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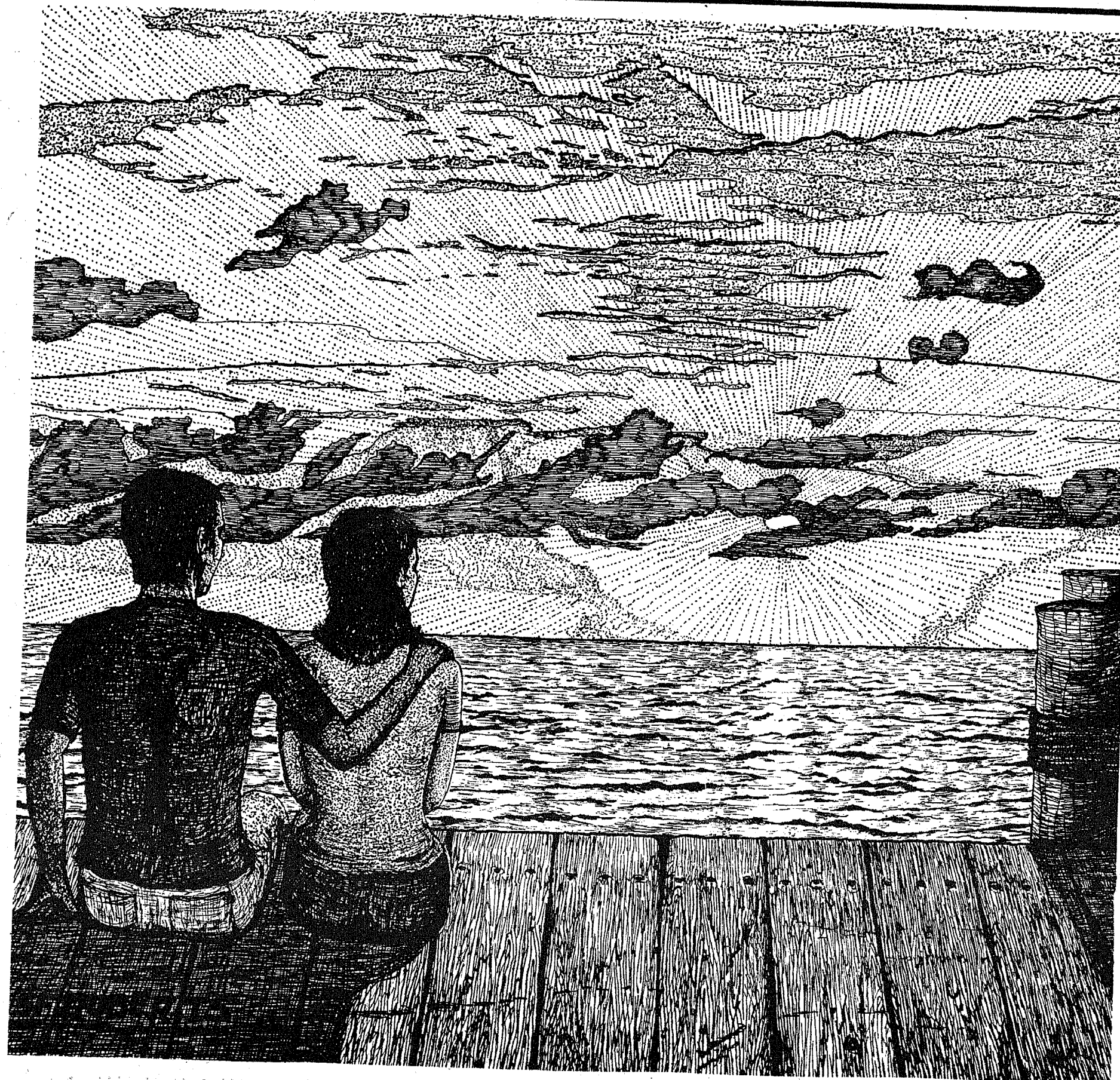
Solares hill

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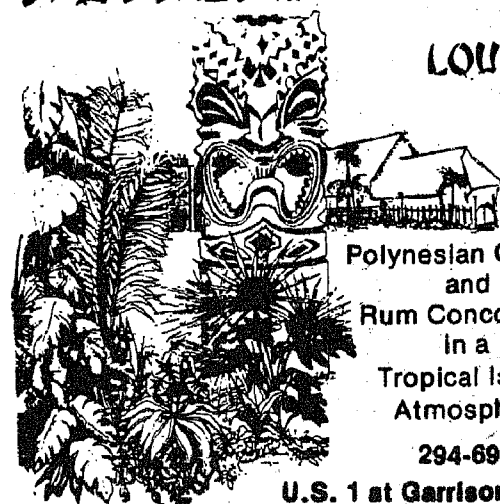
Vol. V, No. IV

Key West, Florida

April 1980



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FROM THE EDITOR

HELLO --

I HAD A fine note from J.P. Bo after the very successful fund-raising show for his behalf was over. He wrote:

"The benefit was such a success on so many levels, but none more important than how it hit me deep down inside. My recuperation was definitely lagging; then suddenly at show time, I felt a resurgence, and I've been building from it everyday."

Special thanks is due to the man who did everything to get the show together, Jamie Alcroft, and to the marvelous women at the Orchid Tree, Maggie and Winnie, for all their incredible help. On Bo's behalf, I say thank you.

SPEAKING OF show business, Claire, of the well-known local restaurant of that name, got a write-up in the Women's Wear Daily People Column about her "theatrical debut as Pirate Jenny in a production of The Three Penny Opera at the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center." It sounds like it is going to be a terrific production, and it's great to know that the theatre is getting publicity in the New York papers.

WELL, I GUESS everyone knows about the Herald articles on drug smuggling in the Keys by now. I personally felt that it was a terrific series that pulled together a lot that the average person had known as rumor about our local drug doings and put it in a very readable perspective. It's too loose down here -- particularly with law enforcement -- and it needs to be tightened up enormously. The Herald has done us a service by presenting this expose, and the Governor can do us a service by following up on it. The only dampener on this series I've heard about is that some people feel that some of the information was gathered in dubious ways by the investigators. I hope that we will be able to have a report on this series in our May issue.

IT'S GREAT NEWS about the Monroe County prisoner recreation yard being completed. Credit for pushing this necessary project through goes to Sheriff "Billey" Freeman, who kept after the incredibly slow-moving County bureaucracy to get the project financed and completed. Congratulations, Sheriff.

I GUESS THAT many of our readers know that Solares Hill and Bill Westray are being sued by Key West City Planner Keith Golan for libel and slander over an editorial written by Bill criticizing Golan about his actions on the Salt Ponds. We want to protect them from builders, but the city planner feels that they are developable and should be developed. We don't feel that the editorial was libelous, and we will fight it, of course.

RICHARD AND DONNA MARSH are leaving to go to Ireland to live! This, though it is good news for the Marshes, is devastating news for me. Richard, who towers above me in journalistic skills, handled the proofing, the photography, and much of the editorial work, and has been an intimate part of the paper from the beginning. Donna, Richard's wife, has been our superb typist, and, quite honestly, the loss of both of them at the same time is a heavy blow. However, our loss will be Ireland's gain, and I certainly hope that all will go well for them there.

SEE YOU NEXT MONTH



Our cover artist this time is Steve Roberts.

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With a little help from our friends...

Solares Hill Co., Inc.

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CONVERSATION With A Friend — Gay Dalton

BY PHOEBE COAN

I HAVE KNOWN Gayla (Gayl-ya) Dalton over a 20-year span as a friend. She is a schoolteacher, presently at Glynn Archer teaching third grade. She is a person of great warmth and compassion. She has always encouraged others. She is one of the few people I know of who has been able to stick with meditation as a way to a clear mind. And she is one of the few people I know who does not judge others. Her caring about you is a constant, a dependable thing.

When I arrived for our interview one evening recently, she had been meditating. "I didn't know I was meditating," she said, coming to the door.

loving light source," she says, "that liberates people from their prejudices."

There is something of the child in her sweet Southern expression that reaches out and touches others. It is always there. The hands at rest are veined, tanned, artistic. She is open to suggestions, and you can talk to her and she will listen intently, inspiring the best ideas to come through. The door to her heart is always open.

A CHILD OF THE OZARKS, Gay was born at Greenwood, Arkansas. Much of her growing up time was spent happily with her three brothers, climbing trees and playing football. "I liked the woods

Both her parents are part Indian. Her dad was the rural mail carrier for a few years. "A quiet man, serene and gentle," she says. "We moved when I was eleven." Her dad got a job 30 miles away as a postal clerk. On his route, which was a social event for the rural people, he would receive vegetables, eggs, watermelon, and plenty of conversation.

GAY HAS ALWAYS enjoyed freedom and solitude, but claims that contact with others through meaningful communication has been a "deeply important experience for me, but sometimes I'm loneliest when I'm with a lot of people and I feel I can't be who I really am comfortably."

REFLECTIONS

As I hear the tender
Slap of the tide and
Look across the water,
Thoughts of you flicker
On the foil of my mind.
You dance through my delusions
And disappear much faster
Than a year ago.

G. Dalton

"With a friend who accepts me with my flaws, I can be who I am."

"Clint Giese was one of my best friends, back in the old Truman School days when I first came to Key West. I taught there for about 10 years, except for a year in South America. His Havana Lane cottage was on my way home from school. Some days I'd be really gritting my teeth and I'd stop by. It was like walking into another dimension...green plants, flowers, Cuban classical music. I would sit in the middle of all that beauty and the tension would be gone."

"His house was like a piece of sculpture that he was never done with. He continually changed it -- a piece of glass here, driftwood there. Usually something he picked up at the dump or on the beach."

SHE FEELS THAT to have a relationship that works, two people must be close friends. That means being able to be the persons they really are and to say their feelings and to enjoy many of the same diversions.

This past summer, Gay got to travel in Mexico. She experienced an emotional click of insight that has since altered her awarenesses. "Who I am," she says, "is not good or bad, but who I am." This gave Gay a better understanding of others, too. Self acceptance was an idea that before this trip she was unable to receive.

"I know that I am selfish," she says, "but I can accept this, knowing also that I can be very unselfish."

She is self-sufficient and articulate and a caring friend of children. As a vitalized teacher, she is cultured and well traveled with the eye of an artist, and the sensitivity of a poet. She has been twice married and is presently single. Her home on Cornish Lane is cozy and warm, graced by earth tones, woven rugs and her own works of art.

ONE CAN EXPERIENCE Gay's peace here, and the childlike sensitivity her students have helped her bring out. A petite, curly-haired brunette, I see her with her head posed upwards, like the plants receive light, smiling beautiful blue-greenish eyes. "There is an all-

and baking potatoes in the coals of a campfire. The well water was great, and we had a smokehouse, garden, chickens, pigs, and home-churned butter and buttermilk. The country in her still remains, to be shared with the children she has known.

Her mother canned, and most of what they ate was grown around them. "I felt fortunate to have lived with this happening." Growing up, she was anxious to see the world, but has always loved going back to the mountains.

Camping out in the Ozarks was the "richest" period of her life at that time. She remembers to this day the smell of the pines and of food cooked outside.

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"I am a combination of contradictions. I am everything, and I feel liberated now."

Some would call this self realization.

To Gay, "Life is growth -- going on, exploring new truths. It is continuous, an unfolding adventure. Some of it we can make happen. Some of it we don't always understand."

"I know that when I need help and guidance, I get it." This is faith in action.

Gay says that for the past two or three years she has had a spirit guide who helps her.

ALTHOUGH SHE DOES NOT read the Bible, the other night she had a dream of the

Once I sat on Mallory Dock
And watched the sun become the sea.
It warmed the water pink and gold,
Then melted into the night.

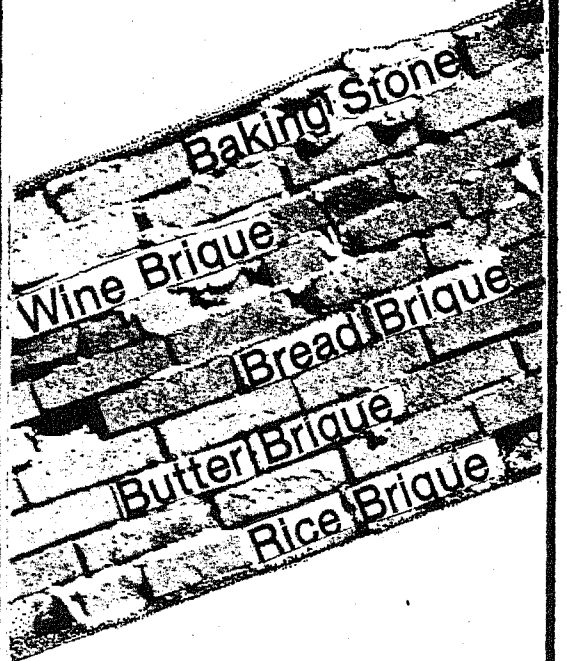
G. Dalton

Holy Trinity. In the dream she came to realize that it was the Holy Spirit who was her true spirit guide. "This was very exciting to me." That part of the Trinity had never had any meaning for her before.

Gay has been keeping journals and recording dreams for a good 15 years now. She has, in all this time, experienced a recurring dream of a visitor which has become less frightening over the years. Sometimes this was a man, sometimes a woman, and sometimes a group. "Sometimes in the past they are trying to hurt me." She was told to confront the visitor, have an exchange and accept its being. Gradually this became a more pleasant experience. She contends that the dream is her way of working through things. She feels children ought to be encouraged to verbalize their dreams.

KEY WEST HAS ALWAYS been a refuge for Gay. She, like many, feels she can be more herself here, let her grass grow. "I forget how much this means to

CLAY COOKING



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me, until I go to some other place.

"When I first came here, Rest Beach was my beach. There were no buildings, but paths by the salt ponds where I could see a blue heron, a tiny fiddler crab, or a yellow butterfly. Swimming just off shore, I could see conchs, squids, sea stars, and all kinds of fish."

"It was quiet there, and on Sundays a few families would be picnicking under the Australian pines. I used to also have a little rowboat moored at the end of Bertha Street. Tony Barerra made it, and we called it 'Algeria.' Once it was found floating in the Gulf Stream. I guess it had blown from its moorings. A navy boat picked it up. They thought it was a Cuban refugee boat. I almost didn't get it back."

GAY HAS LIVED also in Guam, and liked the Tropics. She had heard Arthur Godfrey, on the radio, talk about the Keys. Cuba interested her. She wanted also to be close to the Latins. She feels possibly that in another time she was Hispanic. Gay finds the language lyrical and poetic, akin to herself. The music also appeals to her, and she loves dancing as well. All kinds of music can appeal to her, depending on her mood.

So, unhappy in California where she had been teaching, Gay sent teaching credentials here in the Spring of 1959, thinking maybe this would be good for her. It was, and she was accepted to teach second grade at Truman School.

WITHOUT KNOWING A soul here, Gay moved down on Greyhound with her two trunks, arriving in Key West at three or four in the morning after a 40-hour trip. When she first breathed the good salt air, she felt she belonged here. "It was like going home." She has never regretted her move. "I'm so thankful I followed my instincts."

She's been here 20 years now and loves her home.

"One love I've had here is taking an old house and making it livable. When I walked into my Grinnell Street house



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the floor was falling in. The place had been abandoned so long, but I immediately visualized how it could be. The transformation was the most fun. Like putting paint on a canvas and seeing it change and move."

GAY HAS TRAVELED in India, Japan, Guam, and South America.

She taught in Cartagena, Colombia, for one year after being in Key West three years. She liked the music and admired the dignity of the people on the coast. "They were mostly poor, but they had such spirit. It showed that they liked themselves. It was an inspiration. They walk with heads held high, backs straight. If you like yourself you can accomplish just about anything you want. You can be self-reliant."

Not having had children herself, but after the many years of working with and observing them, Gay has a unique objectivity that many parents do not get until the grandchildren come along. Some might call it detachment, with love. It is an exercise of the spiritual over the emotional.

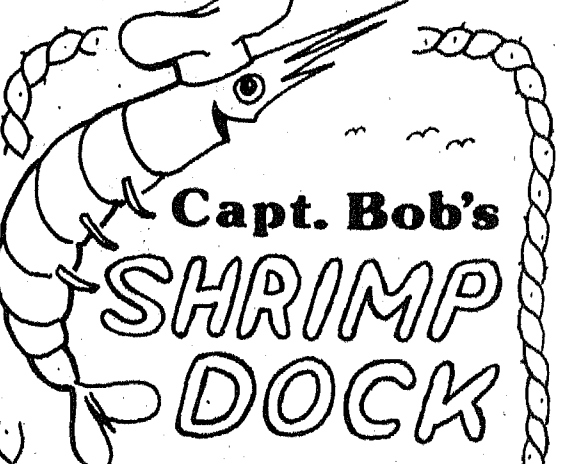
WORKING WITH KIDS (her work for 25 years now) has also been an inspiration for Gay. "You first have to help them to like themselves...to appreciate their uniqueness. You must love yourself first, before you can love everybody."

Gay has found that emotional problems stem from not liking ourselves. If we can get in touch with the person we really are, problems and disturbance fade.

"We can be free to love if we love ourselves." Gay says that meditation has been an enormous help to her in her work with children and in her personal evolution. "You discover who you are, instead of what you have been told you should be."

"We hate ourselves when we fall short of what we are told we should be."

"Insofar as releasing children from guilt (letting them and everyone off the hook, as a friend once said),



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every emotion, no matter how negative, is felt in the human family. If you can get kids to talk about it, they won't be so disturbed.

"Kids have very conflicting feelings about their families and themselves. We even have moments of violence for those we love.

"Being able to open up and be themselves by expressing themselves liberates the love, so that a child can begin to accept himself. There are few discipline problems with kids who like themselves.

"You don't feel lonely long with kids. Their spontaneity and love of life is contagious. They know when you're not leveling with them. When you do, they'll be so accepting and enthusiastic in their love for you!

"I think appreciating the gift of life is the greatest art. It is what very small children and my students have.

NIGHT RAIDERS

Garbage people plunge
Through the lane at two a.m.
Like Viking warriors,
Rumble their swords and shields,
Then grind on in their belching truck,
Leaving scraps of their plunder.
And Krishna sings a canary's answer
As I ease back to
My velvet cushion of sleep.

G. Dalton

I want to be more like them. To be able to enjoy the now and the beauty that is -- to play and to laugh."

AS FOR TEACHING, Gay feels that there is too much emphasis on the testing and recording of data: the paper work. "I feel that this is dehumanizing and takes energy and time away from the students.

"I try to take the time to give the children an opportunity to make choices, but they have to accept the responsibility for their decisions, and this isn't so easy. When I find myself in a pain-

ful situation, my first impulse is to look out there to find the culprit. Then I say to myself, 'Whoa! Wait! Remember what you teach. And I see that a choice or series of choices that I have made can usually explain my predicament. When we make our own decisions and accept responsibility for them, we can like ourselves more.

"I hope to help my students develop a gentleness towards life. Empathy for people and animals, plants and the nature that surrounds. I try to encourage an awareness of their environment -- to look, hear, touch, smell.

"I like children to use their abundant energy in some kind of sport. ('He's a handful,' many parents complain.) Swimming's a natural in Key West."

GAY HAS BEEN exploring meditation now for about eight years. She received instruction in it through a TM (Transcendental Meditation) class offered here. She now meditates daily in the late afternoon for 40 minutes. "It is most relaxing and cleansing from each day, and clears out one's mind. I feel renewed when I'm through."

She used to nap after school, awakening in a groggy state. She notices now that she gets energy from the meditation, and is even grouchy when she misses.

Gay would like to create more. She is a good artist, writes poetry, does batik, makes prints from woodcuts, sculptures, does wall hangings, etc. "I express myself best abstractly. I don't really like details and exactness." Gauguin is her favorite artist right now. "I'm in some disorder outwardly; and hopefully, a little more orderly in my head."

Music is really important to her, all kinds. "I stop by New Orleans every chance to see Preservation Hall. Folk music, Western, and country I grew up with. Music's a gift always there to fit your mood, lift you.

"I feel there's so much we don't know. There is an infinite potential of communication. I feel a great deal of enlightenment will come in the next 50 years that will be non-verbal.

"I don't believe in predestination. yet things don't happen by accident either. If we are in touch with our inner selves, we can take action and

SUNDAY NIGHT

I lie here alone
And wait for sleep
As the electric company
Labors in the night
Like a giant deserted carnival
On the other side of town.
The people have left the huge,
Aching machines that
Make the wheels turn.
Swollen, overworked, tired.
The electricity company
Builds up angry pressure
And snorts to the night, alone.

G. Dalton

make things happen that are right for us. We need to be open to the possibilities, accepting change. A lot unfolds as the moment arises. It unfolds the way it has to at that particular moment."

HER DOG HUCK is an important part of her lifestyle -- a barksy but sniffy and lovable creature friend -- a real devotee of Gay's. She likes everything about him, too.

Once when Gay was passing through Ft. Lauderdale, where I was living at one point, I picked up the phone hoping to call her. She was already on the other end without the phone even having had a chance to ring. There is a real telepathy between friends and loved ones.

And, as usual, as has been my experience with Gay, there was much to talk about, rich and inspiring, and hardly time to get it all in. A good way to end.

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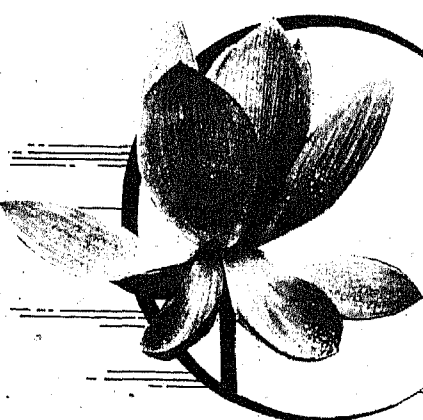
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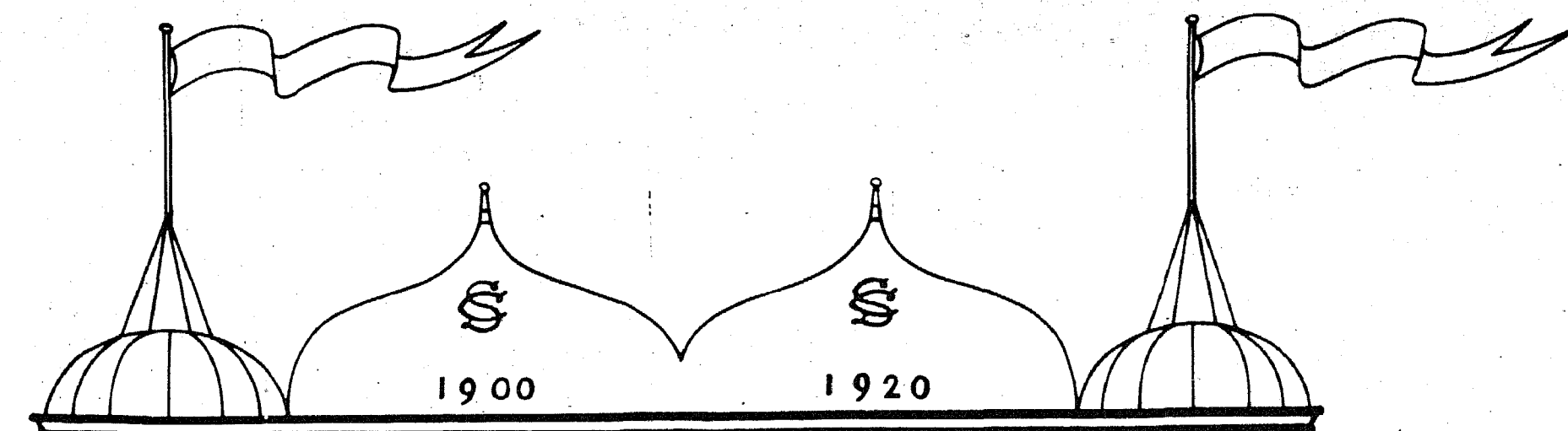


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notes & antic - dotes

BY DOROTHY RAYMER

DURING THE AUTUMN of 1949 and the winters of 1950 to 1952, I had a gift section in the Southernmost Flowers and Gifts store at 616 Duval Street. The florists, Paul Baron and Norval Reed, hired taxis to deliver orders, since they had no delivery truck, at a cost of 50 cents per errand. This doesn't seem very much money as fares go today, but back then, 30 years ago, it was considered a quite adequate sum. As a result, there were always three or four taxi cabs parked on Duval Street in front of the shop, not only for on-call delivery business, but to pick up passengers in the area.

