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Key West, Florida

March, 1972

“What We Did in School Today”



Lunchcounter Justice

Bruce Kaufman

"The sign out there says all the fish you can eat, and I want more fish."

This is what Richard Bell of Denver, Colorado told the waitress at the McRory's lunch counter when he was "cut off" after eating his third order fried perch at the Duval Street eatery.

Bell and his luncheon companion, Susan Titherington of Key West, were told by the waitress that there was no more fish. "Besides," she added, "you've had enough to eat."

"But I'm still hungry," Bell shot back. "If I can't have more fish then I want my money back."

Unable to obtain either more fish or a cash refund, Bell and Titherington decided to seek redress through proper channels and called the Key West Police.

When the police arrived both sides were heard and "justice" was rendered.

The dialogue went something like this:

Policeman: "What's the matter boy?"

Bell: "The sign out there says all the fish you can eat and I want more fish."

Waitress: "But officer, he's had three orders of fish already."

Bell: "I'm still hungry."

Policeman: "Boy, I think you've already had enough to eat and if you want to cause some trouble I'm going to throw you in jail."

Justice having been rendered, Bell and Titherington, having decided that they weren't that hungry anyway, took their leave and set out down Duval Street.

Meanwhile, at the other end of the country, a nervous and also hungry Solares Hill editor was attempting to eat a portion of fish.

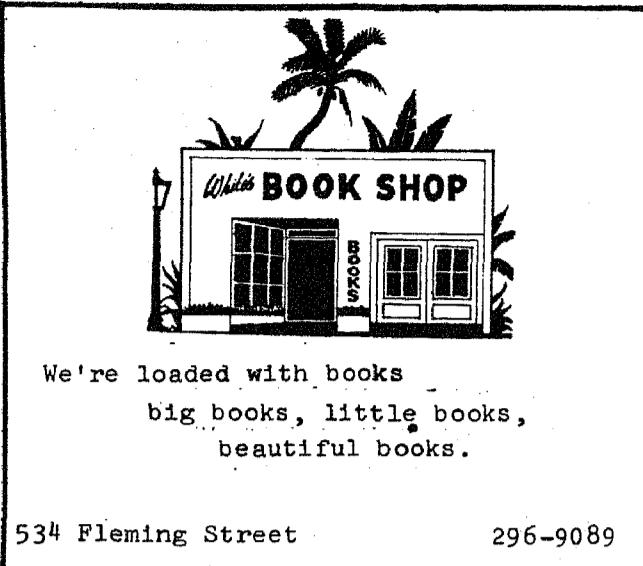
"Of course," the gracious waitress replied. "How many pieces would you like?"

Later I encountered Bell and Titherington on Duval Street as they were relating their experience with lunch counter justice to a group of friends.

I introduced myself and succeeded to compound their outrage after telling them that there was, in fact, more fish.

We then discussed possible avenues of redress from picketing the store to initiating a civil action in court, but generally concluded that it wouldn't get us anywhere.

Where's Ralph Nader when we need him most!



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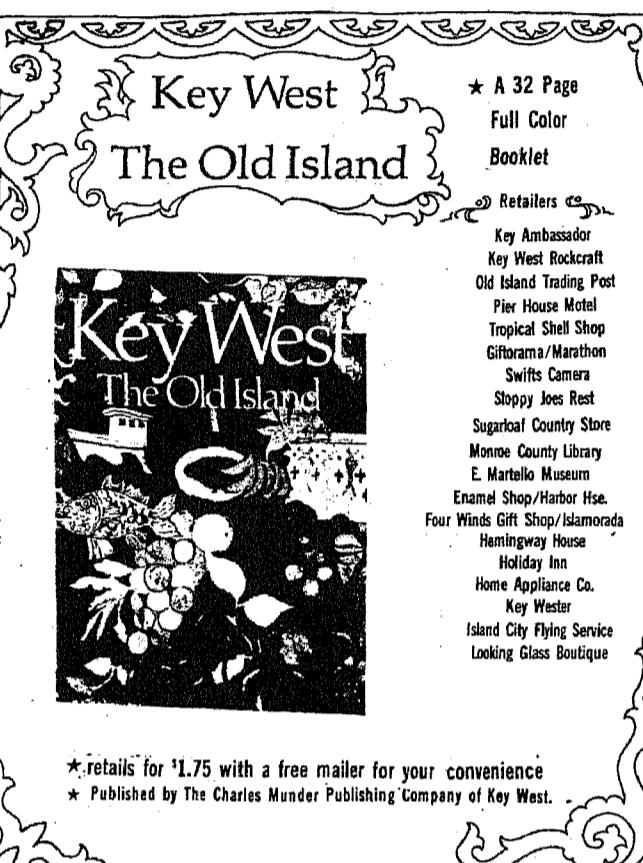
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The photo of St. Paul's Episcopal Church in our January issue was taken by Tom Shea.



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EDITORIAL MICHAEL PREWITT ART DIRECTOR JERRY MILLER DUTY TROUBLESHOOTER BENJAMIN CURRY "DINK" BRUCE COPY EDITOR JANET WOOD

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increasingly on scare tactics.

Secretary of Defense Laird tells us that we need to increase our defense spending. There is no visible reason to do this so he tells us that the Russians are moving ahead of us in weaponry. The tactic of taking this information to the people is to get them scared so that they will say that we should spend the extra billions necessary to assure us of proper defense. Overlooked is the fact that we have weaponry ferocious enough to destroy the world tens of times over.

On Thursday, February 24, I spoke to three groups of Mary Immaculate students as part of the Seminar Day. I was listed on the program as Bill Huckel, Reformer.

I covered a lot of ground during these meetings trying to make a few points.

My main objectives were to explain why I felt that our government policies were catastrophic, how I felt that we were becoming a nation increasingly ruled by fear, why I felt that competition was the backbone of these problems, and what possible alternatives might exist to remedy this unhappy situation.

Though my approach to these points differed somewhat from class to class, this was the ground that I covered in the classes.

I told the students that the nation's priorities had to be changed. They, as young people, would be instrumental in making the necessary changes. They were not so conditioned by life that they couldn't see when something was wrong.

(I spoke about Pavlov's dog to underscore what I meant by conditioning. If you remember, the dog was fed when a bell was rung until finally just the ringing of the bell would promote salivation in the dog as though he were eating. The people who believe that we can do no wrong because we are Americans are conditioned.)

(I also used the example of the fairy tale about the Emperor and his clothes. He was told by his tailor that his new robe would be so fine and so light that only he, being a superior person, would be able to see it. It was a con job. The Emperor walked in parade in front of his subjects and they pretended they could see the robe also until one little boy, hip and unconditioned, said "Hey, the Emperor has no clothes.")

Put simply, I believe that the young are not so covered with society's deceptions and illusions that they can not see when something is wrong and needs to be attended to.

To illustrate my point about wrongs going unattended, I read to the classes a letter that I had sent to the Key West Citizen a year ago on the then new elevator in the old County Courthouse. I was upset that \$40,000 had been spent on this project when we had grave needs in our town like getting day-care centers, a methadone clinic and fixing up the community pool.

I was showing here the need for a change in priorities - don't spend money on a project just to benefit a few when we desperately need help for services for the many.

This distortion of priorities is magnified nationally.

Our country is a very competitive and defense-spending oriented country. Guns are its priorities. In order to get its priorities our government relies

Where There Is Hope, There Can Be Peace

W. H. Huckel

overlooked in the classroom when it is that important to get a good mark. Our society emphasizes competition in the classroom so that the young will be prepared to enter the competitive arena of the adult world on the outside.

