

The highest point in Key West

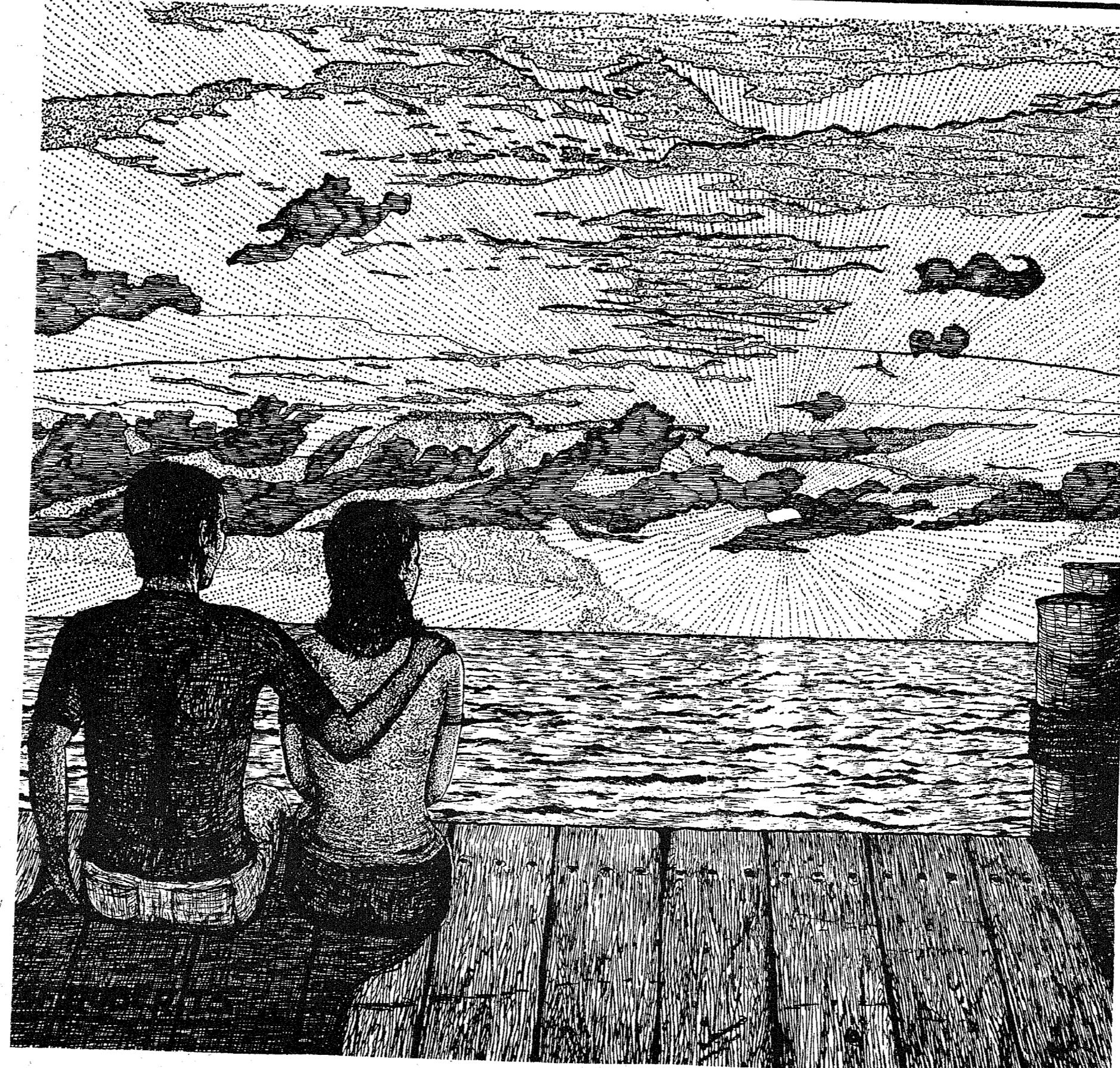
# solares hill

FREE

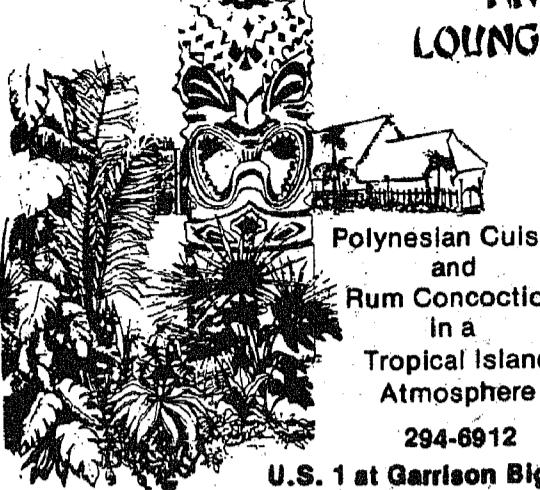
Vol. V, No. IV

Key West, Florida

April 1980



**HUKILAU RESTAURANT  
AND LOUNGE**



Polynesian Cuisine and Rum Concoctions in a Tropical Island Atmosphere. 294-6912 U.S. 1 at Garrison Bight

## 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 exposé, 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 "Billy" 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

WT



Our cover artist this time is Steve Roberts.

**TRUX**  
DELI • RESTAURANT • BAKERY • BAR

Save your cover! Send us a postcard with your subscription.	THIS IS OUR SUBSCRIPTION FORM
HERE IS \$10.00 FOR MY SUBSCRIPTION TO 11 ISSUES OF SOLARES HILL.	Our mailing address: 513 Fleming Street Rms. 3 & 4 Key West, Florida 33040
NAME _____	Phone numbers are 294-1044 & 294-2400
ADDRESS _____	In Marathon call 872-2915
CITY _____ STATE _____ ZIP _____	

**GEMINI ISLAND BOUTIQUE**  
517 Duval Street

Charge Cards Accepted Open Late

Solares Hill is a community newspaper published every month on the slopes of Solares Hill, Key West's highest point, by Solares Hill Company, 513 Fleming, Rooms 3 & 4, Key West, Florida 33040. Annual subscription rate (11 issues) is \$10.00.

EDITOR.....BILL HUCKEL  
ASSOCIATE EDITOR.....RICHARD MARSH  
EDITORIAL CONSULTANT.....BILL WESTRAY

With a little help from our friends . . .

Solares Hill Co., Inc.

© Solares Hill, 1980

## CONVERSATION WITH A FRIEND — Gay DALTON

I HAVE KNOWN Gayla (Gay-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."



PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

She is self-sufficient and articulate 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 butter milk. 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.

**Bum Bum's**  
is the place to be on HOT DAYS  
The Coolest most Refreshing Drinks  
In Key West  
Come try one at The Juice Bar  
296-3108 Kino Plaza between Greens & Front

**BAY TRADING CO.**  
NOW FEATURING:  
**Reminiscence**  
FOR THE MONTH OF APRIL ALL JEWELRY  
33 1/3% OFF!  
(SHIPMENT OF 14K GOLD CHAINS NOW HERE)  
612 Duval St.  
Key West, Florida 33040  
(305) 294-5959

"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 refuge for Gay. She, like many, feels she can be more herself here, let her grass grow. "I forgot how much this means to

me, until I go to some other place."

4

"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 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.

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

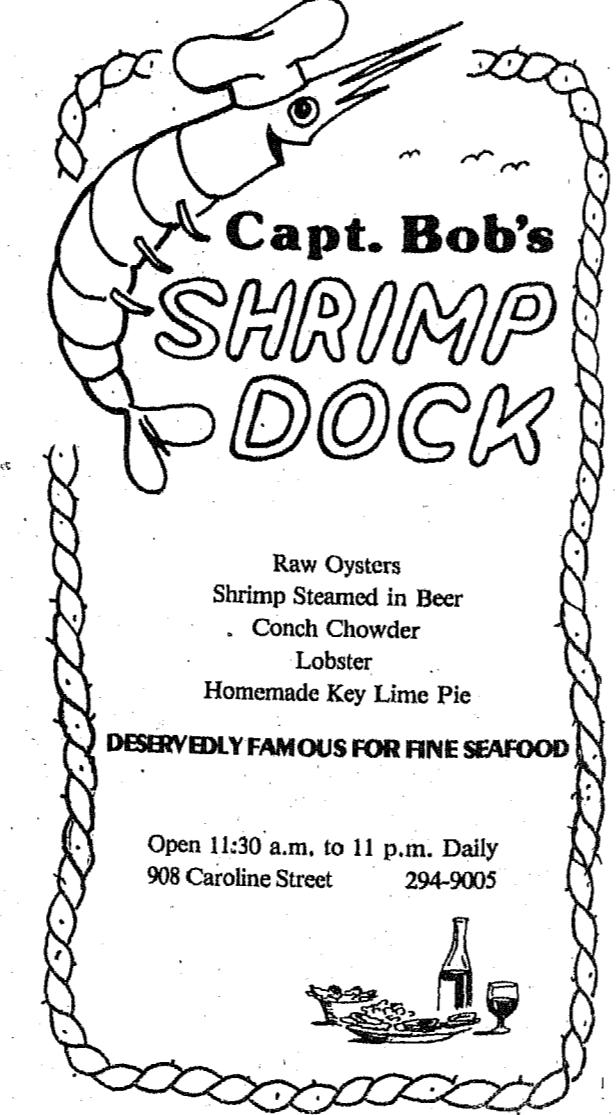
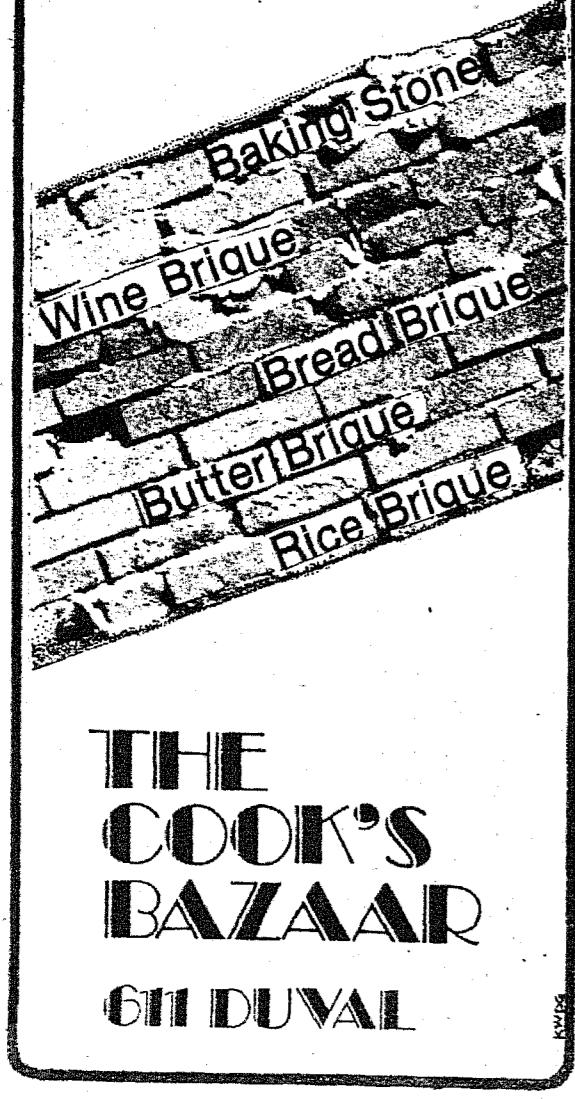
"We can be free to love if we love ourselves." Gay says that meditation has been an enormous help to her in her work with children and in her personal evolution. "You discover who you are, instead of what you have been told you should be."

"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),

## CLAY COOKING



# LIGHTHOUSE COURT

DESIGN/INTERIORS: JOE ALAN CARR  
LANDSCAPING: HANK SIERKE  
CONSTRUCTION: SACKETT ENTERPRISES

MANAGER: MICHAEL COLUCCI  
RESTAURANT: DAVID GREEN  
HEALTH CLUB: TOM MURRAY

902 WHITEHEAD STREET

305-294-0557



# GAZEBO Sandwich

On the patio in Key Lime Square  
Deli, Seafood, and Vegetable Sandwiches

Our specialties:  
Lamb sandwich with mint and sour cream.  
Fresh Florida lobster sandwich.

WE DELIVER  
296-3335

## 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 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 Señor 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

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 cronies 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 amata 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

marvin paige, prop. 900 duval street  
gingerbread square key west 3-3040  
305-296-5558 open lunch 12-4  
dinner & supper 7-2 am all night fri & sat



"Ask  
around,  
you'll  
come to  
Sunlion"



One of the biggest  
selections and the best  
prices on 14K and 18K  
gold jewelry in the Keys.

silversmith • goldsmith • lapidary  
**Sunlion Jewelry**  
custom work jewelry repair

neil jeffery goldberg  
305-296-8457

Est. 1973

208-a duval street  
key west, florida 33040

Are you tired of impersonal jewelry?  
At Sunlion, your original concepts  
are translated into personal and distinctive  
jewelry creations. The finest  
gem quality stones are cut & polished  
to the shape you desire. Mountings  
and chains are designed in solid ster-  
ling silver, 14K or 18K gold.

All work is done on the premises  
and in most cases I can give you  
same-day service. All chains can be  
custom-cut to bracelet, necklace or  
anklet length... or sized for wherever  
you might want to wear them. Call or  
write for an estimate. I will send it, and  
then your special creation, directly to  
you.

### CASH REGISTER SYSTEMS

for  
Bars  
Restaurants  
Motels  
Supermarkets  
& all purposes

**Sweda International** AUTHORIZED DEALER  
litton

### MAX VOLPIAN CASH REGISTERS

Mon-Fri 9-5 Sat. 9-12

**onyin Skins**  
CLOTHING  
310 Front St.

unique boutique  
Designer  
Clothes  
Scott Barry  
Willi Smith  
Carol Horn  
Marta Salvadori  
at Key West

**Fonda's**

Prices! ORIGINAL SILKS  
GENUINE VICTORIAN ANTIQUE CLOTHES  
COMPLETE LINE OF DANSKIN  
ACCESSORIES

111 duval st. ph. 294-5929 open 7 days 10:30-9:30

### ABSENTEE HOMEOWNERS & LANDLORDS

For complete management of rentals, or home care while away, call us! Security checks, opening and closing of homes, tenant control and supervision of all maintenance contracts. For further information call

**Property Management  
Of Key West, Inc.**

REAL ESTATE • SALES • MANAGEMENT

NEAL E. HIRSCH  
Lic. Real Estate Broker

294-4512

### RICKEE'S RIGGING

SPERRY  
TOP-  
SIDER

Levi's

DUVAL ST.

OVERLOOKING OLD KEY WEST  
**ROOFTOP**  
*Cafe*  
& BAR

310 Front Street, Key West, Fla. 294-2042



BY FRANCES ELIZABETH SCHAFFELI

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

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 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.

#### CHRISTIAN SCIENCE

**A church service**  
full of stirring new ideas.  
(And warm, friendly people.)

**A Sunday School**  
a place to grow.

**A Reading Room**  
full of revolutionary new ideas.  
(And helpful, encouraging books.)

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

**Now that we've introduced ourselves**  
we'd love to have you come and share with us ... any time you can.

**First Church of Christ, Scientist**  
327 Elizabeth St.

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

**Wednesday evening meetings**  
7:30 p.m.

**Reading Room**  
in Church Building  
Daily except Sunday and Holidays  
12:00 noon to 4:00 p.m.

All are welcome

#### Mrs. Biddle's CANDY STORE AND ICE CREAM PARLOR

Ice Creams

Homemade  
Key Lime  
Marmalade



corner simonton & front

**Dennis'**  
FLORIST, INC.

Stop and pick up a  
beautiful arrangement  
or loose cut flowers.