Every morning, when I arrived to take care of the gift department, the cab drivers exchanged friendly greetings with me, and after I had reported in on the job, were always available and eager to gossip on town doings. The comments were always amusing and lively. I was entranced with the asides and observations of the drivers who delivered their ideas in fractured Spanish-Cubanese-English, which in itself was intriguing.

ON ONE MEMORABLE OCCASION, the cabbies were engrossed in a feature which appeared in a magazine published in Havana, Cuba. Photos illustrated the text. I knew enough Spanish to read the story and picture captions with no difficulty. The cabbies parked out front buttonholed me, showed me the publication, and spiced up the original account with individual annotations.

The sensational report in the slick cover publication concerned a theme which might be regarded as a more earthy version of the opera *Carmen*, since it concerned cigar factory workers on the fringe of Havana. The woman in the case was a "stripper." Not the burlesque variety, but a tobacco leaf stripper who prepared strips of big-leaf tobacco for the outer layers in cigar rolling.

There is still a certain amount of glamor attached to cigar-making, and Key West had maintained a deep interest in the industry, although all the large cigar-making factories, which once helped put Key West on the map as a wealthy city, had moved to Tampa due to labor problems.

THE TAXIMEN LOUNGING by Southernmost Flowers and Gifts were animatedly talking and gesturing dramatically when I appeared on the spot.

"Come see," demanded one of the drivers. "You read Spanish? If not I will explain." He waved the magazine at me, eyes glittering with excitement. So after I had opened the gift counter, I strolled out to the sidewalk to learn what had aroused the readers.

A driver, a Senor Blanco, as I remember, thrust the Havana magazine at me and stood by impatiently while I slowly read the text. It was a harrowing report about an eighteen-year-old girl who worked in the cigar factory, which also employed her seducer, a young man who was a "sorter." He was expert at separating the different kinds of tobacco leaves used for the various types of cigars.

THE BACKGROUND NARRATIVE pointed out that the girl came from a Province of Cuba and was not used to sophisticated city life. Her parents were old-fashioned farmers in the back country. This was of course before the reign of Fidel Castro, and at that time, under the dictatorship of Batista, there were no reforms and no alleviation for suppressed women, let alone

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consideration of women's rights and claims.

According to the article, the girl entered into an affair with the young man with deep love on her part and momentary infatuation on his. He kept promising her that they would marry but the wedding was put off on one pretext after another. They lived together, but there was no coveted wedding band on the girl's hand.

And she had become pregnant. In fact, Inez, as she was called, was approaching the final month of her pregnancy. At the clinic, the doctor told her she would deliver within three weeks, perhaps sooner.

THAT NIGHT, INEZ made a plea to Gabriel, her lover, asking that they get married immediately so that the baby could be born in wedlock. It was important to Inez, who was Catholic, that the child should have a proper name. And it was equally important to her that the label of illegitimacy be erased even at such a late date.

Her plea was dismissed with a shrug. Gabriel left her weeping on her knees and wandered out for an evening with cronie who liked to drink and play dominoes. There was also a vivacious tourista, who had a car and who was willing to foot the bills when she and the handsome Gabriel made the rounds at night clubs and casinos. They had met at one of the lesser night-spots down on the waterfront when the woman was sightseeing with some friends. It may seem improbable, but back in the late 1940's and early 1950's, such encounters were not unusual. Lots of women visitors from the United States came to Cuba for casual romantic adventure. In fact, there were even "houses" which provided stud service as well as maintaining escortage for an evening.

GABRIEL, HAVING GLIMPSED a pleasurable world, was thinking of joining one of the escort establishments, and was even so bold as to tell his amora that he just wasn't interested in bonds of matrimony, forthcoming offspring or no. He sauntered on out that night, leaving the distraught Inez to contemplate her dismal fate, and her double rejection, not only by her lover, but by her parents, who were severe judges of her behavior.

And while she brooded alone, Inez made up her mind that another wrong made right. In the little house where she lived with Gabriel, the girl made up her embittered mind to revenge the wrong which had been done her. All this was in the tradition of the past, a leftover from the days when Cuban damsels, even in Key West, were accompanied by duennas.

Obviously, Inez had escaped the watchfulness of a guardian, but she was still in the mental clutches of the old standard set of morals.

ALL THROUGH THE EVENING, Inez contemplated her situation. It was rumored that she consumed a quantity of rum as solace while the slow hours dragged. Near dawn, Gabriel finally staggered home. He tore off his clothing and fell naked into the big brass bed he shared with Inez. In a short while, he snored, oblivious to any stirring on the part of his bed companion. But stir she did. Bolstered by the rum, but not really drunk, Inez waited to make sure that Gabriel was sunk in exhausted slumber.

Then she went quietly to the kitchen where she kept her implements for her job as a tobacco leaf cutter. She selected one tool of her trade. The nearest translation, I believe, is "curvette." The instrument has only one deep blade, very keen, imbedded in a wooden holder, which is slightly curved and fits into a hand grip with precision.

Inez picked up the curvette and returned to the bedroom where Gabriel lay spread-eagled on the bare mattress, sound asleep.

continued on page 34



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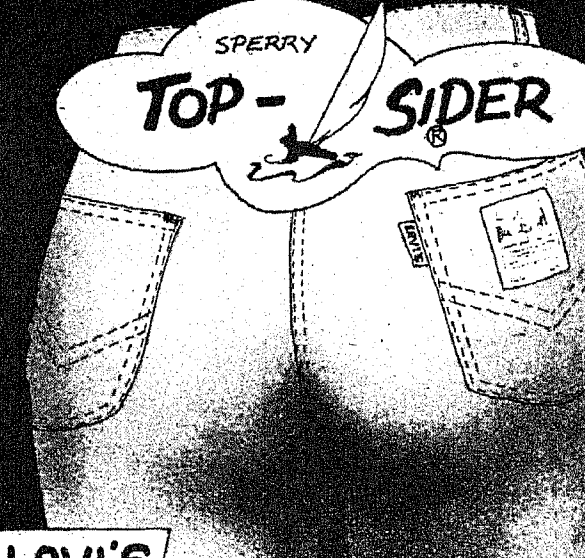
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I LIVE WITH Jimmy Buffett's abandoned kitty on the tired, tilty second floor of an old, faded pink beachside captain's house.

The kitty bore 16 children while she lived with Jimmy Buffett next door; all of them were put out in homes of Louie's Back Yard patrons. Perched on the little balcony overhanging the beach, she and I often spy some of the offspring down among other underachievers hanging around the shoreline where the crystal runs of water crawl over the sand and now and then a bigger wave spends itself against the worn, grey rocks.

Radar is the name Jimmy Buffett called his pussy cat during the years the singing star kept a pad next door. Naturally, Radar appears sexily and thrillingly in those precocious lyrics about this incomparable island. Fame has touched Radar only slightly; she is a poor mother, but she has enormous physical presence. When Jimmy Buffett split, Radar, celebrated and world weary,

fell into the hands of a small person named Cory, who sublet the front half of Radar to me.

AS THIS FRONT HALF of her is the section which eats, she frequently visits the saucer I keep filled with those dry cat goodies shaped like jacks to which I add just a pinch of salt and a dash of sugar for her. So that she has become a gentle, familiar sight, softly padding about the roof wedges and slopes up here, suddenly framed in a window. Quiet as a bank vault. Tranquil as a cloud.

She invests the moment with grace. There is something intensely pleasing to the eye about the white jabot traced on her long grey throat. As she walks under my hand, while I sit at the desk tossing ideas, something nourishing and protean passes from her to me. With generosity and compassion, she allows this visit, this intrusion upon her lovely creature self. She is so much in command, she can spare it.

She turns a cold and prudish shoulder to her boy friend, a great, bony tiger cat who lies about catching the air conditioner drip and letting it run off his

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nose. He consults with himself in moans, at times losing all self control and disgracefully caterwauling. Small wonder. So far Radar's beautiful face, so elegant and spiritual, tops a rather tacky body which looks like a shaggy, red-grey rug. She washes studiously and messily and makes tufts of fur stick up where her strong, rough tongue touches. She is like a compelling, ungroomed woman, and these often exert a wonderful appeal. Radar despairs of her appearance, it seems. She throws herself onto the Oriental carpet, stretches one leg straight in the air and lashes energetically at herself with her tongue. There are about three inches of her back which she worries hourly. But she is a poor groomer. After working herself to a standstill, she relaxes and flops in a spot of sun for a sublime nap, her Rolls Royce motor faintly purring.

Some possibly celestial force came here with Radar. She moves in an enchanted aura.

Jimmy Buffett, Radar is alive and well.

A NEW EXPERIENCE

Latitude 24°

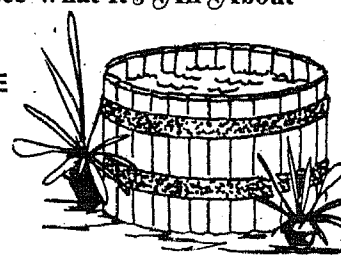
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WHAT, WHEN, WHERE — And Who CARES?

I RAN INTO Angela Greenestreet the other day on Duval Street. For those of you who are not acquainted with Ms. Greenestreet, I will explain that she is the relentless roving reporter for radio station WKWF. She is always on top of every situation. She tried to talk me into accompanying her on a search for news.

Never having been especially interested in news reporting, I declined. In fact, I was rather looking forward to joining my compadres down on the docks in a bottle of Mad Dog. But Angela is relentless.

We started down the street and right away witnessed a dreadful fight outside a bar. A very small man was beating to a pulp a man at least six-foot-four with a .357 magnum stuck in his belt and trying to wield a hefty length of chain.

"Angela!" I cried. "What a story this is!"

ANGELA ADROITLY SKIRTED a pool of blood, and as sirens sounded in the distance, mumbled something about unfair fights and continued on her way. Well, maybe it wouldn't have been much of a story anyhow.

Nothing happened for a block. Then suddenly from a side street dashed an hysterical horse pulling a carriage full of terrified tourists. The horse careened into an illegally parked camper, knocking down the officer who was writing a ticket, and causing the camper's doors to spring open, revealing eight people in various stages of undress. What a coup for the cop! Illegal parking, indecent exposure and reckless horsing around.

"Angela!" I shrieked. "Now here's really a story!"

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ALL NEW
1980 MODELS

BY HELEN CHAPMAN

BUT ANGELA WAS already half a block away. When I caught up, she explained that animal stories aren't popular anymore.

I had worked up quite a thirst by this time and suggested going to the docks to interview fishermen. Angela simply scoffed and turned down Eaton Street. As we passed a laundromat, I was appalled to see a woman throwing a baby into the washing machine with the clothes.

"Angela!" I gasped. Angela shrugged despondently and babbled something to the effect that water shortage stories aren't news anymore.

"Actually," she said, "this town is really dull. Nothing ever happens here!" She's probably right. Pass the Mad Dog, please.

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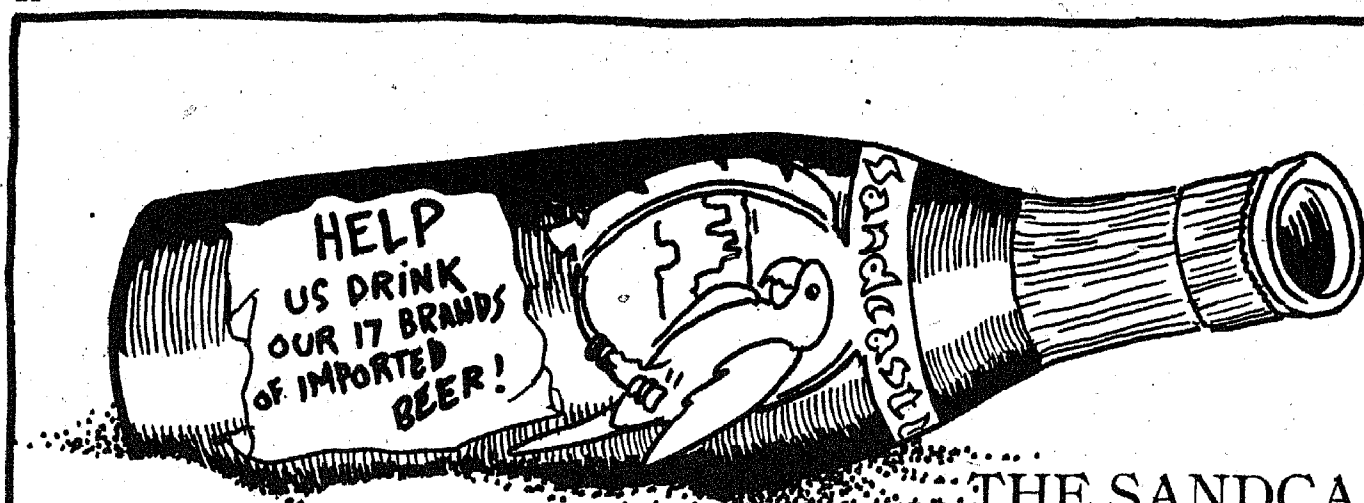
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Editorial Miscellany

BY BILL WESTRAY

SANDS BEACH. Work on two of David Wolkowsky's Sands Beach projects continues to be stopped by the City of Key West Building Department. Inspector Garland Smith said that work on partially enclosing the gazebo at the end of the T-pier and extending a four-inch sewer line has been prohibited. "I don't want to see a bar or restaurant out there," declared Smith. "He may have a pier to walk and sit on -- that's all," he added.

Asked about the old boat shed on Simonton Street, Smith said that it remained stopped, too, and that only work on the old Sands Restaurant was being allowed to continue. He also reported that the City had refused Wolkowsky a permit to build a second, 100-foot dock out into the ocean along the wall on Simonton Street in front of the work-stopped boat shed.

CITY ELECTRIC. We have been following with interest the City Electric System (CES) investigation into OTEC power sources (Ocean Thermal Energy Conversion). We read of the proposal by engineering consultants CH2M Hill to secure federal funds for a demonstration plant. It would have a one-megawatt electric generator coupled with a 700,000 gallon per day (GPD) water distillation plant.

The project would use the temperature differential between surface and subsurface water layers as a source of energy to run the plant. It would cost about \$10 million -- all federal grant money. CH2M Hill is the former Black, Crow and Eidness firm that prepared the engineering and financial study three years ago on which the FKAA pipeline project is based. The current FKAA design and construction engineers are Greenleaf-Telesca of Miami.

WE WISH WE HAD that 700,000 GPD of water right now. The one megawatt (1000 KW) of electrical power is a drop in the bucket toward our peak power requirement of 60 to 70 megawatts, but it would be valuable for feasibility determination. A ten-megawatt plant would be a useful addition, commented CES Engineer Tom Kelly.

CES still plans to build a \$40-\$45 million tie-line to the Southeast Power Grid with a maximum transmission capacity of about 50 megawatts. However, this transmission line only permits us to buy (and sell) power from (or to) the Southeast Grid sources such as the FPL Turkey Point Plant and others. CES is also investigating the feasibility of sharing in the building of a large (400 to 800 megawatt) generating plant on the mainland someplace as a member of the Florida Municipal Power Association.

WITHIN THE NEXT few years, some of the old oil-burning generators at the Grinnell Street plant will be reaching the end of their life expectancy and should be replaced. We have been inquiring into the feasibility of replacing them with coal-fired generators. Coal has become our cheapest and most abundant fuel. According to the U.S. Department of Energy (DOE), coal can be bought at from \$1.60 to \$1.75 per million BTU's, whereas bunker C oil today costs \$3.50 to \$4.00 per million BTU's.

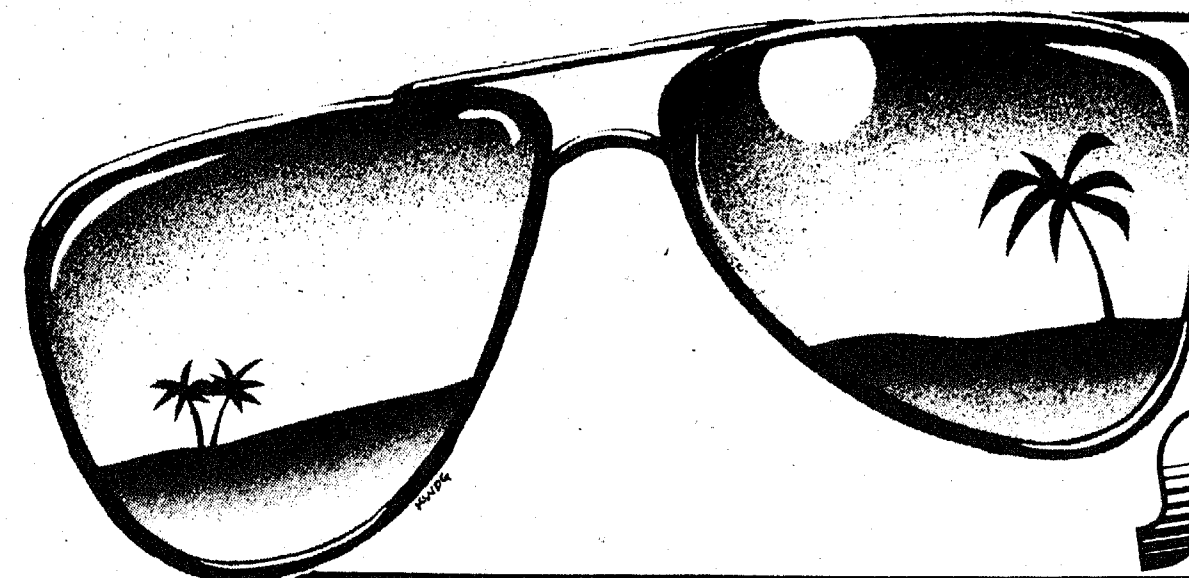
DOE estimates the cost of a coal-fired generating plant in Key West at \$23.3 million for 20 megawatts. Tom Kelly tells us that he has been looking into coal-fired plants as well as others and believes that the initial cost of a 20-megawatt coal plant would be nearly \$40 million. Complicated coal handling

equipment accounts for much of the excess capital costs, according to Kelly. He added that coal might well be the most reliable and economical fuel for the 400-800 megawatt plant on the mainland that the Florida Municipal Power Association is considering.

CITY PLANNER. Solares Hill and Bill Westray have been named defendants in a \$130,000 civil lawsuit filed by Attorney David Paul Horan on behalf of City Planner Keith Golan. The complaint alleges libel and slander by the defendants in an editorial published in our December issue about the new Land Use Plan in which Golan was mentioned prominently. Golan was twice offered opportunities to write rebuttals for publication in our later issues, but has thus far declined to do so. Our responses to Golan's complaints will be filed by our attorneys early in April.

WATER. The Florida Keys Aqueduct Authority (FKAA) water shortage reached a critical stage in March when reserves dropped below 5 million gallons, and some storage tanks lost suction. Consumption was running well over 8 million gallons per day (MGD) with production barely reaching 8 MGD when everything was working. When the desalination plant on Stock Island had to be shut down several times to seal off leaking tubes, that production of about 2 MGD was lost. To cope, FKAA cut pressures to 10 pounds per square inch (PSI) which caused water to trickle out of most faucets and left many places at times without any water at all.

As we went to press, all production facilities were working again, consumption was down slightly, and reserves were climbing back up at the rate of about 300,000 to 400,000 gallons per day. Governor Bob Graham has sent a team of experts from the South Florida Water Management District to Key West to study the problems and recommend corrective action.



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SHADES
of Key West

MEANWHILE, THE SCHEDULE for the new pipeline seems to have slipped several months. Engineering and bid specifications were supposed to have been completed and sent out in January 1980. We are into April and we don't believe that the specs are ready yet.

It looks to us like we will have to experience two more winter tourist seasons before the new pipeline brings more water. A number of organizations have been calling for a total moratorium on new water hookups or additions.

WE BELIEVE THAT WE HAVE PASSED THE POINT OF NO RETURN ON THIS AND CALL FOR A WATER HOOKUP MORATORIUM UNTIL ADDITIONAL WATER SUPPLIES ON A CONTINUING BASIS ARE ASSURED.

We learned recently from Greenleaf-Telesca that they have the laboratory test results of the present condition of the old Navy 18-inch pipeline. They find that most of the line is in excellent condition and the inside of the line has a frictional constant of 130, indicating that the inside of the pipe is clean and smooth. Greenleaf reports that they plan to retain all the old line from Seven-mile bridge to Key West and operate it in parallel with the new 24-inch line for transmission. Other portions of the 18-inch line from Marathon northward will be used for both transmission and local distribution of water. The only really bad portions of the Navy line were the portion north of Key Largo, and those exposed sections on the old bridges that are already being replaced.



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by John Hellen

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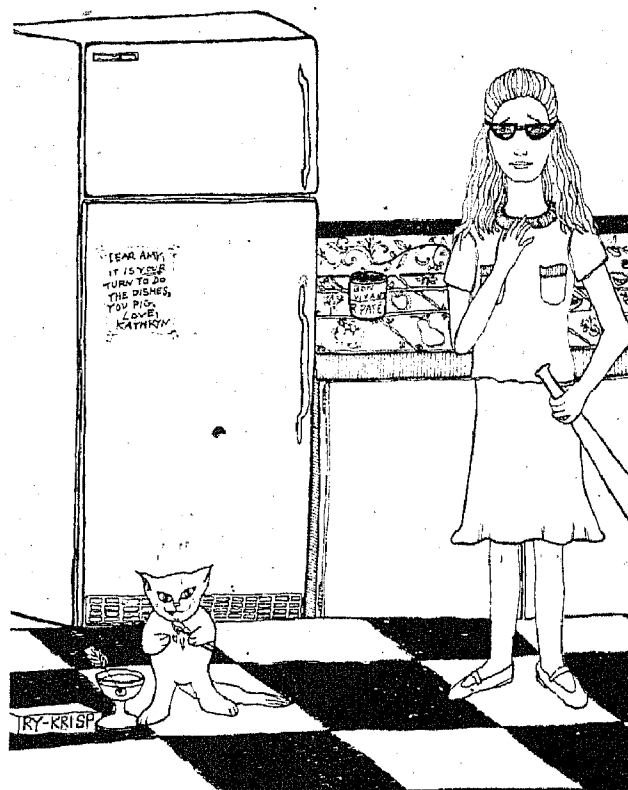
STORY AND DRAWINGS BY AMY LEE DE POO

DURING THE COURSE of growing up, there always comes one wrong, real or imagined, for which vengeance is sought. Children, of course, do not possess the wisdom to differentiate between what is actually a terrible wrongdoing or what is actually their distorted perception of what is really an awful wrong to them. This is where a repetitious nightmare: children have to be told over and over again, thousands of times, day in, day out, what is right and what is wrong. In addition to that, they have to be taught how to accept life's vicissitudes, harsh and mild, serious and not so serious, and how to deal realistically with them all. It just so happens that each person is an individual and has an inborn code of some sort that causes them to react uniquely to different situations.

My older sister, Kathryn, for example, had one of the strangest sets of inborn codes I have ever encountered in my entire life. She had her own sense of what was extremely valuable in life. If you told her you just heard on the radio that the pope died, she would shrug her shoulders, tell you it was his time to go anyway, and go back to trimming her toenails with controlled, studious concentration.

If you told her you were cleaning out the ice-box and happened to notice that her can of chicken liver pate was cleaned out as well, she would stop whatever she was doing, freeze for a moment, her face stricken with the horrified look of someone who had just witnessed the quake in Guatemala, and then jump up and run to the ice-box screaming and shrieking and crying. Clutching the

empty can with both hands and staring so hard at the scrape marks on the bottom you'd think she could conjure the chicken livers back into existence, she'd then



tear off running about the house searching for the culprit with the faint aroma

of pate on their person.

LUCKILY I DID not care for chicken livers and she never got to carry through on her threats to choke the nibbling thief who ruined her life for that day. Unfortunately, I did like salami a little bit and I had to do more than my share of running when Kathryn discovered the vacant plastic package in the ice-box after getting out the mayonnaise and everything, but she was usually too hungry to chase me very far.

Instances such as these indicated to me that Kathryn had already had a firm grasp of what she perceived to be a wrong committed upon her, and she dealt with it according to impulses dictated outright by her sense of justice (which in most cases was violence).