Here the competition increases. It is get ahead and who gives a damn how you do it just so long as you get ahead (don't get caught doing anything wrong; you can do wrong, just don't get caught). Businesses compete against one another and, of course, nations compete against one another. And competition is the stuff wars are made of.

My point here was, that, in reality, the spirit of competition which is held so highly in this country is a force that drives people and nations apart. As long as we feel that competition makes us great then guns will always come before day-care centers - there is no compassion in competition.

(Think about welfare for a moment. There is no doubt that there are needy people in this country who need this service. But, in a competitive society, he who needs welfare is a loser and the system, the win-or-else system, frowns on losers.)

Continually, then, this country spends money on war needs and ignores people needs.

Where does this lead?

Hell, it leads to revolution.

To stop revolution, you do one of two things.

You can remove the grievances that gave rise to the revolutionaries or you can repress the revolutionaries. We are in a period of repression right now. A danger, of course, is that the more insufferable the grievances the greater the urge to break out of the repression. Repression can start revolution as well as contain it.

So what can be done?

Alternatives to what is the norm are called for. If the norm is competition, then the alternative would be cooperation.

In addressing myself to the students of Mary Immaculate about alternatives to the norm, I suggested that a new course be set up. It would be a course in community cooperation for the public good.

Here was my weakest area. I do not have many suggestions for the program in community cooperation for the public good. BUT THAT WOULD BE THE PURPOSE OF THE COURSE. It would make an interesting class to probe into what can be done for the town by a class from Mary Immaculate that will have also the effect of starting a process of individual concern for the town. To my way of thinking no other course would be so important potentially as this one.

(I suggested that the students could select the houses of two or three elderly and poor people to fix up.

A student asked me what difference could such a little house repairing effort make and I replied that there is an ancient Chinese proverb that says that the most difficult part of a thousand mile journey is the first step. Let's get started.)

At the end of my last class, I was surprised when a student accused me of being such a pessimist. I feel that things in this country are really bad and that they are getting worse. However, I believe that there is still time to save the country and I believe Key West will do it. That makes me an optimist.

A Look at the New City Ordinances Rights and Wrongs

Commander William H. Westray, USN (Ret.)
Legislative Chairman, Monroe County
Chapter, American Civil Liberties Union
of Florida



Loiterers painting



Loiterers eyeing the day's catch



Loiterers at the Conch Train Depot

On Valentine's Day, 1972, the City Commission of Key West unanimously passed a new group of Disorderly Conduct and Loitering ordinances. These replaced and repealed the existing Congregating on the Sidewalk ordinance. The writer, speaking for himself and the local American Civil Liberties Union chapter, spoke in opposition to the new ordinances at the commission meeting. He could only be considered a voice in the wilderness.

The new laws, according to Commissioner William R. Gamble, are designed to give the municipal judge the tools he needs to deal with such offenses as panhandling, profanity against or within hearing of passersby, blocking sidewalks, soliciting, and the like.

They are openly directed against the street people, the long hairs of the "hippies," and were the outgrowth of complaints voiced at an earlier Chamber of Commerce meeting because "hippies" allegedly were hurting tourist business by their presence on the streets.

The writer suggests that the new laws are intended to be used, and will be used, as a scattergun against any or all members of groups whom "decent citizens," and the police at their behest, feel may molest or annoy "decent" passersby. However, the new laws are so vague, and contain so much latitude in their interpretation, that they can be used to arrest almost anyone, for any conduct, anywhere in the city.

The writer saw this happen on December 7, last year, with the Vagrancy law, another unconstitutionally vague and overbroad law. The winter influx of tourists had begun with a liberal sprinkling of young "long hairs." The latter were noticeably present along Duval Street. According to City Manager Ron Stack, some of the "hippies" apparently committed the offenses of blocking sidewalks, interfering with business, panhandling and using abusive language. Under pressure from certain officials and businessmen, the police responded with mass arrests. Some forty-four "hippies" were "busted" within a few hours. A minor percentage were charged with specific offenses. Thirty-three were charged with "Vagrancy for lacking visible means of support."

The Vagrancy arrests were largely unjustified. To begin with the word "visible" is not contained in the local Vagrancy law. This element of the law reads, "...all able bodied male persons who are without means of support...". More importantly, however, is the fact that none of the thirty-three charged under the Vagrancy ordinance were accused of being "...lewd, wanton or lascivious persons in speech or behavior...", offenses under the code that might have been related to the original complaint of profanity or soliciting. Ten of the offenders were so lacking in means of support that they were able to pay their \$27 fine at the police station immediately by signing an admission of guilt. They were then released. Most of the others spent the night in jail.

This writer sat in court to hear eighteen of these cases tried. An understanding and reasonable judge dismissed eleven cases forthwith based on the evidence, or lack thereof. The remaining seven were found guilty by the court, but let off upon payment of \$5 costs. I feel sure that some of those who paid their fines the night before might have also been dismissed, if they had chosen to spend the night in jail and face trial the next morning. The fact remains that eleven innocent people spent the night in jail accused of violating a law that is unconstitutionally vague.

This is why the American Civil Liberties Union believes so strongly that overbroad, vague, discretionary laws can and will be used abusively.

The new Disorderly Conduct and Loitering laws are more vague than the Vagrancy law. While most sections of the new laws do include specific elements that are valid offenses, they almost invariably go on to add vague, discretionary terms which could be construed in almost any way that the authorities or complainant desired. For example, Section 21-30 (3) of the code makes it unlawful to, "Harrass, annoy, abuse or threaten another by telephone...". It is properly unlawful to "threaten," but almost anything could be construed as "annoying." A person soliciting legitimate business could be annoying - so could many other calls - to make that a crime?

The United States Supreme Court has frequently found the word "annoy" to be unconstitutionally vague when used in certain laws. In a recent decision reversing a municipal court and state court in a Loitering conviction in *Coates v. City of Cincinnati* (91 USC 1686 June 1 1971) the court held that the fact that three people standing on the sidewalk talking to the annoyance of a policeman and passersby did not constitute an offense, and that the ordinance was therefore unconstitutional on its face. The Supreme Court has consistently held that laws so vague that a person of common intelligence cannot know what is forbidden are unconstitutional on their face.

The latter is the basic test of a good or a bad law on the issue of vagueness or overbroadness. Can a reasonably intelligent person understand it and know what is prohibited. If he can't, it's a bad law.

There are about thirteen sections and subsections to the new ordinances. Only two of them are constitutionally clear. The remainder contain elements of vagueness or overbroadness that have elsewhere been decided unconstitutional in nearly identical or similar form. Some of these laws could be used abusively against any person who might unwittingly, or without malicious or criminal intent, offend against them. Others limit or prohibit certain general conduct or activity which could be clearly defined, but which are not clearly defined in the local ordinance.

For example, the Disorderly Conduct code prohibits, "Be(ing) under the influence of an alcoholic beverage or drug to such extent that his normal faculties are impaired." Firstly, this section does not delimit where this condition is prohibited; therefore, it seems to mean anywhere...in public, in the home, in a hospital. Secondly, no attempt is made to specify the degree of impairment of normal faculties. One drink, or one cold tablet, impairs normal faculties to some degree. The traffic code defines "driving under the influence" in terms of percentage of alcohol in the blood. The old disorderly conduct law said, "to disturb...the public peace...by...being drunk...", which is not too precise but somewhat more precise than the new law. Illegal drug use is covered by drug abuse laws; legal drug use (doctor's prescriptions) should not be limited, even though unintentionally, by this ordinance.

