my presence in Niles office) and that therefore he proceeded at his own risk, and that furthermore this point makes little difference when a grossly illegal act by the city has compromised the best interests of all surrounding property owners as well as all the citizens of Key West, Florida.

To summarize, we have a law, Ordinance 69-29 designed to protect all citizens. It has been violated by the Administrative Staff of the City of Key West, Florida. A letter of protest was filed on February 2, 1976; it was ignored. An appeal was filed on May 6, 1976; the required public hearing was long delayed. A hearing was finally held on September 8, 1976 and a decision concerning the development orders represented by permits B-6147, B-6158, B-6199 and B-6200 was rendered on that day by denying and dismissing the appeal; this decision ignored the facts and the law in the case; this decision occurred after March 30, 1976 and is therefore subject to your review.

I call upon you to force the City Commission of Key West, Florida, under Critical State Concern designation to adhere to and enforce its Zoning Regulations, Ordinance 69-29.

con't on page 11

City of Coral Gables v. Sackett, which says,

"(1,2) We agree with the holding of the trial court that the plaintiff was not without standing to challenge the commission action of March 23, 1971, on the ground that it was performed contrary to a provision of the zoning code and therefore was illegal."

The City Attorney argued that the 60-day time limit for filing an appeal with respect to building permits B-6147 dated January 22, 1976 and B-6152 dated February 2, 1976, had expired and that these permits were therefore beyond complaint. We maintain that B-6147 and B-6158 were both represented by Building Inspector Floyd Sands and Public Service Director Woodrow Niles as being for single family residences or multiple housing with respect to a townhouse development being constructed by Carl Rongo, Incorporated on Atlantic Avenue (sic) in Key West, Florida under building permits No. B-6147, B-6158, B-6199 and B-6200. Copies of the Appeal dated May 6, 1976 and amended appeal filed August 4, 1976 were previously furnished to you by my letter dated May 23, 1976 and August 23, 1976, respectively. I am agent for William Huckel.

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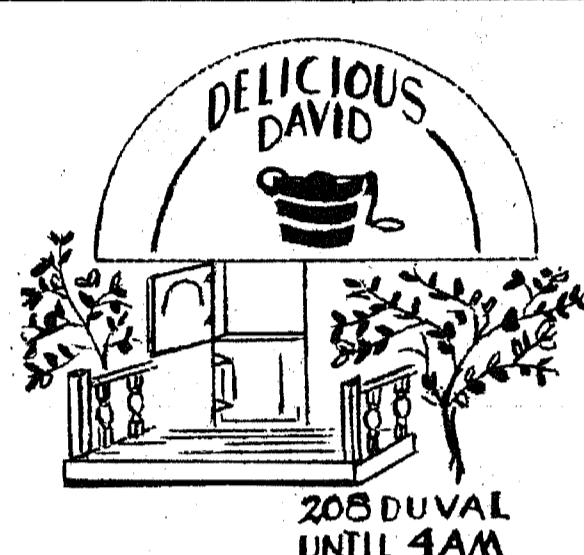
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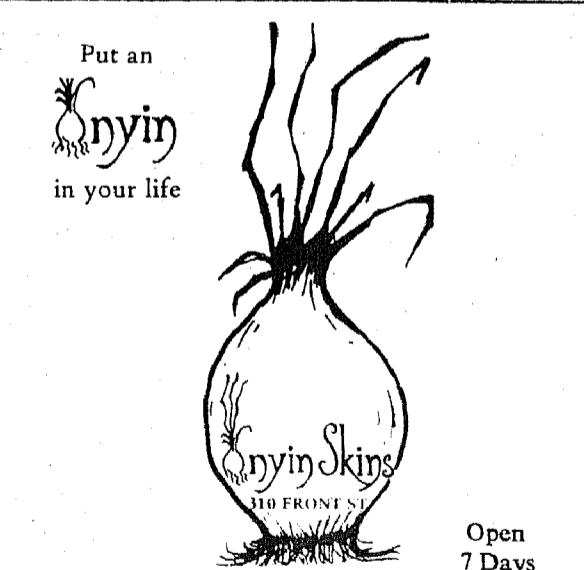
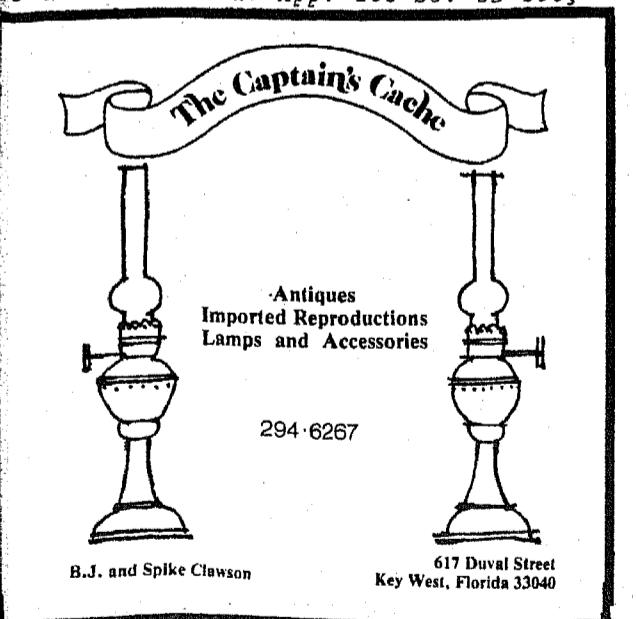