MARTHA, MY YOUNGER SISTER, and I were quite different in our approach to matters in which we found ourselves wronged. We were less violent, but that is not to say we were any less obnoxious, because we weren't. In fact, as I look back, I can almost say it would have been more acceptable for us to have demonstrated a little physical passion in dealing with our sister, because it is almost easier to recover from a punch in the arm than suffer with humiliation, which is how poor Kathryn usually ended up.

To get back at her and feel that you really accomplished something only required that you eat all of her favorite food and then swear that you didn't or call her horrible names, which always enraged her. I suppose Martha and I felt more civilized employing our psy-

chological warfare on Kathryn, but we were, like all children, just as savage.

THERE CAME THE SUMMER when we became allowed the distinct privilege of ordering and eating and drinking in a restaurant. Living on Key Street, which is only a block from Duval Street, we had easy access to any number of places where children could go in and order something and be treated as regular patrons. There were Kress and McCrory's, two dime stores with food counters, an ice-cream parlor, The La Brisa (which is where we went exclusively for the frozen Key Lime pie because Martha loved the whipped cream they put all over it), Rod's Inn and Shorty's. We never went to the Charcoal Hut. My father forbade us to go there, because people were usually recovering from hangovers, and he didn't think that was the place for little girls.

Up until this point, Martha and I would have to go with Kathryn if we wanted to go get anything, because she had to carry money since she was the oldest and most responsible. I could never see the logic in that, because to my mind it is just as easy for an old person to lose something as it is for a young person. My grandmother was always misplacing things and my mother still misplaces things.

Add to that the fact that Kathryn was only a year older than me, and you have the questionable theory that the space of twelve months makes a person less likely to lose money. And besides THAT, Kathryn couldn't see a foot in front of her face without her glasses so if she lost her glasses she would have been helpless without Martha or me. And to top it off, I had much bigger hands than Kathryn, and they were more suited to holding onto things than hers ever were. But I still never got to carry the money.

ONE VERY HOT DAY, after a long bout of window-shopping on lower Duval Street, my two sisters and I and a playmate, Gen,

decided we needed some liquid refreshment to soothe our parched throats. It so happened that we were in the vicinity of Sloppy Joe's, and the closest place to get a soda was Shorty's Restaurant. We went in and seated ourselves at the counter and waited to place our order.

It was probably between four and five in the afternoon, so there were not very many people in the place, except for maybe a few early diners and several patrons having coffee.

Presently our waitress arrived to take our order. She was a nice enough woman, but it being towards the end of the day, I don't suppose she was too exhilarated to find four adolescent girls at her counter space, especially since we didn't look like large tippers. We only had enough money to buy us each a soda, so that is what we ordered. The waitress had one of those teased-up hairdos with an elaborate array of puffy curls all held in place under a net.

SHE WAS CHEWING gum (which is no sin, but as she took our order, she was leaning on the counter with one elbow and punctuating each person's desired refreshment with a well-placed crack of her gum), and I thought her to be from Texas or Tennessee, judging from her accent. Sometimes she'd look sideways, and I was sure she was probably wishing she was at the Big Fleet or the Poinciana Lounge listening to some Dottie West music on the jukebox rather than be subjected to us.

Well, I should say rather than being subjected to Martha and Gen and Kathryn, because I always behaved impeccably in public places, and my sisters caused me no end of embarrassment with their incessant chatter and squirming around and fiddling with the napkin holder and rolling the ashtray around with the index finger.

The waitress left after five minutes of listening to us make decisions, change them, ask what else she had, and then finally decide on four large cokes

with lots of ice. (If you didn't ask for lots of ice, the coke got too warm to drink so we always asked for extra.)

SHE BROUGHT US back our sodas, and we thanked her and began to drink up. It was pretty slack in Shorty's about this time, and I watched her as she went back to talk to the cook, who was not busy at all.

As I drank about half-way down, my glass began to look empty of coke but still had the ice filling it. Looking down my straw I stopped and almost choked in disgust. At first I thought I had a cockroach stuck in my ice, but upon further examination and rooting around, I discovered some large black chunks of unidentifiable material wedged in my ice. I was horrified and repulsed. At about the same time, Martha, who was sitting on my right, half-choked on her straw and found that she too had the black matter in her ice. This was too much.

"Martha, do you see what I see? Look at that black gook in my ice! That's disgusting!"

"I'll say it's disgusting! Look -- it's all the way to the bottom on mine! How sickening. I can't drink that. Who knows what it is."

KATHRYN, WHO WAS on the other side of Gen on my left, had simultaneously discovered the tell-tale black chips in her ice, and Gen was holding her glass up to see if she had been contaminated also. The odds of coincidence were astronomical, according to our calculations. We were being cheated or poisoned, one or the other.

Something had to be done. We began whispering together about this breach of sanitation and decided that we should not be made to pay for an inferior product. Martha thought she had the solution: my father, John, was a stickler for proper restaurant decorum, and he always told us if we didn't like what we were served in an eating establishment

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16
to throw it on the floor.

MARTHA WAS ABOUT to pitch her in the direction of the door, when Kathryn reached over and grabbed her arm and hissed, "No you little fool! Do you want to get us thrown out of here? Daddy didn't really mean it when he told you to do that and you know it. Now behave, and let's do something about this." She paused for a moment, then spoke.

"I think we should get a refund. After all, why should we have to pay to drink dirt? If I want to drink dirt I'll go home and drink my own dirt. I don't need their dirt. We don't even know where this dirt CAME from." Kathryn would have rambled on for a good half hour had I not interrupted her soliloquy on her dirty preferences. I called to our waitress.

"Miss, Miss, oh Miss? Could you

come here a minute, please?" The waitress was by now looking at her manicure and planning her next trip to the beauty parlor, and it was with some hesitation that she made her way back to our places at the counter. She was still chewing and cracking away at that gum. She spoke.

"Well, watcha want?"
I held up my glass.
"Uh, you see that? It's right there. Can you see that?"

SHE SQUINTED HER EYES and looked down her nose with her head back and commenced chewing and cracking with renewed intensity.

"No, hon, I don't see nothin'. What's the matter with it? Looks good to me."

"Well, if you, uh, look a little closer you'll see some black stuff, right there, see it?" I rotated the glass to facilitate her view.

"No, baby doll, there just ain't nothin' there."

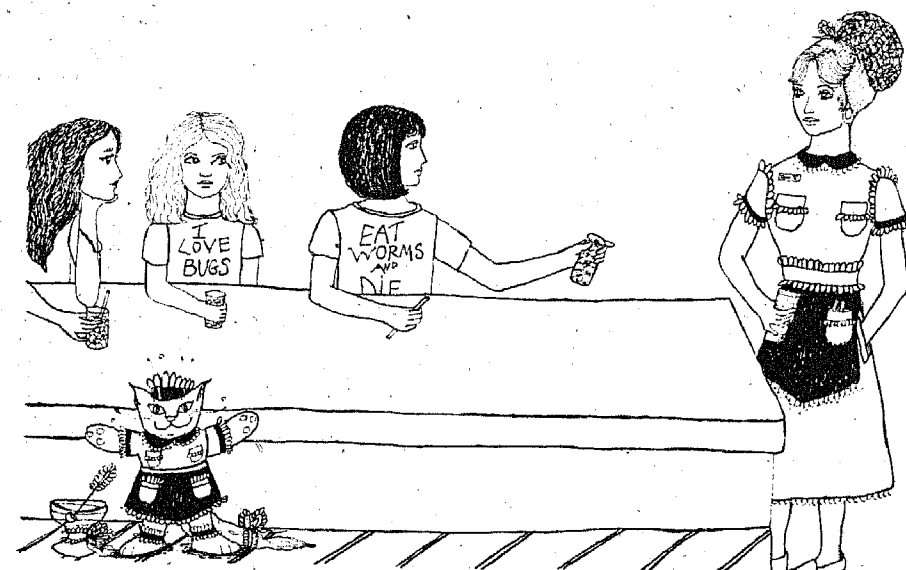
I was positive I had not hallucinated it and could not imagine how someone who dealt with this black trash all day long would not be able to recognize the atrocities in my glass. I shook up my glass and there rose to the top a nice big piece of black junk in full view.

"See? There it is! And they have it in their glasses too! This stuff is all through the ice!" I felt as if I had just isolated the aedes aegypti mosquito and the dreaded yellow fever and was going to save mankind from destined extinction by finally stopping the ingestion of the deadly black gunk. Martha and Gen and Kathryn held up their glasses and informed her that their, too, were riddled with the black chunks. The waitress took another look and laughed and shook her head. (Maybe she had ingested too much of it herself and was

beyond help, who could say?)

"OH THAT STUFF! Why, we get that in the ice all the time! It won't hurt

She laughed again and walked away, still shaking her head and chuckling and chewing her gum. We could see her over by the grill telling the cook about our



you none. Sometimes we get our ice from Thompson's and that stuff's in it, but it don't mean nothing. For a minute I thought it was somethin' serious."

problem. I didn't think it was all that funny, and, in particular, I didn't think it was very funny that we didn't even get to SUGGEST a refund, much less get

17
one. There was still some coke in my glass, but I couldn't bring myself to drink it, even after the assurances from the waitress that the stuff was harmless. To hear her tell it, the black stuff was so good you could even sprinkle it on your cereal in the morning. We were all very disgusted, so we left.

ON THE WAY HOME, still angry about the black ice incident, we began to think up ways to get some restitution for our humiliation, or what we perceived to be humiliation, at the hands of the unsympathetic waitress.

(This is where my excellent memory comes in: I distinctly remember my little sister Martha coming up with this idea, but she has recently informed me that it was my idea. Well, she is wrong, and I happen to know why; for the past seven years Martha has been taking ballet classes and consequently has thoroughly trounced her frail body with strenuous exercises at the barre, and her mind is just not what it used to be. Therefore, I can, in all good conscience, declare that the following is as true and accurate as I can remember.)

IT SHOULD BE NOTED here that we were not bad girls, but I realize what we did was quite obnoxious and even

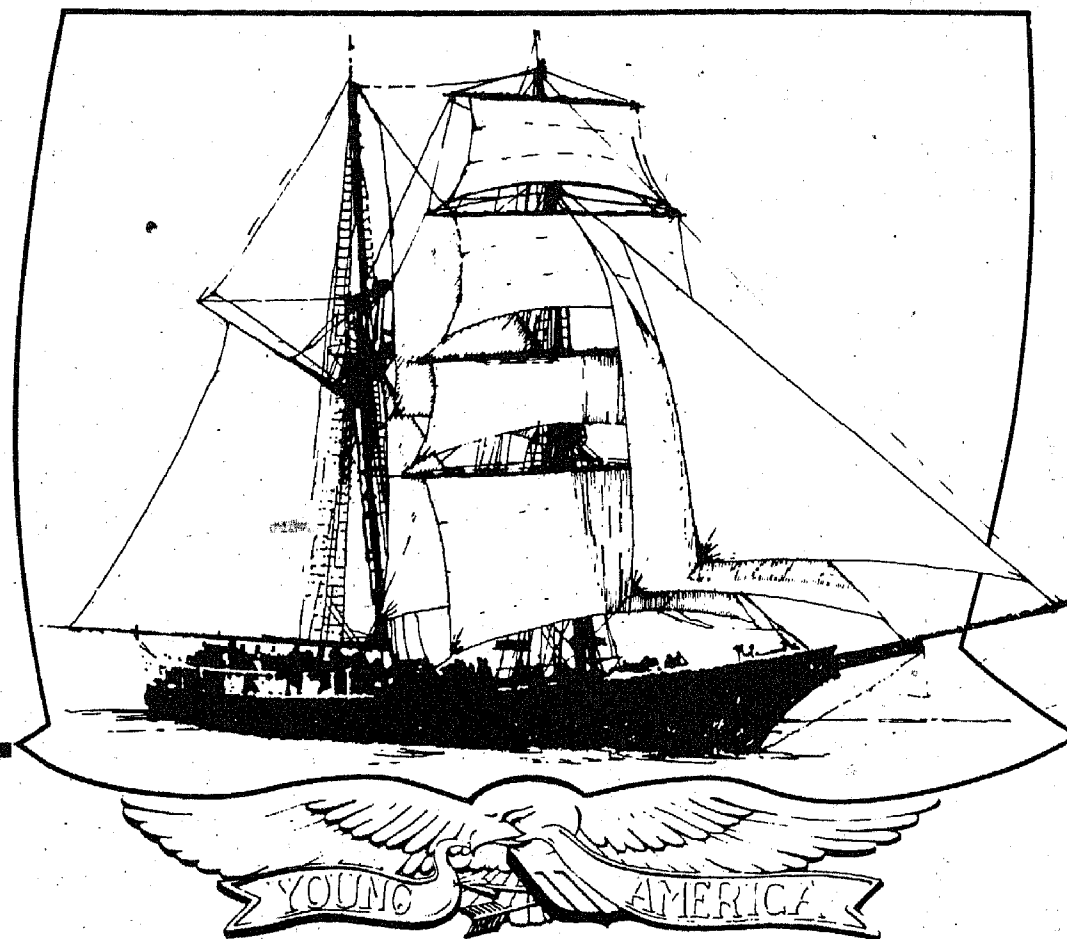
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vicious and we are truly sorry for doing it. I can only hope that the statute of limitations holds fast in this incident. As I was saying, we began to think up ways to obtain indemnification for what we perceived to be a wrong committed on us by the non-commiserative waitress, so MARTHA decided we should all disguise ourselves as hippies, go into Shorty's, order a deluxe chicken dinner, a hamburger all-the-way (with fries), chocolate milkshakes, some pie, and then run out on the check. (This IS awful, but I knew a confession would have to come out sooner or later, and I'll be better able to sleep nights now.)

A few days later, Martha, Gen, and myself (Kathryn would have no part of it, and she said we were stupid) fished through all our old dress-up clothes and came up with what we thought to be the traditional hippie-garb. When I think of it now, the clothes we chose no more resembled what hippies were wearing at the time than limes resemble strawberries, but we all thought it was an accurate portrayal. We had plaids mixed with

stand out even more, but nonetheless we thought we were in deep disguise.

IN WE WENT to Shorty's. The same waitress was there and she probably recognized us right off the bat and most likely thought we all were under the influence of some mind-altering substance. We sat down and ordered the aforementioned food. My nerves were raw, and Gen didn't look too confident either. My stomach was a virtual dry and twisted knot. I knew I would probably not even be able to take one small mouthful, being delicate in that way.

Martha, of course, had not lost her appetite one bit, and when the food arrived she did it as much justice as she could before it was time for us to leave. (Naturally she does not remember it that way at all and claims it was I who made a pig of myself and that they had to drag me out of there with a chicken drumstick in my hand and a mouthful of mashed potatoes and gravy, but I emphatically state that this is NOT the case. Her faulty memory has betrayed

were getting very damp. Gen was grey in the face, Martha looked very well-fed. (The food was delicious, incidentally.)

We pretended to have dropped our purses on the floor and carefully edged off the stools. As we crouched down, we grabbed our purses and dashed for the door. I was terrified and sick to my stomach. I experienced the sickening strangle-hold of loose queasiness grip my spine and felt a yellow streak make its way down my back. My feet felt like lead, and the world had stopped around me.

We were out the door and running for our lives down Duval towards Caroline Street and made it around the corner. Feeling a sharp pain in my side, I wanted to slow down, but Martha, leading the way, screamed for me to keep going. Finally we reached Farnie's house on Caroline and ran into the side yard and threw ourselves into the bushes to hide. It was terrible. We were sweating profusely, became very nauseous and almost threw up. There was very little traffic in Key West at that time, and every time a car drove by we were sure it was the local police looking for us to take us to jail. Finally, after we all had caught our breath, we climbed over Farnie's back gate, snuck through the back yard, and came out on Simonton Street.

It was beginning to get dark and I don't think a one of us knew what or why we were in existence. We felt horrible. We looked like fools dressed up in those idiotic clothes and we were too sick to enjoy what we had just eaten. We couldn't tell anyone what we had done for fear it would get back to our parents and then we'd really get it.

Martha and Gen and I made a solemn vow right then and there to never speak of it again. And they didn't. But now my conscience is clear.



polka dots, scarves, beaded necklaces, evening purses, jackets, feathers, and tennis shoes for running away. Gen had on a ridiculous purple hat that made us

her once more.)

WE QUIETLY DECIDED that the moment had arrived for us to beat our retreat, and my hands began to shake. My palms

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Key West Dance Theatre

BY F. TRUHAN

WHY SHOULDN'T KEY WEST have its own Dance Company? Now with the brand new facility of the Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center, the rapid growth of the Greene Street Theatre, and the steady influx of artists, writers, and actors into one community — why not dance?

Well, there is a group of fine young dancers under the artistic direction of Linda Kuchera, whose credentials include working with such names as Nureyev, Baryshnikov, *Turning Point*, "American Ballet Theatre," "The Hamburg Ballet" from Hamburg, Germany, and much, much more! Now, what would Miss Kuchera be doing here in Key West, trying to continue what she knows how to do best?

"I FEEL IT'S time Key West should have its own Company," says Linda Kuchera. "After eleven years of short term visits to Key West, and having family here as well, I have longed to make it my home. Recently invited to teach for the New School of Dance, I decided to return to the island and found a small group of talented women who have been trying to form a company for several years, but without the proper direction. So I have offered my time and talents to help make this a reality."

The Company exists of five local artists who have varied talents and degrees in the dance world. One is Francine Kreinices, who has done choreography in the community for the Waterfront Playhouse and has been teaching modern dance here in Key West over five years. She has a B.S. degree in dance from the University of Wisconsin.

Then there is Alison Young, also a teacher at the New School of Dance, who

has a range of regional dance experience from musicals such as *Gypsy* to ballets such as *Swan Lake*. Recently, she shared acclaim with Miss Kuchera for the well-precisoned dance numbers in the Cole Porter musical *Anything Goes*.

WE ALSO HAVE Penny Mollot, who has trained in major dance schools in New York City as well as Rosella Hightower's Academy of Dance in Cannes, France. Having worked with several modern dance troupes, she has finally arrived in Key West with the desire to make her home here and the dream of continuing her career.

Martha De Poo is also a local talent who has been working toward a career in dance for many years and has contributed her abilities to local theatrical performances.

The latest addition, Martha Rosa Menendez, has been seen many times on local broadcasts as well as national television and has performed the varied repertoire of Miami's "Ballet Concerto" all over the U.S.

THESE DANCERS, under Miss Kuchera's direction, have worked almost seven days a week for the past five months to be able to present their premier dance performance at the Arts Center and to continue as a vital company and provide year-round dance for Key West. After many years of trying to form a professional company, they finally have the guidance and expert influence of a dancer who has performed with major companies here and abroad.

Miss Kuchera has generously donated choreography and many hours of rehearsal

time to try to get this company off the ground. She herself will perform as Artist-in-Residence and will bring in as guest artists former colleagues from companies such as American Ballet Theatre to round off the versatile talents of our

people in the cultural center of the U.S. are enjoying, while remaining on our own little island in the sun," says Miss Kuchera. The troupe's premier performance will take place at the Tennessee Williams



local dancers. She feels that many dancers would love to come to our area and remain as residents and continue their careers here and provide their talents for our community.

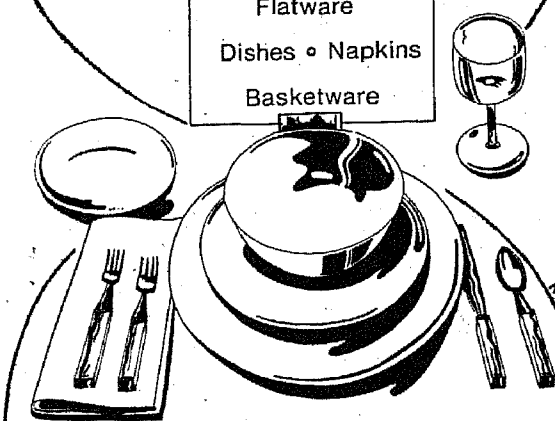
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FROM CONCH TO PRO

BY SCOTT ATWELL

KEY WESTERS -- Conchs, as they are called -- take pride in the fact that their island city has sent its share of athletes into the pro ranks.

Locals here take their sports seriously, and youngsters are taught to play ball before they are old enough to walk.

Once in a while, athletes will come along that islanders deem good enough to brag about, and their previous track record carries an enviable reputation.

The names read like a Who's Who among NFL scouting reports -- George Mira, Joe Mira, Bill Trout and George Halas -- all drafted into the National Football League. The four have two things in common -- all hail from the Southernmost City, and all four used the University of Miami as their stepping stone into the NFL.

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squint at some other Key Westers who broke into the national athletic picture: Boog Powell (Baltimore Orioles); Vic Albury (Minnesota Twins); Randy Sterling (N.Y. Mets); and Bill Butler (Atlanta Hawks).

Key West has another one coming up who could become as famous as, or even more famous than, the galaxy of stars above. He's Robert "Speedy" Neal, who has decided to play his college football at the University of Miami, just as previous Conch gridmen who made it in the pros.



George Mira

George Mira was the greatest thing to hit Key West since Cuban bread when he made his way up U.S. 1 to UM's Coral Gables campus in 1960. Once on the UM scene, he set the collegiate football world on fire as America's finest passer.

THE ELUSIVE "MATADOR" was named to virtually every All-American team during his junior and senior years, and finished second in Heisman Trophy voting following his final campaign.

Pro football followed -- second round draft choice of the San Francisco 49ers -- and when his brilliant career came to an end in 1977, he had played for every pro league in the U.S. and Canada, earning numerous awards, including Most Valuable Player honors in the World Football League.

Joe Mira capped a brilliant collegiate career as a 16th round draft selection of the Cincinnati Bengals as a running back in 1968. Unlike his older brother, George, the younger Mira didn't get the chance to display his wares, as an injury he suffered in the early part of camp cut short his pro football aspirations.

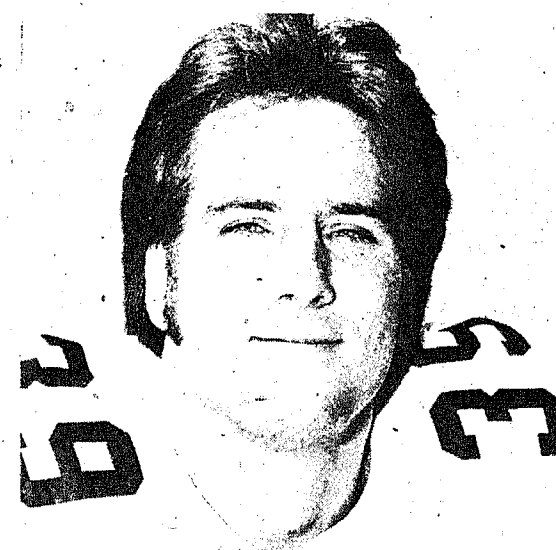


Bill Trout

— BIG BILL TROUT played for the Hurricanes as a burly defensive lineman on Miami's powerful Bluebonnet Bowl team of 1967, and also performed with the 1968 and 1969 squads. Bill was big and tough, one of Dixie's elite line defenders who played directly under UM assistant coach Harold Allen, as he did during his prep days at Key West High.

A sixth round draft pick of Cincinnati in 1970, Bill started a few games with the Bengals before being traded to the New Orleans Saints in 1971. Injuries ended his playing days while at the latter.

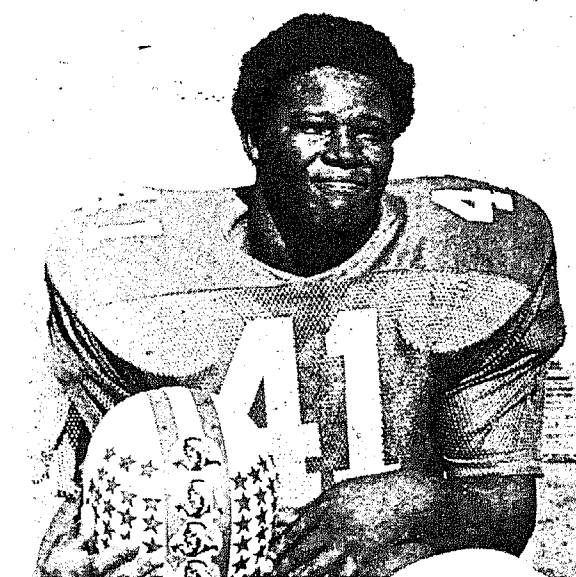
Today Trout is entering his fifth year as a UM assistant coach, after coming to the staff following three years of assistant coaching duties at Key West High.