Section 21-20(5) prohibits, "the intentional creation of noise...for the harassment or annoyance of any person or persons in a public place...". This seems to be directed against places with music or other entertainment. Again we have the use of the word annoy, a vague term that can mean anything depending on who is annoyed. However, "noise" is a term that can be defined in precise terms. It can be measured in decibels by a simple meter. To tell a businessman that he cannot make any annoying noise is imprecise. The law could tell him that his noise level may not exceed "X" number of decibels measured at "Y" distance from his business establishment.

The town of Provincetown, Massachusetts limits music noise to 62 decibels measured 100 feet from the source between the hours of 11 p.m. and 6 a.m. This gives the possible offender a reasonable and ascertainable standard to operate within. As it stands, our law could prohibit church choirs or gospel singers from being heard outside of church, and could prohibit the use of public address systems at football games, boat races, rodeos or other public gatherings.

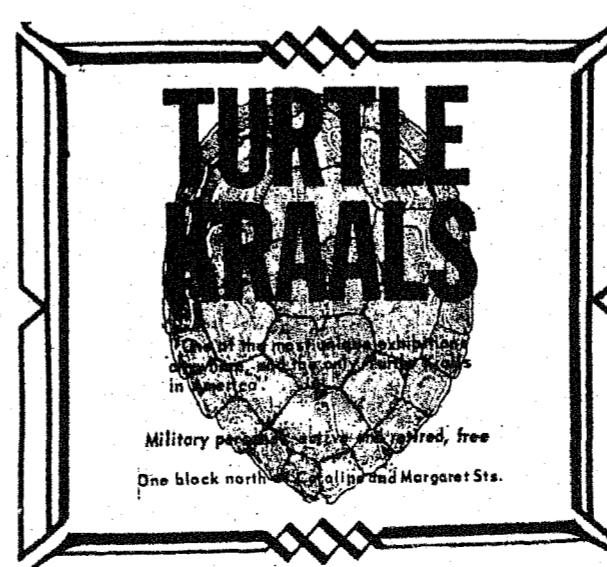
One part of the new Loitering law makes it an offense to, "Loiter(s) on any public street, public sidewalk...or public place so as to hinder or impede or tend to hinder or impede the passage of pedestrians of vehicles." I submit that the mere presence of anyone a sidewalk hinders or tends to hinder the passage of anyone else on the sidewalk. A group waiting at a bus stop might impede; a group emerging from church and talking on the sidewalk might impede; tourists stopping to look in shop windows or watching the charter boats might impede. Enforcement then is a discriminatory power of the policeman on the beat, and discriminatory enforcement is in direct violation of the equal protection clause of the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution, as decided by the U.S. Supreme Court.

Furthermore, our new law removes the warnings that used to accompany the "congregating" law. The old law quite reasonably required that persons blocking the sidewalk be warned that they were offending and be asked to move on. The new law omits the warning and permits an immediate arrest regardless of how innocent or inadvertent the offense might be.

I have heard stories of young people copulating in the yards of private residences, or defecating on the lawn...of wanton destruction of lawn furniture. These are specific offenses that should be punished. The rub is that the property owner offended against does not want to get involved. So he complains to the police without specific accusations, and the police respond using their discretionary powers to "bust" everyone in the vicinity who looks like he might have copulated, or defecated, or destroyed property of others, by arresting them for Vagrancy or Loitering. THIS IS WRONG. IT IS UNAMERICAN. IT MAY TEMPORARILY SOLVE A PROBLEM, BUT I BELIEVE THE COST IS TOO HIGH. FOR EVERY GUILTY ONE PUNISHED, SEVERAL INNOCENT MUST SHARE HIS PENALTY.

This is the course our City Commission has been forced by public pressure to follow. The commissioners are honorable men motivated by a sincere desire to serve the public need and good. They have erred. To protect the legitimate rights of one group, they have violated the legitimate rights of others. The error is a fact. But it is not irreversible. I call upon the commissioners to reverse their error. I call upon them and the police to enforce only those specific elements of the law that are true criminal offenses. I call upon the municipal judge to do the same. Lastly, and most importantly, I call upon our commissioners one and all to seek expert advice from foundations such as the American Law Institute to secure model legislation, constitutionally tested and affirmed, to replace the badly formulated, indiscriminate ordinances just adopted.

Tober is the excellent performances of Mayor McCoy on the mound at the Hippie-Cops ballgame and on the dais mediating the dispute between Lou's Bar and the residents of that area.

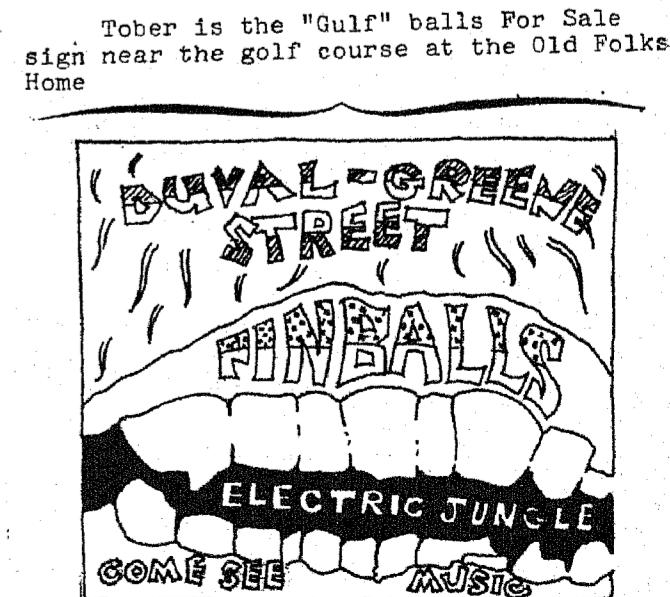


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Bethune-Cookman Choir

There were four songs in the third group - Songs about the People: American folksong "Go 'way From My Window" arr. by Wm. R. Fischer, with Camellia Johnson as contralto soloist, Creole folksong "Monsieur Banjo" arr. by Tom Scott, Creole serenade "Ay, Ay, Ay" arr. by Leonard de Paur, with Jimmie Baker as tenor soloist, and Israeli folksong "El Yivneh Hagalil" by Julius Chajes.

Most of us will know "Ay, Ay, Ay" but will have heard it in a pretty fast tempo. Conductor Demps brought the song as you may hear it on a soothing, lazy summer evening in the Deep South, and that means slow. It seemed a different song, and I think I prefer it this way.

The Israeli song was brought back from last year's tour of Israel, and was a nice example of Israeli music. They sang it in Hebrew, of course.

We kept wondering how long it took for the singers - and conductor - to reach their degree of perfection in pitch and voice control.

During the intermission we heard an introduction to the Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona Beach, and we were shown a record of the Chorale that could be ordered.

After the intermission we heard contemporary with two songs: "Go Lovely Rose" by Harry Wilson and "It is Good to be Merry" by Jean Berger, the latter a nice, fast and gay song with an abrupt end.

And then we had the last group. Songs of the People, with "Honors, Honor" arr. by Leonard de Paur, "Take My Mother Home" by Hall Johnson, "Were You There" arr. by Roy Ringwald, and "Who'll be a Witness" arr. by Jester Hairston.

The second song was an outstanding piece of music, based on a narrative from John 19:26-27, with a beautifully sung baritone solo by John Culmer. It was the kind of music that can leave a lump in your throat and for which it seems disturbing to applaud.