PARKING AT OUR DOOR  
KEY PLAZA  
SHOPPING CENTER

294-5501

TELEFONA

A NEW EXPERIENCE  
**Latitude 24°**

HOT TUB RENTALS  
BY THE HOUR ON PREMISES

Come See What It's All About

CORNER OF  
ANN & GREENE  
KEY WEST

294-5458  
2 PM - 2 AM  
TUES. SUN.

IN KEY WEST IT'S  
**MOPEDS by the SEA**

RENTALS —  
SALES — SERVICE

ONE OF  
KEY WEST'S LARGEST  
DEALERS

CORNER WHITEHEAD & GREENE STREETS  
OPPOSITE AUDUBON HOUSE  
MOTEL PICK-UP SERVICE

**294-7700**

ALL NEW  
1980 MODELS

**CHANGES**  
classic clothes for men and women

503 FRONT ST.  
296-5148

#### WHAT, WHEN, WHERE — And Who CARES?

BY HELEN CHAPMAN -

"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!"

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.

**CAVANAGH'S**  
OF KEY WEST

Direct from 35 countries  
Passing the savings  
on to you

Gifts  
Fashions  
and  
Home Accessories

520 FRONT ST.

#### INSIDEOUT

natural food & bodycare

a sante'  
apollinaris, calistoga,  
mountain valley, perrier,  
poland, rolling rock,  
san pelligrino, vichy

#### WHAT WATER SHORTAGE?

We accept food stamps.

OPEN 10-6 Monday-Saturday  
601 #4 Duval St. (on Southard)  
296-2393

#### STATS

NOW AVAILABLE

BLACK & WHITE LINE STATS (50% to 200%)

SIZE	1st Stat	Same Focus
5x7	\$3.50	\$3.00
8½x11	5.00	4.00
11x14/11x17	9.50	7.50
12x18	10.50	8.50

FILM POSITIVES & NEGATIVES

8½x11	\$6.50	\$5.50
11x17	12.00	10.00

CIBACHROME PRINTS

(from slides & original artwork)		
5x7	\$6.00	\$5.00
8x10	10.00	8.00
11x14	15.00	12.00

Reverses available-no extra charge.

Halftone Screens (65/85/100 line)

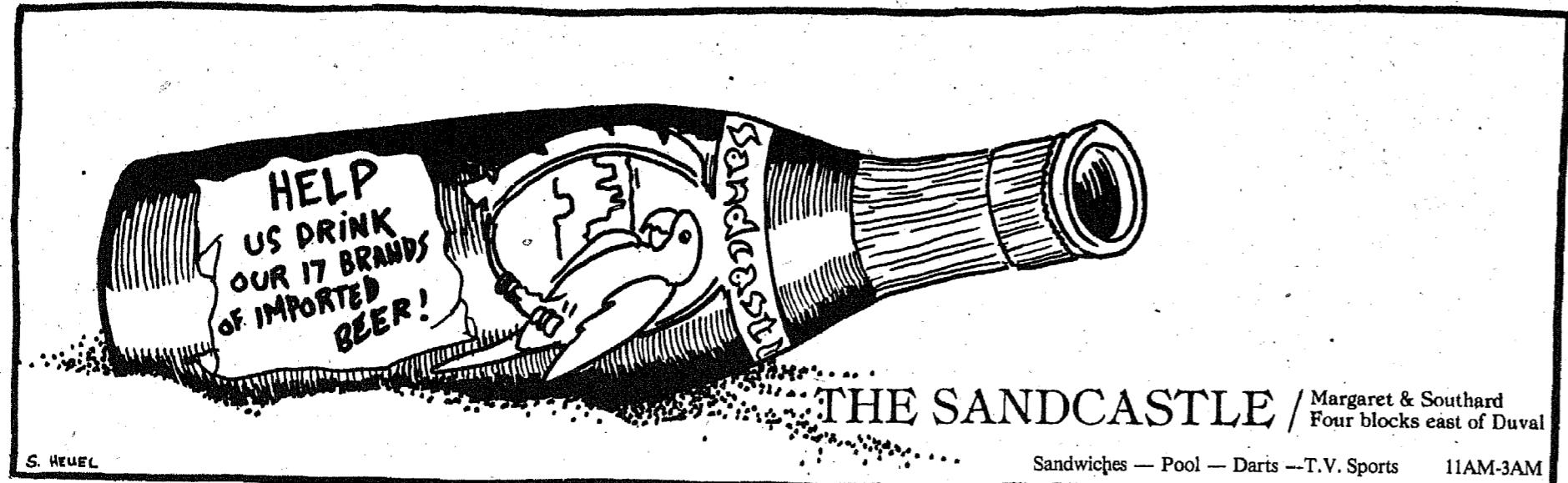
Special Effects (Mezzotint)

Pebble Grain Steel Engraving add \$1.50

We normally try to offer 24-hour service!

#### KEY WEST DESIGN GROUP

1 Key Lime Square, Key West, FL 33040  
(305) 296-3080



## THE SANDCASTLE / Margaret & Southard

Four blocks east of Duval

Sandwiches — Pool — Daris — T.V. Sports 11AM-3AM

S. HEUEL

### 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 Eideness firm that prepared the engineering and financial study three years ago on which the FKAAC pipeline project is based. The current FKAAC 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 tieine 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 (FKAAC) 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, FKAAC 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.

**SKATE RENTALS  
PRO SHOP**



**SKATE SALES  
PRO SHOP**

The First 2 Hours For The Price of 1

This membership entitles you to a 10% discount toward the purchase of any  
skate equipment, accessory in stock or specially ordered items.



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 1.30, 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.



### CATER, CLATTER, PITTER, PATTER

They cater weddings in a style all their own  
Moving so quickly to each house in town  
Roaring while running they're here then they're gone  
We know them coming because of their sound

Hydraulic announcements that they're on the way  
Awaken insomniacs whose lids have just closed  
Barrel lid frisbees like spent cymbals lay  
A crashing concerto of caterings woes

Pre-dawn cool stillness is shocked for a moment  
By rapid clutched gearbox on their welcome wagon  
Bellowing loudly a groan-filled lament  
The wagon ingests so much it starts gagging

Newlyweds awake all night on the first night  
Interrupt kisses to glare at the loud sight  
The caterers fly through backyards in flight  
Clutching four full drums with full muscle might

A lip whistled signal's the only redemption  
That offsets the whine of the fire breathing monster  
Gorging itself with remnant consumption  
Howlingly filling the air -- a mad songster

Sunrise is sunset for catering cargoes  
Hauling their burden to specified locales  
To belch out compacted treasures they found  
In winter they offer us free snow removal

by John Hellen

# Antonia's

Northern Italian Cuisine  
615 Duval Street, Key West  
294-6565

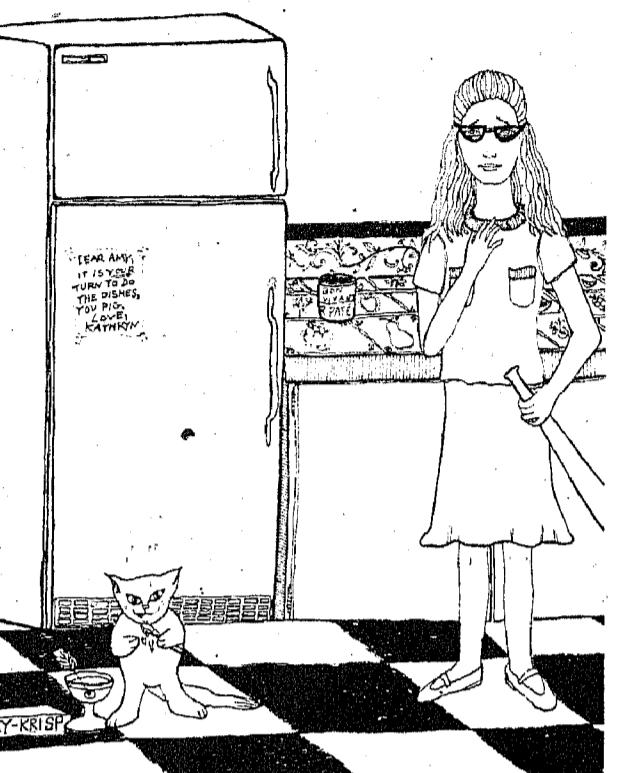
## CHEAP EATS

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 the tricky business of parenting becomes 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'd 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



### NICKNAMES AND CONCH TALES

By WALTER H. NORMAN

- This is the book that tells history of living people.
- This is the book that recreates Old Key West for you in a racy and spicy manner.
- This is the book that a retired Key West librarian accused the author of saying that she was trying to boycott.
- This is the book that calls names without spelling them out.

Get your copy at the Book Nook in Key Largo and Key West; the Four Winds in Islamorada; the Book Emporium in Marathon; the Key West Island Bookstore — or write W.H. Norman, Box 900, Tavernier, FL 33070. \$7.23 postpaid.



STORY AND DRAWINGS BY AMY LEE DE POO

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 icebox 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 Dey 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.

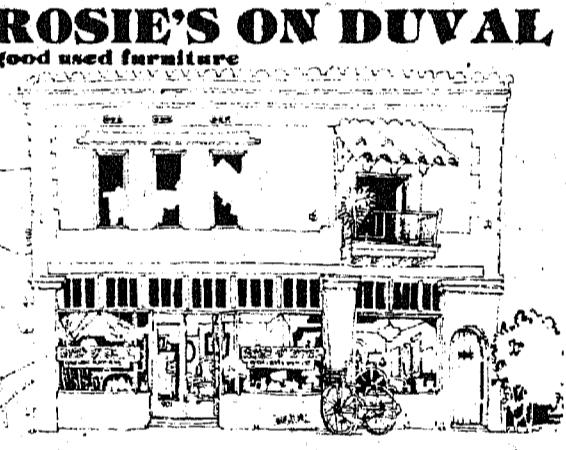
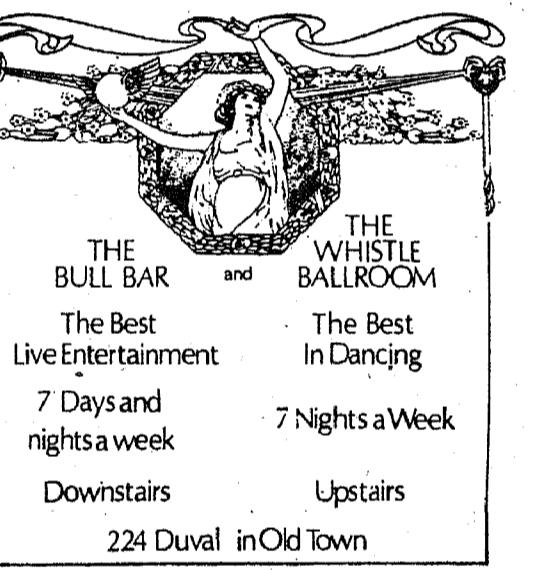
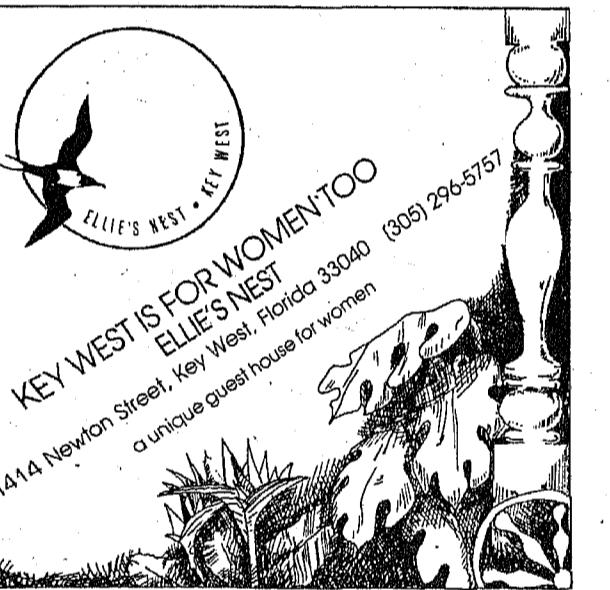
As I drank about half-way down, my glass began to look empty of coke but still had the ice filling it. Looking down my straw I stopped and almost choked in disgust. At first I thought I had a cockroach stuck in my ice, but upon further examination and rooting around, I discovered some large black chunks 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!"

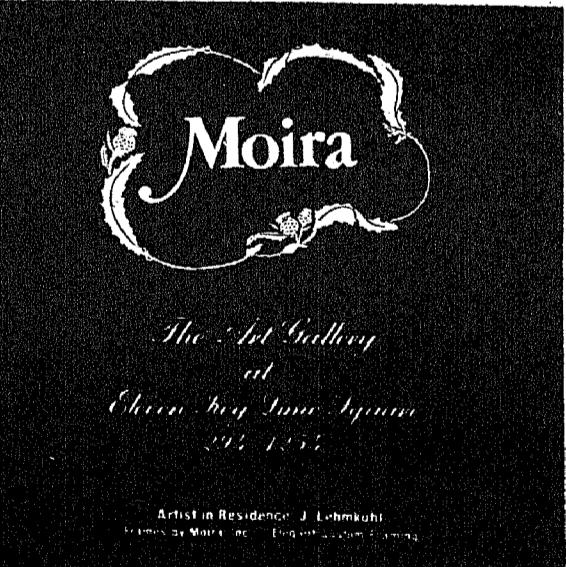
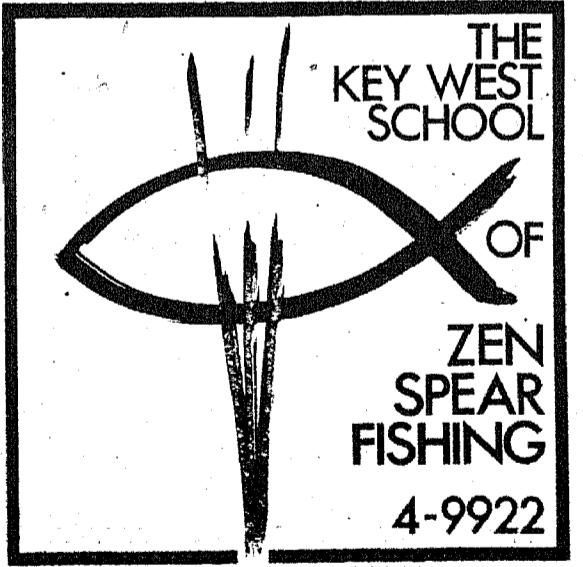
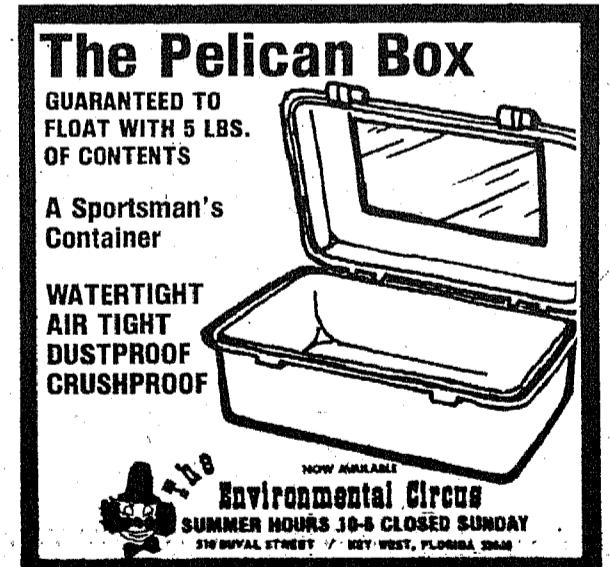
"I'll say it's disgusting! Look -- it's all the way to the bottom on mine! How sickening. I can't drink that. Who knows what it is."

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



901 Duval Street  
Gingerbread Square  
294-3398



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 kissed, "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

THE ONLY RESTAURANT  
IN KEY WEST  
BUILT OVER THE WATER  
AND THE ONLY ONE  
FACING SUNSET.