George Halas

GEORGE HALAS arrived on the UM scene as a highly touted lineman out of KWH -- and left as the strongest Hurricane (bench pressed 400 pounds) and a 13th round draft pick of the Seattle

Seahawks as a linebacker. George was a dedicated member of the Miami weight room and could stand up any opposing player who unfortunately crossed his path. While at UM, Halas recorded 165 tackles during three years of sparkling play.

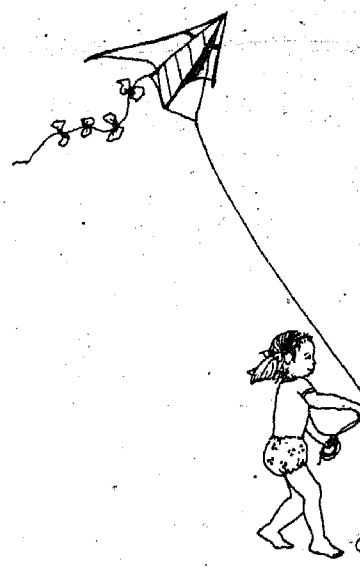


"Speedy" Neal

Neal, the latest Conch to join the Miami fold, led all South Florida rushers with 1,606 total yards in 1979, while winning National High School Coach's All-America and All-South acclaim. Many high school talent evaluators tab Neal as a brighter prospect than when Franco Harris was first entering college.

The "Key West connection" has been a fruitful one for the University of Miami, and Hurricane coaches feel that their latest Conch will follow in the footsteps of previous islanders.

Four years will tell -- but it looks as though Key Westers will have one more of their own whom they can be proud of.



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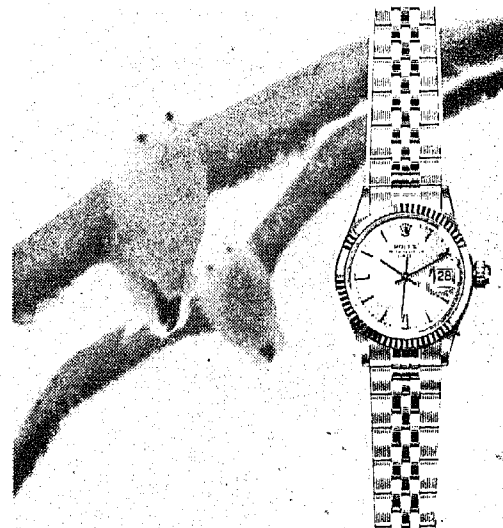
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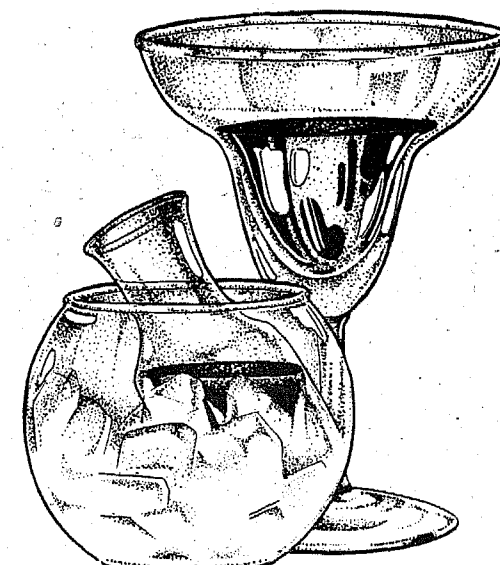
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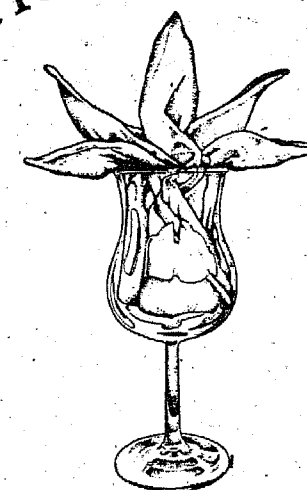
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BUGWEISER

BY PAT CLYNE ILLUSTRATED BY MACK DRYDEN

While sitting on my porch one night
sipping on a brew,
I noticed at my feet
a bug as large as you.
He sat up on his hind quarters
and begged with his front paws,
"Please give me some of your beer, kind sir,
or I'll bite you with my jaws."
Not one to ever hesitate,
I poured some in a pail.
I guess this bug was thirsty,
'cause he lapped up all that ale.
I wondered to myself
how much this stuff could hold,
So I went to the refrigerator
to get one nice and cold.
He said that if I challenged him
he'd match me chug for chug.
I couldn't turn this offer down,
'specially from a bug.
So I filled up his container
with 12 oz. of the best.
I'll show him that a human
can drink better than a pest.
My first beer went down
as easy as can be.
When I looked down at the bug
he was just staring at me.
"What took you so long?
I'm ready for more,"
He said to me
with the empty pail on the floor.
I'll show that insect
that I've got the knack,
So I went on inside
and brought out a whole six pack.
Three for me
and three for it,
Right down the middle,
an even split.

I filled up his bucket
right to the top,
Started to chug on my mug
and did not stop.
When I got to the third
I started to gag,
But I finished it anyway
thinking the bug's in the bag.
Well, I was wrong,
and he let me know



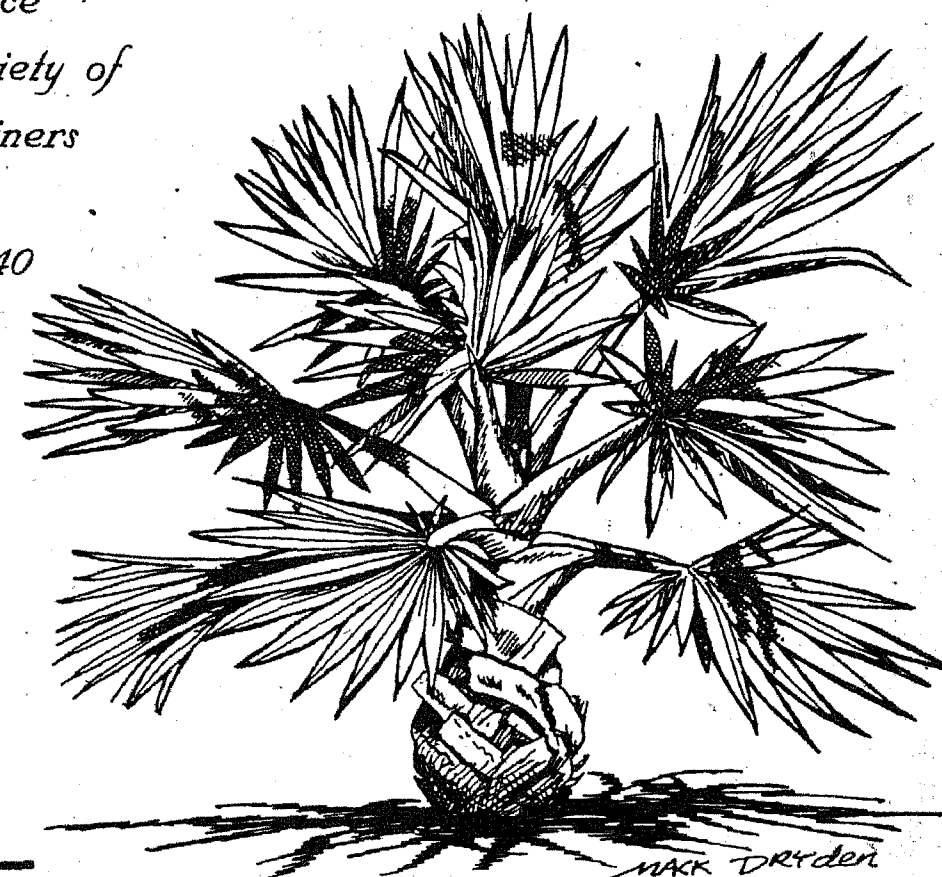
He was quicker
and I was slow.
I knew this wasn't
an ordinary race

When he said to me,
"You better break out a case."
Two six packs for him
and two for me,
Pretty soon I was getting
to where I couldn't even see.
"Hey bug," I said,
"where're you puttin' it all?
I've had about enough,
and I'm ready to fall."
"Don't be a quitter," he said.
"We'll have just one more.
But in order to do that
you'll have to go to the store.
We're all out of beer,
and I'm getting dry,
But unfortunately, my friend,
you'll have to buy."
"If I keep on buying
and you keep on drinking,
I come out the loser
in my way of thinking."
Hell, I knew I was loose,
I think I was drunk,
But I'll be damned
if I let a bug get me skunked.
He thought it over
then looked at his watch
"You're right," he said
"You got any scotch?"
"Yes, I've got scotch,
and it's twelve years old,
But I'm saving it
for when the weather gets cold."
In that case," he said,
"if you have no more beer,
And that scotch that you're saving
you refuse to share,
I'll go somewhere else
where the booze flows free --

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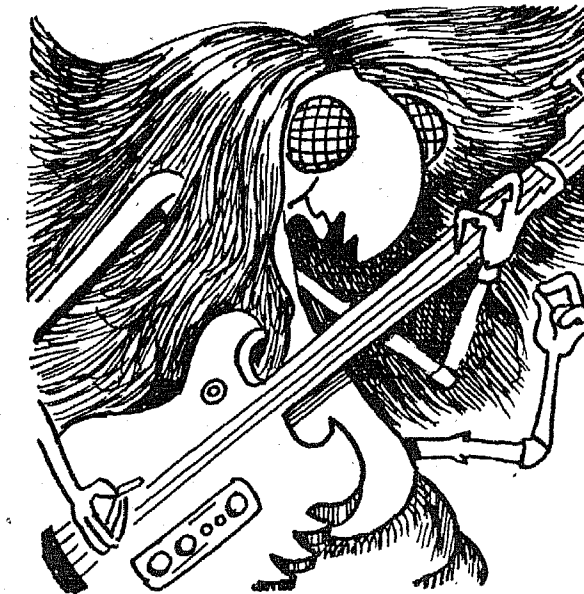
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M. Dryden

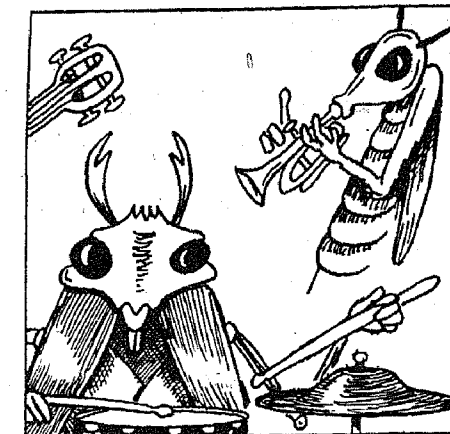
MACK DRYDEN

Some downtown bar
where they'll appreciate me."
"That's a great idea,"
I said with relief,
And he scrambled off my porch
to leave me in peace.
I sat for awhile
all muddled in thought.
And figured all in all
he was a pretty good sport.
He could have moved in
under my house
And shared the facilities
with the resident mouse.
Calling it a night,
I then went to bed,
Hoping the next day
I'd still have a head.



In the middle of slumber
I was rudely awakened
At what first I thought
was a massive breakin.

"Hello, my friend."
I heard a familiar voice.
"In all of this town
you were my very first choice.
I brought along for you
some friends to meet."
But all I could hear
were hundreds of feet.
I switched on the light
by my bed stand
And was introduced
to all the bugs in the band.
There was Gorg on guitar
and Droid on drums
And a long-haired beetle
that they called Mums.
Plimpton on bass
made a really heavy sound,
And the whole damn place
started spinnin' around.
There were topless Palmtots
of course wearing pasties,
Pulling on their G-strings
and acting real nasty.
"Enough is enough,"
I cried out loud.
"You'll have to leave
along with your crowd."
"Sorry, my friend,
but this is our gig,
And as you can see
we're all quite big.
We enjoy your company,
so I think we'll stay."
And with that comment
the band started to play.
What could I do?
I was a victim of 'stance.
I couldn't fight back,
I hadn't a chance.
I thought real fast,
then picked up the phone,
Hoping I could get
the exterminator at home.
"Hello," I said,
"I need some assistance.
The bugs over here
are ignoring resistance."



"We'll be right over,"
he said,
"But please make sure
that you get out of bed."
I couldn't get out,
I was surrounded by creatures,
All of whom
had some weird looking features.
The trucks pulled up
and layered my house in plastic,
Started spraying inside,
and the bugs went spastic.
Droid on drums
took a big inhale,
Smiled a big wide grin
and fell in a pail.
Gorg on guitar,
who was hyperventilating in space,
Missed three chords
and fell on his face.
Mums was still singing
while the dancers took it off,
Then I suddenly developed
this terrible cough.
I don't know what happened,
so I can't say for sure,
But the next thing I remember
there was a knock on the door.
I went to get up,
but my head just exploded,

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Billie's
WHERE THE SUN SETS IN OLD KEY WEST
AT THE MALLORY DOCKS

Like I just been shot
with a gun that was loaded.



"Come in," I said,
"but watch where you walk,
And if you don't mind
speak softly when you talk.
The bugs in here
must be knee deep,
And I feel pretty awful
for lack of some sleep."
The door opened slowly,
and in walked my captain.
"You're 4 hours late, man,
and I'll have to take action."
"I'm real sorry, sir,
but, you see, it's like this.
The bugs kept on playing
they thought they were KISS.
They were hopping and jumping
and singing real loud
And with their amps all the way up
you couldn't hear in the crowd."
"You're not making sense, sergeant,
but this much I know --
The next bales that we burn,
you'll surely not go!!!!!!!"



PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

YOU CAN BARELY see the faded yellow lines designating (improperly, we think) part of the Atlantic end of Duval Street, in front of the Southernmost House, as a "No Parking" zone.

We hope that when the lines fade away completely they will not be repainted. Fortunately most people ignore them or don't see them, as you can see in the photo. The camper on the left is

parked directly on top of the "No Parking" sign.

Prohibiting parking in the already congested South Beach area benefits no one but the residents of the adjacent Southernmost House. To deny full public use of a public street for what appears to be the convenience of private individuals we feel is improper.

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of
BURGESS

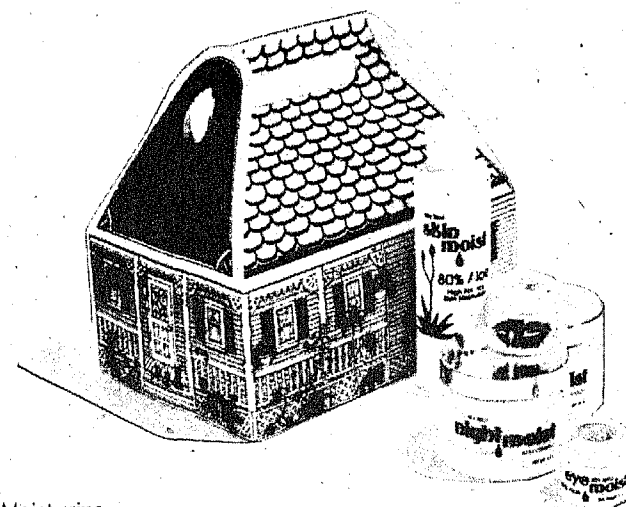


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Key West Is For Everyone

BY RICHARD MARSH

(IN THE MIDST of packing, storing, and winding up six years of writing, photographing, and publishing books and magazines in Key West in preparation for our move to Ireland, Solares Hill editor/publisher Bill Huckel suggested that I write a farewell speech for the centerfold this issue. So here are thoughts about leaving Key West, set down in as orderly a fashion as possible four hours before the absolute deadline.)

DURING THE PAST few weeks, lines of a folk song remembered from my 1960's disc jockey days have frequently floated through my mind:

When I first came to this land
I was not a wealthy man;
But the land was sweet and good,
And I did what I could.



Graffiti on the old Long Furniture store at Fleming and William Streets.

By all measures but that of monetary riches, my six years in Key West have been successful, both personally and professionally as a writer and a photographer. I have the impression that more people are sorry to see me leave than are glad.

KEY WEST HAS been good to me, and I have tried to give back to the community something of the good feelings and positive attitudes that attracted me to the island in the first place, when I would come for a few days at a time to cover the art scene for a Miami magazine.

It often happens that accomplishing good and positive things requires a negative approach -- pointing out what

is wrong in order that it might be made right. And so it is that Mayor Sonny McCoy refuses to speak to me about city business, saying, "No matter what I say, you'll find some way to call me a son of a bitch."

(McCoy refused to speak to me before I ran against him for mayor in last year's election; now he refuses to even acknowledge me.)

HOWEVER, THE MAJORITY of the citizens of Key West seem to see the positive aspects of criticizing the shortcomings of our elected officials, and they are happy to see someone putting into print what they think and feel.

In 1976, I wrote a column for the nine issues of a tourist magazine, *The Key West Guide*. Writing glowing descriptions of tourist attractions every month soon began to pale, and so when Solares

Tony, Robert Vaughn, Roger Vail, and Dorothy Raymer. I realized then that "Key West is a place where people are allowed by public opinion -- or lack of it -- to do what they wish;" in other words, eccentricity is normal here. But after taking a deeper look at the political structure, I began to realize that the same freedom to "be yourself" that makes living here comfortable for artists and writers can also breed corruption among elected officials. Freedom without responsibility is anarchy.

State officials have traditionally left Key West to its own devices, preferring not to become enmeshed in the intricate tangle of blood- and marriage-related politics in the Conch Republic. It is only when local government has become so ineffective, irresponsible, and unresponsive to the needs of the general public that the welfare of the

rest of the state suffers or state and federal laws are flagrantly broken that outside authorities are forced to take action. We saw this happen in 1975 when the Florida Keys were designated an Area of Critical Concern, and again when state and federal agencies detoured around city and county agencies to make drug arrests in Operation Conch.

NOW THE GOVERNOR, embarrassed perhaps by the *Miami Herald* investigation of glaring gaps in local law enforcement, has ordered an investigation to see if all those terrible things people are saying about Key West are true. The heavy drug traffic, it is said, has already moved north to escape the heat, and little will have been accomplished when

the excitement dies down. However, the *Herald's* revelation of irregularities in local government may provoke some reforms.

Perhaps there is a lesson here that should be remembered by the individual citizen, whether Conch or newcomer, that is related to the clichéd saying, "The price of freedom is eternal vigilance."

REMEMBER THE weather station that the county wanted to put in the salt ponds? Overwhelming public opposition finally convinced the county commissioners to drop the idea.

Remember the city's proposed "garage sale" ordinance that would have "allowed" you to hold a garage sale? Passed on the first reading, the ordinance was tabled after Solares Hill and *The Key West Citizen* editorialized against it and individuals called city commissioners to argue against it.

A wry bit of humor going around says that the three most common lies are:

- 1) "The check is in the mail."
- 2) "First thing in the morning."
- 3) "I'm from the government and I'm here to help you."

WE HAVE to always remember that, contrary to what we were told in high school civics class, our elected and appointed officials do not always act in the public interest. They may be thoroughly corrupt, slightly dishonest, or merely stupid; and one should never underestimate the stupidity factor.

Somehow, being elected or appointed to public office often gives an official the impression that he has been endowed with infinite wisdom and infallibility. He will run things his way, regardless of well-meaning advice from editors or citizens, and when someone objects to his actions he becomes hostile.

Responsibility seems to come naturally to some people, as an instinct. Unfortunately, responsibility is too often lacking in public officials.

HOWEVER, THERE ARE ways in which citizens can force public officials to be responsive. This is not as desirable as having responsible officials, but in many cases it may be the only alternative.

First, be aware of what is happening in your neighborhood (illegal filling or construction, beach encroachment, etc.).

Second, follow the actions of the city and county commissions. Attend meetings. Be aware of who votes for what and why.

Third, speak up on issues that you support or oppose. You may have a point of view that the commission has not considered, and it could affect their votes.

Fourth, organize. Alone, you may be ridiculed or told to sit down and shut up. There is a striking difference in the attitude of officials when they are confronted by a solo voice or a chorus.

Fifth, use the media. Tell us what is going on and why you think it is good or bad. Most of our leads come from readers' tips, and remember that we like to hear about and publish good news, too.

Sixth, if you don't see anyone running in the next election that you can in good conscience vote for, become a candidate yourself. You might not win on the first attempt, but you will have an opportunity to air some of your views, especially on the issues the other candidates don't want to talk about.

A CHARTER BOAT captain in Hemingway's Key West novel *To Have and Have Not* says, "Down here we aim to mind our own business." This is true, and it means that Key Westers leave others alone to live their own lives. But it should be understood that government is our own business, also.

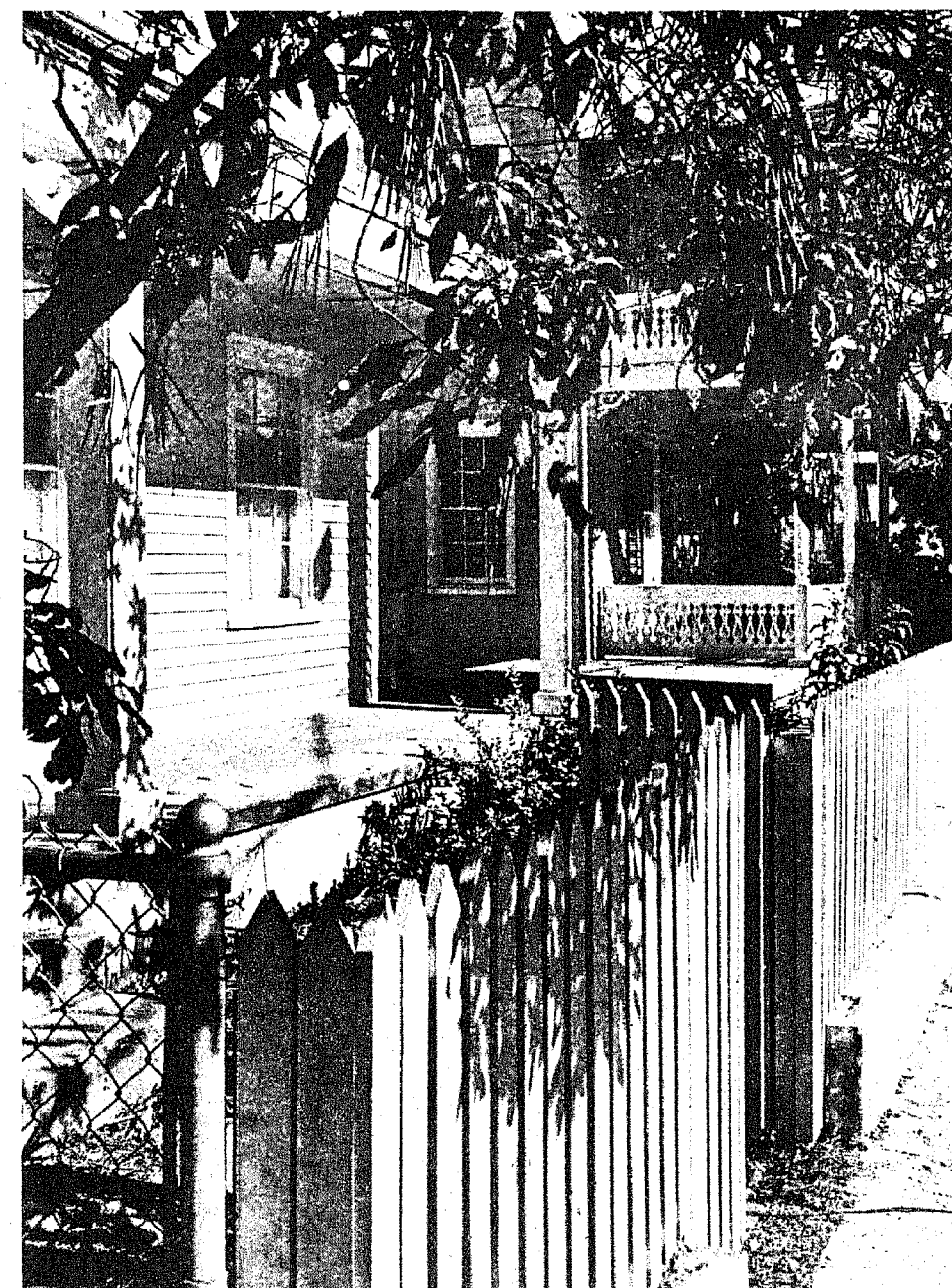
There is another cliché, "Bad government is caused by good people who do nothing." The price of freedom is not

only eternal vigilance, it is also involvement.