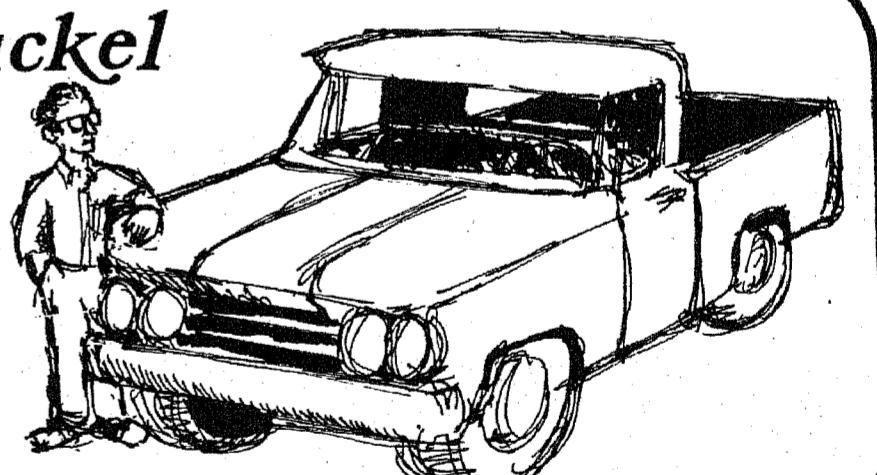
It was a very good evening indeed, and I will not miss an opportunity to hear this outstanding chorale again, and the admission does not even have to be free!

Wynn Weed

bill huckel

LIGHT HAULING
LOT CLEARING
TREE TRIMMING
ODD JOBS

294-5916



Clayton's Essay

The Clash at Key West High

Editorial

Let's just stop pretending that things are going to get better. They're not. The fight at Key West High School wasn't an isolated incident of racial conflict. Tensions have been building up for some time.

Last summer a racial storm raged in Key West when Padron's Grocery was burned down, when the police were shot at, when a police officer was assaulted at the Community Pool. These events happened only a few months ago. Yet during the present racial problem at the school and in the streets, no one in authority has seen any connection between last summer's problems and last week's tensions.

Last summer the reaction of most of Key West was that these troubles are caused by delinquents; they don't represent the feelings of the black community as a whole. Most Key Westers felt that these problems were individual cases of young people turning criminal. No one stopped to think that there might be general discontent in the black community. And now, like a rash which breaks out periodically, but won't go away, we've had another week of barricades, tear gas, and shootings.

There is a connection between the black disturbances which have rocked our island sporadically over the past year. Those who believe that the fight at the High School on Tuesday, March 7, was the only cause for the black-white problem last week are dangerously wrong.

This oversimplified version of what's behind our racial tensions is unfortunately the policy of our community leaders. The School Board and the City Commission seem to want to settle the single, isolated problem at Key West High School, wipe their hands and again avoid facing the truth.

What is the truth? How much general discontent exists in the black community? On what issues?

We don't know.

How do we find out?

Let's use the same methods as the President of the United States. In the aftermath of the major urban race riots of the mid-sixties, the President set up a commission of distinguished citizens to investigate the causes of the riots, to report back on these causes and to make recommendations on how to avoid further riots.

We call on Mayor McCoy to create a commission of concerned, calm citizens, both young and old, and black and white. This group would sift through the events that led to the tragedy of last week. The commission would report to Key West on what's gone wrong here, or maybe, what's never been right.

But let's find out the truth. Because the racial question is so disturbing for most of us, it is always our tendency to settle the small immediate problem, and sweep the other more basic problems under the rug again. This time let's face the issues and appoint some of our best citizens to tell us what's really happening in our ghetto.

For those who say that this is just a school matter, we must remind them that when young people get shot at Cue Time on Flagler Avenue and when Duval Street gets barricaded, we are faced with a problem for the total community.

We feel it would be a mistake for the School Board to conduct the only investigation of this matter. In a situation as inflammatory as this one, the chances for an unbiased, objective report on the problem by school officials are slim. There's just too much bureaucratic security to protect.

A panel of objective, calm citizens could diagnose our ills and help us begin the long process of becoming a healthy community again.

Amy's Essay

Editor's note: If there is a typical white student at Key West High School, Amy dePoo is not her. Amy, a Junior at the high school, is an outspoken liberal and has been critical of the school's administration on several occasions. The following article is her opinion on the racial conflict at Key West High School:

The administration at Key West High School is like a sapling that gives according to the direction of the wind and always returns to its normal, upright position as soon as the wind ceases. In other words, when racial conflict erupts at our school, the primary concern of school officials is to restore peace and order as quickly as possible, so that classes may resume without coming to grips with the causes of the conflict. For this reason the administration has been inappropriately accused of favoring sides. Actually, they are just copping out.

Racial friction at the high school cannot be erased over-night, but I do feel that the administration at the high school could begin right away on projects that would prove beneficial as early as the next term. Teachers might be encouraged to incorporate racial concepts into the English and History curriculums. More black orientated assemblies would serve to inform both races. Furthermore, I would like to see more black faces on the faculty, including the guidance areas. The student council could arrange a fair percentage of the school dances to include music conforming to black dance styles (who can do the Penguin to "White Rabbit"?). Lastly, students should be encouraged to voice their views openly in discussion groups and "rap sessions" before they erupt into rashes of senseless violence.

Personally, I find the over-whelming patriotism of some of the white students to be reeking with the scent of parents. It seems absurd to me that these students continue to embrace many of the narrow-minded attitudes of their parents. The same attitudes that have fueled racism in this country.

The white students become enraged because the black students do not pledge the Flag or join to sing the alma mater of the school. But really, whose school is it? Key West High, along with most other schools in this country, is white-oriented.

Personally, I don't think the words of the pledge are entirely truthful because they are almost completely mythological in practice. Do you honestly believe that we have liberty and justice for all? As far as my senses indicate freedom to be one's self has not found a place in the American Dream. If all black people were free to be themselves and treated as people (and not a sub-culture to the Great White Race) then perhaps they would be moved as people to pledge "Old Glory" and sing the tune of "their" alma mater.

As it stands now, the whites have an attitude of indifference towards the activities of the black students. Instead of benefiting by observing people of a culture that is different from their own, they condemn black customs and habits simply because they are just that---different. It remains a mystery to me why the same students who are preaching their equal-mindedness, individuality, and liberalism so strongly for the cause of a lenient dress-code can suffocate themselves with conservatism and close-mindedness when dealing with the matter of relating to other human beings. Why do they become excited because blacks also want the freedom to determine their own lives.

I believe it is possible for black and white students to go to school together peacefully and productively. But harmonious existence is not something that is achieved by wishes and speculation. Until the students and parents of both races can put forth a conscious effort to be more compassionate and less defensive and until an honest attempt is made to accept each other for what they are, then and only then can we say we are civilized people.

It is quite obvious that there is a very low level of understanding currently between black and white students at Key West High. From this mutual absence of understanding stems a sort of fear which gradually becomes indifference. Hence, we have oil and water -- two like substances but totally unmixable. However, it is still possible to pour them into the same flask and not get an explosion.

Much has been published and even more has been said about the circumstances surrounding the recent racial clashes at Key West High. Newspapers have covered it, and parents, teachers, and school administrators have spoken out publicly. However, little has been heard from the individuals directly involved -- the students themselves -- and less has been heard from the black students, who everyone says they want to better understand. It is the purpose of the following article to express one black student's impressions of these events.