Serving breakfast, lunch & dinner daily.  
Reservations recommended.

Pier House  
Inn and Beach Club

5 Duval St., Key West, FL 294-4691

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

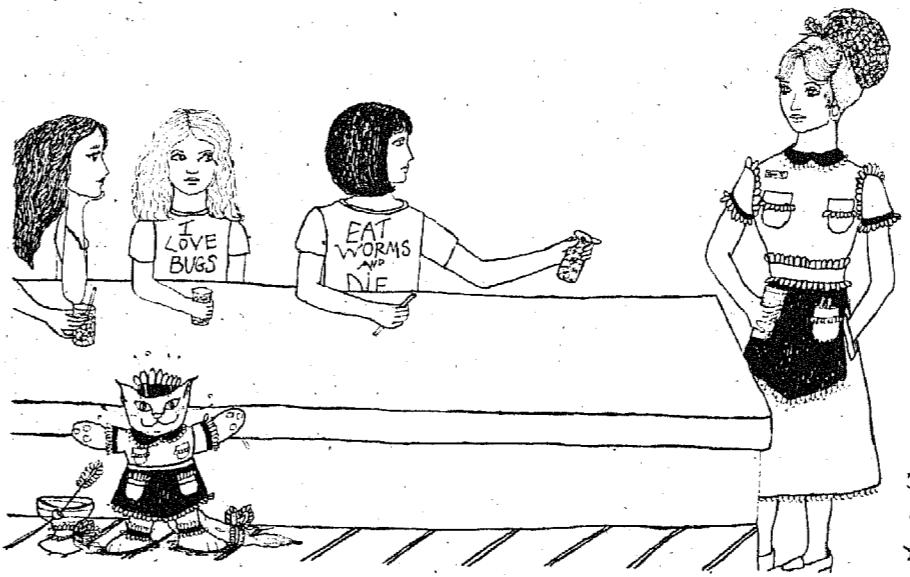
one.

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



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

**ZOID**®

the return of the classics is now . . .  
cotton knit shirt . . . pleated tennis shorts . . .  
trunks . . . terry shorts

**assortment**

507 Front Street (fronting the Pier House) in Old Key West. Call 294-4066

## Tall Ship for Sail

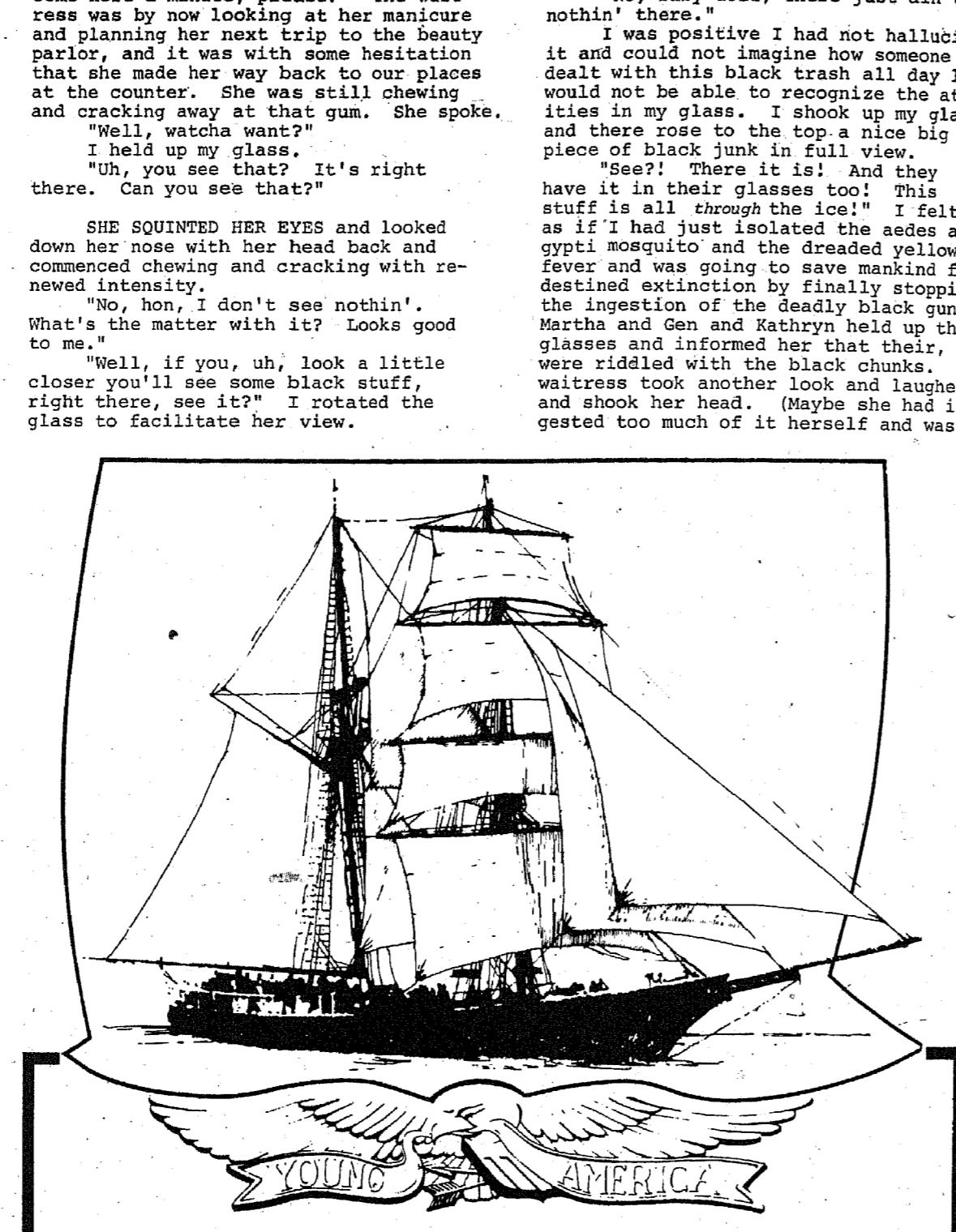
Live the ultimate seagoing adventure. Sail aboard the largest American tall ship still sailing — be part of a legend.

**The brigantine  
Young America**  
Key West Pier A, Truman Annex, Naval Station

### Sailing Schedule:

Sails every day except Friday at 12 noon & 4:00 p.m.

Reservations suggested: (305) 294-8558



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-commisiveative waitress, so MARTHA decided we should all disguise ourselves as hippies, go into Shorty's, order a deluxe chicken dinner, a ham-burger 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

us 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

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

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.

**tropical dresses**  
by Linda Kuchera



WUX Mates

to be tropical in!

breezy liberty of London cotton voiles & featherweight tana lawn... plus hand-dyed handkerchief linens - lovingly made by us for you. 500 duval / 4-2007 / open 10-6 7 days

**Fast Buck**  
your hometown department store.

## 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 Nuryev, 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 Kreinches, 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-precisioned 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

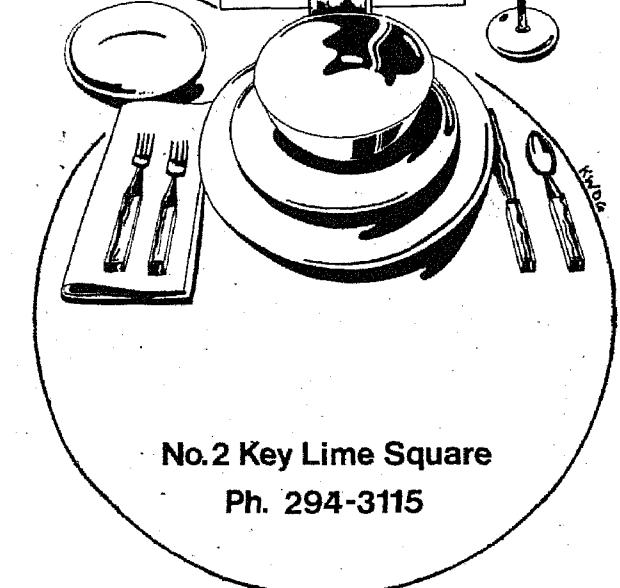


Fine Arts Center Wednesday, April 30, at 8:00 p.m. Standard ticket prices will be charged.

LA 2

## plate & platter

Crystal • Trays  
Placemats  
Glass • Gifts  
Flatware  
Dishes • Napkins  
Basketware



No. 2 Key Lime Square  
Ph. 294-3115

## WE'RE NOT STRANGE, WE'RE JUST LIKE YOU . . .



A COLLECTION OF STEEL, SKIN, STONEWARE, SILK AND PORCELAIN THAT WILL KNOCK YOUR SOCKS OFF!

SONIA ROBINSON of LEATHER SOUL, WALT HYLA and BARBARA BAUER of MUDFIRE, JUDI BRADFORD and REEN STANHOUSE of CAYO HUESO GRAPHICS.

CAYO HUESO GRAPHICS

806 DUVAL

Friday, April 4-25, Tues-Sun, 12-5

**IN THE SPOTLIGHT**  
at the KEY WESTER INN & RESORT

\*\*\*\*\*  
NEW ENTERTAINMENT POLICY  
NO COVER CHARGE  
NO ONE UNDER 18 ADMITTED  
\*\*\*\*\*

**IN THE SPOTLIGHT**  
APRIL '80  
INNER CIRCLE  
BRENDA BREININGER

Keyboards  
Guitarist  
Singer  
Entertainer

**COPACABANA**  
The SANDY EVANS SHOW

Located at 1500 Virginia St.  
across from Horace O'Bryant School, Key West

Phone 296-8118  
Open 6 days a week. Closed Monday.

## MESA'S GARDEN NURSERY

All kinds of tropical fruit trees.  
Hundreds of different kinds of plants.

You name it,  
We have it.

Also... all kinds of pots and fertilizers  
and good topsoil.

We are not selling the nursery  
Come by and see for yourself.

Free delivery as far as Key Haven

**PAPILLON**  
at the ATLANTIC SHORES MOTEL  
A BAR

in KEY WEST  
SIMONTON AT SOUTH

## FROM CONCH TO PRO

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.

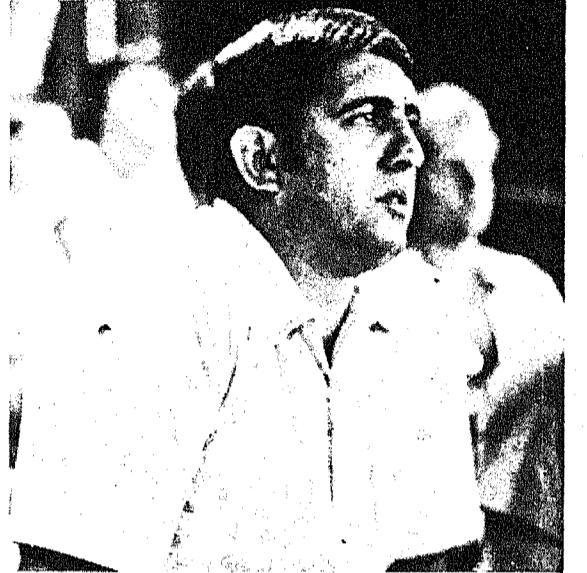
Once in a while, athletes will come along that islanders deem good enough to brag about, and their previous track record carries an enviable reputation.

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.

IF THESE ARE not enough, take a

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

*The Silver Web*  
*The Silver Web*

CLASSES IN NEEDLEPOINT  
Hours: Tues.-Fri. 10-6; Sat. 10-2  
Sun. & Mon. Closed  
KEY PLAZA  
294-2148

*The Silver Web*  
*The Silver Web*

## male show- vinists...

Let Jim Jolley embellish you in the highest and hottest of style. Everything, and then some -- for the mucho macho all-American male. See what happiness, not to mention thrills, a little show biz can bring to your life. Turn a few heads with threads that bring out the best in you!

- Swimwear
- Cowboy hats
- Head
- Jox & Sox
- Speedo
- Cards
- Just Men
- 14K Gold

mucho, macho, MORE!

**Jim Jolley**

Kino Plaza - Key West, FL 33040  
TURN LEFT FROM THE MONSTER, AROUND  
THE CORNER TO KINO PLAZA

**DAYS INN**  
RESTAURANT

HOURS:  
6:30 AM to 9:30 PM  
Country Breakfast  
Two Homemade Soups Daily  
Steaks • Seafood  
Family Prices

10c Coffee  
is back!

GIFT SHOP  
Treasures  
of the Islands  
at Fair Prices

**DAYS INN**

The Place To Stay  
at the end of the day  
80 Motel Rooms • 35 Apartments

Phone [305] 294-3742  
Toll-free [800] 241-9191  
3852 N. Roosevelt Blvd.  
Key West, Florida 33040

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.

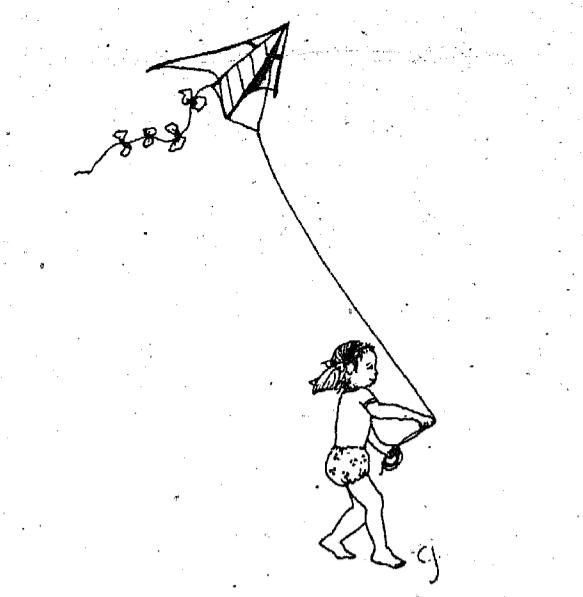


"Speedy" Neal

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.



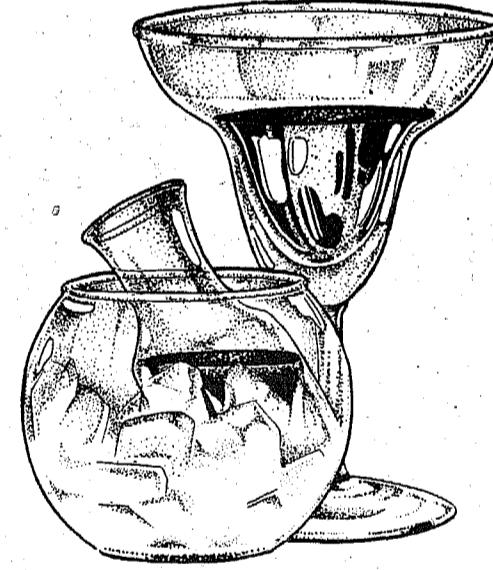
**Bluefingers**

296-9476

and  
Jangier

Specializing in.....  
Imported Clothing  
Moroccan Imports  
Indonesian Imports  
Indian Imports  
601 Duval Street

The Grand Terrace  
is  
La Terraza De Marti



Fabulous cocktails and heavenly  
fondues till 1 a.m.  
and  
special drinks at special prices  
from 4 p.m. to 7 p.m. daily.

1125 Duval Street 294-0344  
Lawrence Formica, proprietor  
KWDG

The Kind of Wicker  
Grandma Liked...  
at Granny-like prices!

At these prices, you'd never believe that America's finest wicker was made in America. Handcrafted in the mountains of North Carolina by skilled craftsmen. Using the same quality and materials used to make fine wicker products back in the 1930's. To find wicker constructed so well anywhere else, you'd have to rummage at Grandma's.