THE LESSON TO be taken from the fact that only blatant wrong-doing on the part of local officials will cause non-local agencies to get involved is that it is ultimately up to the ordinary citizen to constantly look over the shoulders of local government, and then to speak up and take action when wrongs need to be corrected. This is the only way that the freedom which the founders of Key West sought in colonial America and the Bahamas, and finally found on

cities and the ratrace of modern society. People were not afraid to walk out in the evening breezes or leave their doors and bicycles unlocked. In a 1973 article I wrote on the Key West art scene, I quoted artist Fred Laros: "Key West is going the way of the rest of the country, but more slowly."

KEY WEST NOW SEEMS to be at a crossroads. It can go the way of the rest of the country with rising crime rates and a headlong dash for progress and prosperity, or it can be itself, as it has encouraged so many people to do,



this island, can be maintained, or, where it has been lost, regained.

It has been a long time since one could walk around Key West on the public access between the water's edge and the mean high tide line. The areas that are still open must be saved from further encroachment.

IT HAS ALWAYS been safer to walk the streets in Key West at night than in most cities, but many residents are afraid to go downtown at night because of increasing street violence. No one is going to make the streets safe until citizens are sufficiently aroused to demand that the city provide ample protection.

It was the backwardness of Key West that provided much of the attraction to newcomers: the slow-paced manana attitude, clean air, clear waters, simple living style, the openness and friendliness of the natives. It was a welcome relief from the cold, uncaring big

and provide a comfortable place to live and work for those who do not want to be bothered with modern big city pressures. Key West is alive and well and living in the hearts of those who chose to live here because they could be themselves.

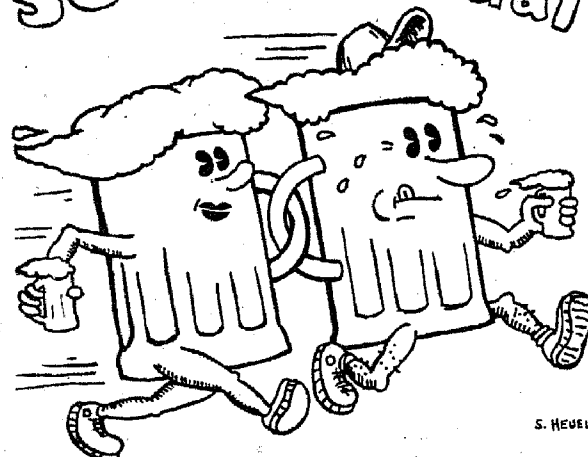
Whether Key West will be allowed to be itself or will have its character radically changed to suit the selfish dreams of the select few will be decided in the next few years.

I hope that I will recognize it when I come back.

PHOTOS BY RICHARD MARSH



Second Annual



ST. PATTY'S DAY SUDS RUN

19 ♣ KEY WEST ♣ 80

ON MARCH 16, Key West had its Second Annual St. Patrick's Day Suds Run. There were over 300 contestants and hundreds more who came in somewhere along the way. I think I speak for all of those people in thanking the following bars for their help: The Original Raw Bar, Pepe's Cafe, the Pier House, Captain Hornblower's, Sloppy Joe's, Rick's Cafe Americain, Dirty Harry's, The Bull, The Green Parrot, and the Sandcastle. It was a blast.

THE SUNDAY OF the Run dawned early, and I dragged myself from bed, then downed several beers for practice. I stumbled from my apartment and got to the race's starting point, the Raw Bar, at ten. Some of the contestants were already hanging around. In their special running shoes and gym shorts they looked like serious contenders, and I stared down at my beer belly and flip-flops and knew any hope of winning was over. I ambled dejectedly over to Pepe's, where I chowed down on a couple of pork chops to ease my troubled mind. My friend Wahoo (also known as "Key West's Finest Mutation") asked why I was worried about winning.

"I'm just trying to survive it," he said. He was right, of course.

BACK AT THE Raw Bar a crowd was gathering, and people were getting restless for action. At noon the bar opened, and as the beer began to flow the tension eased. Finally at one o'clock, Rick Dostal, the race organizer, started registration. I happened to be standing in the right place at the right time, and the herds of aspiring drunks pushed me right up to the table, where I got a blurred number that looked meaningless.

I wandered away looking for a beer, but I was broke, and the only place that would give me credit was the Sandcastle at the race's endpoint. My thirst was great, and it was apparent that the race would be slow to start, so I made tracks. When I got to the Sandcastle, curly McGinn, the owner, was standing out front, and he grabbed me and hustled me inside.

"We need a time keeper," he said. "You look like one. Are you drunk yet?"

"Stone sober," I lied.

"Fine. Here's the sheet and the watch. Go out there and drink up, but when they get here be damn accurate."

"Where's the beer?" I said. A half hour later I was sitting by a couple of kegs and fiddling with a

pencil. "This isn't how I planned to cover this race," I said.

"Don't worry," curly answered. "You've got a great view of it. Just sit back, 'cause every runner's gonna have to come to you." He was right. Moments later Martin, last year's winner, came charging at me. He stopped, chugged a beer, I wrote his time, then he puked his guts out. He was unaffected by the process and picked up a beer and began drinking again.

THE REST OF THE day was madness as hundreds of overworked drunks with high blood pressure crowded the Sandcastle lot. Runners slammed into the table upsetting beers and bowls of Irish Stew as they shouted their numbers. Some passed out, some got crazy, and most of them puked. At about six I gave up my job and went in the bar. It was full of hot, sweaty athletes who were dumping as much beer as they could into their pumped-out alcohol streams. If there was any sobriety left in me it went down the tubes right then.

Still thinking like a writer I searched for quotes. I talked with Rick Dostal, Wendy of the Sandcastle, and others who played important parts in the race, but the quotes were worthless because words couldn't do the job. As Wahoo had said, it was a matter of survival, and we had all survived one of the best times we had ever had. The run got flushed down the toilet in the remnants of thousands of beers, but for those of us who were part of it the memories will survive, at least until next year's debacle.

BY PETER HEYRMAN



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Softball

BY MACK DRYDEN

IN KEY WEST, organized softball is as enduring and non-seasonal as bar-hopping, to which it is closely related. You don't have to be a pro to enjoy either one, and both activities can sometimes save a day from being a total loss.

I've been a student of the game -- softball -- for a few years now. There's a lot to learn from it. How to avoid taking yourself too seriously, for example. An illustration comes to mind: I got to the field a little early one night and sat up in the bleachers and drank a beer. Softball is a game you can drink beer before and not get chewed out by anybody. It's traditional. Take away the crew's grog and they mutiny.

So I leaned back to drink my beer and watch the game in progress. The scoreboard said it was 17 to 10 in the top of the sixth, which meant the score was either 17 to 10 in the top of the sixth or that it wasn't. A barefooted kid about eight years old was sitting on the pile of tin numbers under the scoreboard, so the game could be in the first inning or one pitch away from being history. Our scoreboard keeps you in suspense.

ONE GUY ON the field caught my attention. He was as big around as he was short. He was wearing a size XXX large, schoolbus yellow t-shirt, baggy brown bermudas, deck shoes, a golf hat, and a silver watch. He was the first base coach. He said, "Come babe, come Butchie boy, come see me down here now, you the man, line shot, Butch, line shot, attaboy, now get a bigger piece, yeah, base hit him, Butch, you the man, come babe, you the boy," and I wondered how Butch could possibly concentrate on

hitting a softball with that racket going on.

Then he uncrossed his arms for the first time to reveal "Southernmost Pest" printed in big, bold, black letters across his chest. I laughed out loud, sitting there all alone in the bleachers. Maybe it was the beer. Then I looked in the dugout and saw ten other guys claiming to be the Southernmost Pest, and the whole scene got kind of surreal. Eleven Southernmost Pests.

IF YOU PLAY merchant-sponsored softball, you go pot luck and hope you get a husky, masculine-sounding name like "Tux" or "Miller Beer." You can't hope to be a Yankee or a Dodger or a Pirate. You have to be a "Lopez Funeral Home," or a "Jon's Hams," or even a "Searstown Drop-Off." In the last two years I've been a "Half Shell Raw Bar," a "Blossom's" (grocery), and a "Sloppy Joe's Bar."

It's hard for a "Blossom's" to be intimidating. I've never asked the guys on "Yellow Butterfly" or "Martha's" how they feel about it, but they probably wish they sounded more ferocious. Last year the league sounded Italian. We had Pizza Corner, Mira's Pizza and Pizza King, not to mention Foreign Car South.

THE TEAMS THEMSELVES are a great study in sociology. We always have a pure black team ("Miller Lite," ironically), a Cuban team that jokes about you in Spanish and makes you feel like a gringo, a hippie team, a team of major-league jocks, a Coast Guard team that plays in bell-bottomed dungarees, a Conch team or two, a team of lawyers, and various expansion clubs who think they can win games with spirit and nice guys.

The classic confrontation is between a team with spirit and nice guys and a team that's been playing together for years. The established team takes the field in color-coordinated shirts, caps, leggings, sliding pants, wrist-

bands, batting gloves, shorts, and real competition cleats. Illegal monster



bats, hand-crafted in local metal shops, sprinkle their arsenal.

THE EXPANSION CLUB shows up looking like shipwreck survivors. They are decked out in cut-offs, desert boots, cowboy belt buckles, motorcycle pants, warm-ups, bandanas, tight jeans, beach hats, head bands, undershirts, pith helmets, Keds, sandals, bell-bottoms, and various t-shirts, some of which are similar. They have a bat someone remembered he threw in the van before he left New Jersey. They have dozens of wives, girlfriends, sponsors, and buddies of the same social order cheering for them and yelling at the umpires and the other team. The other team's wives and friends lost interest hundreds of games ago.

The expansion team bats first. They've got energy and team spirit to burn. The chatter is deafening. Glory

will be theirs. The lead-off man hits a grounder to the pitcher, then runs like a madman for first base, churning up dust and straining every tendon and vein in his body. The pitcher rubs the ball for a second, checks it for flaws, says something to the second baseman, and casually throws the runner out by two steps. The runner kicks the dirt, throws his cap, curses loudly, and holds his hand as if there were a two-inch splinter in it that nobody could possibly bat with.

The second batter keeps the bat on his shoulder and draws a walk. The stands go wild, the dugout is in a frenzy. Disparaging things are said about the pitcher and his family. The hero on first base readjusts his socks and flexes magnificently, a steel spring ready to explode into action. The first base coach calls time out, checks the position of the fielders, the condition of first base, the direction of the wind, and then gives mysterious, secret instructions to the runner.

THE THIRD MAN up hits a grounder to the shortstop, which triggers a textbook double play and ends the inning.

The expansion team players grab their gloves and run onto the field to do battle. They've had a man on base. First blood has been drawn. They're hungry.

The first man up for the real team hits a sharp grounder to the third baseman, who miraculously snags it before throwing it into the oak tree behind first base. The second batter hits an inside-the-park home run over the left fielder's head. The third man up hits a deep fly. The center fielder backpedals furiously, stumbles and falls. The ball hits on his stomach, and he catches it before it can bounce on his face. An out. All hell breaks loose. The other fielders pound him on the back, the fans throw paper cups in the air and stomp their feet, the eight substitutes in the dugout raise their fists and yell terrible things at the other team.

IT TURNS OUT that the miraculous reception is the high point of the inning for the expansion club. The infield turns into a track meet. Six batters go to the plate twice in the inning. The basepaths turn into a merry-go-round. The ball caroms off players, fences, bases, spectators, and the concession stand. The kid on the scoreboard complains that there isn't a "16" in his pile of numbers.

I lived through a season like that and it was painful. As I sat in the bleachers watching Southernmost Pest play the Coast Guard team, I thanked God I had graduated into a tighter league. As I was thanking God, the Southernmost Pest game ended and I joined my team on the field for warm-ups.

WE WERE PLAYING Miller Beer, the titans of the league for the past few years. It's considered a major accomplishment to last seven full innings with Millers without being bombed out of the park. They're huge. They look like NFL linebackers. Necks as big as my waist. Arms as big as legs. A few of their guys have big beer bellies, but they hardly ever have to run, anyway. They just pound the ball into the Gulf of Mexico and jog around the bases. They have bats that look like something commandos would use. Big, dark, ugly things you wouldn't want your kids to see.

We always pray for a strong north wind when we play Millers, hoping that a few of their home run balls will float back in so we can catch them. Double plays and home runs are routine. They don't get excited about anything.

I'll say this for them: they can beat you 31 to 2 in five innings and still shake your hand afterwards and say, "Nice game" without cracking a smile. I couldn't do that, I don't think. Everybody hates you anyway, so why be coy about it? "Nice game," I would say. "You guys should work up a nightclub act."

THERE WASN'T MUCH action in the first two innings. Then the first guy up for Millers in the third hit the ball over the light wires. The second guy up hit a line drive that hit the top of the fence and went over. The third guy made an out and the fourth guy hit it about a half a mile behind the fence.

The game was stopped temporarily when our left fielder refused to jump the fence again and go after the ball. You feel lousy enough standing out there watching mortars being blown over your head. It's downright humiliating to have to jump the fence, flail through the weeds, and bring it back so the next guy can hit it to the moon. Let 'em chase their own damn balls. See how they like it.

IN THE LAST INNING I got up to bat with runners on second and third and one out. The center fielder had robbed me my last time up, so I was mad. I hit it solid, a line shot right at the pitcher's head. He couldn't handle it. All he could do was knock it up in the air so the second baseman could catch it on the fly and throw out the runner on third base for a double play and end the game.

The whole team stayed depressed for three, maybe four minutes. Then we went over to our sponsor's bar and sat around and drank a few pitchers of beer. We talked about the game some, then went on to more general topics like the flock of college girls that had just ambled in. As our shortstop was leaving around midnight, he made a point of congratulating me for hitting into one of the prettiest double plays he'd ever seen. We laughed about it.

That's the only way to play this game.

This article first appeared in Florida Keys Magazine. Our thanks to Bill Beach, publisher, for permission to reprint.

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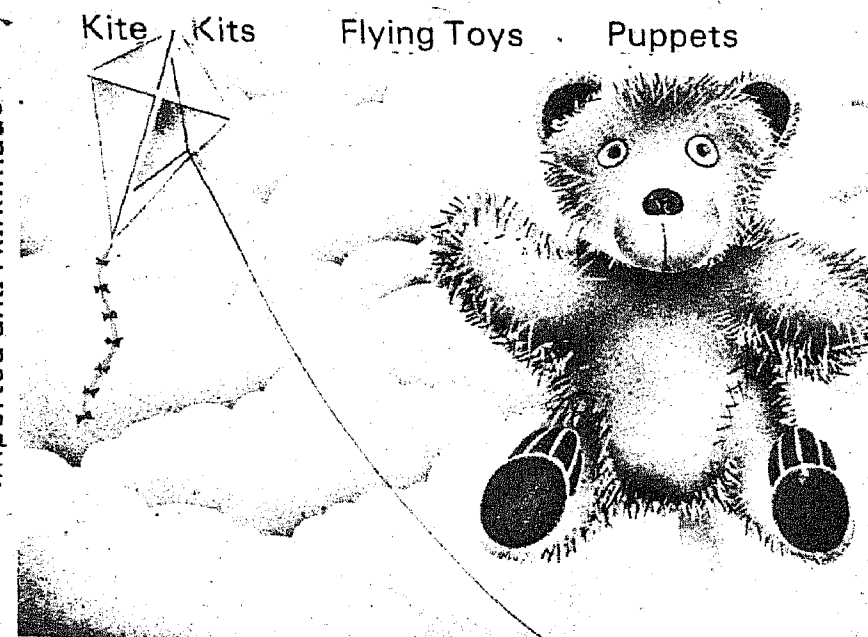
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Notes and Antic Dotes continued from page 9

SHE LATER TESTIFIED that she was sobbing and hysterical when she accomplished what she set out to do. She completely emasculated Gabriel in one sure swipe of the curved knife. Neighbors in the next door tenement heard the horrendous scream as Gabriel was castrated. They rushed into the apartment in time to stop Inez from slashing her own wrists with the same curvette, and to summon aid for Gabriel. A neighbor with some medical training staunchly the flow of blood. An ambulance was summoned, and Gabriel, still in a half drunken stupor, was carted off to a hospital. Inez, also in a state of shock, was transported to jail, pending the fate of her drastically mutilated lover. There was nothing left of any aspect of masculinity. The magazine displayed a facial study of the pregnant Inez, head raised defiantly. She glared directly into the camera lens with huge, brilliant eyes.

THE TAXIMAN WHO examined the photo with me waved his hand in a gesture of sweeping admiration. He stated, "Ah, a woman of much spirit!"

A second photograph accompanied the story. This revealed a wan-faced Gabriel lying in a hospital bed, eyes closed in sad resignation.

Senor Blanco shook his head as he contemplated the caption under the magazine photo. It read: "Gabriel -- in hospital fighting for life."

His ultimate query: "Yeah? Why the hell should he fight at all after what happened to him?"

ANOTHER FAVORITE STORY related by the gabby cabby who loved to collect and hold an audience of fellow drivers, or anyone hanging around in the vicinity of 616 Duval Street, is a monkey business tale.

It is best repeated in dialect, but the staccato speech is impossible to reproduce in print; readers will have to supply a little imagination, with accent, for a true demonstration of the narration. Johnny dePoo was an expert at this, and he, too, was fond of describing the incident.

A MAN IN KEY WEST owned a dainty female monkey. He referred to the pet as his "Girl Rhesus," or just "Girl" for short.

The owner was a sensitive fellow, attuned to feelings of animals as well as human beings. He often talked with friends about his pet, who had become moody and no longer frolicked about in her cage or chattered at him in simian language, which Arturo purported to understand, at least in part. He would clasp a hand to his heart, operatic style, and shake his head sadly, remarking, "Ah, my poor little one! She is lonely. She is longing for a boyfriend, I am sure. But since she came from Cuba, it is most important that she meet a suitable mate from her own district. He must be a Cuban-born Rhesus, who speaks to her in his native way."

Despite a veterinarian's assurance that any healthy Rhesus male would do, Arturo insisted on applying his theory of a romantic liaison from the "Pearl of the Caribbean," as Havana was known.

NOW THIS HAPPENED nearly a decade before Castro took over Cuba, when the ties between Key West and "Habana" were silken, smooth, as well as binding.

Arturo had close relatives just across the 90 miles of tropic waters separating the two islands. He got in touch with one of them, and arrangements were made to purchase and import a likely young companion for "Girl." It all involved extra money and pull to get special permission to admit the alien member of the ape tribe, plus local influence, but Arturo was determined to provide the best for his favored pet.

All was achieved in due time, and a fine specimen of the

wanted breed was brought over on a private fishing boat and installed in a cage close to that of Girl Rhesus.

SHE WAS CURIOUS about him but not overexcited. She leaped nimbly from bar to bar in her own quarters and peered through the wire, surveying the monkey to whom Arturo referred discreetly as "my monkey's fiancé."

"Fiance" became the newcomer's name. He was inspected by all the friends and relatives of Arturo and received the stamp of approval from the onlookers, if not from "Girl," who began sulking in a corner as if resentful of the admiration and attention given her intended.

The consulting veterinarian told owner Arturo that the time was rapidly approaching when it would be well to introduce the pair on more intimate terms than mere proximity of caged-in confines. He advised caution, and that a standby guard squad be in attendance at the preliminaries.

After all, Rhesus Girl was small, demure, and a little timid. Fiance was apparently a monkey with machismo; he was bold and active and had a dashing manner.

PREPARATIONS WERE MADE for the day of beckoning -- with reckoning. The individual cages were placed in adjacent sites, and the main cage doors fitted together, but still closed. A slide adjustment was made so that the doors could be drawn up simultaneously, leaving an open passageway between the wired-over enclosures.

Men stood by with sturdy sticks to interfere should Fiance take it into his head to get rough with the bride-to-be.

A few pacifying bananas were put into each cage, and while "Girl" and "Fiance" began peeling the fruit and feasting, the guard contingent cautiously advanced and stood at the ready.

The entrances to the respective cages were lifted. The watchers were on the alert for any fast moves on the part of the imported beau.

STILL, THEY WERE unprepared for what happened.

Girl finished her two bananas in short order. Through the joined cage openings she could see Fiance consuming his share of the goodies, but slowly, and with the assurance of a king dining in solitary leisure.

Girl hesitated only momentarily. Then she scampered from her cage into his and grabbed up a portion of the last banana which lay before him.

Not content with snatching of the leftovers, Rhesus Girl looked up in to the surprised visage of the male monkey, snarled, and inserted her nimble-fingered paws right into his jaws, which were crammed with the banana he was chewing. She popped out what he had in his mouth and popped it into her own. Then she grimaced at him menacingly and scooted back into her own cage with the unpeeled loot.

There she devoured the stolen banana and assumed a superior pose.

AS FOR FIANCE, he cowered in an abject state of shock, retreating to a cage perch. There he huddled until the doors of both cages were closed and the cages moved apart.

Later reports revealed that Fiance never recovered from the assault on his male dignity. He never approached Rhesus Girl again. She, however, recovered from her emotional retreat and was once again a merry monkey. Poor Fiance only lived another six months or so.

Arturo remained loyal to his domineering female pet. The taximan, who spun out this caperish maneuver for me, snorted with indignation. "That Rhesus Girl became just like an American woman. She -- she, not he, is the boss of the house. Pah!" And he spat.

This happened before the disputed days of women's lib, of course. Nobody was monkeying around with that issue back then.