When the white students walked out of classes on March 7, they claimed that the Black students were "getting away with murder" at Key West High. Yet, three weeks before this, we (the Black students) walked out in protest of the way that they disrespected the Black history assembly. We also wanted to speak out against the numerous suspensions that we have been subjected to since the high school was integrated in 1965.

The facts surrounding the administration's handling of both walkouts does not support the white students' claims of pro-Black bias. The fact is that the principal was not there when the white students tore down the Black history bulletin board. He was also not there when he was supposed to preview the assembly the day before production. And he was not there the next day when the white students walked out of the assembly.

The principal was there, however, when we walked out and he told us to leave the school grounds and not to come back without our parents. A peaceful and quiet protest followed.

It doesn't seem to me that Black students are exactly "getting away with murder."

There have been other instances of indifference on the part of the administration.

Earlier in the school year, a group of Black and white students held a series of meetings. The members of this group warned the administration that if certain problems were not dealt with there would be protests and even violence.

Both white and Black students in this group agreed that Principal Archer should find and suspend the many racist teachers in the school. They also requested that a committee be formed to explore ways to improve race relations in the school.

Nothing was done.

Many more suspensions, mainly members of this group, followed, and several incidents with racial overtones occurred. Still the students pressed on. They argued that it was wrong for students to conform to the present school rules because the rules have barely changed since 1964 and in 1964 Key West High was a segregated school.

Archer's only reply was that if they can't follow rules then they will be suspended. He didn't try to find out why or try to help. He just took the easy way out.

The Black student body always has to "walk out" to be heard. Two years ago we walked out to seek recognition of Black History Week. A year later we were given a few announcements on the school intercom. This year we were "permitted" to have an assembly and a bulletin board.

Some white students went to the first assembly with the notion that the Black students were just going to preach Black superiority. We didn't. We simply gave a presentation of Black history and culture.

When the whites walked out of the assembly we complained to the assistant principal. We didn't expect too much. He claimed that a small group had walked out followed by students who thought that the assembly was over. We accepted this explanation.

But then it happened again during the second assembly. It happened despite the fact that students were advised in their home rooms not to go if they might be offended and instructed before the assembly began by the student moderator, Margaret Carey that if "you plan to leave, please leave now." Despite these warnings, most white students walked out anyway.

The following Friday, some Black students discussed the walkout with Mr. Archer. His reply was the bit about following the rules. So because he made no attempt to deal with the matter the entire Black student body confronted him in his office during a morning "Devotional."

I ask you, is it too much to ask that white students sit through a Black orientated assembly? After all, we have to sit through "Americanism" assemblies, and listen to "America the Beautiful," etc. How can you convince a ghetto Black that America is beautiful?

During the confrontation with Archer we also protested the suspensions and the promises of change that he never carried out. Several parent-faculty-administration meetings followed, but nothing was changed.

On Monday, March 6, the controversial fight that the administration claimed triggered the violence on Tuesday, broke out in the halls of the high school. And yet despite the well-documented fact that the fight involved one black and one white student, rumors still persist that one white student was beaten up by three black students.

On Tuesday white students walked out demanding that the Black students allegedly involved in the fight be suspended. We also walked out, a short time later, demanding justice for these same students.

As we approached the principal's office we were confronted by about a thousand white rock throwing students. A confrontation was averted, at this time, when teachers stepped between the two groups.

After about an hour the Blacks were taken to the cafeteria and the whites to the auditorium. As the whites filed in to the auditorium they chanted the "Pledge of Allegiance" and "Niggers, Niggers, Niggers."

When the meetings were completed both groups of students returned to the halls of the school. The resulting outbreak of fighting was virtually unavoidable since Mr. Archer had ordered that all classrooms were to be locked.

The police arrived shortly thereafter equipped with dogs, mace, sticks, and guns. The police attacked the Black students with clubs and mace while the white students continued to throw rocks. Black students retaliated by throwing rocks at the white students and police as they boarded a school bus brought in to take them away.

Clayton Lopez, a junior at Key West High School, is an active proponent of student rights at the school. He is a member of the newly organized School Regulations Revising Committee.

Chronology

MONDAY, MARCH 6... A fight between a white student and a black student at Key West High School resulted in injuries to a few students and ignited racial anger in the school.

TUESDAY, MARCH 7... Following separate meetings of white and black students large scale fighting erupted in the high school. Police were called in to break up the melee. Eight students were injured seriously enough to require hospital treatment... Later in the day, angry bands of black youths confronted police in the downtown section of the city. Police used tear gas and sporadic gunfire to disperse the crowds. One black and one white youth were slightly wounded in separate incidents... Two bars and a grocery store were ransacked... Several people were injured, none seriously, in fighting at the school and on the streets... Police patrols were beefed up, the black ghetto was cordoned off, and a curfew was imposed... Classes at the high school and other schools in Key West were suspended for the remainder of the week... The Key West Ministerial Association called for a day of worship "to bring peace in our school system."

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 8... Tensions in the city eased up considerably... A massive police presence was maintained throughout the day and night in the ghetto. Few incidents were reported... A few arrests were made when a group of blacks attempted to dismantle barricades at the intersection of Duval and Petronia Streets.

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One Day in the Life of the Waiter

Don March

Waiters and waitresses are among the most underpaid workers in America. That may sound like an exaggeration but perhaps the points I'll make here will convince you that it's not. First of all, how many waiters and waitresses do you know who earn at least five dollars an hour? And why is it that we always measure working people's salaries by the hour while never computing doctors' and lawyers' rip-offs in those terms?

Most of us don't eat in very expensive restaurants. We laugh at going to Le Mistral as an absurd bourgeois ego trip (but bite by bite, minute by minute, Le Mistral provides a memorable evening every time - but that's another story). We eat \$1.50 corned beef sandwiches and combination burgers, and add on french fries, coffee and dessert. We go to restaurants often, for some, several times a week, for others, at least once a day, and for still a sizable number, twice a day.

In this world of restaurant living there are invisible objects called waitresses and waiters. (We get to think that only women wait on tables because most of the places we frequent - Shorty's, Lum's, the Pancake House - are fairly inexpensive and the work and low wages are too demeaning for a man.)

Waitresses need bread badly. They are often women with families and no man bringing in the money. Or they're working to supplement their old man's meager income. So they work 20 to 40 hours a week, pay a babysitter half their salary to take care of their kids, feel guilty for neglecting the kids" and come home exhausted, angry and underpaid.

Waitresses and waiters work for a variety of reasons. But the main reason is always the same - money. And what do they get along with their meager pay? The constant odor of food until they are near nausea, the running and sweating or freezing with the airconditioner, the constant sense of rushing ahead with that customer, behind with that one, the constant preoccupation with tips - and, especially, the fear of being stiffed (receive no tip) because the chef turned out a medium instead of a rare, and most of all, the picky, arrogant customers who know exactly what they want, but who don't even know what their waitress looks like. "Humm, I wonder, is that our waitress, or is it that one over there. Weird how they all look alike."

The usual practice is for the waiter or waitress to set up the counter or table, give you your menu and, at some places, get you a pre-dinner cocktail while rushing off to check on another table. "A drink? No, we don't drink!" Some customers are so shocked at the mention of alcohol you may as well have suggested fornicating right there on the table.

A waiter at an elaborate restaurant like Tony's Fish Market brings drinks, then shrimp cocktails and, on the third trip, fresh green salads. He makes a fourth trip with a big tray - two orders of pompano almondeine, baked potato with sour cream, and vegetables. He opens your wine and comes back with key lime pie and coffee. Total bill - \$26.50. Tip, at 15 percent, \$4 for more than ninety minutes of attention.