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Cast: Marcello Mastroianni, Anna Magnani, Alberto Sordi, Gennaro Rallo, Renzo Ricci

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He is a man of many names.
Some not so kind, I'm sure.
Captain Tony is his present claim to fame.
But, Father Anthony is his real name.
You'll find him tending bar in his meeting hall.
Just off the corner of Greene St. and Duval.
Where nightly lectures on love and life take place.
Father Anthony's sermons are always delivered
With a gleam in his eyes and a smile on his face.
Many games he has played throughout the years.
With many more to come.
I do believe Father Anthony
Hears the sound of distant drums.
His brethren gather round him
Each night in loyal admiration.
To drink the wine
Of his own special form of communication.
From the tip of his graying head
To the bottom of his bare feet
He is a man of hidden courage.
He won't go down in defeat.
The sick, the hungry, the busted
Seek him out in their hour of need.
They call him Captain Tony
His real name is Father Anthony, yes indeed.

Amen!

Jean Bruner

ISLAND GIRL

I'm an island girl, born and bred.
Intoxicated with island living
Like most Conches,
I'm a little light in the head.
I put lime juice on fried chicken
And on avocado salad, too.
Hate wearing girdles, hate wearing shoes.
I'm happiest when walking barefoot in the sand,
With the sun and salty breezes caressing my face.
Don't think I'd enjoy living
Quite as much in any other place.
I've lived through hurricanes,
Corrupt politicians
And days of unending rains.
The foot of Solares Hill
Was my youthful stomping ground.
Where New Orleans style funerals
Gave me an ear for African rhythms
And other soulful sounds.
At the elbows of Conch Grandmas
I learned the art of making chowders and Guava Duff.
Once you've tasted our island cookery
You'll never be able to get enough.
Uncles who made a living harvesting the seas,
Taught me to respect with awe
The ocean's many melodies.
The constant ebb and flow
Of our multi-colored waters
Taught me the meaning of life's cycles, peace and harmony.
So, Big City Girls in your high heels and stockings
Your way of life, I'm really not knocking.
You can have your fancy stores, smog alerts and traffic jams.
I'm proud to be a simple island girl
"op that, if you can..."

Jean Bruner

Greene Street Theatre

announces the 1st production of
our 2nd season

ANIMAL FARM

Opening in early December

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Nov. 12, 13, 14 at 7:30 p.m. at the theatre

Subscription information available on request:
Write to Greene Street Theatre, 133 Duval St.

Key West Sunday

I

Did I make it through the day
without dying?
Evidently I did, for my body
sits quietly breathing,
Perspiring gently in the twilight.

II

Like a cat the days slink by
stealthily and silently,
Every now and then erupting
into frenzied yowls,
Then settling their fur and padding on.

Elaine Merrill

poetry