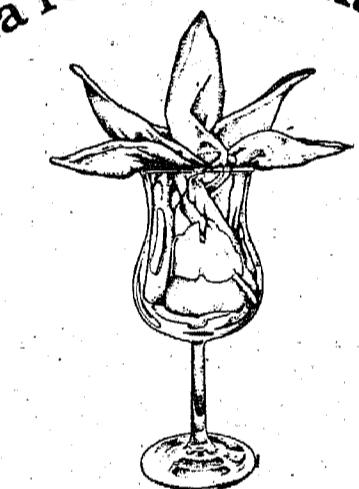
To rummage through our store is just as delightful... maybe even more so! You'll find wicker giftware for every room setting, from the front door to the back porch. Floral, kitchen, bath, den, bar and bedroom...beautiful wicker with the durability that has made American Wicker, Inc., famous.

All displayed in settings from the era of parlors, Huckelberry Finn and "gingerbread" decorated homes. America's most intriguing store for Romantics is selling America's finest wicker products. If you don't believe us, just ask Granny!

Shipping services offered.

American Wicker Factory Outlet  
524 Duval Street  
Key West, FL 33040

La Terraza De Marti



We now offer six delicious evening dinners  
Monday thru Saturday at 8:30.  
Four courses par excellence for \$12 prix fixe.  
Or our luscious filet mignon  
prepared to perfection La Terraza style.

Your choice of small or large tables  
by reservation only.

It's all yours, it's all grand,  
it's all La Terraza!

1125 Duval Street 294-0344  
Lawrence Formica, proprietor

## BUGWEISER

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 stiff 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, especially 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 --

BY PAT CLYNE ILLUSTRATED BY 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.

Plimpton on bass made a really heavy sound, And the whole damn place started spinnin' around. There were topless Palmettos 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,

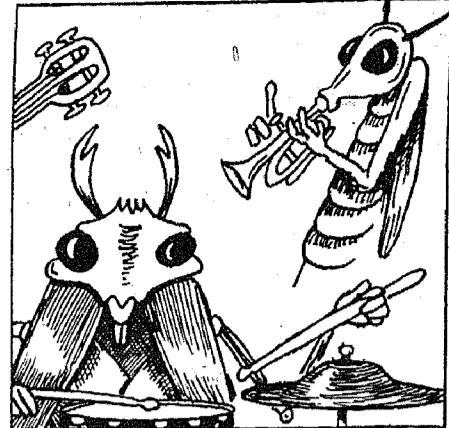
then picked up the phone,

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. Hums 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,

## Green Keys Nursery

Beautiful plants, vines and trees for your home or office. We now offer a wide variety of decorative pots & containers

1319 William St.  
Key West, FL 33040  
296-5212



MACK DRYDEN

## Billie's

bar and restaurant

### Live Entertainment Nightly

The Hottest Music in the Coolest Spot in Town!

Keith & Andy Vocalizing on Their Guitars and  
The Ever-Famous Sylvia at the Piano

And...  
Lots Lots More While You Dine and Enjoy  
Our Famous Tropical Drinks

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

26  
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.

**Key Westers' Shop**  
**HOUSE**  
**of**  
**BURGESS**

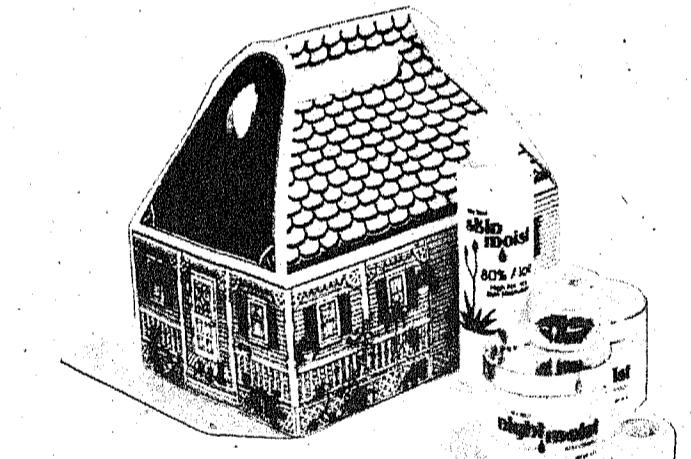
"Just an Island store"

**FRONT STREET**

**OLD KEY WEST**

**Stop by and watch our lab at work!**

Begin your spring  
with beautiful skin and  
a gift from Key West Aloe



Moisturize  
the natural way!  
Discover what our high concentrations of smoothing, sleeking  
Key West Aloe can do for your beauty glow. And receive a  
delightful, original Key West Conch House tote box with any pur-  
chase of 10.00 or more!  
DayMoist 40% Aloe, 2 oz., 9.00  
EyeMoist 80% Aloe, 1/2 oz., 5.50  
LipMoist (a must in the sun!), 1/4 oz., 3.45  
NightMoist, 2 oz., 11.00 4 oz., 19.00  
SkinMoist 80% Aloe (under makeup or alone), 6 oz., 9.75  
KEY WEST FRAGRANCE AND COSMETIC FACTORY / 524 FRONT ST. /  
KEY WEST / 294-5592

**Balloon Bouquets, Inc.**  
announces its new affiliate

# Balloons Mañana

A complete balloon design  
& delivery service.

**(305) 296-338**

We accept  
**VISA & MASTERCARD**

**BALLOON BOUQUET**

Los Angeles (213) 462-6777

Washington, D.C. (202) 785-1290

Boston (617) 484-5855

Chicago (312) 432-9000

San Francisco (415) 626-9830

Toledo (419) 475-7222

New York (212) 784-2121

Denver (303) 770-5574

Philadelphia (215) 735-1100

Nashville (615) 253-1234

Houston (713) 656-1234

Tucson (602) 746-1234

Pittsburgh (412) 281-1234

© 1980 Balloon Bouquets, Inc.

## Key West Is For Everyone

(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 Huckle suggested that I write a farewell speech for the center-fold 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

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 cliched 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 underrate 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.

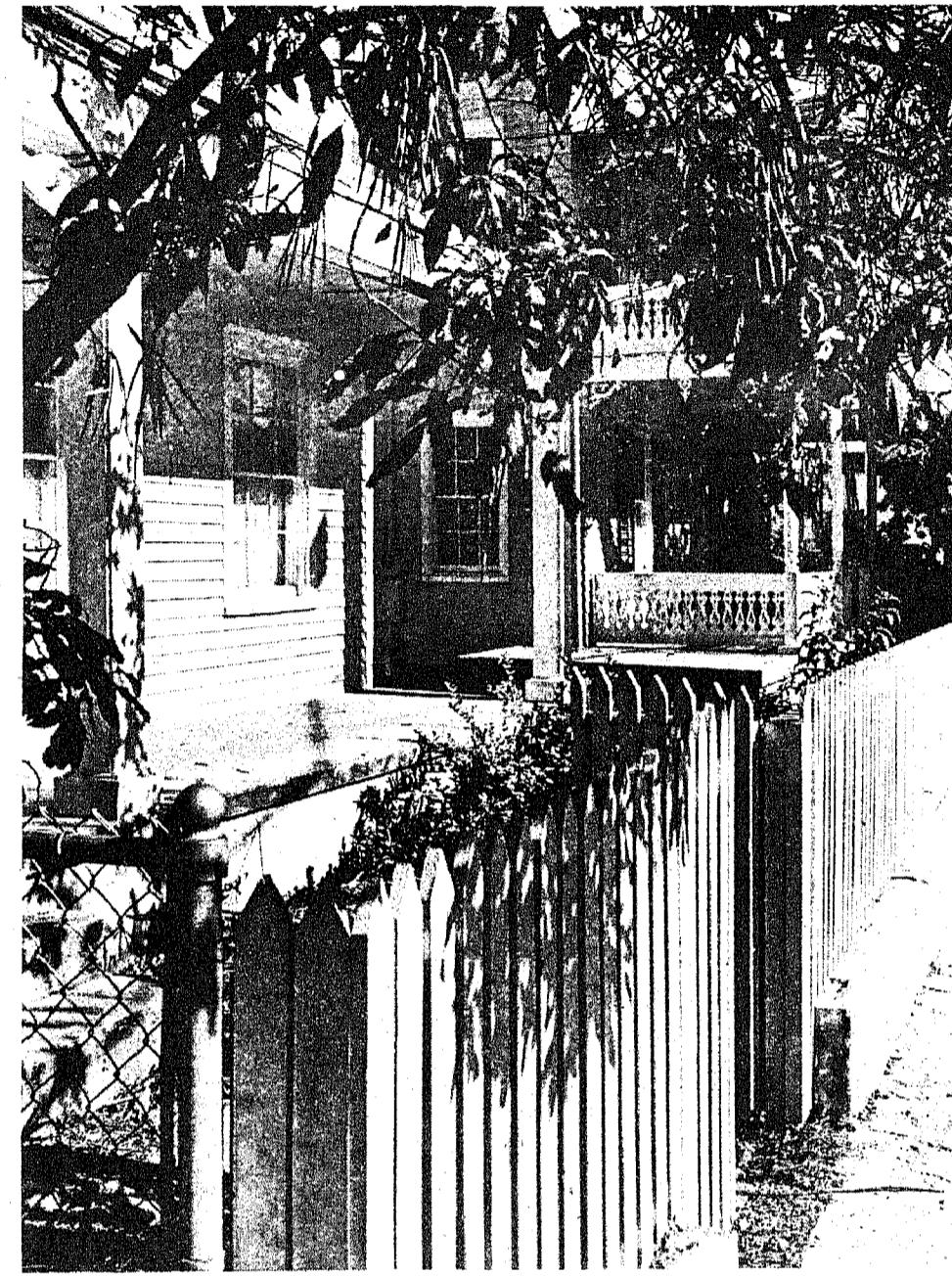
There is another cliché, "Bad government is caused by good people who do nothing." The price of freedom is not

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.

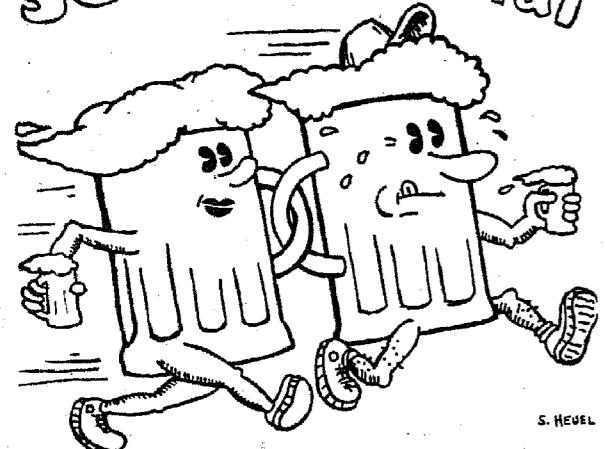
I hope that I will recognize it when I come back.

PHOTOS BY RICHARD MARSH



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

## 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 American, Durtby 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



APRIL IS  
NATURAL FOODS MONTH  
SPECIALS ALL MONTH

to acquaint you with natural foods and supplements  
Visit our store and gym!

OPEN WEEKDAY EVENINGS 'TIL 8:45 PM — SEARSTOWN

Now you're ready  
for a quartz-locked  
turntable from the  
company that invented  
quartz-locked turntables.



QL-A2  
• Low .015% wow/flutter (WRMS)  
• 62dB signal to noise ratio (DIN-B)

SALE \$129.95      Regular \$189.00



STEREO HEADQUARTERS  
AUDIO International, Inc.

NOW YOU HAVE A CHOICE  
STORE HOURS 10 A.M. TO 6 P.M.

KEY WEST: 117 Fitzpatrick, Kino Plaza, 294-4018

Also in stock: SONY • TECHNICS • NAKAMICHI • AIWA • JBL • REVOX • PIEZOELECTRIC EQUIPMENT

Feel It RIGHT  
IN CLOTHES FOR  
THE SUN OR EVENING FUN

The Best  
In Men & Women's Fashion  
Now At



1207 DUVAL — FLORIDA 294-3050  
KEY WEST

MONDAY to THURSDAY, 10-7

FRIDAY and SATURDAY, 11-9

SUNDAY, 4-8

## 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 place, 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 "Seastown 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 belt-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 back-pedals 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.

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."

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 com-mandos would use. Big, dark, ugly things 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.



THE PORTER ALLEN CO., INC.  
Insurance since 1891

WILLIAM A. FREEMAN SR. 513 Southard St.  
WILLIAM A. FREEMAN JR. Key West  
DAVID W. FREEMAN Phone 4-2542

MUSIC \* NEWS \* SPORTS  
JAZZ SHOW SUNDAY NIGHTS  
7:00 - 8:00  
**WIIS**  
FM 107.1 STEREO

Now In Key West  
ASSOCIATED PRESS  
RADIO NEWS SERVICE

Marlon Stevens  
unique  
**ARTISTS UNLIMITED**  
at 221 Duval St.  
Believe people should  
have quality art work  
- also that  
people need people.  
So  
let's get it together!

Bender-Tanis, Inc.  
REALTOR  
FULL REAL ESTATE SERVICE  
409 FLEMING ST.  
296-6200 or 296-6231  
REALTOR  
**MLS**

FOGARTY  
1973 HOUSE  
RESTAURANT AND CAFE

KEY WEST'S MOST FAMOUS MANSION  
PRESIDENT TAFT ROOM - PRESIDENT CLEVELAND ROOM - ROUGH RIDER ROOM  
Telephone 298-5592  
Open 9 - 5 • Closed Sunday  
227 DUVAL STREET  
KEY WEST, FLORIDA



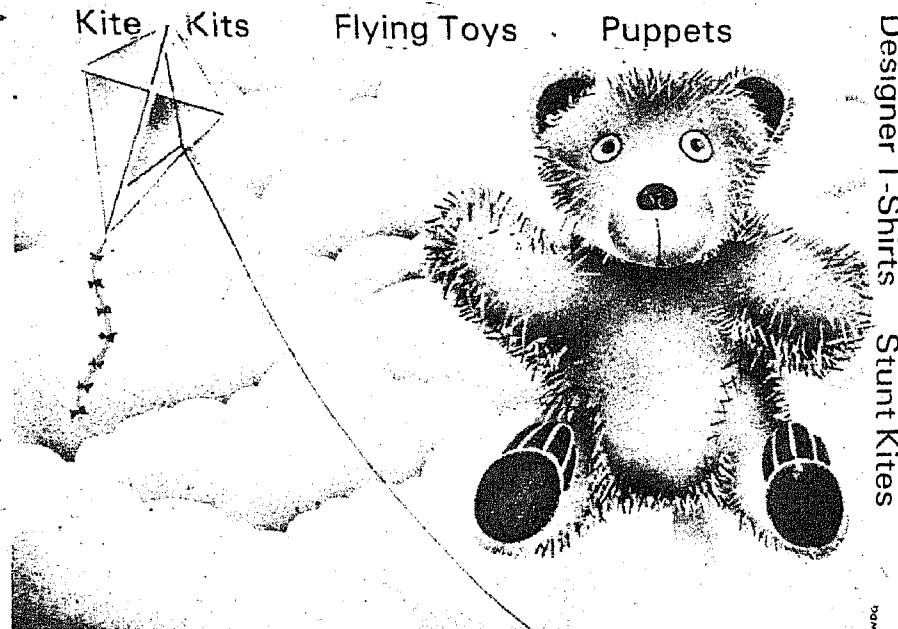
**THE MONSTER**  
RESTAURANT  
DISCOTIQUE  
305-294-1666  
400 FRONT STREET  
KEY WEST

**DAN ACE ROOFING**  
15 YEARS EXPERIENCE  
DA  
ACE IN THE HOLE  
**42380**  
All Work Guaranteed.

**Eden**  
HOUSE  
Built in 1914, The Eden House is a traditional Key West house, featuring yellow stucco walls, a red tile roof, and a central arched entrance. The house is surrounded by tropical landscaping. The rooms are clean and simple, individually decorated and painted. Tropical prints cover the beds and bathroom fixtures.