At Shorty's, it's soup, burger with french fries and a coke, coffee and coffee and coffee, ketchup, extra pickles and potato chips. Total bill - \$2.50. Tip, at 15 percent, 37 1/2 cents. And the waitress did about the same amount of work as the guy at Tony's.

What too many of us don't realize is that the waiter or waitress is a person, a human being, not a robot, he or she works to eat, and that if we can afford to eat out we can afford to tip fairly.

Next time you go out to a restaurant try looking up from your menus and imagine yourself in the middle of that chaos. You may feel fortunate that you're even being served.

The speed freaks won't be put off by this strategy which is really meant to make them feel comfortable and enhance their eating-out experience. Forget that it takes time to turn out properly prepared cooked-to-order meals. They want their food and they want it NOW! Instead of griping about slow service, they should stay home or find other ways of getting quick oral satisfaction.

At the other end of the spectrum are the relaxers who sit at the best table tying up the waiter's source of income with two cups of conch chowder and endless glasses of water. But both groups have one thing in common: they're insensitive, selfish ignoramuses.

As for tipping, it can make or break the waiter. When you pay your check, you are paying the owners. When you tip, you are paying the waiter or waitress, a soul brother, a sister, a worker, a person like you. It's a sad reflection that despite a lot of talk about how our capitalistic system is a rip-off, we're much more tuned into the needs of the owners (who are backed up by the police, of course) than we are to the workers. The way the system works now, the waiter can't count on the police to enforce their tips, so tipping remains "optional." See how far you'd get telling the owners that paying the check should be "optional."

Until we have educated most of the people to tip fairly, we also have to compute our tips to compensate for the stiffers and undertippers. And 15 percent is not the answer.

P.S. After reading the story I turned in on the hardships of being a waiter, Bill Huckel asked if I couldn't report on a few positive aspects of waiting to give the article a proper balance. However, what he didn't realize at the time is that there is no balance. The bad times far outnumber the good. (I should mention here that mine is a strictly personal viewpoint based on my own experience and those of my brothers and sisters here in the Keys. Waiting on tables in New York or Detroit is probably a completely different trip.)

The good times found in waiting on tables only occur when there is a good rapport between customer and waiter. Vibes are very important and can make or break the dinner for both parties - a smiling customer can get practically anything he wants out of his waiter!

Serving a customer who shows his confidence in your judgement enough to follow your recommendations is a good time; serving a customer who enjoys his meal and says so is a good time; turning customers on to a new eating experience, i.e. turtle steak, conch chowder, key lime pie, is a good time; serving food that tastes as good as it looks is a good time. All the good times occur when the customer understands that his waiter or waitress is a human being and treats them as one. Otherwise, it's a bad time all the way.

Tober is Capt. Berserko running amok and being rewarded by the New York literary world.



Lou's Bar AT DUVAL & CAROLINE The Gateway To Old Town



ACE & ED



From: Ace Pickapart
To: Editor, Solares Hill

Dear Sol,

I have solved three of the state's nagging problems; namely the walking catfish, water hyacinth, and the Pirahna.

Three years ago the walking catfish (Albino Clarias) were very expensive, exotic tropical fish. A three inch fish sold for two dollars, and a twenty inch fish sold for twenty-five dollars wholesale. Most of these larger catfish were being sold to Japan, who used them for breeding in lakes and rivers. These catfish grow quickly and are hardy. I figure if the Japanese want them, then sell them walking catfish, at a good profit, of course.

Besides this we could have an annual walking catfish catching tournament at a slight fee per entrant. I figure we could clean up on this market alone.

Water hyacinth is an aquatic plant that multiplies fast. It grows so fast as to be almost impossible to clean out. The answer is simple; we get a few barges with loaders, like a hay baler, and just package instant fertilizer. The hyacinth is rich in nitrates and full of valuable plant growing things. Also this will remove certain amounts of the pollutants from streams, as the hyacinth absorbs a certain amount of them from the water. This would be a sure seller! Ace's Instant Fertilizer.

The Pirahna won't be a money maker unless we could charge the state a slight fee for their sterilization.

The Pirahna could be allowed to be imported into the State of Florida if they were sterile. The state could levy a Pirahna luxury tax (say so much per inch of fish).

By sterilizing all the Pirahnas entering the state, the danger of their breeding would be lessened. By taxing them, both import and luxury tax, the fish would become too valuable just to dump in a canal. This way everyone makes out including us, as I have a unique sterilization method to sell.

Solly, between these three projects we could grow rich, even if our business is a little fishy!

Always thinking,

Ace

From: Editor, Solares Hill
To: Ace Pickapart

Ace,

We at the newspaper hired you to gather news. Instead you collect dirt, hairbrained schemes and various other shady deals. I would appreciate a little less mercenary ideas from you, especially so near Easter.

Here in Key West we can find time to appreciate the spirit of the season. The sun shines brightly, the air is reasonably clean smelling and the sleepy island people are gathering their friends and family to celebrate Easter and the holidays.

Please, Arnold, find a new job, I do not deserve your talents or your desire to succeed. Ace, please take a month's vacation at half salary (we pay Ace 60 cents a week) and get lost in a blizzard.

Hopefully,

Sol Hill



Message From God

I built an island to be alone, Next week they are building a city around it.

I built a city to be alone, Next week they are building a nation around it.

I built a nation to be alone, Next week they are building a world around it.

I build a universe to be alone, Next week they are building a galaxie around it.

I built a galaxie to be alone, Next week they are destroying it.

Ray Dan

Key West Waltz

Arriving breathless from the mulled North, Indolence -- smiling -- must be re-learned like the lines of a sunned cat.

Melt with the tourists at first, And then come on all bronzed and Levi-faded; Fit like a driftwood peg.

Daytime: prowl the Streets on A de-fendered three-speed and the Water snorkled like an angel.

Night-time: tread the bars -- high -- Sipping and bending to the whored Conkshell-serious music.

In between: sunset at the Pier Club, Seeing and being seen like a freshly landed blown snapper.

Still -- between times -- rattle up The sun-gone stairs and listen at ease to the swollen stereo-music.

And, finally, when it's time, trudge Up the archipelago -- North -- and days telling, nights thinking.

BOB INGRAM

For You

You are the key to many hearts breaking and otherwise not being broken by all the many things undone and by all the sad questions asked to the accommodating dictionaries of our times.

Seek the small baby hands to swing on to: Good loaves of bread loving the inside of your house, Where are they?

The houses they are empty, the people, unhappy with sad little gems still sparkling in their eyes, saying YES, but "no mistakes allowed" and if you must erase, erase yourself quietly and go on your way and into the forest of another day.

Only you can change it all. Only you can ask the right questions, Please, please Let's LISTEN to the music!

PHOEBE

MONDAY, MARCH 13 ... Key West High School re-opened quietly with about 70 per cent of the students in attendance. The black student boycott was about 90 per cent effective... There were no reported incidents.

TUESDAY, MARCH 14 ... Attendance at the high school began to reach normal levels, but many black students still stayed away... A black student group formed on Friday asked school superintendent Armando Henriquez for a return to the segregated

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Musical Roots and Traditions

Cris Elmore

Over the past couple of years both primarily young musicians and their audiences have been striving to gain an awareness and appreciation of their music's roots and traditions. As we have become more knowledgeable of the dynamics of the rural and minority cultures, the country picker's drawled twang, the Delta bluesman's angry growl, and the gospel singer's enlightened/elated wail have all come to be acceptable and desirable modes of musical communication. No longer are these styles considered to be expressions created by and fit only for the less sophisticated, less intelligent, and more animalistic among us.