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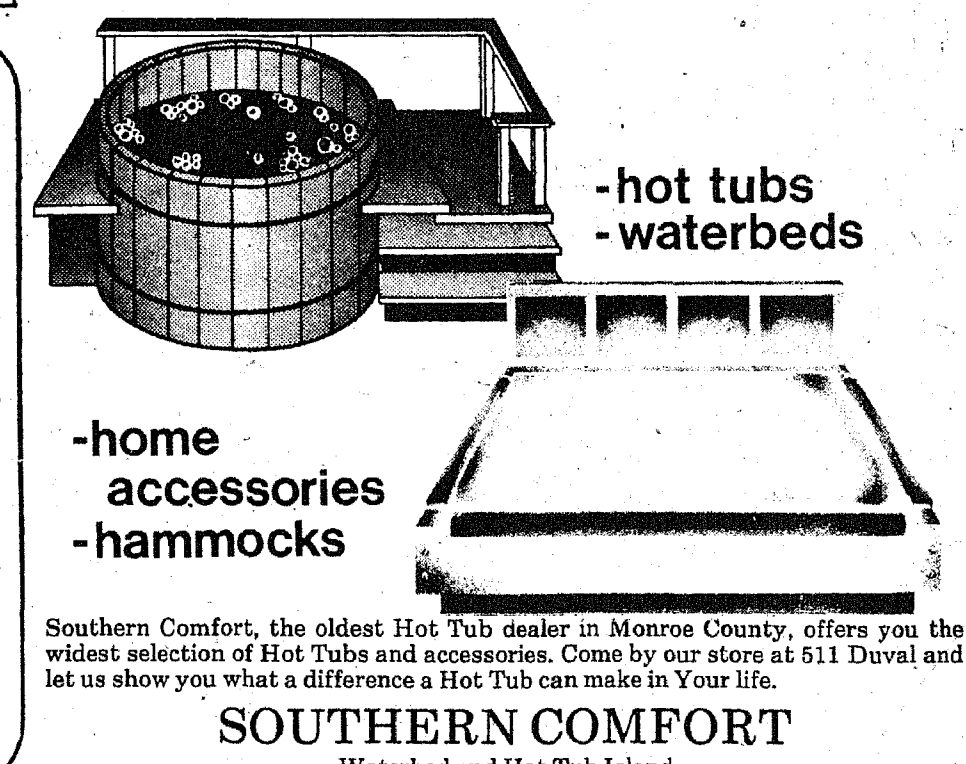
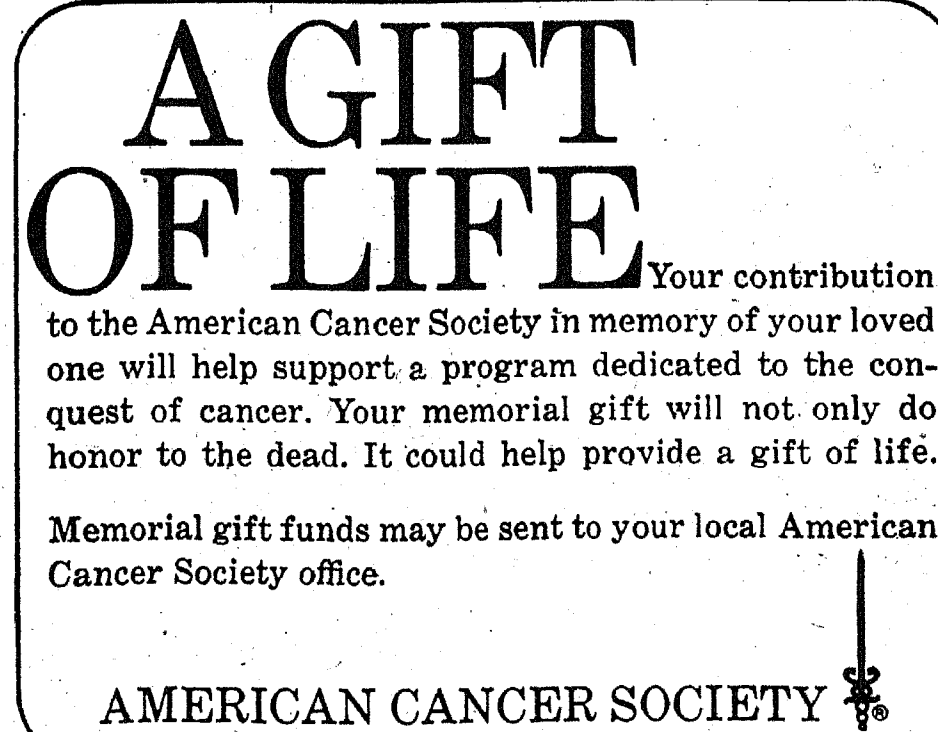
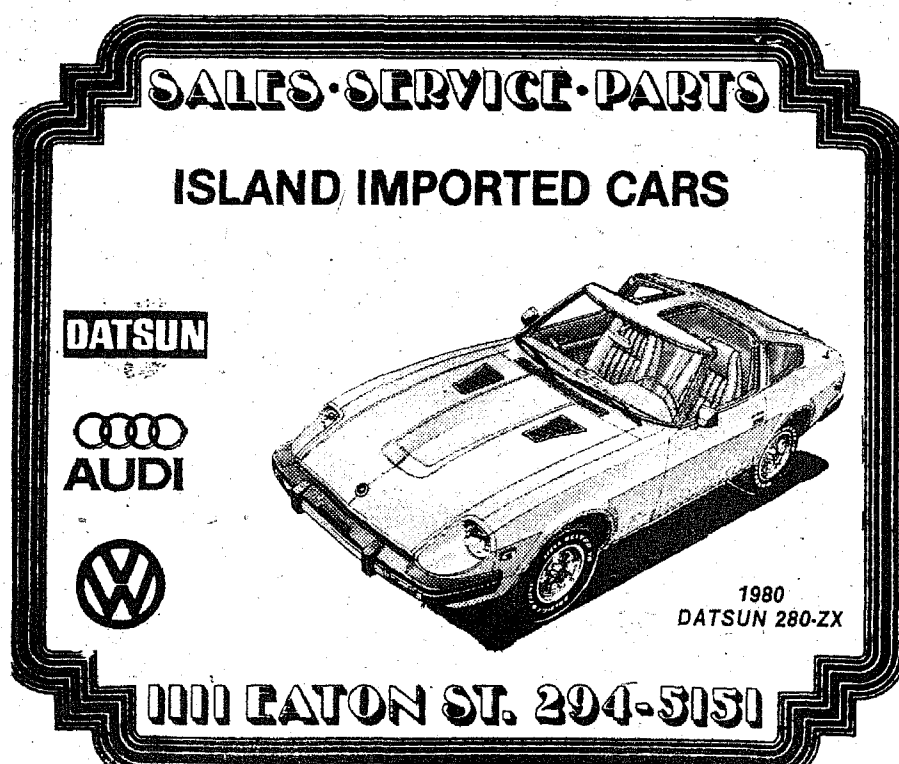
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RON STACK: VICTIM OR VILLAIN

BY GARRY BOULARD

ONE OF THE results of last month's Miami Herald series concerning pot smuggling on this island ("Key West: Smuggler's Island"), besides giving local readers exciting morning breakfast fare and speculation that a national television network news program may be interested in providing a follow-up, has been the possibility of lawsuits against the sturdy Knight-Ridder newspaper by some of those mentioned in the week-long exclusive.

Key West City Manager Ronald Stack is among those who are presently con-

only by saying, "No comment. I really haven't made up my mind one way or the other yet."

STACK WAS FOCUSED on during the sixth day of the running series by Herald reporter Susan Sachs in an article titled "How City Manager Uses Keys Police." Sachs, who along with other reporters conducted more than 200 interviews for their probing investigation, was with the Herald's Key West bureau in 1978-79. Her March 21 article accused

passed last fall, you said at a city commission meeting that the city just didn't have enough money to cover for them. Then, several days later, we all of a sudden did. Is that incompetence on your part?

STACK: Listen, do you know how small our budget is? We're working with hardly anything. Just check the financial records. We have less people working than ever before. It could be even less. We have to cut corners. Those men are getting their money now. I was in their corner all the way.

SOLARES HILL: How would you respond to a public call for your resignation?

STACK: I'd refuse, absolutely. All the charges against me are unfounded. Why should I get out if I have nothing to worry about?

sidering just such an action. Stack has been meeting with his attorney, Nathan Eden, to study the possibility of suing the paper for libel or slander, although Stack will comment on their discussions

the city manager of, among other things, using the city police as a sort of "goon" squad to physically intimidate enemies, falsifying a job application in 1973 to the Monroe County Sheriff's

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Office, and trying to elicit information concerning testimony given to a grand jury in 1974 that is, under the law, confidential.

The story prompted City Commissioner Richard Heyman to publicly call for Stack's application, along with his credentials, to be reviewed by the city commission.

STACK, IN AN INTERVIEW with Solares Hill, called the accusations made in the Herald unfounded.



"But what can I do?" he asked. "When a big paper like that goes out after you, what chance do you have?"

The 44-year-old city manager is visibly exhausted by the controversy the Herald series has caused. "I have credentials," he said. "I resent the implication that I'm not qualified for this job, or that I falsified my application to become city manager." He pointed to copies of several certificates that have been awarded to him by the

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Associates Investment Company for a "loan management clinic" in 1961, the Council on Police Officers Standards and Training for police standards in 1973, and a Public Safety Director's certificate from Biscayne College in 1975.

"Don't ever forget, I may just be the most qualified city manager in the entire state of Florida," Stack said. "I'm sure I'm the only one who has the credentials to run a police department."

THE HERALD ARTICLE stated that Stack attended a Washington University in Washington, D.C., and the Banking and Finance Institute in South Bend, Indiana. These were, at least, the credentials that he offered on the application to the sheriff's office. However, reporter Sachs wrote, "The school (The Banking and Finance Institute) has no record of his enrollment." She went on to write, "He said also that he attended a Washington University. No university by that name exists in Washington, D.C."

Reached for comment, Sachs said, "I stand by the story as it appeared in the Herald. I called each place two or three times in order to get different clerks. They simply didn't have any record of his attending these courses he claims to have."

THE CITY MANAGER, however, has responded to the claim by saying, "That Associates Investment Company doesn't exist for a very good reason. They were bought out by Gulf and Western Company and moved to Houston. My records have just moved. That girl (Sachs) tried to get something and she couldn't." He added, "These reporters spent three days going through all kinds of financial management papers in my office. They disrupted everything. No one could get any work done. Did you see anything about that in the Herald? No. Do you want to know why? Because they couldn't find a damn thing."

One of the confusing factors in this controversy is the fact that the appli-

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cation in question was not made for the city manager's position. Stack has claimed that he didn't have to make such an application when he became manager under then mayor Delio Cobo in 1969. Heyman has pointed out, "That part about the questionable job application was for special investigator at the Monroe County Sheriff's Office, not the job Ron has right now. I have a feeling that he pretty much has things in order as far as the city manager position is concerned. At least we'll find out, as we must do when any city employee's credentials are called into question."

ONE WAY OR THE OTHER, the requirement for the city manager's position, as defined by the Key West Charter, calls for a person "chosen solely on the basis of his executive and administrative qualifications with special reference to his actual experience in, or his knowledge of, accepted practice in respect to the duties of his office." The vaguely worded section has no requirement whatsoever for any high school or college degree.

Asked if he has at any time during his tenure as city manager used members of the Key West Police Department as his bodyguards or thugs to handle his own personal problems, Stack answered, "Ask the police themselves. Ask Police Chief James. How long could I last in this town if I were doing things like that?"

THE CITY MANAGER was adamant on this point, despite the documentation in the *Herald* by Sachs concerning an incident in the summer of 1977 when Stack allegedly beat up a civilian communications worker employed by the Navy. The article claimed that Stack had the man arrested after Stack's son and the man's son got into a fight. Supposedly, Stack yelled at the man, after punching him several times, that he would "kill anyone that hurt my son." This incident is one of several rumored situations

where Stack has been accused of either physically beating up people who irritate him, or having a cop friend do it for him.

"Look, this man struck my son," Stack said. "I didn't know a damn thing about it. My wife is the one who pressed charges. Again, everything has been blown way out of proportion. I knew, once this guy was in the jail, that he would be in trouble with his job if he had a record on him. I then went back to my wife and said, 'Look, we have a problem.' She later decided to drop charges. You can ask her that. I just decided to give this guy a break. Remember, my son was about 11 years old at the time when this guy hit him."

THE GENERAL THRUST of the *Herald* series dealt with the immense profits presently being enjoyed by pot smugglers in Key West, and the extremely lax law enforcement by the state attorney's office concerning those who are caught with giant loads of the much in demand "square groupers" -- bales of marijuana. The piece on Stack did not have a direct drug tie-in. This came as a surprise to many observers who have been speculating that former Key West policeman Tony Baso has fingered Stack along with several other city and county officials as being involved in drug trafficking. Baso has been testifying before federal authorities, supposedly on just such matters. Stack denied any involvement with drug trafficking. He said, "That would be impossible. I hardly even know Tony Baso. It just isn't even close to the truth."

Both Stack and attorney Eden have accused the *Herald* of trying to distort the facts. Stack said, "In 10 years, the time I've been city manager, I've never seen a favorable article in that paper about Key West or Monroe County. They're always trying to make us look bad. I suggest they look into their own backyards for once. Right now in Miami there's a tremendous drug war going on.

People are getting shot. Miami is number one in crime. Yet, they say it's us down here."

EDEN ADDED, "We never had anything from them but biased coverage. I remember once when Bernie Papy ran his entire senate campaign against the *Herald*. And it appears that the *Key West Citizen* is in on this 'conspiracy of silence' thing, also. They won't print our side. It's like doctors who never say anything bad about one another."

Such accusations from both the press and the politicians bring to mind the traditional tension between the media and those who are in power. Has the *Herald* gone out on a libelous limb with accusations that can't be backed up? Just how effective is such investigative reporting in working towards the betterment of a community? Or is one of the most frequently-heard complaints concerning the *Herald's* series more accurate? That the disclosures of corruption, incompetence, and collusion just "skim the surface?"

COMMISSIONER HEYMAN FELT that the *Herald* did this community a great service and a great disservice. They helped bring out into the open a lot of things concerning drugs and smuggling that need to be looked into. Some of these things we simply cannot tolerate, and the *Herald* has helped in that regard. But, some of their things, like suggesting that I'm a one-man clean-up operation here, trying to get all the drug people out, are ridiculous. I'm against these drugs, but there's no way that I have the power to change all of these problems by myself, as was suggested."

Even attorney Eden has admitted that a lawsuit against the *Herald* would be difficult because "no matter how incorrect something may be, it's hard to prove malice."

JUST AS SOLARES HILL has on occasion editorialized that there should be fur-

ther investigation into local cases that have more questions than answers, so too did the *Herald* promote the suggestion that the Florida Department of Law Enforcement intensify "its scrutiny of the municipal government in Key West, particularly City Manager Ron Stack and the ineffectual police department he has controlled for the past decade."

Stack challenged, "I welcome further investigation. What the hell are they going to investigate? All kinds of charges have been made against me already, and they haven't proved a thing."

The entire question of the awesome power of the press is usually only raised by those who have been a target of some type of investigation or unfair editorial. The rest of the populace seems content, on the other hand, to view such influence and power that the press is supposed to have as "the way things should be." Many people have accepted the credo first promoted by Wilbur Storey of the *Chicago Times* in 1861: "It's a newspaper's duty to print the news, and raise hell."

CERTAINLY THE MAKINGS of this most recent press-politico confrontation were almost inevitable from the start. Reporter Sachs stated that she tried, in vain, to reach Stack, "probably around 30 times." She claimed that she spent two or three days just calling his office, his home, anywhere he might have been. Yet, at the same time, attorney Eden has admitted that he counseled his client, Stack, to avoid the *Herald* reporters "because of the type of story they were planning to do. They wanted to go after us from the start."

Surely, when a wide variety of allegations have been made against a public official (as in the case of the city manager), any legitimate journalist must have the obligation to follow those leads for the most accurate story possible. That appears to be what Sachs was trying to do. But what if a public official has reason to believe that any

story is going to be a "hatchet job," no matter how much he cooperates? Eden stated, "In this case, because it was obviously going to be a crusading thing, we felt talking to these people would only make them look more legitimate. Which they weren't."

THERE UNDENIABLY IS an incredible amount of pressure on Ronald Stack these days. Some of his detractors in this town compare him to an incompetent Napoleon, constantly looking over his shoulder with increasing worry. Those people say Ronald Stack's world is beginning to cave in. His Waterloo appears imminent.

Yet the suggestion of resignation brings forth a strong-jawed profile from Stack that fairly spits out, "Never. Where does that come from? Haven't I proved to you that the charges against me are false? Why the hell would I resign?"

To the people at Solares Hill --

This January marked my first visit to Key West and needless to say, I fell in love. I've enclosed a few lines inspired in me by your island.

I would like this to be my contribution to a newspaper I found both interesting and informative. All I ask is that you send me a copy of the paper it is published in.

I thank you very much.

Debra Ann Koye Perrochino

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ISLAND

morning/duval street

brave bodies
in bright coloured stripes
pedal by
the sun beats on the pavement
straight yellow lines
cutting through green palms

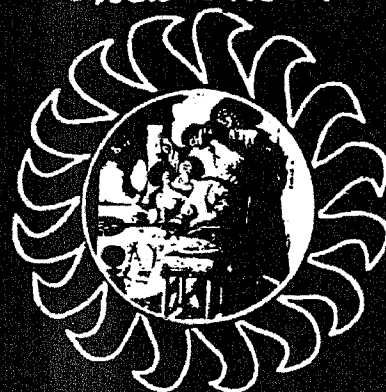
five guys on the corner
in studded leather vests
are drinking beer
from cans
and whistling at the girls

sunset/mallory square

clusters of people
black and silver machines
around their necks
all try to stand near the water
at once
it set on the edge
cold brown cement block
legs dangling over blue
purple graffiti scrawled beneath me
in a heart
carol loves eddie
forever
a sudden silence in the square
hundreds of eyes stare hypnotically
at a circle of orange light
moving target
somewhere an unheard signal sounds
we all shoot in unison
clicking out a rhythm
to a singular song
the circle bursts blood red
and slowly falls from the sky

night/duval street cafe and
the gulf of mexico
music and neon scream
through blackness in the street
a white cafe flashes its name
bob dylan cries out from the jukebox
it sits in a corner table
with a beer
and a bag of nuts
a picture of heningway
smiles at me from the wall
it smiles back
as if to say i know
why he had to go
and in the distance
black waves
move in reckless patterns
just like me and you

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This is an appeal for contributions to help defray some of the legal and investigative expenses involved in his defense and may help not only Bill Westray, but all of Key West.

City Planner Keith Golan has filed a libel and slander lawsuit against him for an editorial he wrote for *Solares Hill* in December. Those of us who have followed what is happening feel the lawsuit is totally without justification and must be defeated.

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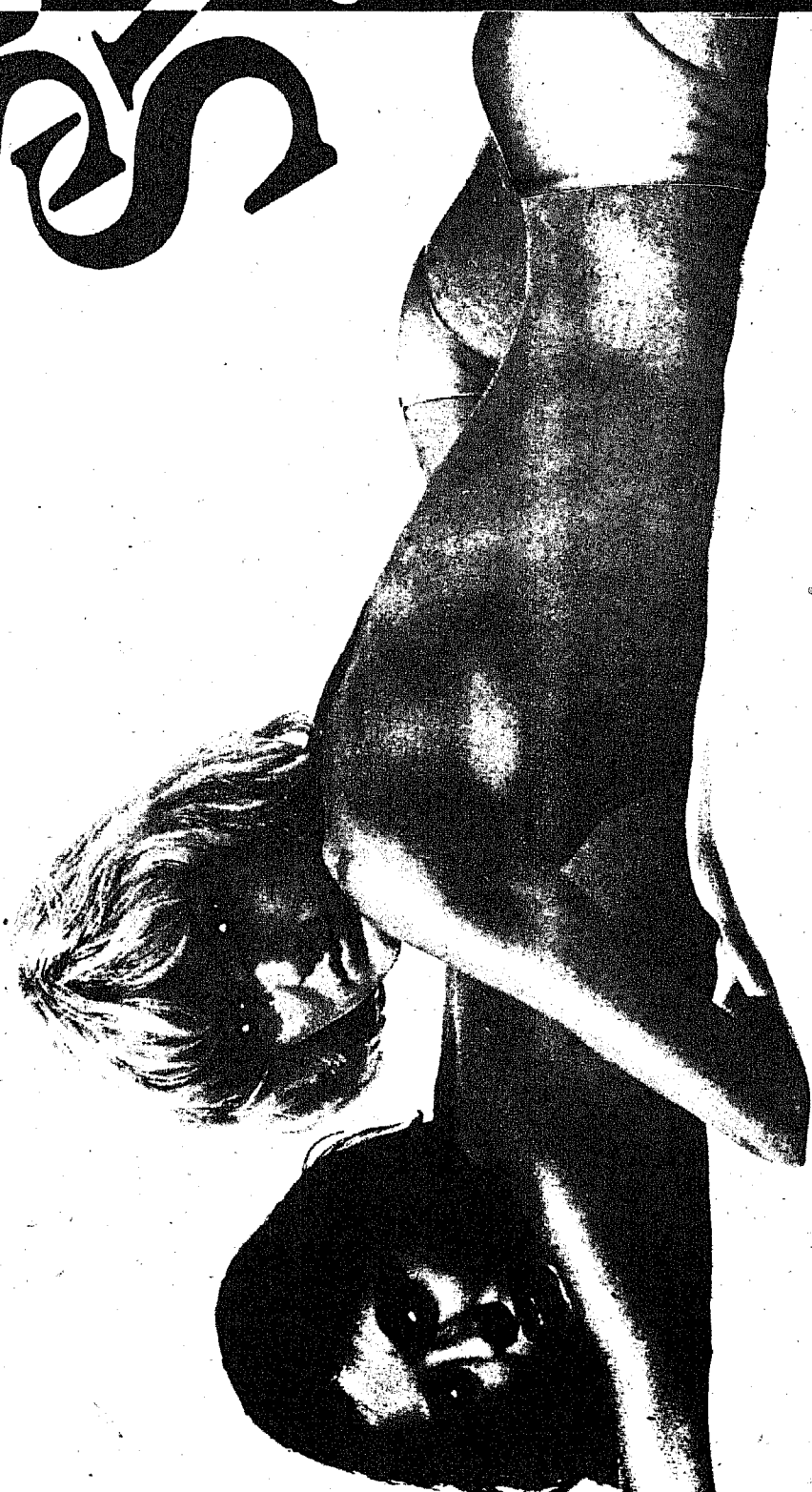
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Who Patrick Is

BY EILEEN QUINN

HIS BUSINESS CARD, currently in its tenth printing, simply reads, "WHO IS PATRICK?"

Many a downtown Key West or native Conch is able to reply with a smile, relating the latest talk surrounding Patrick Galvin, one of Key West's most famous bartenders.

Tourists and visitors to The Island City profit immensely from spending time in his company. Not many gents who mix drinks also run for city commissioner, quote Dale Carnegie's philosophy, create contests to name the seven dwarfs, recommend spots to take one's mother, organize St. Patrick's Day parades and beer runs, know Tennessee Williams personally, receive cards and mementoes from around the globe and rebel flags from the governors of Kentucky and South Carolina, and make everyone feel as welcome as an Irish morn.

Yet this is Patrick Daniel Galvin, born of Irish parentage on Long Island, New York, some forty-odd years ago. After a stint in the U.S. Army, which included overseas duty in Vietnam, Patrick chose to open his own nightspot on Long Island, catering to college crowds. At home with young and old, his gift of Irish gab and blarney made him a natural clubowner, and his career as combination preacher/psychologist was launched with gusto. Ability and agility flourished, and the tradition of "PATRICK" was born.

IN THE LATE nineteen-sixties, Patrick came to Key West for a weekend, "on a lark," as he puts it, at the invitation of a friend residing in Miami. "Key West? Where the hell is Key West?" he wanted to know.

Needless to say, he found out. Patrick has never been very far off Duval Street since then, not even to close up shop at his northern club or get his belongings. He has found his "end of the rainbow."

Few can tell the history of Key West during these past twelve years better than Patrick himself. Together with the many background facts, tall tales, and hearsay which he recounts about the Island City he discovered, as well as the one which visitors find today, Patrick adds the spice and zest of a born storyteller.

"WHEN I FIRST came to the Conch City, there was a big military population here. Yet the island was Conch

owned, managed and dominated. One could easily walk along the street saying hello to just about everyone. This was the typical expression of the Conch way of life, beautiful people mingling together.

"But during the 1973-74 season, tourism fell way off. The island practically died. It was as if a disaster had struck. Duval sometimes resembled the main street of a ghost town. Natives could not survive; the old ways began to pass out of existence, much to the dismay of those who had grown so fond of the Conch tradition, and had come here permanently for that very reason.

"Then, in the summer of '74, as I recall, there was an overnight change. The Tourist Surge occurred. Visitors poured into Key West. Yankees and foreigners began buying up Conch property very cheaply, and selling it at huge profit. Misguided Conchs were pushed back and withdrew still further, so that today they are unfortunately a dying breed, not unlike the American Indian."

THE NIGHTCLUBS HAVE also changed, oftentimes right before Patrick's eyes, or under his skilled hands.

Patrick has managed and/or tended bar at a great number of Old Island landmarks. When the Pier House Restaurant was known as "Tony's Fish Market," and when Delmonico's was called "Jack Gray's Rum Runner," Patrick was in the midst of the changes. He was at La Brisa before it became Captain Hornblower's, and at Maynard's before it became Rick's. Throughout the many changings of hands, somehow Patrick has remained Patrick, serving up drinks for all. In addition, he worked at the Original Carriage Trade, The Midget, The Boat Bar, The Atlantic Shores, Billie's, and many more besides. From each emerge countless stories past and present, which often amuse, provoke, and entertain the eager listener.

PATRICK LIKES TO TELL the one about the day Tony's Fish Market opened and closed three times in one hour. Seems that a husband and wife management team from Northern Florida were having some personal problems. He was the chef; she, the hostess. Waiters were hired and fired, picking up plates and setting them down again with extreme rapidity, all in the midst of rampant profanity and bewildered customers.

Then there is the one about the coconuts.

Some very respectable customers came and ordered pina colodas at the Atlantic Shores one afternoon.

Patrick, not too fond of their "holier than thou" attitude or their request, said to them, "Pina colodas? Where do you think you are? Cuba?"

A retired army private by the name of Sylvester was sitting at the counter within earshot.

"Bossman, why won't you fix up a few pina colodas for the people?" he asked Patrick.