KEY WEST  
Cigar Factory  
Pirates Alley Key West  
SEE QUALITY HAND-MADE  
CIGARS ROLLED DAILY  
we fill  
mail orders  
PIRATES ALLEY  
in historic  
OLD KEY WEST

SERVING  
8 AM to 2 PM  
The **EDEN** HOUSE  
Now Features  
**RICH'S**  
RESTAURANT  
105 Fleming St.  
296-6268



Kite Kits Flying Toys Puppets

Designer T-Shirts Stunt Kites

"Give a friend a High!"

Kites  
409 Greene St.

**ANGELO'S OASIS**  
294-4532  
PIZZA ANGELO'S OASIS SUBS  
TAKE OUT SERVICE AVAILABLE  
OPEN DAILY 'TIL 4 AM  
208 DUVAL ST.

**THE QUEEN'S TABLE**  
For elegance without extravagance  
THREE MEALS DAILY  
7 DAYS A WEEK  
BREAKFAST  
7 a.m. to 11:30 a.m.  
LUNCH  
Noon to 2:15 p.m.  
DINNER  
5:30 p.m. to 11:00 p.m.  
Cocktails in the popular  
WEST INDIES LOUNGE  
Noon 'til 2 a.m.  
AT THE SANTA MARIA MOTEL (305) 296-5678  
1401 SIMONTON ST. KEY WEST, FLORIDA

**SALES-SERVICE-PARTS**  
ISLAND IMPORTED CARS  
DATSUN  
AUDI  
VW  
1980 DATSUN 280ZX  
1111 EATON ST. 294-5151

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 staunched 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 fiance."

"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.



**Farrington Galleries**  
711 duval  
key west

**CUSTOM PICTURE FRAMING**

Wide Selection — Creative Matting

All work done locally — Prices for every budget

"It's important to you it's worth framing with us"

**ART SUPPLIES**

Complete lines of Acrylics, Oils, Watercolors

Brushes, Canvas, Papers, Ready Made Frames

"We give you Service, Supplies & Satisfaction"

**GALLERY**

Browse through our Large Gallery of Framed Art by Keys Artists. Limited Edition Graphics — Antique Engravings

**Free Parking In Rear** 294-6911

**STAN BECKER**  
MARINE BIOLOGIST  
CANOEING  
NATURE TOURS  
Guide Your Canoe Silently Into The Serene  
Beauty Of Protected Tropical Island  
Waters. See The Keys As The Indians  
Did, And Explore With An Ex-  
perienced Local Naturalist.  
9AM-4PM INCLUDES \$25.00 per person  
EQUIPPED CANOES & LUNCH  
FOR MORE INFORMATION WRITE  
PO BOX 62 BIG PINE KEY, FLA 33043  
CALL 305-872-2620

**-hot tubs  
-waterbeds**  
**-home  
accessories  
-hammocks**

Southern Comfort, the oldest Hot Tub dealer in Monroe County, offers you the widest selection of Hot Tubs and accessories. Come by our store at 511 Duval and let us show you what a difference a Hot Tub can make in Your life.

**SOUTHERN COMFORT**

Waterbed and Hot Tub Island  
511 Duval St. 294-2260 Open Late.

## A GIFT OF LIFE

Your contribution to the American Cancer Society in memory of your loved one will help support a program dedicated to the conquest of cancer. Your memorial gift will not only do honor to the dead. It could help provide a gift of life.

Memorial gift funds may be sent to your local American Cancer Society office.

AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

The Key West Players



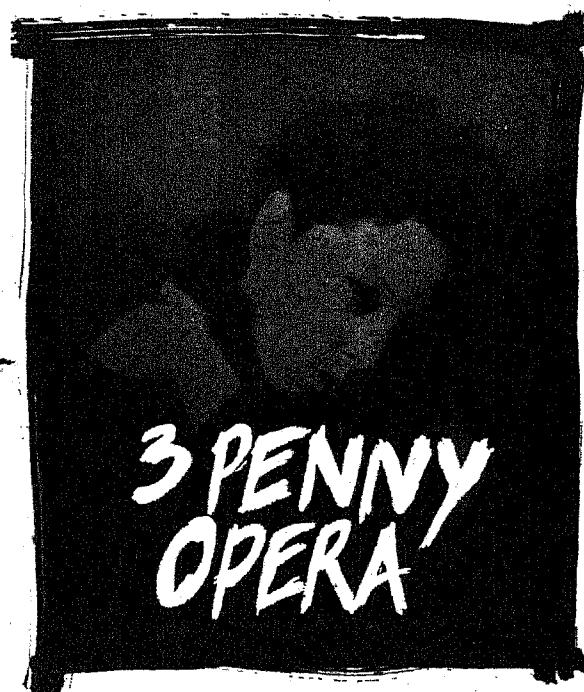
OUR 40th YEAR!

**FEIFFER'S PEOPLE**  
By Jules Feiffer  
A FUNKY REVIEW

Directed by Richard Magesis  
**APRIL 28 - MAY 3**  
BOX OFFICE OPENS APRIL 21

Waterfront Playhouse, Mallory Square  
Admission \$3.00  
Friday & Saturday \$3.50  
Season Subscription \$12.00  
Box Office Open 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.  
Daily Except Sunday  
Telephone 294-5015

The Tennessee Williams  
Fine Arts Center  
presents



## 3 PENNY OPERA

BY  
Bertolt Brecht / Kurt Weill  
DIRECTED BY:  
William Prosser

OPENS APRIL 10, 1980  
Box Office  
294-6363

FLORIDA KEYS COMMUNITY COLLEGE

THE  
**Picture Show**  
A MOTION PICTURE ALTERNATIVE FOR KEY WEST

Allegro Non Troppo • King Hears The Innocent Watership Down Emmanuelle

SHOW TIME 7 & 9:00 P.M.  
620 DUVAL APRIL PHONE 294-3826  
Admission \$3.00

MIDNITE FRIDAY AND SATURDAY THE ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW

### 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

#### EXCERPTS FROM THE RONALD STACK INTERVIEW:

SOLARES HILL: You just appointed former county commissioner Purie Hovanitz as the city Public Service Director. Doesn't an appointment like this smack of buba-ism? What exactly are his credentials?

STACK: What the hell do people mean when they refer to buba-ism? I could never understand that. Look, I was appointed by the city commission to try to reorganize this city. We've got to cut down on waste, we just don't have enough money anywhere. Purie has a 90-day appointment to try and reorganize this department. We're going to try to make it more efficient. I'm exhausted; you know, I've been running three departments for awhile now.

SOLARES HILL: After the referendum asking for pay hikes for the policemen and firemen was

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?

considering 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

THE  
**KEY WEST**  
Picture Show

GINE GOLDEN EAGLE AWARD  
Chosen by the Council of  
International Non-theatrical Events  
to represent the United States  
in cinema events around the world.

B. J. Martin's Kinetic Documentary Art Film

DON'T MISS IT!

THREE-TIME  
GOLD MEDAL WINNER  
• Florida Award  
• Special Jury Award  
• Design Competition

DON'T MISS IT!

The Key West Picture Show film is shown only at The Picture Show theatre  
620 Duval • Showtimes Daily at 2,3, & 4 p.m. • Admission \$2.00 • Phone 294-3826

Quicksilver



Fine Hand-Crafted \* Silver & Gold  
210B Duval St., Key West

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

Interiors By Wanda



Now representing over  
fifty companies  
(many exclusives)

500 Simonton • 294-9600

37

**NOW OPEN!**

Key West's newest cafe welcomes you to our Early American atmosphere and home-cooked specialties for lunch and dinner. SPECIAL BOX LUNCHES AND TAKE-OUT SERVICE: PICNICS FROM PLAIN TO SCRUMPTIOUS • FISHERMEN'S SPECIALS • BUSINESS PERSONS' SPECIALS FROM 25¢ UP • FRENCH & AMERICAN CUISINE

THE Blue Willow Café  
(Ask about the legend)

LAURA BROWN, OWNER/CHEF

ANGELA ST.  
CONCH WALK  
#116 DUVAL

KEY WEST  
GLASS WORKS

CUSTOM  
STAINED GLASS  
WINDOWS & SHADES  
CLASSES  
&  
ART GLASS SUPPLIES

1018 Truman  
294-0538

Best Sellers  
Paperbacks  
-Gift Books

Sailing  
Children's Books

Personal attention  
to special orders.

294-2904

KEY WEST  
ISLAND  
BOOK  
STORE

130 DUVAL ST. KEY WEST

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 irritated 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 politicos 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, incompetent, and collusion just "skim the surface?"

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 story, 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

brown 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  
i sit 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

i sit in a corner table  
with a beer  
and a bag of nuts

a picture of hemingway  
smiles at me from the wall

i smile 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

**\* Chez Enzile \***

CUISINE FRANCAISE  
Selected Wines  
DINNER SERVED SEVEN NIGHTS A WEEK  
FRONT 6 TO 11 P.M.

RESERVATIONS ACCEPTED  
423 Front St. • Key West • 294-6252

OPEN FOR DINNER  
Monday - Sunday 6:00 - 11:00

**The Big Little Gift**  
by Eternallight

CHARM-PENDANT-TIE-TACK

14 Kt. Solid Gold  
Miniaturized \$100 Bill

A remarkably detailed miniaturization, just under 1 mm long. Ideal as a pendant for man or woman, as a charming adornment, or a very unique and handsome tie-tack. See it...love it...give it!

Pendant...\$80 Charm...\$80 Tie-Tack...\$88

**Beachcomber Jewelers**  
Key Plaza Shopping Center  
296-5811

**COME WATCH US ENAMEL**  
A craft, an art, a tradition...

Kareka

306 FRONT ST., KEY WEST, FLA. 33040 / 294-4044  
At Pirate's Alley in Old Town

ENAMELS - ashtrays, centerpieces, jewelry  
GOLD AND SILVER HANDCRAFTED JEWELRY

WE HONOR ALL CREDIT CARDS • OPEN YEAR ROUND

## Bill Westray Legal Defense Fund

Many citizens of Key West know Bill Westray personally. Those in favor of clean government and above-board actions for community benefit, like and admire him. He has worked for many years on numerous community projects, such as Community Pool, Wesley House Child Care, No High Rise, Save the Salt Ponds, and other social and environmental protection programs.

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.

Interested parties send checks to:  
Bill Westray Defense Fund  
c/o George Sherman  
1402 Laird Street  
Key West, FL 33040

**The  
Buttery**

Leisurely Dining

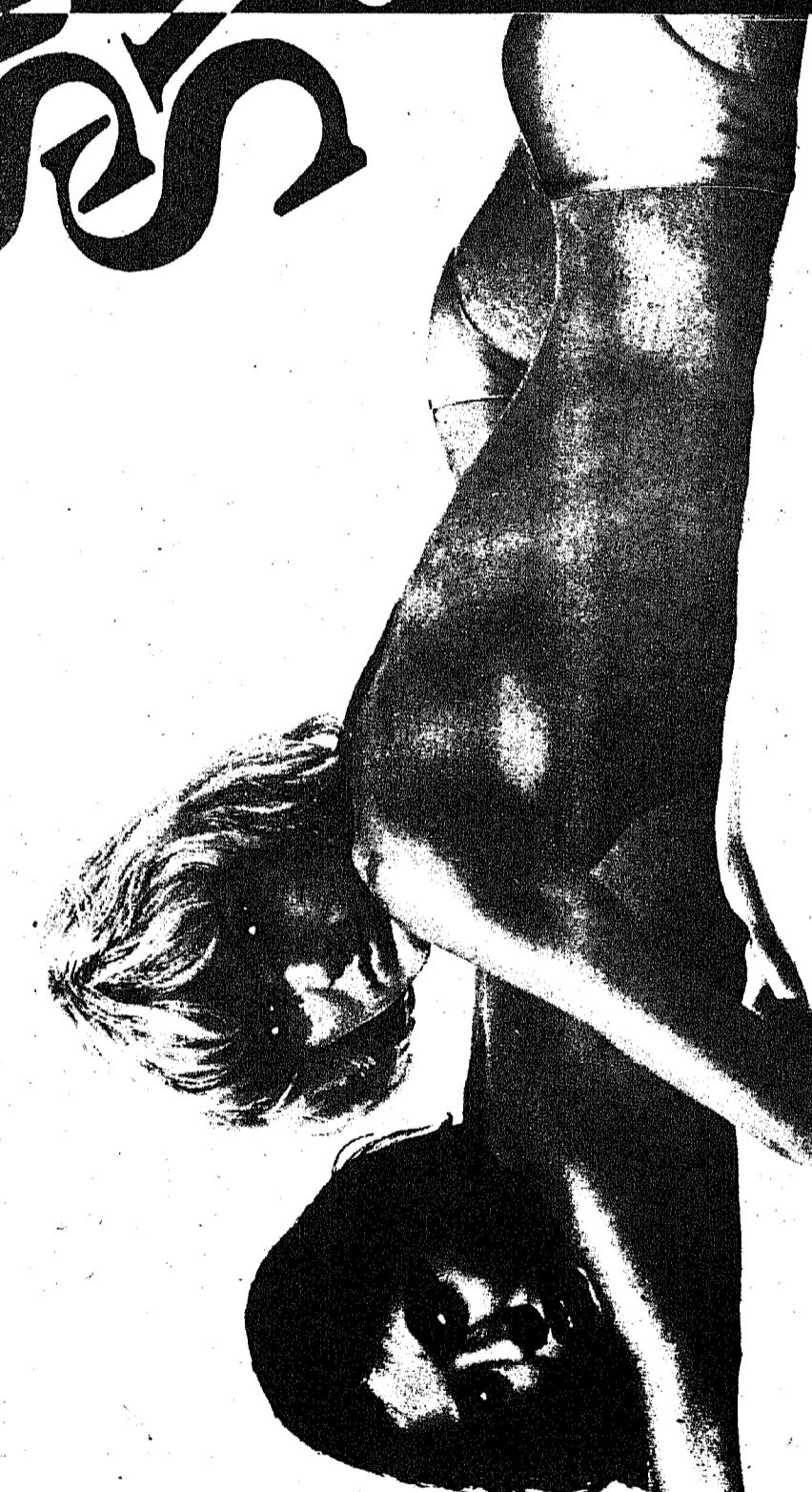
Kay West, Fla.

1208 Simonton St. 294-0717  
Hours 7-12 Nightly  
Closed Monday

THE NEW 1980 SUITS  
A SOFT TOUCH

704 Duval • 403 Greene • 296-2622  
VISA, MasterCharge, Lay-away, Gift Certificates

**SunSystem™**



How the French  
Get More Tan  
Out of the  
Same Sun

# How the French get more tan out of the same sun.

We are about to introduce you to a totally new way of tanning. A way that actually helps *accelerate* your own natural tanning process, so that you will probably get the fastest, richest, deepest, most comfortable tan you've ever had in your life.

All this because of a unique system of tan accelerating formulas, invented in France, called SunSystem.

#### Nature invented the system. SunSystem accelerated it.

To understand how SunSystem works, you must know how tanning itself works.

The sun-tan is your body's own natural way of protecting you from sunburn. So, the *more* tan you have, and the *sooner* you have it, the better your own natural protection will be.

However, if you do begin to burn, this will slow down the tanning process. And the longer you stay in the sun the worse the burn will get.

So simply, the secret of optimum tanning is to make sure your body tans before it burns.

That is why tan acceleration is so important. And why

SunSystem is so remarkably effective.

#### How SunSystem does it.

SunSystem is designed to speed up the natural tanning process in two ways.

First, SunSystem speeds tanning with unique and natural acceleration ingredients. And simultaneously,

filters many of the sun's ultraviolet rays. Rays which normally hinder and slow down the tanning process by causing burning.

And all

this happens in 6 different formulas, balanced for all types of skin, in all stages of tanning, in all types of sun.