How noble of us that we care to gaze upon lifestyles and interests not directly our own. It all comes easy in that these styles and cultures are a representation of our remote present, and we see them only as being such -- a view purely horizontal. We usually fail to recognize these styles and cultures as also having been representations of our past -- a past on which our present has been built -- a vantage view. This one dimensional view limits our exploration and understanding of some even deeper, more impressionable roots and traditions -- particularly our roots in the English culture. Musically, these roots are the folk forms derived from the madrigals of England, Scotland, and Wales and the classical modes derived from the sacred music of the Continent.

Although the folk music has exerted a much greater influence on today's popular music than has the classical, there are relatively few prominent artists today playing music plainly derivative of the early English folk forms. The best of the English-tradition oriented music being played and recorded today is that of Pentangle and Fairport Convention (both British groups) and the various artists and groups springing from the two groups.

Pentangle is a primarily acoustic five-some consisting of a female vocalist, double bassist, drummer, and two guitarists. Over the past six years the Pentangle has released a total of 12 LP's in the States. The group itself has released five, guitarist Bert Jansch four, guitarist John Renbourn two, and Jansch and Renbourn collaboratively one. As I find it impossible to distinguish by quality any of the Bert Jansch, John Renbourn, or Pentangle albums that I've heard (eleven of the twelve released) and I haven't the desire to bore enough to review eleven albums, I will primarily discuss the two most recent releases: *Rosemary Lane* by Bert Jansch and *Reflection* by Pentangle.

Aside from the obvious element of traditional influence Pentangle's music is also heavily influenced by both the classical and jazz modes, thus giving the overall sound an added roundness and color that protects the music from the sameness of a single style. The most striking aspect of the Pentangle sound is the exceptionally high quality of the musicianship -- perhaps the highest of any "popular music" group anywhere. Other exceptional assets are the clear-voiced, almost angelic vocals of Jacqui McShee and the collective writing skills of the group.

Of the eight songs on *Reflection* four are traditional and four are written by Pentangle. Most of the traditional in the Pentangle repertoire are of the medieval ballad style -- stories with a tragic/lost love plot -- the forerunner of the modern day soap opera/Summer of '42/Love Story dramas. Perhaps the best of the traditional on *Reflection* is a song titled "Omie Wise," a song about an innocent little dainty whose badass lover lures her to the riverbank for a good drowning. In the end the badass gets his when the dainty floats to the top at which time he is consequently arrested and has no money to go his bail (conveyed in the proverbial bail/jail rhyme still so hot with songwriters today). The strongest original song on the LP, also being the best song on the album, is "So Clear," a beautiful,

reflective ballad sung by John Renbourn and sensitively backed by acoustic and electric guitars and glockenspiel. This song provides the best example of Pentangle's tremendous feeling for melody and dynamics.

On Bert Jansch's latest solo LP, *Rosemary Lane*, eight of the thirteen songs were written by Jansch, four of which are instrumentals. Jansch's compositions for the most part are romantic ballads, but some are reflective of his personal impressions of America -- impressions gathered on a Pentangle tour of the States. Although traditional influences predominate Jansch's style on his solo LPs, his albums (especially *Rosemary Lane* on which there are no accompanying musicians) are very much different from those of Pentangle. *Rosemary Lane* lacks the vocal variety and collective creative input characteristic of Pentangle, but Bert Jansch is a creative and talented enough soul that he can carry a forty minute LP without repeating himself.

The most obvious difference between Pentangle and Fairport Convention is that Pentangle is acoustic, having a traditional repertoire of soft ballads while Fairport is electric, applying a very much rockized approach to the upbeat jigs and reels of the traditional music of the Celtic peoples -- most notably the Irish and Scottish. Pentangle's is mood music for the fireside while Fairport's is dancy jovial music for the pub.

Since the formation in 1966 Fairport Convention has released six albums -- each one having some personnel change over the one before. The change which most greatly affected the group's style and direction was the loss of its much heralded female vocalist and songwriter, Sandy Denny. Denny left in late '69 to form her own group, Fotheringay (so titled after a Denny composition on the second Fairport Convention album), which recorded one very fine album and stayed together for a year. Since that time she has been working on her own and has had her first solo album, *The North Star and Grassman and the Ravens*, released within the last two months.

Sandy Denny's songs (nine of the eleven songs on *The North Star and Grassman and the Ravens* are Denny compositions) all revolve around a very simple melodic beauty. Her voice, very British and very personal, has as its main attribute an extremely comforting warmth -- a warmth more sisterly than loverly. Denny's musical style, derived much less from the traditional than is that of Fairport Convention, is in a sense, in contrast to the routy manner of Fairport.

In recording their latest album, *Angel Delight*, Fairport Convention found itself faced with the problem of trying to maintain the same high level of quality produced in their two previous and best LPs, *Liege and Lief* and *Full House*. The Fairport foursome fell a bit short in their art, and *Angel Delight* isn't quite as fine as its predecessors. Still the fall wasn't far, and Fairport has provided us with another enjoyable portrait of our Anglo-Saxon tradition.

Six of the songs on *Angel Delight* are traditional ranging from bawdy ballads of incest to foot-stomping jigs of intoxicated joviality while the other four are Fairport compositions. Aside from the usual array of electric guitars, bass, and drums, the Fairport combine employs violin, viola, dulcimer, and mandolin. The highlight of this array is the violin/fiddle playing of Dave Swarbrick, who wields a mean bow with an energy equal to that of a lightning bolt. This energy combined with the energy and creative impulses of his cohorts gives the Fairport Convention sound a liveliness, originality, and quality most refreshing.

Pentangle--Reflections--Warner Bros/Reprise (RS-6463)

Pentangle--Cruel Sister--Warner Bros/Reprise (RS-6430)

Pentangle--Sweet Child--Warner Bros/Reprise (2RS-6334)

Bert Jansch--Rosemary Lane--Warner Bros/Reprise (RS-6455)

Bert Jansch & John Renbourn--Stepping Stones--Vanguard (VSD-6520)

John Renbourn--The Lady and the Unicorn--Warner Bros/Reprise (RS-6407)

Fairport Convention--Angel Delight--A & M (SP-4319)

Fairport Convention--Full House--A & M (SP-4265)

Fairport Convention--Liege and Lief--A & M (SP-4257)

Fotheringay--Fotheringay--A & M (SP-4269)

Sandy Denny--The North Star and Grassman and the Ravens--A & M (SP-4317)

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schools and the re-opening of Douglass School as a black high school. Henriquez replied negatively pointing out that this would be illegal in accordance with federal law... Wallace receives 53 per cent of the primary vote in Monroe County and a similar per cent in a straw vote conducted in his history classes at Key West High.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 15... Following a meeting between school officials and black students, the black students agreed to return to class after receiving an assurance from the officials that a list of recommendations submitted by them would be given consideration.

The confrontation, which drew more than 100 people to the scene at Bayview Park lasted for nearly two hours and

although the kids fought valiantly, the cops were able to subdue them in the end.

Sounds like a familiar scene -- maybe a demonstration or a riot -- however, this confrontation produced no arrests and no one was injured for Bayview Park is an athletic field and the confrontation was a softball game.