"Why? Why, because I don't have any coconut, that's why," retorted Patrick.

The next day, when Patrick arrived at work, his employer was on hand to greet him at the door with the words, "What do you plan to do with the coconuts, Patrick?"

"What coconuts?" the bewildered bartender queried.

At that point the boss opened the door to the flood of hundreds of rolling coconuts, all of which had to be disposed of at Patrick's expense.

Sylvester had taken him at his word and had single-handedly collected two full wheelbarrows of coconuts to aid his friend Patrick in his cocktail-making.

But would he now make that confounded drink?

At the time the reply was, "No! Never! A thousand times, no!"

BUT LATER, at La Brisa, which laid claim to being the first North American home of the pina colada, Patrick estimates that he made between ten and fifteen thousand pina colodas. He has sampled only one, which he was unable to finish.

"Terrible," is how he describes Key West's most popular drink. "A hell of a tourist drink, but a damned poor drinker's drink."

Or Patrick might tell the true history of the Conch train. There are many off-the-cuff memoirs of Key West treasure hunting. If one is interested in law enforcement, politics, and the behind-the-scenes episodes that shape the Island City's empire, one could do no better than to get it all first-hand from Patrick. He has interesting motorcycle gang legends and many "gimmick" bar stories. As he says himself, "The human cycle of life is endless. There

are characters who appear before me every day who ought to be in novels."

SPEAKING OF NOVEL characters, Patrick credits himself with changing "Jack Gray's Rum Runner" from a hard-core, country-western, redneck bar for shrimpers into a very respectable nightclub. In the mid-1970's, Patrick took over the managerial duties of this bar. He says of that time:

"I was breaking new ground. Delmonico's gained a reputation for catering to all types, straight, mellow, and gay. There was no direct confrontation, no bouncers, no hassles. There was never a need, because we were treating all as equals. No one was asked to come in; there was no anchor attached to anyone's ass either. Delmonico's became the first gay disco bar on the island, yet it always blended tremendous straight crowds within its gay ranks."

FROM THE HIGH to the low Patrick has been. "The pits," is how he described the Midget Bar, now closed.

"When I was there during the late summer and early fall of '74, the only ones allowed in were the ones kicked out of every other bar. Only Dr. Mudd could have entered that den of iniquity for a drink," affirms Patrick, chuckling as he proceeds to explain that Dr. Mudd was the man who fixed the leg of John Wilkes Booth, the alleged assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

Patrick is personal friends with Jimmy Kirkwood of *Chorus Line* fame, and with James Leo Herlihy, who wrote *Midnight Cowboy*. Evan Rhodes and he would travel around the island drinking together, always ending up at the Old Anchor Inn, which is now known as the New Hope Leather Company. Henry Faulkner, the artist, drops in to say hello to Patrick whenever he is in town, so that the two can reminisce.

"Years ago, when we were all struggling together, Henry got into a jam with the Florida Disposal Company over his garbage bill. He refused to pay it, saying, 'Everything I buy, my goats and I eat.'

"But what do you do with your cans?" he was asked by the men on the truck who came by for the payment.

"I bury 'em in my back yard for mulch," was Henry's reply.

"Two old women across the street overheard the confrontation, and one of them yelled, 'This lane is going to hell because of the likes of you.'

"Henry, not to be outdone, immediately hollered back, 'Ah, c'mon. This lane's been going to hell for twenty-five years!'"

PATRICK WILL BE the first to tell you that it takes all of the divergent personalities to form the composite whole of his time and space. He treats the famous and infamous just alike.

"Business is people. People equals business. Liquor may change them, of course. The psychology of the bartender



PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

is to connect with the needs and feelings of the patrons."

This Patrick does with aplomb.

A priest once said to him, "You and I are in the same business. We just wear different costumes."

Patrick agreed, quoting the old Irish adage that one good enemy is often preferred over the company of ten half-hearted friends.

"Once it's explained, those in conflict with one another will usually calm down. But ah, I've had to break up some lovely hatreds!"

HE IS ALWAYS there, willing to extend himself.

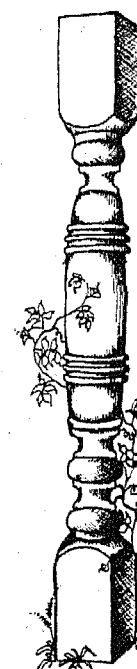
"So many times," he states, "the old timers here don't understand that Key West is a changing utopia. In my own way, I am trying to assist the transition for all of the various levels who pass my way."

"A personal philosophy?" He pauses just a second before answering.

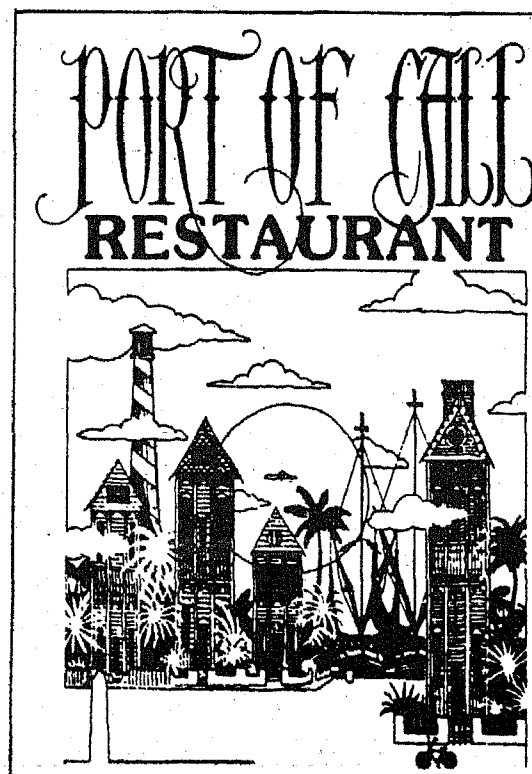
"Tell 'em what's not told in books."

Always smile, even at your enemies, because then they'll never know what you're thinking about them. And as Auntie Mame says, 'LIVE, LIVE, LIVE.'

Patrick Galvin can currently be found tending at Durty Harry's bar on Telegraph Lane and Charles Street off Duval, every Friday through Tuesday, noon 'til 8 p.m.



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SOME REMARKS

THE LUCKY CHARM

Notes in the Southernmost Humane Society file of ten years ago were the basis for this story.

EARLY ON MONDAY, February 2, around 8:15 a.m., a tiny girl was seen trudging along Eisenhower Drive accompanied by a dog. A patrolman gathered them up and took them to the police station. When the child was asked her name she patted the long, low, droopy-eared creature beside her and answered "Boo." Further questioning for additional information led only to silence. Then a woman at the police desk noticed the dog had a collar tag, a Humane Society Dog License, dated 1969, and called the Shelter on Stock Island.

Fortunately, the Agent for Southernmost Humane Society kept careful records. These revealed that the dog's name was Boo II and that he had been adopted by Mrs. Clayton Rocap, 581-G Perry Court, and the tag purchased on June 30, 1969. A small additional note proved most helpful. Listed also as co-owners were the names of Mona and Laurie, the Rocaps' two little girls.

THE AGENT SUGGESTED that the police ask the tot if she was called Laurie or Mona. At mention of Mona, her response was immediate and enthusiastic, with a big smile, and much patting and kudos to Boo. The problem was solved; Mrs. Rocap was found (she was out searching the neighborhood) and the two wanderers were restored safely to home and family.

It seems that Boo (mixture Dachshund, Cocker with perhaps a speck of Bassett) had been lost twice before and restored both times with help of his tag. The last time out was shortly before Christ-

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mas, when he turned up early outside the Shelter gate, barking to be let inside. The Agent looked over her coffee cup and commented laughingly to her husband, "Oh, there's Boo again!" He seemed to have remembered from previous association that here was a good place to meet friendly people and enjoy a square meal.

The return routine was usual; Marine Corpsman Rocap was called. He hustled out on his motor bike, zipped up Boo in the front of his leather jacket, head poking out, ears flapping in the breeze, and off they went to home range again.

A FEW DAYS FOLLOWING the February incident, Mrs. Rocap made a special trip to the Stock Island Shelter to personally thank the Agent and the Humane Society for the "Lucky Charm," which she contended was instrumental in the quick and safe recovery of the little ones. She couldn't bear to speculate if Boo actually was headed for the Shelter for the third time on the fateful morning they were picked up by the police. She did add, however, that after Boo's latest brush with the law, he had become unduly protective of Mona, even showing displeasure and concern if the little girl was scolded.

WHAT WOULD HAPPEN to the Monas and Boos of today in Key West? it is asked. The "Lucky Charm" could not help because it does not presently exist. Following eviction of the Southernmost Humane Society from the Shelter built up over a period of thirty years, the County took over in early 1978 and was granted a twenty-five year lease from the City for operation of a pound, as provided for by state law.

All dogs adopted from there must have a rabies tag before a Monroe County dog tag is issued. Consequently, many dog tags are placed with veterinarians administering the shots. Records of them, if kept, are rarely returned to the pound. The assistant in charge, the

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day we called, stressed what could or could not be done "under the law," causing us to conclude that Mona and Boo would stand a slim chance today of being found with the help of any type tag.

THE HUMANE SOCIETY had supplied that better part. Calls for our services continue to come every day. We try to meet the needs but it has been hard without a facility. To make our efforts even more difficult, the City, under some flimsy pretext, confiscated our poor old half broken-down truck this past year.

In spite of all odds, the attorney who has helped, free of retainer, through two years of court battles, feels we are near the moment of truth. This keeps our expectations high for a time soon when we can begin again from the beginning: to buy a truck, to build, to equip, and to reinstate the HUMANE in our services, to establish a center of hope for animals.

by Margaret Dennis

THE SPECTRUM SCHOOL is pleased to announce an expanded schedule for the community in its Spring after-school program. The eight-week session will begin April 7 and run through to May 30, with registration running through the first week of classes.

This after-school program will hopefully be incorporated into a full-time accredited, academic school for children ages 5-18 years in the Fall of 1980. Spectrum School would like to provide a learning environment where the children can be guided toward fulfillment in day-to-day living. Children have needs that go beyond the acquisition of intellectual knowledge. Recognizing this, the school plans to offer more practical learning experiences through classes in carpentry, sewing, swimming, and conversational Spanish. The child-



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ren's natural creativity will be encouraged in dance, music, drawing, painting, and photography classes. The after-school classes are open to all members of the community, both children and adults. For more information call Carol Anderson at 294-5586 or stop by the Spectrum School, 530 Whitehead Street, at the corner of Whitehead and Southard Streets, Monday through Thursday 3-5 p.m.

SPECTRUM SCHOOL is one part of a large project that is in the works at the old USO building. The use of the building has been donated by the city to the Latin American Chamber of Commerce. The chamber is sponsoring a boxing program and is working with representatives from HRS and other community people on forming a Community Youth Center. This Center would provide a place for youth of the community to engage in activities such as boxing, after-school classes offered by Spectrum School, dances, and other recreational activities. The Youth Center will offer supervised constructive activities which will provide an outlet for creative energy and act as a deterrent to destructive tendencies, thus helping to curb crime in the community. The group is currently working on securing some grants to fund this project, but community help and support will also be needed. Anyone interested in donating time, expertise, or equipment please contact Mr. Espinola at 294-6156 or Carol Anderson at Spectrum School.

SPECTRUM SCHOOL SCHEDULE OF CLASSES

Everyday	3-3:30	Cooperative Games - no charge
	3:30-5:30	Individual tutoring -- no charge
Monday	3:30-5:30	Sight Drawing/Painting for Children -- Barry Lee
	4:30-5:30	Sight Drawing/Painting for Adults -- Barry Lee

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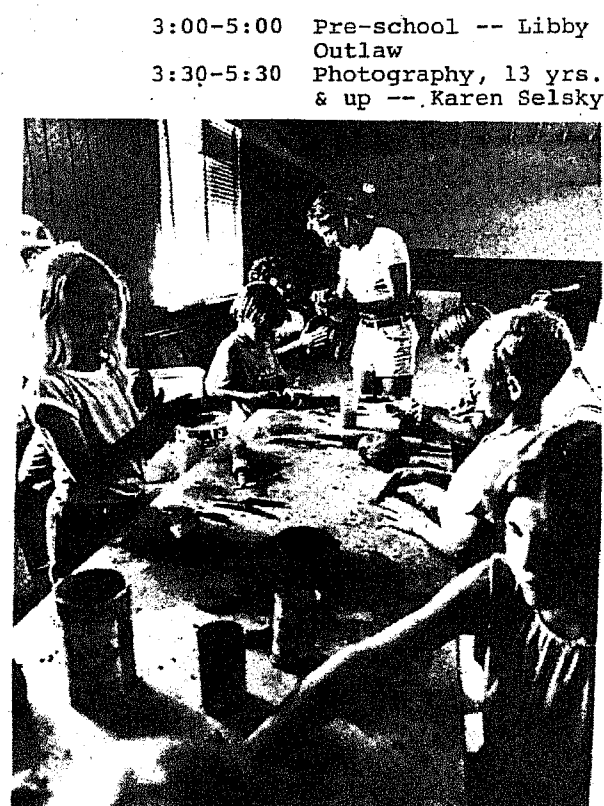
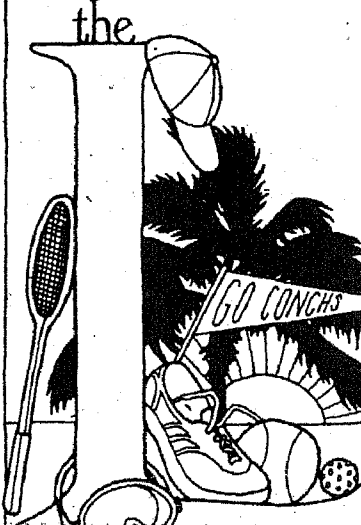


PHOTO BY KAREN SELSKY

Tuesday	3:30-4:30	Yoga for Children -- Skipper Kripitz
	4:30-5:30	Yoga for Adults -- Skipper Kripitz
	4:30-5:30	Nutrition for Children -- Chuck Demare
	4:30-5:30	Guitar, Limit 3 students -- Richard McKay
	7:30-9:30	Nutrition for Adults -- Chuck Demare
Wednesday	3:30-5:30	*Classical Ballet/Karate Constructive Energy (Carpentry) -- Joey Pepo & Tom Thornton
	3:30-4:30	Sewing -- Jane Geddes

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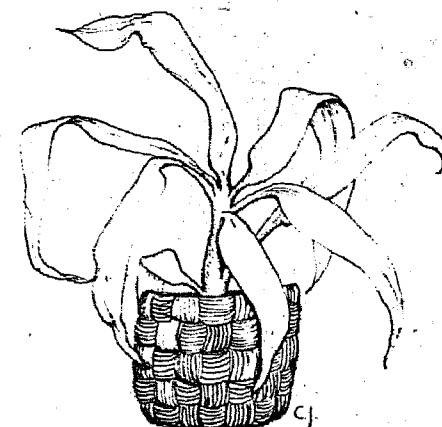


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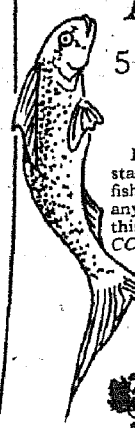
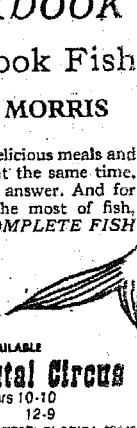
3:00-5:00	Pre-school -- Libby Outlaw
3:30-5:00	Flute -- John Gladstone
Thursday 4:30-5:30	Modern Dance/Ballet -- Debbie Flynn
4:30-5:30	Conversational Spanish -- Jorge Londono
Friday 3:30-5:30	The art of clowning -- Krinkles
Saturday 10:15-11:30	Swimming -- Anna Fujina at the city pool

*The classical Ballet class is offered at the Maria Harriton School of Dance, 811 Whitehead Street, in conjunction with Spectrum School, 3:30-4:30 Tuesdays. A Karate class is being offered by George Richardson at the School Building, 6:00-7:30 p.m., Tuesday & Thursday.




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GET YOURSELF A BIRD FEEDER

BY BELLE HASKELL

LONELY? DEPRESSED? Want friends? Sound to you like an advertisement for a lonely hearts club? Well the answer to all of the above questions is, GET YOURSELF A BIRD FEEDER!!

When I first moved from Key West (sigh) to Miami, I was in the above-mentioned state of mind. All my good friends were in Key West or had moved up north, so a strange city was what I encountered. One Big Strange City.

I did luck out on living accommodations with a really nice little house near Coral Gables, surrounded by trees. I hadn't been there too long when I discovered I had neighbors, lots of them... first the Red Birds (Cardinals), then Blue Jays, Doves, and Squirrels.

I threw some old bread out my kitchen window for them one morning and was amazed at the number of birds that showed up in nothing flat. So off to the store for some bird seed and a feeder.

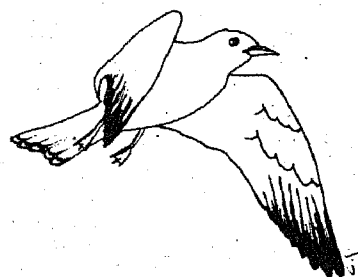
NOW YOU DON'T just go to the store and buy a feeder. There are all kinds of feeders for all different birds, so I bought a small one. After all, I was just going to put out a little feed once in a while. Well, the feeder was hung from a tree within sight of a window, and a small amount of bird seed placed inside.

Mr. Squirrel was my first visitor. He was hanging upside down by two feet on the under side of the feeder and grabbing all the seed he could with two front paws. He was comical and determined.

I decided if he was that hungry I would have to put out a feeder for him. So, armed with hammer and plastic bowl, I nailed his feeder in a low branch and put sunflower seeds in it. This worked out fine, except there were too many

squirrels for one feeder (seems they don't share very well), so two more bowls went up in different trees outside the house.

NOW FOR THE BIRDS. They came in flocks (or so it seemed to me), but at different times. The Cardinals were, of course, my favorites because of their size and color. The males are bright red, whereas the females are more of an orange with a definite orange-colored



beak. They came early in the morning and were soon replaced by the Jays.

Enter the villain. It is really hard to think of someone named "Irving" as a villain, but villain he is. Irving is my next door neighbor's cat, and I think he thought I was putting out bait just for his convenience. Anyway, Irving and I went round and round on several occasions, and he learned to run and give me dirty looks all at the same time. I was really thinking of abandoning the whole project before Irving was rewarded with a meal, when the Jays took the whole situation out of my hands.

I WAS AWAKENED early one morning by the most horrifying howling I had ever

heard. I looked out the window, and there was Irving trying his best to dodge about five very determined Jays who were trying their best to do Irving in.

They would swoop down on him in twos or threes and connect with his head. Irving was trying his best to get away, but by this time the blood was running very freely and Irving was freaked.

Well, to the rescue. I ran outside and waved my arms and they flew away, but not before one of them took a half-hearted swipe at me! Poor Irving. He saw me, the dreaded enemy, and just pulled himself together and ran for home. I saw him the next afternoon, well on the other side of the yard licking his wounds and nervously looking up every few seconds.

THE JAYS ARE definitely the most survival-conscious. They will go up against crows twice their size and chase the squirrels as well.

Well, the feeder calmed down after Irving departed, and I was rewarded with a baby Cardinal one day. As far as I can tell, they just hold their mouths open constantly, and the father bird keeps shoving food into it. He can't stand their crying any more than a people parent can. They are delightful little miniatures of their parents.

I can walk up to any of the feeders now, bird or squirrel, and no one pays any attention to me; no one leaves, they know me that well. If I am lax about filling the feeder, I can expect a tapping at the window! It's a great hobby, and I have finally found a store that will deliver 50 pound bags of feed to me every so often.



Good News Department

A LITTLE OVER a year ago, in an article on conditions at the Monroe County jail, we published a photo of Sheriff Billy Freeman showing our reporter a small exercise yard that needed to be made secure before it could be used by prisoners. Lack of exercise was one of the major complaints of the prisoners and state correctional institution officials.

Work was completed last month, so we took a picture of the satisfied Sheriff watching prisoners play basketball.

ONE PRISONER SAW the light of day for the first time in six months. He ran around the enclosure eight times and was exhausted but exhilarated. Another man simply lay back and soaked up the heat, a relief from the air conditioning inside.

Other prisoners' reactions: "A release... a blessing... like a letter from home... uplifting spiritually and physically... a godsend to know that someone on the outside cares."

Some may see the exercise yard -- one basketball basket and a lot of steel, cement, and heavy fencing -- as a form of coddling lawbreakers. They might consider the insight of one jail guard, who is well aware of the powder keg conditions created when a hundred men are caged up with nothing to do but invent ways to cause trouble: "This will relieve a lot of the tension. You don't know how bad it can get in there."

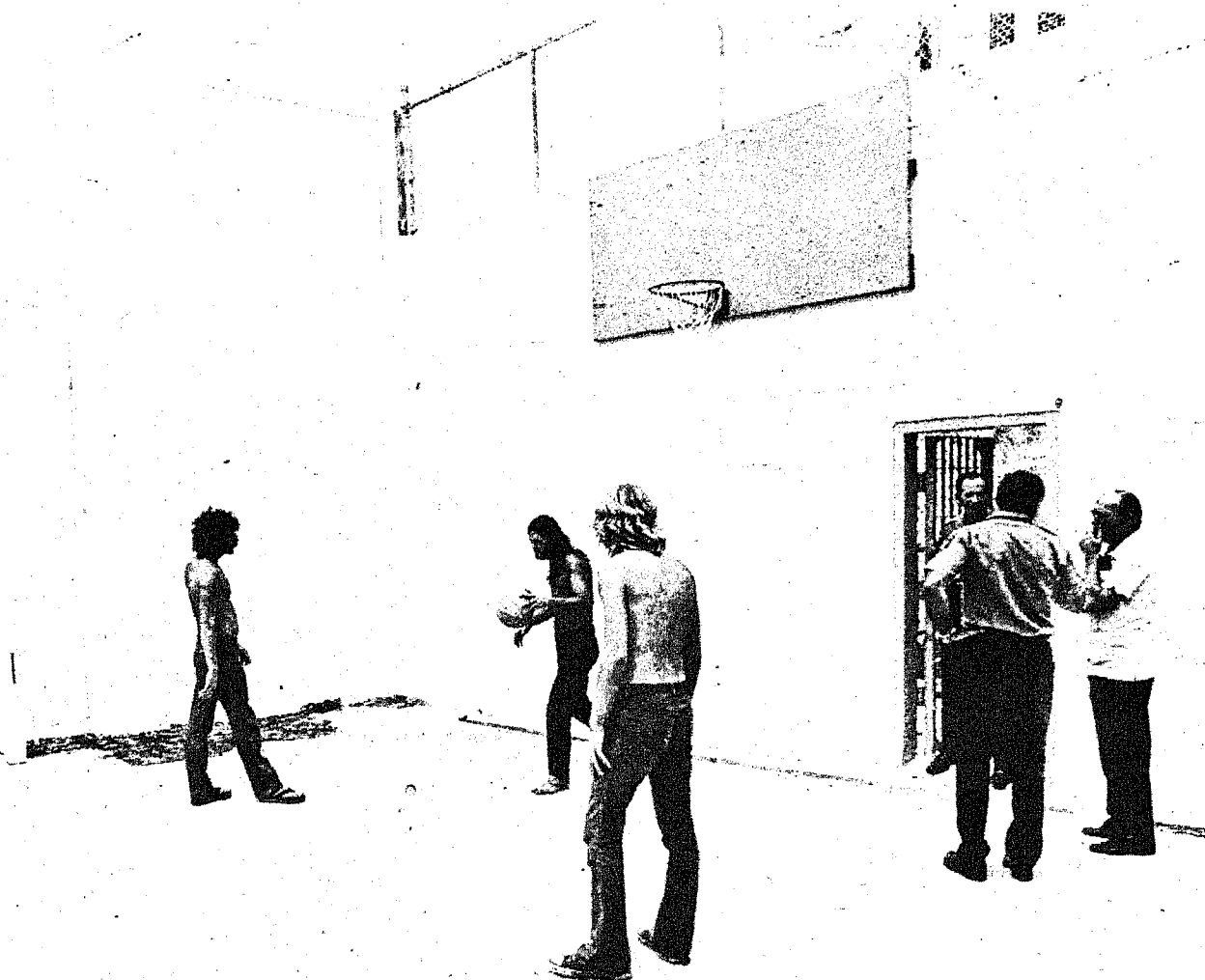


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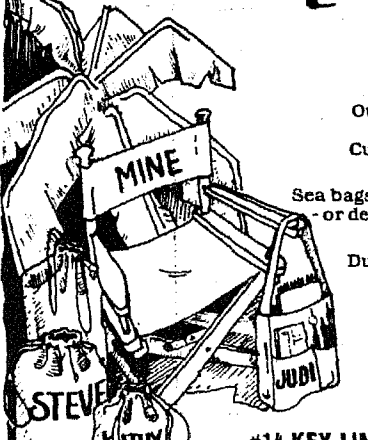
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Conch Tales Continued

BY W. NORMAN

SAM HART - WORLD'S CHAMPION BANANA EATER. Sam was the first to pay his taxes each year. He had a thing about this. Who knows why? Sam was a gorilla looking type man. He was dark haired with long arms that came down to his knees and maybe a little lower. He was a good natured fellow if he liked you, but otherwise he was really rough. Sam liked me and I liked him. I really never knew he was a champ until he told me one day. "Hey, kid, if you don't believe me, why don't you come around to the house and watch?" I did. I saw him eat 163 bananas in less than one hour. If you don't think that's a lot of bananas, try it once yourself. This is true. I saw it happen at 120 William Street.