#### Your own personal tan acceleration system.

SunSystem is formulated in progressive tanning strengths to be used in steps as your tan becomes more and more ready for total acceleration. You will see, on each package, individualized instructions for your own personal skin type, and the kind of sun you're in.

We believe you will find SunSystem to be the most perfectly conceived, most effective tanning system ever.

#### From light to dark. From dark to deep.

If you have light skin, you will be surprised to find how easily, quickly and comfortably you can achieve a dark tan.

And if you have darker skin, you will be amazed to watch yourself tanning with such speed. And your skin becoming so unusually bronzy, dark and deep.

#### We know it's hard to believe.

We don't want you to simply take our word. Something this unique has to be experienced.

SunSystem is now available in America for the first time. We would like you to try it.

Because, surely, with SunSystem, tanning is believing.

**SunSystem™**  
The incredible new  
tan acceleration formulas  
imported from France.

## Who Patrick Is

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

Many a downtown Key Wester 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 banter 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 changes 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 coladas at the Atlantic Shores one afternoon.

Patrick, not too fond of their "holier than thou" attitude or their request, said to them, "Pina coladas? 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 coladas 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 confounding 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 coladas. 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!'

"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."

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

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.



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.

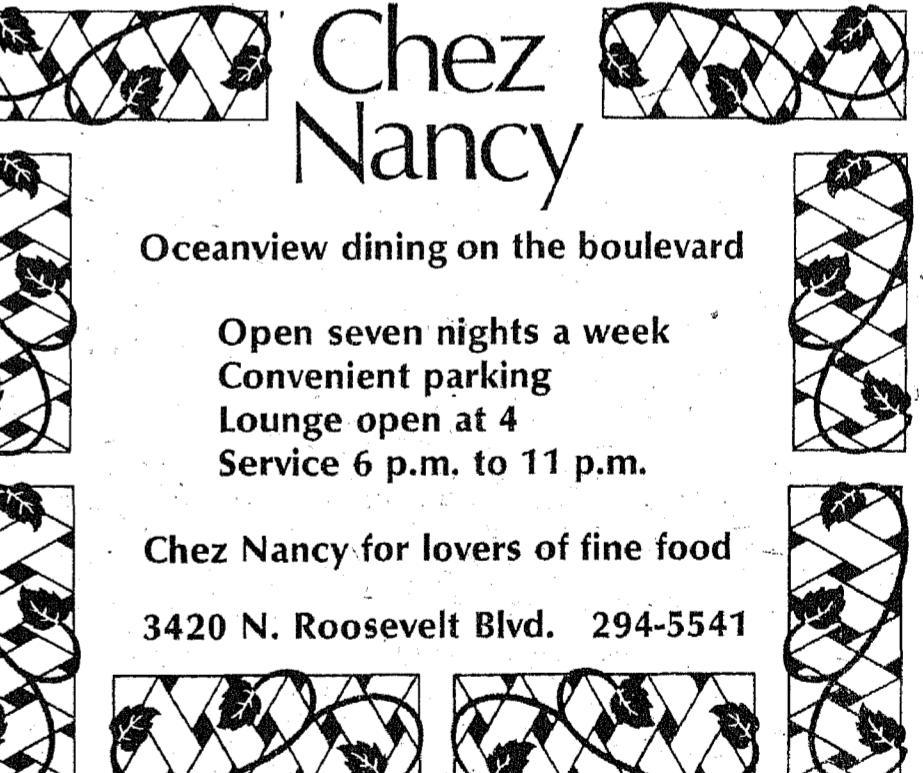
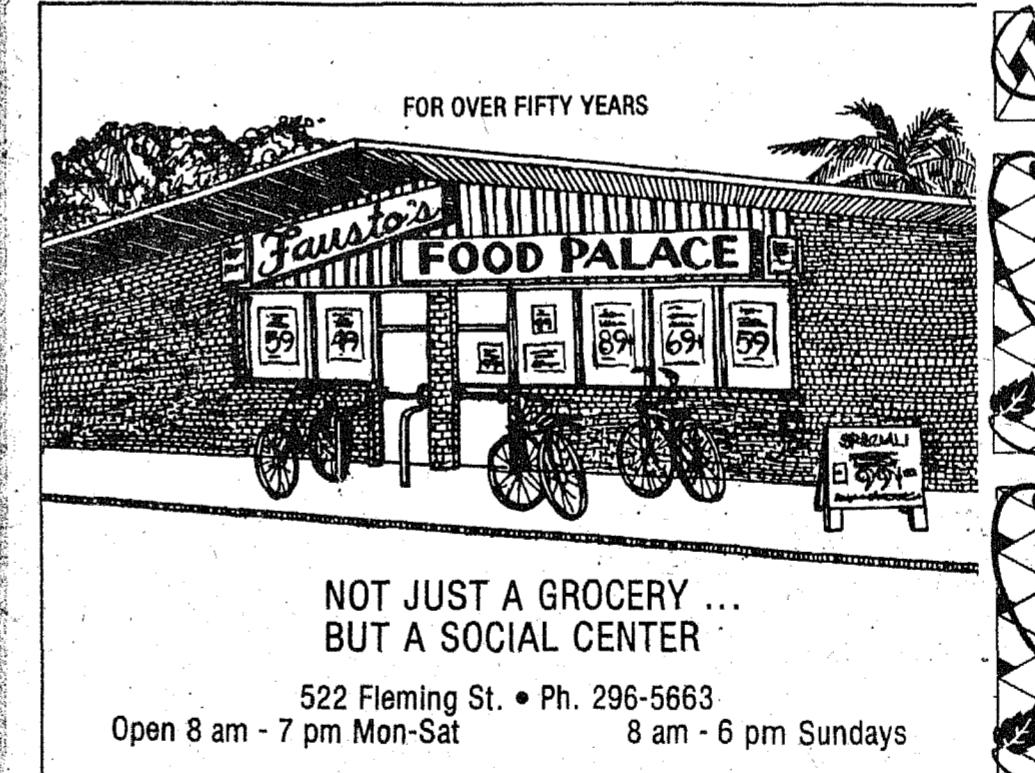
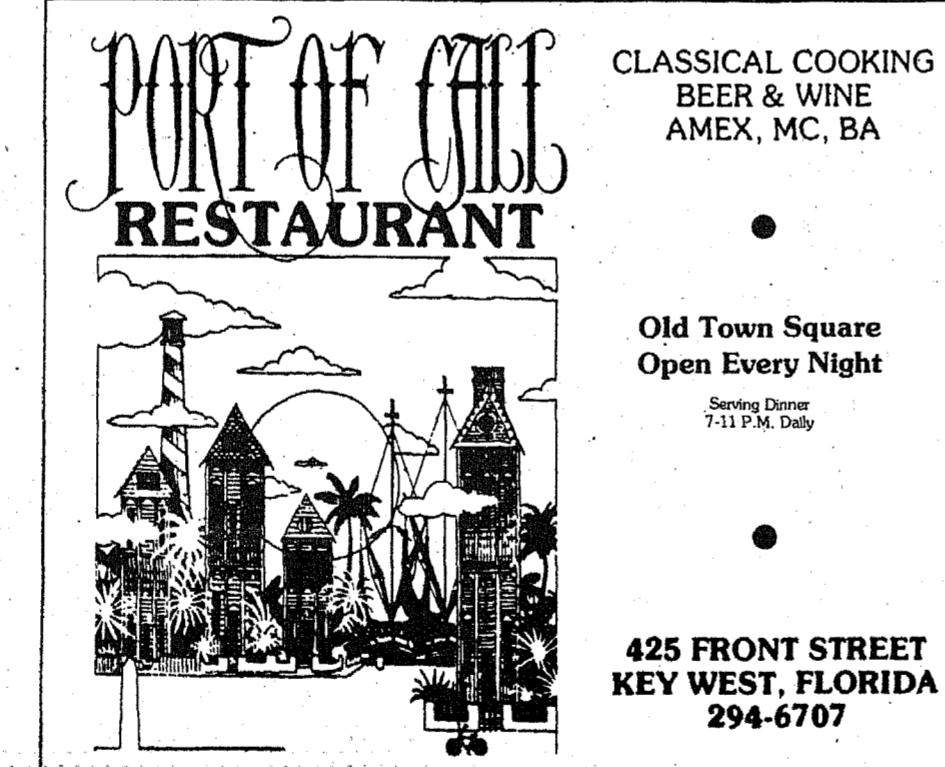
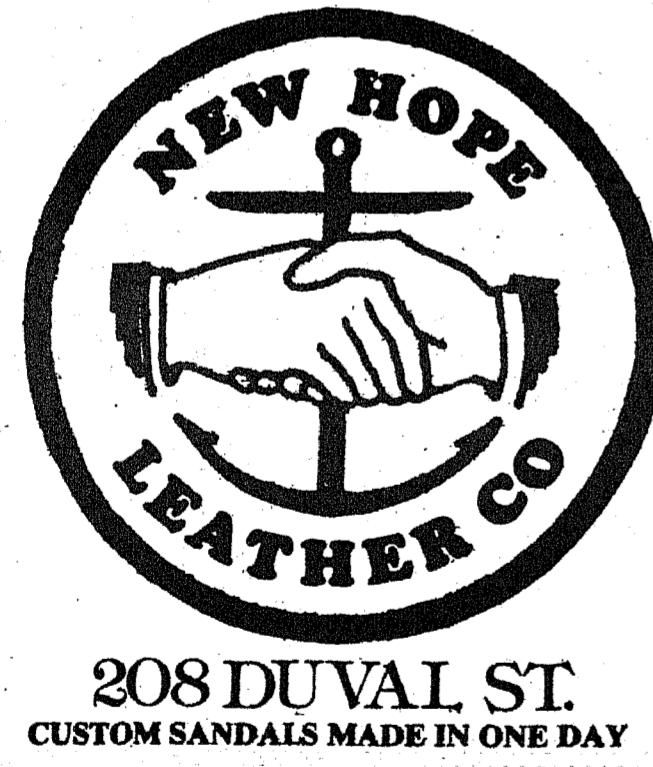
"Once it's explained, those in conflict with one another will usually calm down. But ah, I've had to break up some lovely hatreds!"

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."





# la Raclette

KEY WEST

Lobster Gratinee  
Snapper Kiev  
Yellowtail San Francisco  
with artichokes & mushrooms  
Shrimp Scampi  
Lasagna Verde

Some examples of our ever-changing array of native seafood dishes,  
offered in addition to our regular menu.

Fine wines

Imported beers

Brunch 7 Days 11 to 3 — Dinner Mon-Sat 6:30 to 10:30  
609 Duval in Key Lime Square — 294-1212

Key West Sunset: After The Afterglow



PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH

## PHOTO-SONICS, INC.

(D.B.A. SWIFT'S CAMERA & STEREO)

### STEREO SYSTEMS FOR 1980

OUR FOURTH SYSTEM \$699:

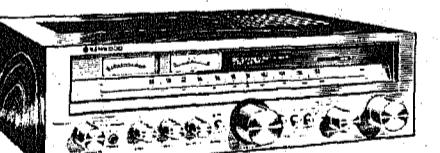
#### FEATURES AT A GLANCE:



**KENWOOD**

KD 1500

The Kenwood KD-1500 featured with a Stanton 500E cartridge, will give reliability and improved trackability with a dramatic reduction of harmonic distortion.



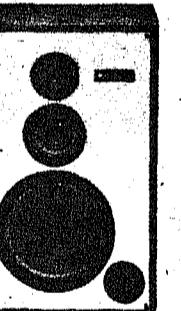
**KENWOOD**

KR 4010

Compare the specifications with those of any other similar receiver and you will find the KR-4010 is best in signal-to-noise ratios and distortion levels. Delivering 35 watts per channel and only 0.03% total harmonic distortion — What A Receiver!

296-8576

<b>Kenwood Receiver</b>	KR 4010.....	Regular Price	\$330.00
<b>Kenwood Turntable</b>	KD-1500.....	Regular Price	\$119.00
<b>Stanton Cartridge</b>	500E.....	Regular Price	\$ 40.00
<b>JBL Speakers</b>	Radiance Series 702... Regular Price		\$360.00
			\$849.00
			<b>\$699.00</b>
	<b>YOU SAVE</b>		<b>\$150.00</b>



Radiance Series 702

New from JBL, the Radiance Series 702 speakers can be safely used with amplifiers of up to 150 watts continuous sine wave. Whatever music you enjoy — rock, disco, classical, country, jazz — you will enjoy it more on your Radiance 702 speakers. Radiance, the symbol of style, sound, quality and value by JBL.

423 DUVAL STREET

Open 5:30  
Open 7 days a week  
1801 SOUTH ROOSEVELT BLVD.  
1/4 mile north of the airport  
Oceanfront dining indoors or out  
Jack Thompson at the piano  
294-3466

**WJ**

**You and Whitfield Jack can make some beautiful jewelry together**

Key West's finest custom jewelry shop. Look for the golden door near The Mallory Square exit. Ph 47092

OLD ISLAND BIRD CO.  
503 Greene St.  
294-2932  
PARROTS  
COCKATOOS  
MACAWS  
Strong healthy birds that live.  
Sexing and breeding pairs available.  
WELDED WIRE & BULK SEED  
Airliner shipping boxes available  
Bob LaPolice  
Tommy Richardson  
Jerry Richardson  
Buy - Sell - Trade

## 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-

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

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-



OPEN 11 AM TO 9 PM  
FREE PARKING  
Tel. 294-4000

**EL CACIQUE RESTAURANT**  
SPECIALIZING IN  
SPANISH FOOD & CUBAN SANDWICHES  
125 Duval St. • 1/2 Block from National Bank

**OLD TOWN REALTY INC.** **REALTY WORLD**

\*Key West and the Lower Keys' most complete list of residential and commercial properties.  
Home and apartment rental services.

**CALL OR WRITE FOR OUR LISTING REPORTS**

605 Simonton St.  
Key West, Florida 33040  
Telephone: 305 294-5525

P.O. Box 1  
Summerland Key, Florida 33042  
Telephone: 305 745-3645

3:00-5:00 Pre-school -- Libby Outlaw  
3:30-5:30 Photography, 13 yrs. & up -- Karen Selsky



PHOTO BY KAREN SELSKY

Early Bird Happy Hour 7AM-9AM  
Afternoon Happy Hour 5PM-8PM  
All Bar Drinks \$1.00

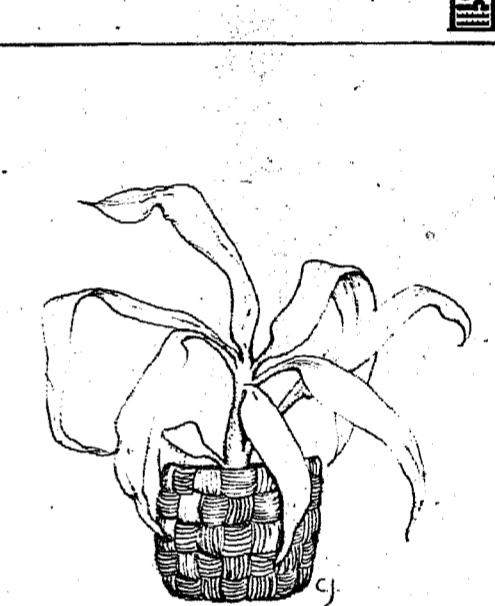


Entertainment: Bluegrass Band Weekends  
208 Duval St. - at rear of Alyce's Alley

3:00-5:00 Pre-school -- Libby Outlaw  
3:30-5:00 Photography, 13 yrs. & up -- Karen Selsky  
Thursday 4:30-5:30 Modern Dance/Ballet -- Debbie Flynn  
4:30-5:30 Conversational Spanish -- Jorge Londoño  
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 Harrington 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.