WALTON PARKS WAS a man to be watched. One heard all manner of things about him. Unless one participated in his cavorting, one never knew. I didn't participate. Anyway, in 1934 he had a problem and had to go to the Marine Hospital for tests. The hospital was at the foot of Eaton Street right next to the Weather Bureau. After being in the hospital for several days and having many tests made, there was a young woman admitted who was pregnant. Who knows what happened? Whether it was accidental or intentional, the x-rays got switched and the story came out that Walton Parks was pregnant. You talk about our electronic medium of today? This story was spread all over Key West by word of mouth in no less than thirty minutes. Needless to say, it was proven that he wasn't pregnant.

THERE WAS A very small neighborhood grocery store on the corner of Graveyard Alley and Frances Street. The owners just kept staples, such as bread, sugar, dried beans, pepper, canned goods, etc. The store faced Frances Street and couldn't have been more than 10 or 12' wide and about 20' deep along Graveyard Alley. Along the Alley side, there were two small wooden windows that were hinged at the top and swung out from the bottom when opened. To keep these windows open, the owner (I never saw him or knew him) would prop them open with a stick so they were about 45 degrees and let in a little light and ventilation. (This store was about a block from where von Cossel hung out at the tomb of Elena Mesa.) Anyway, every afternoon after school, three or four of us would race to see who could get to the store first -- not to buy anything -- but to knock the props out of the windows and then ride like hell toward Grinnell Street. When the windows fell closed, you could hear the canned goods and other items falling to the floor with a great bang.

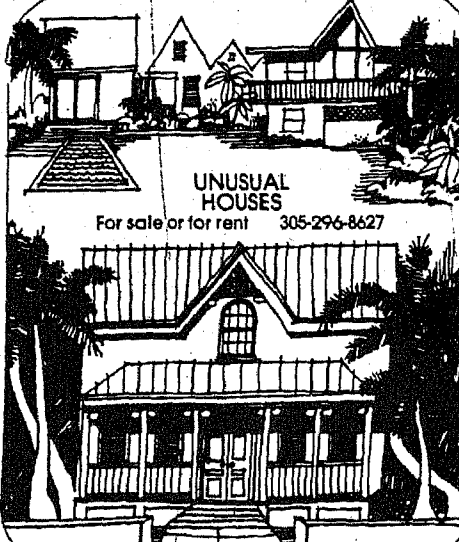
As I have said before, it's a wonder kids live to grow into adults. BUT, if I had my life to live over, my adolescent years would be just as they were.

These anecdotes are excerpted from the forthcoming sequel to Conch Tales by W. Norman.



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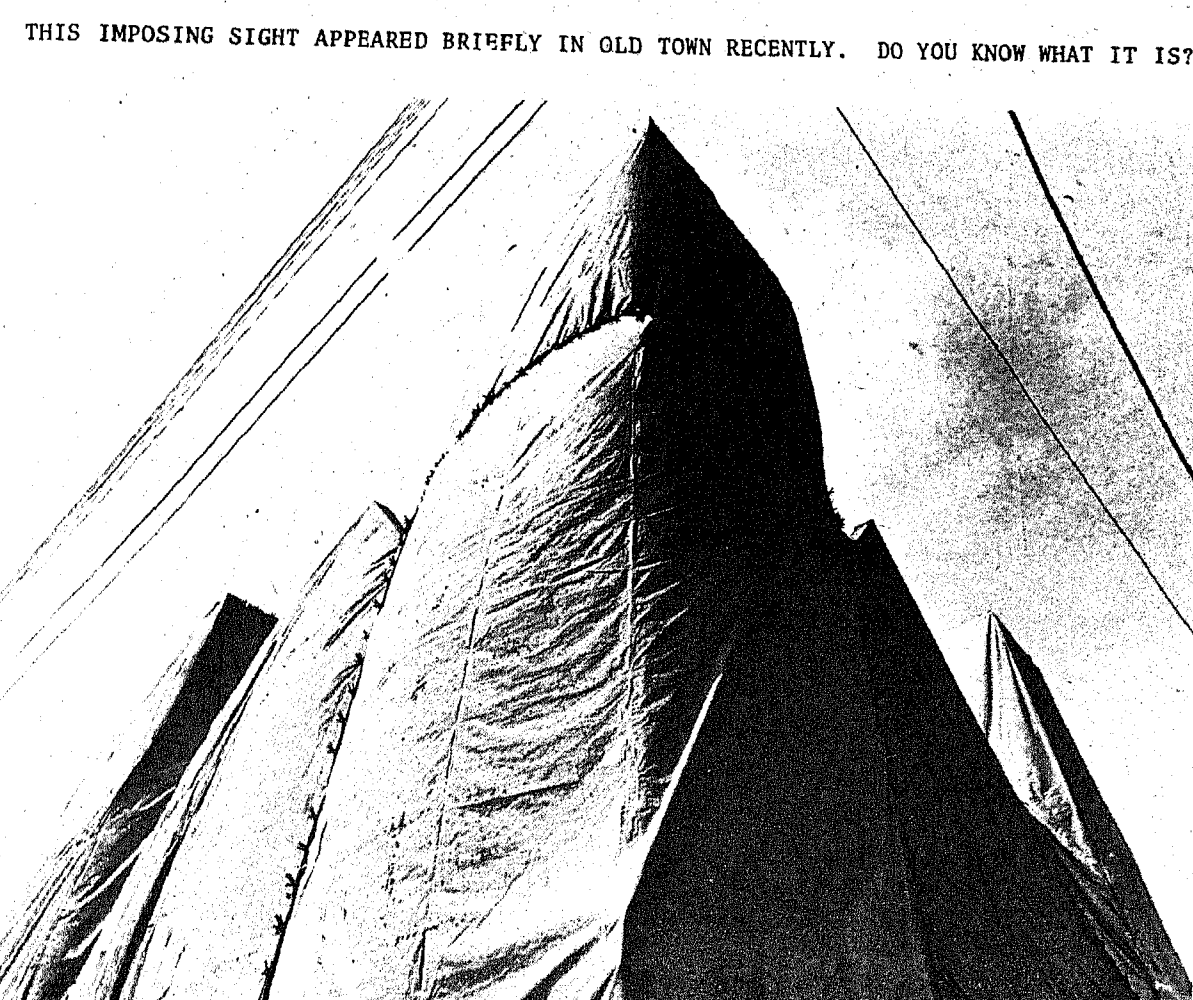
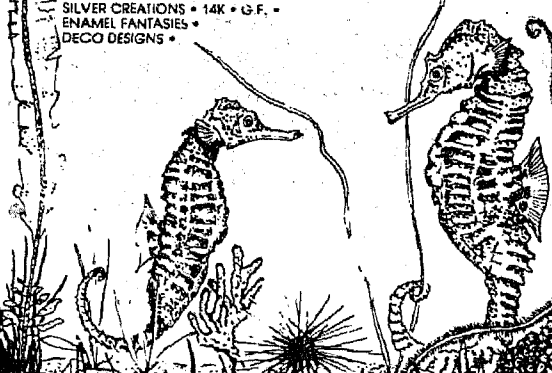


PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

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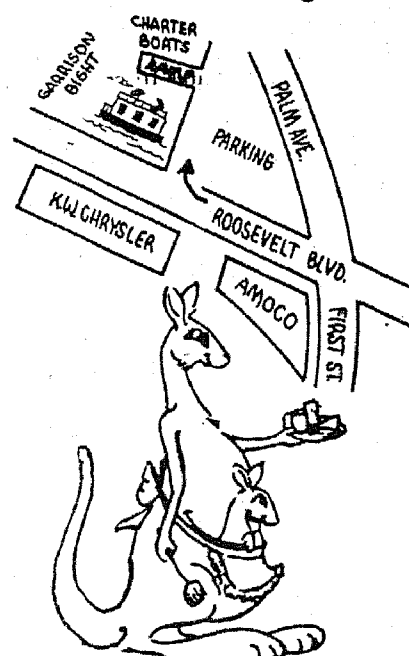
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KEY WEST'S HOROSCOPE

BY EMMA CATES

Sun in Aries, after 19th in Taurus
Venus in Gemini
Mercury in Pisces, after 13th in Aries
Saturn in Virgo, retrograde
Jupiter in Virgo, retrograde, turning direct on the 26th

Mars in Leo, retrograde, turning direct on the 6th
Uranus in Scorpio, retrograde
Neptune in Sagittarius, retrograde
Pluto in Libra, retrograde
North Node in 27 degrees of Leo

THE NEW MOON on April 14th aspects the house of Friends in the Key West chart. The planet Mercury, the co-ruler of the chart, moves into the sign of Aries that same day in conjunction with the sun and moon. These planets are in square aspect to the stellium of planets in Capricorn in our chart. All this bodes for problems and obstacles in the area of "Friends" of the city. The city will be forced to face up to changes that must be made. Transitional changes will be what the city will be experiencing at this time, changes that may be forced on the city if it will not make the moves in a willing manner. Although this transitional time will not be easy at the moment, the fact that Saturn and Jupiter in Virgo are trining our planets shows that the changes will be ultimately seen to be for the best interest of the community.

THE FULL MOON on April 30th in the sign of Scorpio aspects the employment sector of the chart. The fact that Scorpio is a water sign may show that our water problems will be brought to a head after this period, with the possibility of health being a big factor in this crisis period. This is a very strong aspect. This month is a critical period, when certain problems may come to a head and subsequently be settled in a constructive manner.

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EVENTS

THEATRE/CONCERTS

Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center
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April 3 The Claude Kipnis Mime Theatre 8 p.m.
April 5 An Evening of Jazz with Randy Weston
-- Pianist/Composer 8 p.m.
April 10, 11, 12 The Three Penny Opera 8 p.m.
April 25 The Tragedy of MacBeth (adapted by
Thomas E. West). 8 p.m. Free
April 25 "Tingalary Bird" produced by the
Asolo Touring Theatre 2 p.m. Free

SPECIAL EVENTS

Monroe County Public Library, 700 Fleming
Street, 294-7100 or 294-1543
April 7, 11, 21 Book Reviews: "Enjoying Shake-
speare.", 10:30 a.m. Free

San Carlos Theatre, 516 Duval Street
April 5 "Spring Fever" -- Concert/Party/Bene-
fit, 1 p.m. - 5 p.m. Tickets avail-
able at the San Carlos & Environmental
Circus (518 Duval)

East Martello, South Roosevelt Blvd.,
296-3913

April 2 - May 4 Four Man Art Show, featuring
Jim Lehmkuhl, Bill Ford, Ann
Hall and Joan Howe.

Cayo Hueso Graphics, 806 Duval Street,
296-5221 (Tues.-Sun., noon to 5)
"Old Timers" -- A collection of works in steel,
skin, stoneware, silk and porcelain by
five Key West artists: Barbara Bauer, Judi
Bradford, Walt Hyla, Sonia Robinson, and
Reen Stanhouse.

Poetry Readings, The Bookshop, 554
Fleming, 296-9089 4:30 p.m.
April 12 and 27

Poetry Reading, Guild Hall Gallery, 614
Duval, 296-9359 8:30 p.m.
April 6. Tony Klein and other local poets

Senior Citizens Center, 600 White Street,
296-3119

April 14 Free Blood Pressure Testing for any-
one over age 55. 7:00-8:00 p.m.
April 14 Membership Meeting 8 p.m. Mario
Martinez, M.T., will discuss health
screening tests available at his
medical laboratory.

April 23 Senior Citizens Dance 8:00-10:00 p.m.

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

Life Class every Tuesday evening, 7:30-9:30 p.m.
\$2 Model Fee. For information call 294-8301

Gingerbread Square Gallery, 903 Duval,
296-8900 (11-6 daily, plus Fri. &
Sat. evenings 7-10)

April 13 Group Exhibition. Key West's ten
most prominent artists.
April 20 One man exhibition featuring David
Schofield's works of historical land-
marks in Key West.

REGULAR EVENTS

Monroe County Commission

April 8 Marathon
April 22 Courtroom B, Courthouse Annex
Key West

City Commission

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

Aqueduct Authority

April 17 Plantation Key, 1 p.m.

City Electric Utility Board

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

Greyhound Racing -- Key West Kennel Club,
Stock Island

12 races every night except Sunday at 8:00 p.m.;
11 races Saturday at 2:00 (free); Ladies
free Tuesday. (Through April 14)

Monroe County Public Library, 700 Fleming
Street, 294-7100 or 294-1543

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

Children's Movies 10 a.m.

April 5 "Nebule"
April 12 "Amasi the Spider" & "Paddle to
the Sea"
April 19 "Annie & the Old One" & "Rainshower"
April 26 "The Lorax"

Adult Movies 7:30 p.m.

April 9 "Hemingway"
April 16 "Sweden" & "Audubon's Shore Birds"
April 23 "City Tour Austria" & "Edward
Grieg"
April 30 "Holland Heartbeat" & "Jade Snow
Wong"

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

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

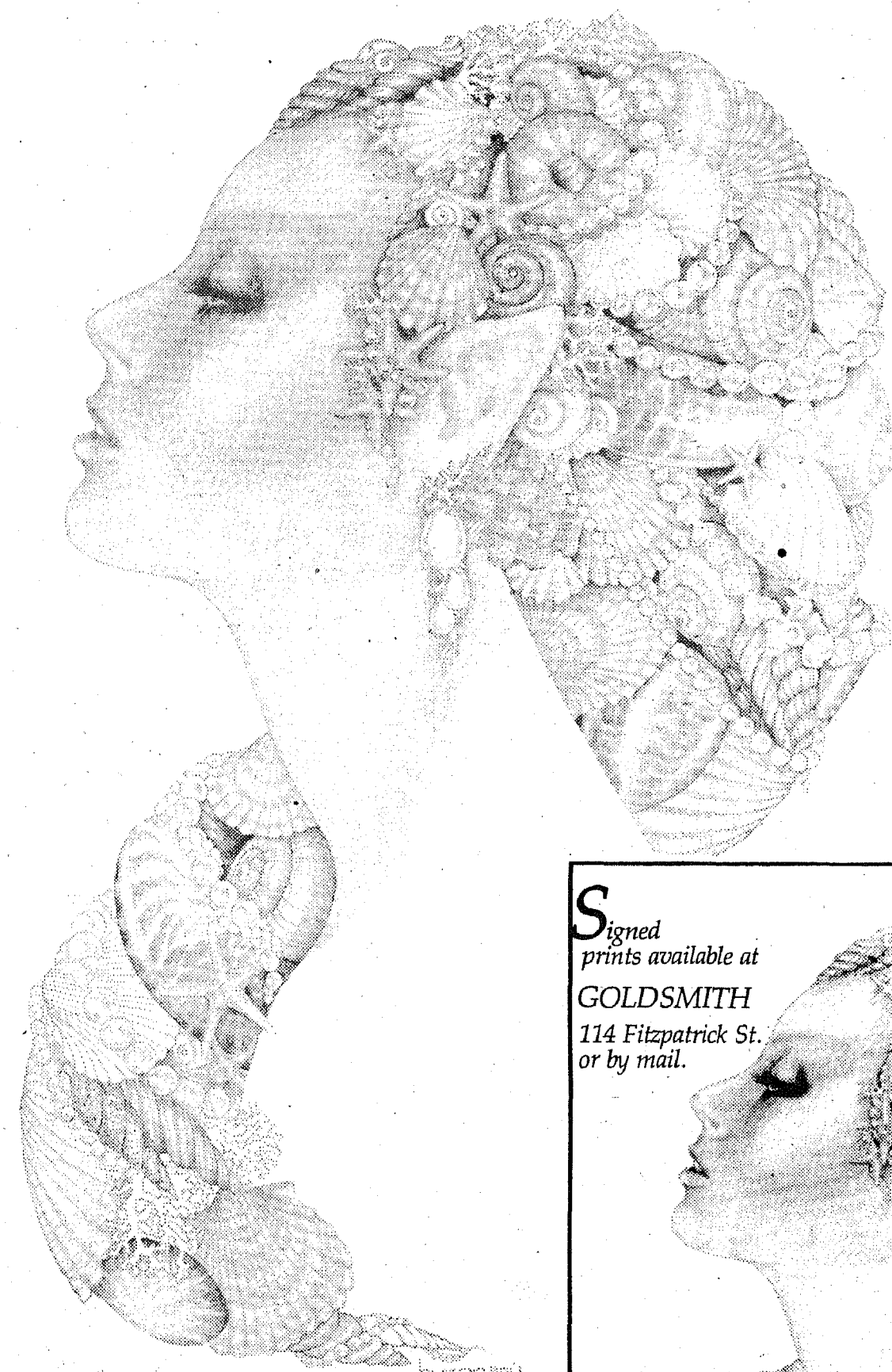
EVENTS

"...MUST
BE
SEEN..."

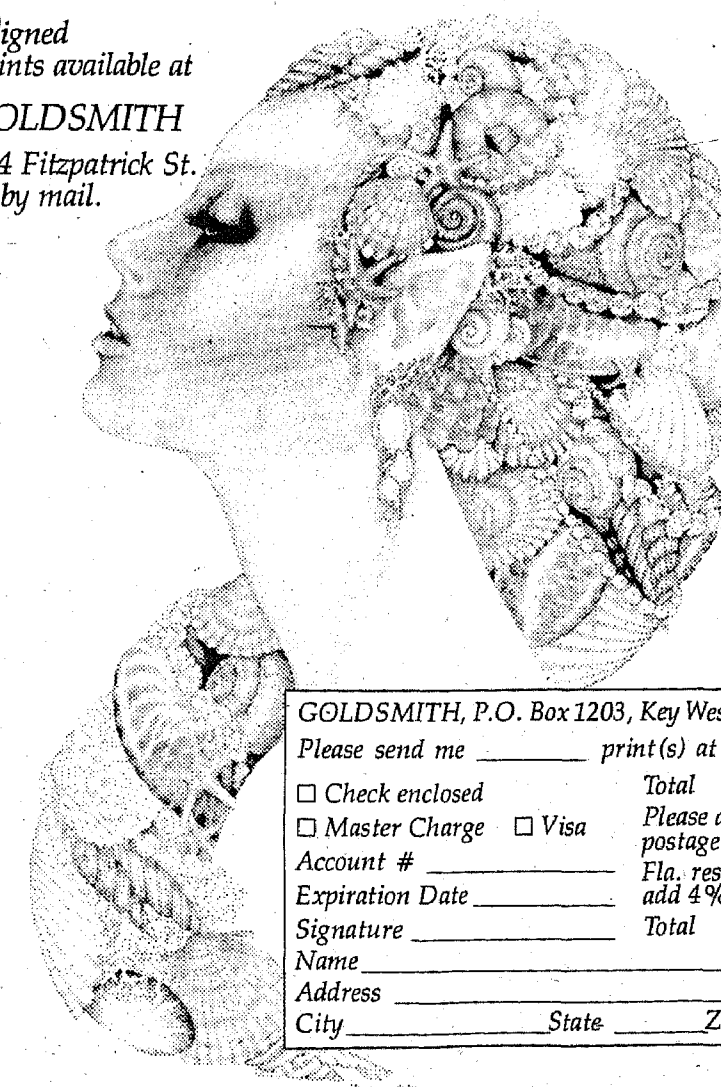
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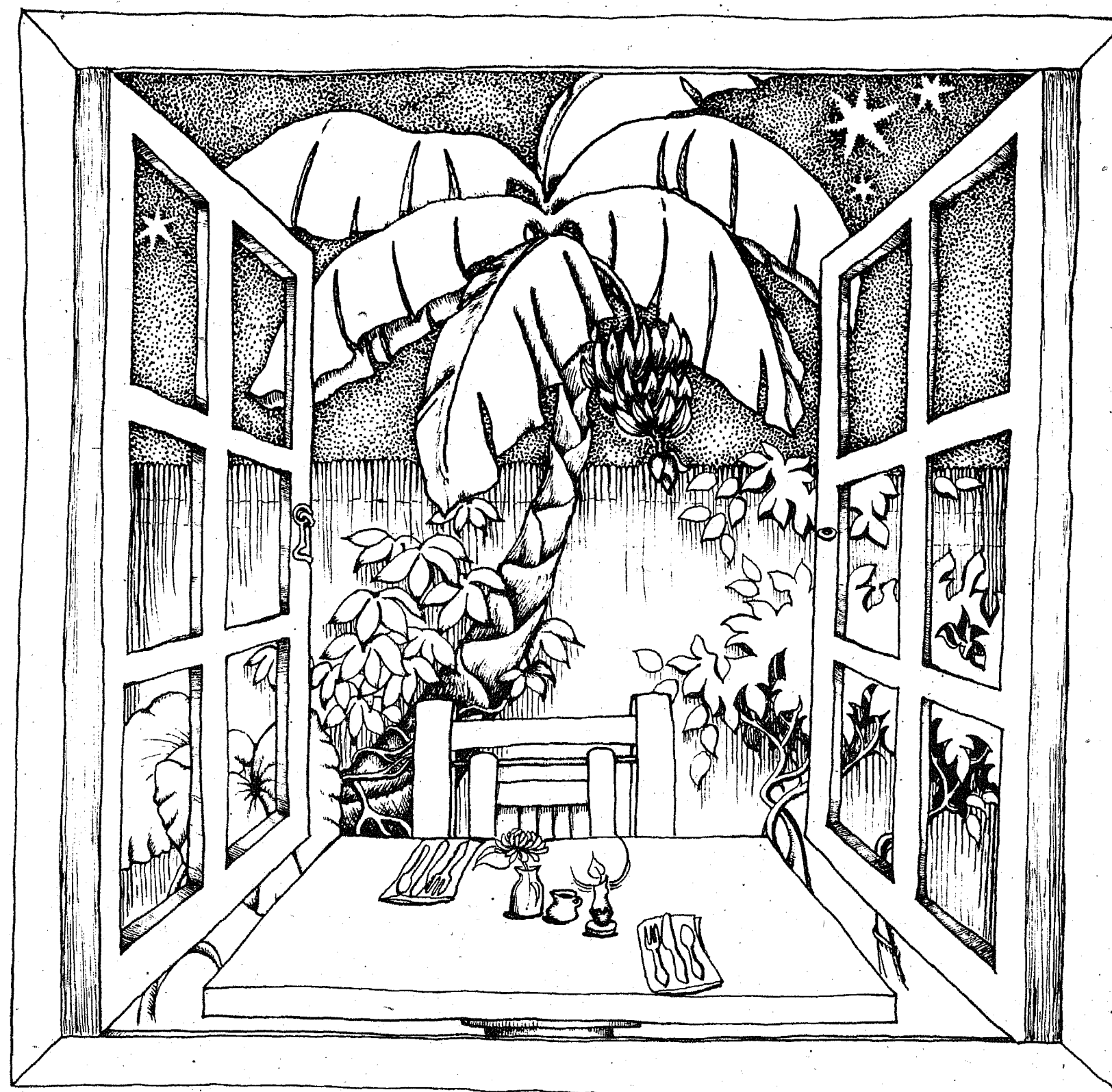
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by Charles Herman



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