**The Complete Fish Cookbook**  
500 Ways to Cook Fish  
by DAN and INEZ MORRIS

For anyone who likes to eat delicious meals and stay healthy, fish is the answer. The sea fish is undeniably the perfect answer. And for anyone who wants to make the most of fish, this book is certainly THE COMPLETE FISH COOKBOOK.

NOW AVAILABLE  
**Environmental Circus**  
Winter Hours 10-10  
Sunday 12-9  
518 Duval Street / KEY WEST, FLORIDA 33040

**'ENTERTAINMENT NIGHTLY'**

CAPT. TONY'S SALOON  
428 Greene St. 296-9417

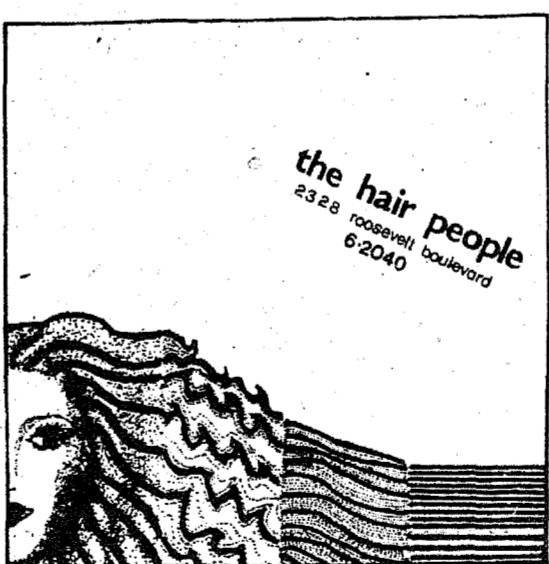
THE HEMINGWAY YEARS  
1922-1939  
THE GREAT AMERICAN BAR  
HIGH HULLIGAN  
HOB NOV. 1979  
A REPORT IN THE HEMINGWAY

**Auden Barth Caputo**  
**Ciardi Harrison Kirkwood**  
**Iurie Mailer Proby**  
**Rader Rosten Silverstein**  
**Wilbur Williams**

are all at  
**the Bookshop**

534 Fleming St., Key West, FL 33040  
10 am - 7 pm Mon-Sat. 4 pm - 7 pm Sun. 6-9089

WAITING FOR YOU.



**the**  
**hair people**  
2328 Roosevelt Boulevard  
6-2040

**GO CONCHO**

A full line of sporting goods  
Key West's team outfitters  
Located in Searstown  
294-7645 Ettermen

The finest selection of table and floor lamps, track lighting, ceiling fixtures, yard lighting, outdoor fixtures & chandeliers in the Florida Keys.

**LIGHTING WORLD**  
Searstown 294-7916

## GET YOURSELF A BIRD FEEDER

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 while. Well, the feeder was hung from a tree within sight of a window, and a small amount of bird seed placed inside.

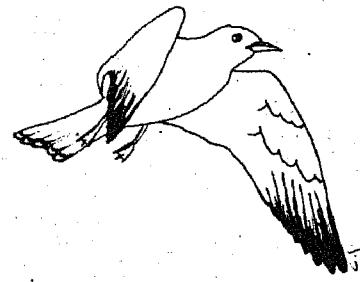
Mr. Squirrel was my first visitor. He was hanging upside down by two feet on the under side of the feeder and grabbing all the seed he could with two front paws. He was comical and determined.

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



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.

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

BY BELLE HASKELL

## 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."



PHOTO, BY RICHARD MARSH

Oh Boy!

# The KEY WEST COOKIE CO.

is now open LATE NIGHTS

Fri. Sat. and Sun. from 11 p.m. to 2 a.m.

11 a.m. to 7 p.m. seven days a week featuring:

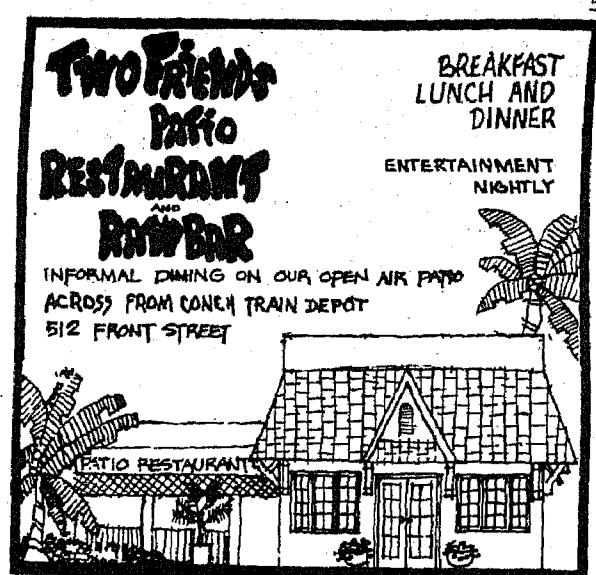
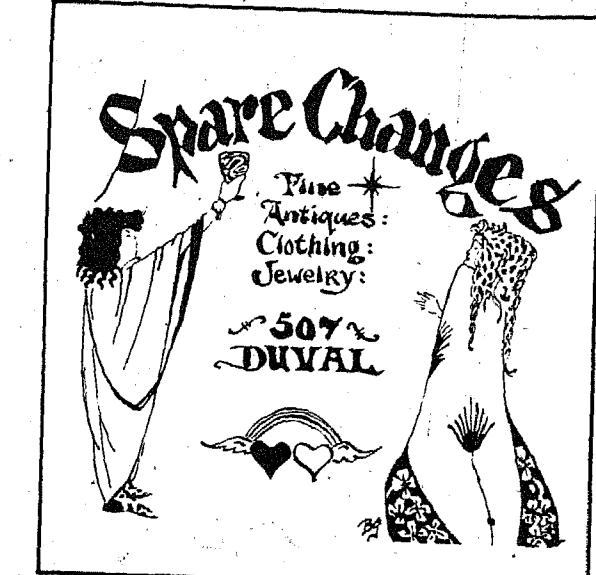
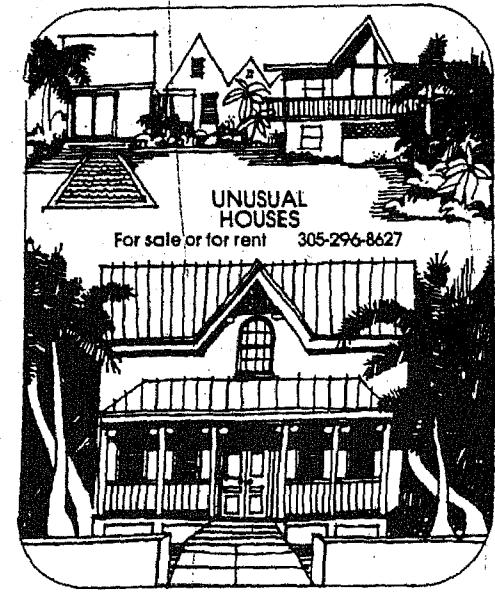
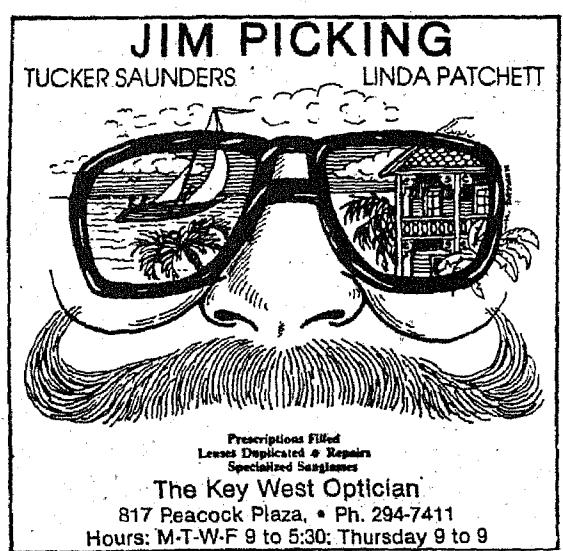
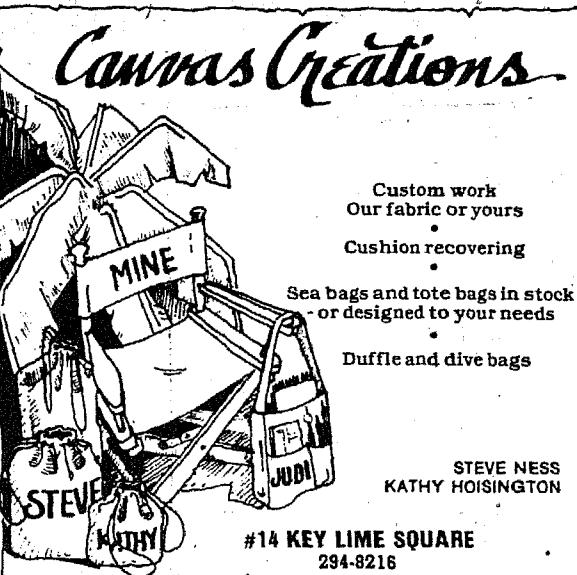
- Chocolate Chip
- Key Lime Tarts
- Oatmeal Raisin
- M&M Nut
- Peanut Butter
- Coconut Macaroon
- Frosted Brownies
- Guava Jelly
- Ginger Snap

Mixed and Baked Daily on premises  
115 Fitzpatrick Kino Plaza Old Town  
For special orders ask Mary, Larry or Dwight at 296-5571

DANSKIN  
Bodysuits, pants, shorts, tights, skirts, dresses, bathing suits, and leotards are available in a wide range of coordinated colors.

GEMINI ISLAND BOUTIQUE  
517 Duval 294-2260  
Open late  
Major cards accepted

THE AQUARIUM  
Also next door...  
SHELL WAREHOUSE  
QUARTER OF A MILLION DOLLARS IN SHELLS ON HAND AT ALL TIME  
SHELLS FROM FLORIDA AND AROUND THE WORLD  
SPECIMEN SHELLS AVAILABLE  
MALLORY SQUARE  
Free Parking and Free Admission For Shell Warehouse



THIS IMPOSING SIGHT APPEARED BRIEFLY IN OLD TOWN RECENTLY. DO YOU KNOW WHAT IT IS?

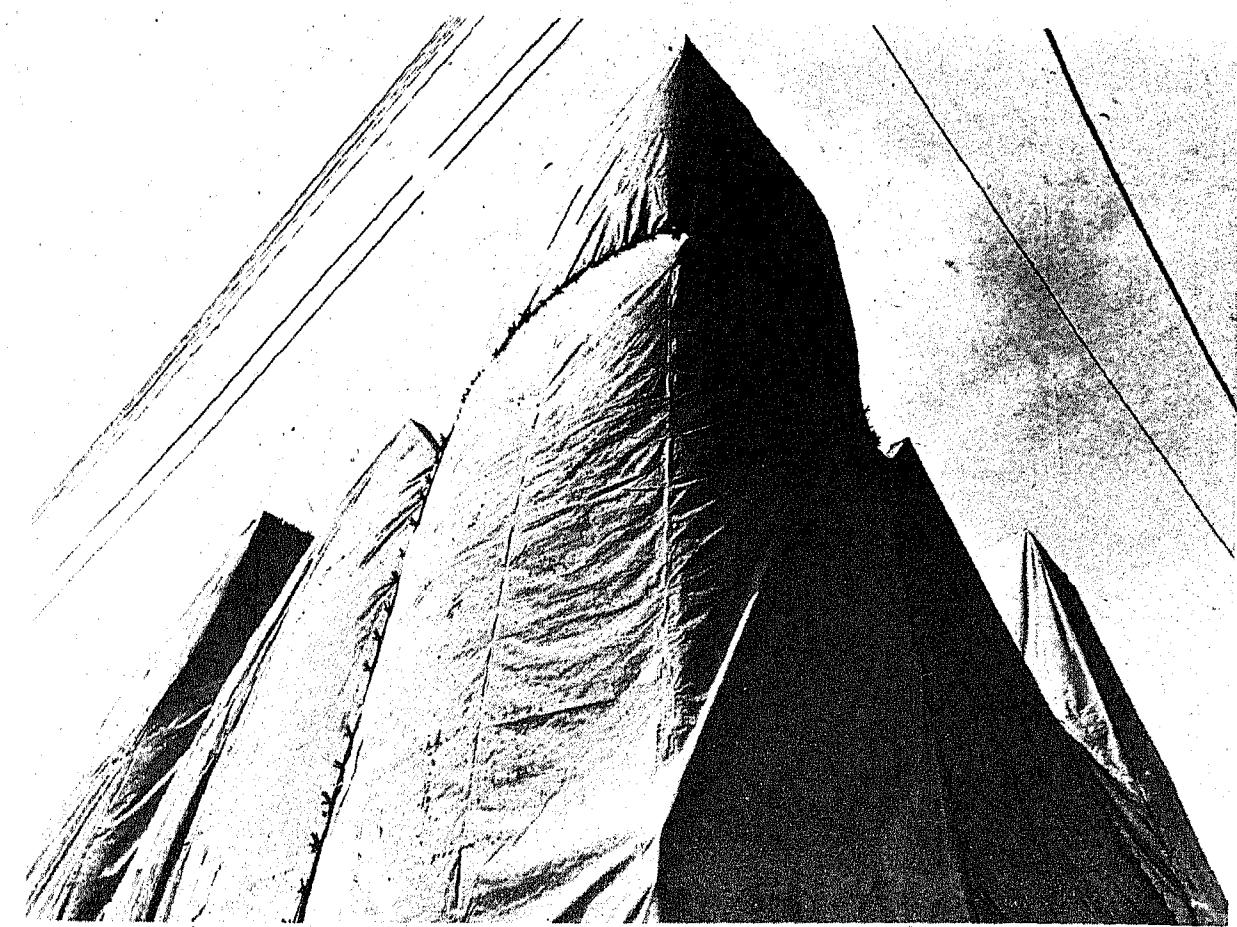
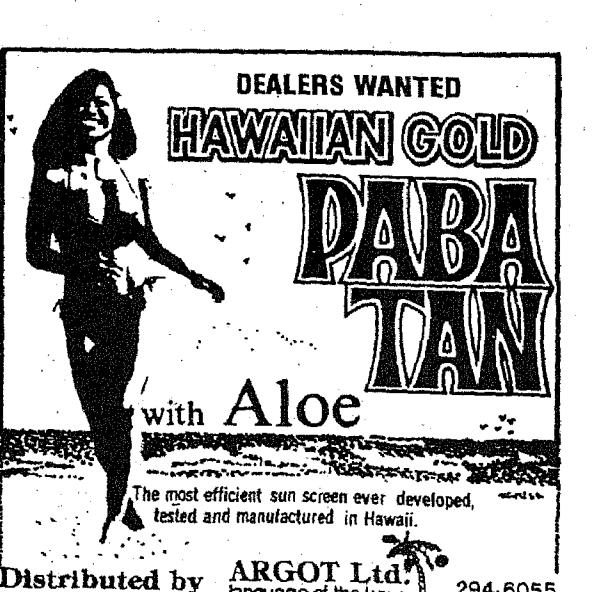
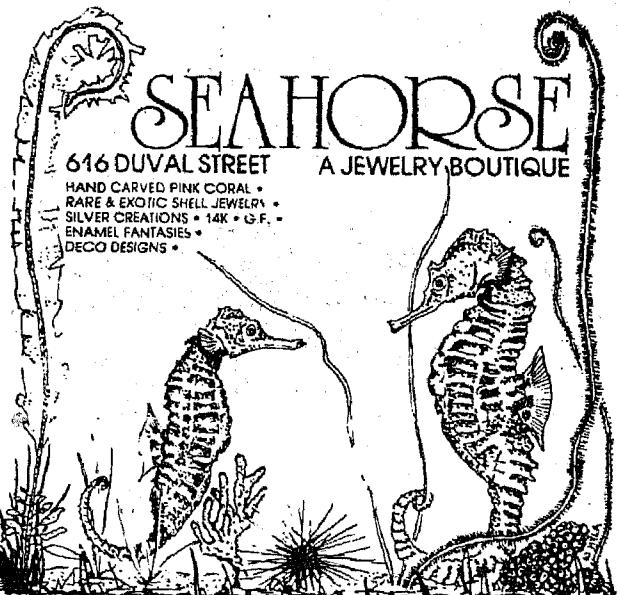


PHOTO BY RICHARD MARSH



**REGISTRAR - TYPIST**  
HARRIS ELEMENTARY SCHOOL

80 W.P.M. Typing  
Shorthand or Speedwriting

**Skills Preferred:**  
Grammar and Spelling Skills  
Office Procedures and Organization

Bi-lingual applicants encouraged to apply

**Apply to:**  
Nicholas A. Fisher, Principal  
296-6232  
Opening May 1  
AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER

OPEN 7 A.M. - 9:30 P.M.  
New Happy Hour  
5:00 - 6:30 PM

## The Kangaroo's Pouch

Key West's Floating Restaurant

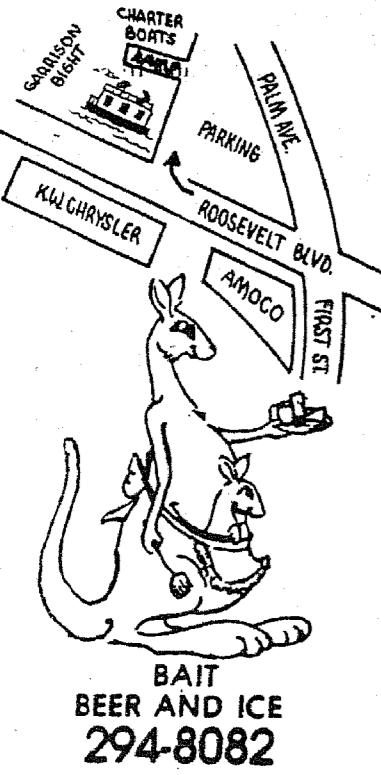
SANDWICHES  
AND FISHERMEN'S BOX LUNCHES

**FRESH SEAFOOD**  
STONECRAB CLAWS  
QUICHE

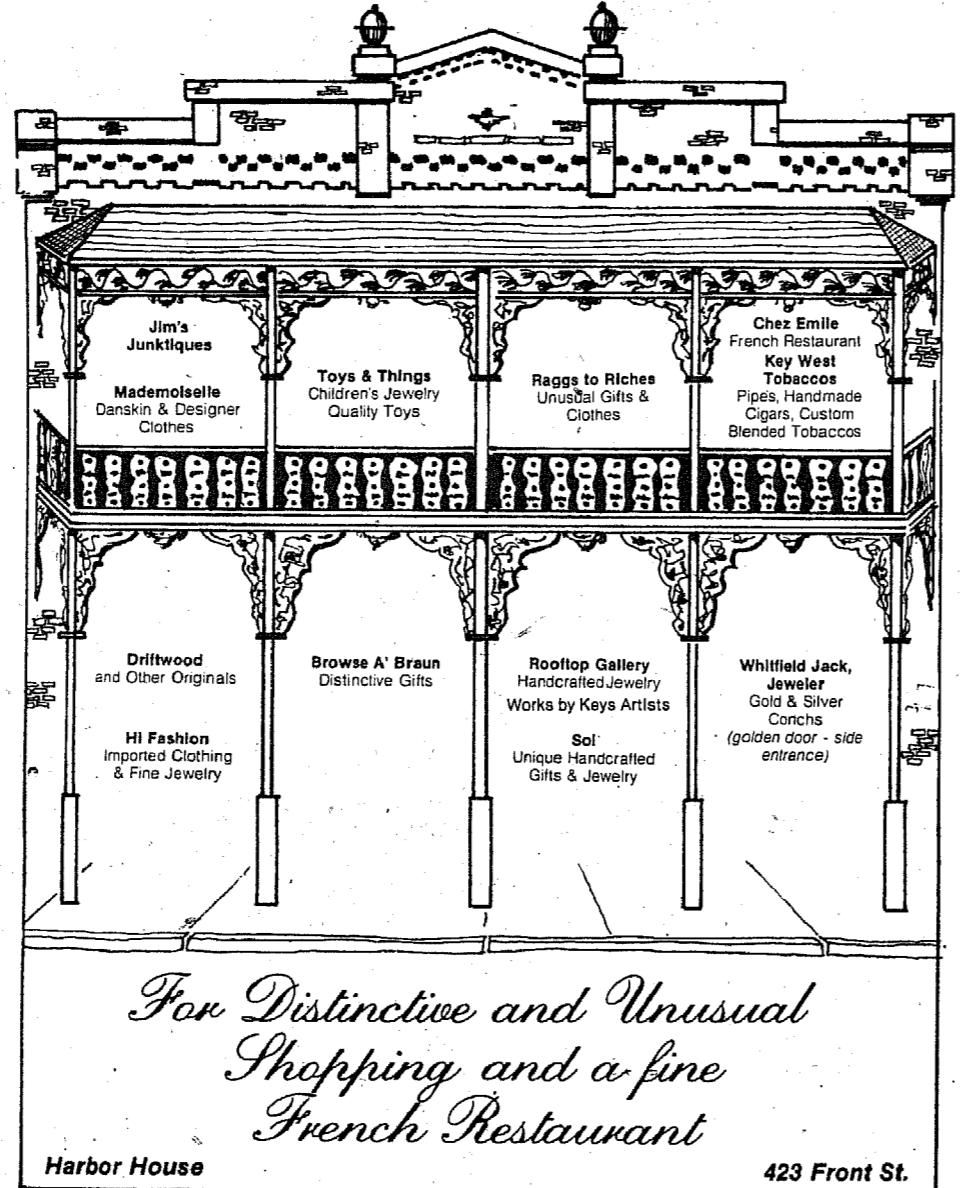
OPEN 7 DAYS  
7:00 AM - 9:30 PM  
Serving Lunch and Dinner

RECOMMENDED BY  
PLAYBOY MAGAZINE

N. Roosevelt Blvd.  
At Garrison Bight



BAIT  
BEER AND ICE  
294-8082



For Distinctive and Unusual  
Shopping and a fine  
French Restaurant

## KEY WEST HAND PRINT FABRICS

DO SEE  
THEIR  
FASHIONS,  
FABRICS  
AND  
HAND-PRINTING  
PROCESS

529 FRONT ST.

## EVENTS

### THEATRE/CONCERTS

Tennessee Williams Fine Arts Center (TWFAC) at Florida Keys Community College, Stock Island; Box Office 294-6363  
 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

### 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 294-1343

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.

#### Senior Citizens Center, 600 White Street, 296-5119

April 14 Free Blood Pressure Testing for anyone 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)

## EVENTS

**"...MUST  
BE  
SEEN..."**

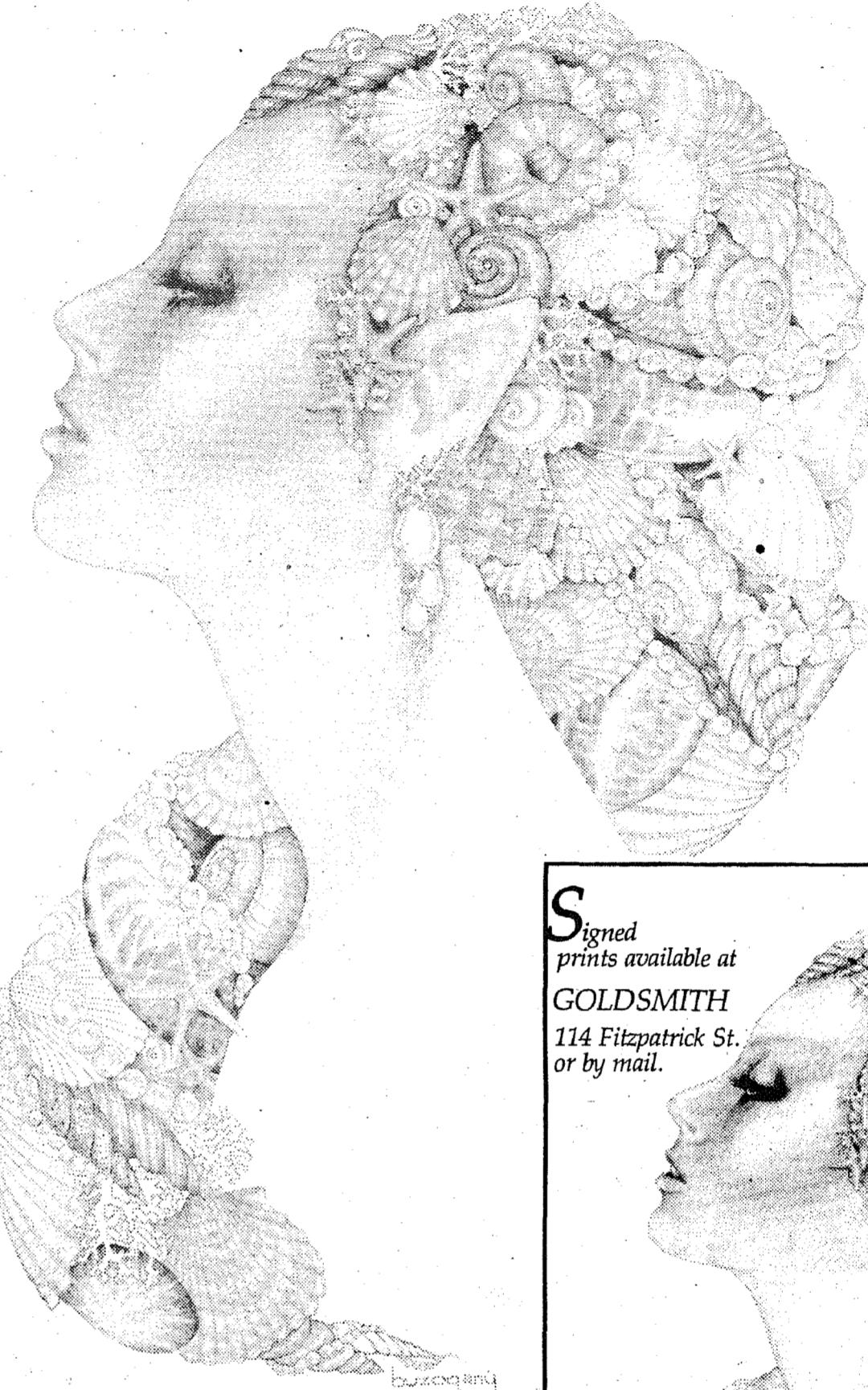
— Vogue, 1979

**goldsmith**

fine hand fashioned jewelry

**114 fitzpatrick  
294-1243**

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



**S**igned prints available at  
**GOLDSMITH**  
 114 Fitzpatrick St.  
 or by mail.

**GOLDSMITH**, P.O. Box 1203, Key West, FLA 33040  
 Please send me \_\_\_\_\_ print(s) at \$15.00 each.  
 Check enclosed       Visa      Please add \$2.50  
 Master Charge       Account # \_\_\_\_\_ postage & handling.  
 Expiration Date \_\_\_\_\_ Fla. residents add 4% tax \_\_\_\_\_  
 Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Total \_\_\_\_\_  
 Name \_\_\_\_\_  
 Address \_\_\_\_\_  
 City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

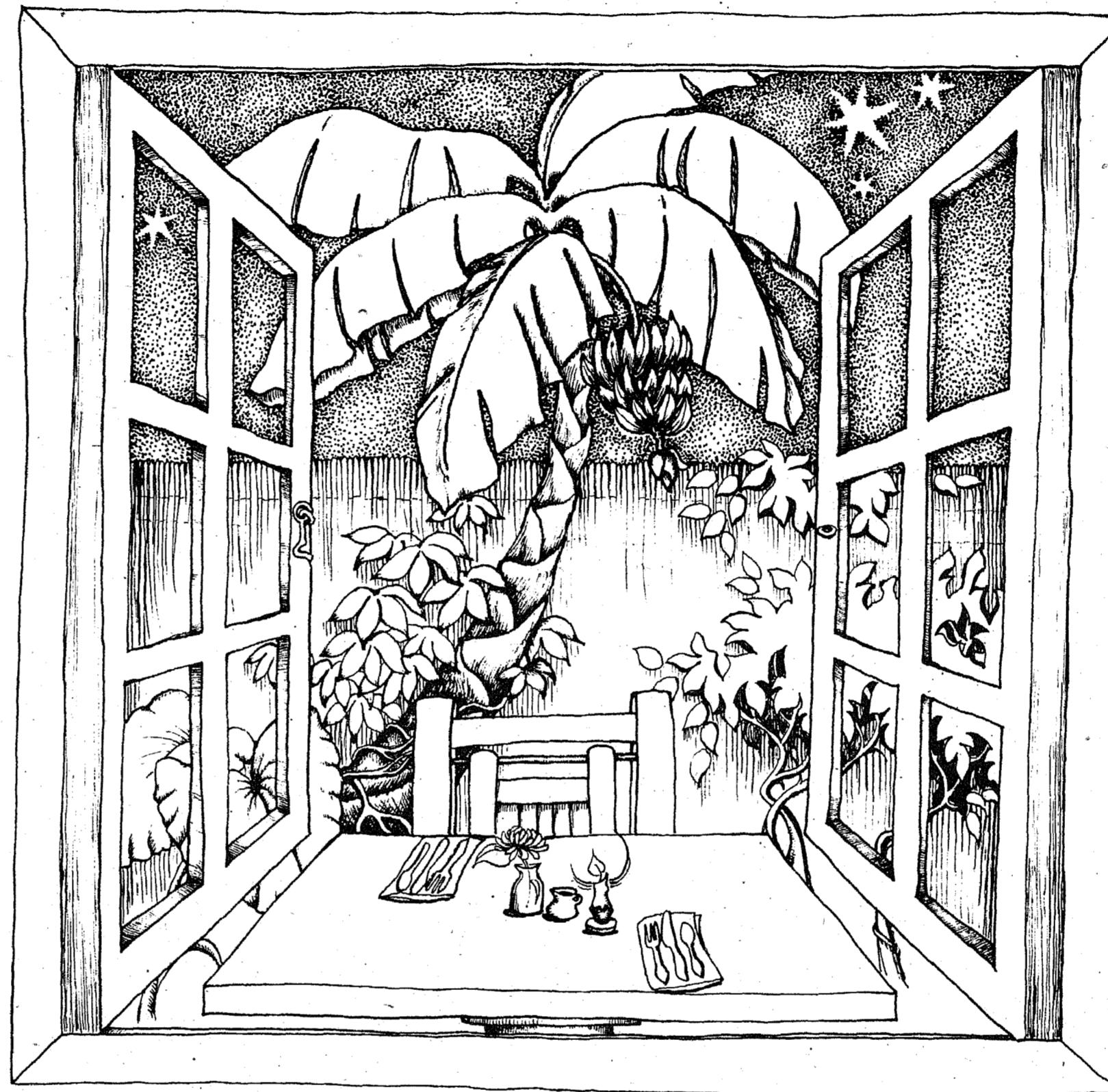
## KEY WEST -- MY ISLAND

Key West you are to me  
My island in the sea  
I belong to you  
You belong to me

The sun and surf and very gorgeous weather  
Make me feel like I am  
gonna live forever  
I'm in love with you  
No place else will do --

'Tis of you I sing  
You have everything  
I may sometimes leave you  
But I won't forget you  
For to me you are my home

by Charles Herman



## LAS PALMAS DEL MUNDO

Seafood • Natural Food

294-7991

294-9106

1029 SOUTHARD STREET

OPEN 9:2 & 6:30-10:30

CLOSED MONDAY