And although the police won the game (the final score was 15-13) the victory, in a sense, belonged to all of the participants.

The idea of a softball game between cops and freaks was not a novel one. It has been carried out with considerable success in communities all over the country to ease tensions and foster understanding between these often less than amicable groups.

The idea for the game grew out of a rap session at Crazy Ophelia's. John Young, co-owner of the coffee house, got in touch with Police Chief Hernandez and they worked out the details.

"Initially, we wanted to call it the 'Freaks against the pigs' with the intent of detoxifying both words," Young says, "but the chief didn't like that so we agreed upon the 'Freaks vs. the cops.'"

At game time, a light-hearted, almost carnival atmosphere characterized the scene. The very partisan crowd worked themselves into an early frenzy chanting Freak victory cheers, while the sons and daughters of the cops cheered back "beat the hippies."

The first half of the game was completely dominated by the cops, who scored four runs in the first and built up a substantial 15-1 lead after 5 1/2 innings.

However, the Freaks started to "get their thing together" in the bottom of the sixth, by scoring two runs and seizing the momentum. They added another four runs in the seventh, and three runs apiece in the eighth and ninth, but although they held the cops scoreless for the remainder of the game they still trailed by two runs after the final out in the ninth inning.

J Bruce Kaufman

Marion Steven's ARTISTS UNLIMITED The Unique Art Gallery Keys and Caribbean Invites you to Trip and/or Buy 221 Duval St.

Freaks vs. Fuzz

J Bruce Kaufman



Freaks in all sizes and shapes gathered at Bayview Park to cheer for their team.

Everything about the coffee house is designed to facilitate this communication. It is open from early morning to late at night, all ages are welcome, music is kept soft and mellow -- even the bulletin board suggests the theme -- it is called a "rap board."

And when communication has led to action it is more than likely that Crazy Ophelia's will remain involved.

The most significant example of this is the fledgling Key West Free Clinic, which was conceived of and still remains very closely affiliated with the cafe.

"Right from the start we recognized the need to make some medical services available free to the transient 'freak' population" Young says, "so we began looking for doctors with a social consciousness."

At present, arrangements have been made with one physician. Dr. Lazarus, a Key West surgeon, has donated his services, free of charge, for a few hours on Wednesday evenings.

Young is hopeful that similar arrangements can be worked out with other doctors and possibly a dentist, and that the clinic can be expanded to the point where it can be operated on a full-time basis from a separate facility.

In addition to the medical services currently offered, Ophelia's will continue to provide referral information for such medical problems as venereal disease, abortions, and drug abuse.

Ideas have also been turned into action in the area of legal rights. To this end a close relationship has been established with the Monroe County Chapter of the American Civil Liberties Union.

A seminar on constitutional rights conducted by the ACLU, which has been leading the effort here to put an end to police harassment of people on the streets, was held recently at the coffee house, and efforts are currently underway to establish some kind of legal protection fund.

Musically, Crazy Ophelia's has been very active. Young encourages amateur performers to use his stage and professionals such as Jimmy Buffet and Gore have played to large crowds there. Hoolenannys, jam sessions, or solo gigs all find a home at Crazy Ophelia's.

Young remembers Key West's first coffee house, which was open for a short time in 1963 (a year the coffee house scene boomed in the United States).

"Key West was not ready for something like this then," Young says. "When a long hair walked down the streets kids would spit at him and dogs would bark."

However, today as the coffee house scene is on the wane nationally, Ophelia's are seems to be just what was needed here in Key West. At least this appears to be the general consensus in town.

The merchants and police like it because it keeps the freaks off the street. City officials like the cafe because it is offering services (e.g. recreation and medical care) that would otherwise have to be provided by them.

There have been frequent demonstrations of this good feeling from the "straight" community. Area merchants have contributed generously to Ophelia's and one prominent Key West citizen sponsored a mass Christmas dinner which fed more than 100 young people.

Young proudly speaks of his good relations with various city officials, including Mayor McCoy and Police Chief Hernandez.

Ironically, the only evidence of acrimony had come from segments of the freak population that Ophelia's was conceived of to serve.

Subsequently, the runaway has returned to her anxious parents in Miami, the junky is on a methadone program, and the girl -- well, let's say that she's back in action.

When John Young and Hank Villate thought about opening a coffee house, they were motivated by more than just the prospect of operating a profitable business.

As Young explains it, "We were interested in setting up what you might call a 'communications center' for young people. A place where they could get together and exchange ideas and information."

He says that many of the youthful dissidents are just "down and out," who are "ruining it for all of us." Nevertheless, in response to the protests, the weekend admission price has been lifted on "an experimental basis."

Weaver Finch

Thurlow Weed
Key West Naturalists' Society

While no bird reported in this corner is by any means rare or hard to find in or around Key West, most of them do require the observer physically to go where they are most likely to be seen, or at least to go outdoors. Not so *Passer domesticus*, which is so common and energetic that it really forces itself upon almost everyone in the city - indoors or out - and indeed upon most everyone in the land.

Some call it the English Sparrow, some the House Sparrow. It is actually a Weaver Finch, and thus a member of birddom's largest family, the Finches. Almost 1,200 species and subspecies are scattered around the world except, for some reason, in Australia. About 200 species are to be found in our country.

"Sparrow" comes from the Anglo-Saxon *spearwa* (through medieval English *sparwe*, *sparwe*, *sparwe*) and means "flutterer."

And a flutterer it is, to the ear as much as to the eye. It is a loud bird. Wherever there is a concentration (and two or three is a concentration) of House Sparrows, there is a constant uproar. In fact, they only occur in concentrations. Some people complain about "incessant noise," while others enjoy soaking in the cheerful twittering. Many prefer the bright sunrise bubbling of the House Sparrow (especially outside the bedroom window) to the spewing and snorting busses and trucks that fill our streets. Chatter versus clatter. And too, sparrows scatter seed-hulls and leave behind the occasional spot of lime or used feather, while the latter-day dragons of the asphalt belch poisons upon us all.

Besides being ecologically less noxious than mechanized transport, the sparrow is important in its own right because it, like all Finches, is a seed-eater. Now and then probably every one of them eats a few insects as well (one study showed that during a plague of alfalfa weevils and cutworms in a farming area, it was precisely these pests which the sparrows were feeding their young), but it is independent of animal food.

The importance to farmers, especially those who prefer to avoid the indiscriminate spraying about of poisons, of something that eats cutworms and weevils is obvious. But its greatest contribution is in keeping down weeds.

Consider 1910: the total value of U.S. farm crops that year was \$8,926,000,000. If you suppose that the millions of various Finches (about 200 species, remember, in the U.S. alone) by their enormous consumption of weed-seeds saved only one percent of the crops (which does not seem to be an overly violent supposition), they did a \$89,260,000 job in that one year. Without a single drop of herbicide. Millions (billions?) of drops of lime, of course, but then bird-drops have been used for fertilizer for centuries.

If you put out birdseed, you are certain to attract more House Sparrows

than any other bird in Key West. Try placing the feeder just outside your sleeping window. That will give you concentrations of sparrows in a feeding frenzy every dawn, which is a beautiful way to wake up. At least, some people think so.

As the common name "English Sparrow" implies, the bird is not native to the New World. Eight pairs were brought from England to Brooklyn, New York, in the fall of 1850 and were released the following spring. Other importations were made in subsequent years, and as the released and escaped birds made themselves at home, they spread rapidly and widely. Today it blankets the continent and is probably the country's most familiar bird, with the possible exception of the Rock Dove ("Pigeon").

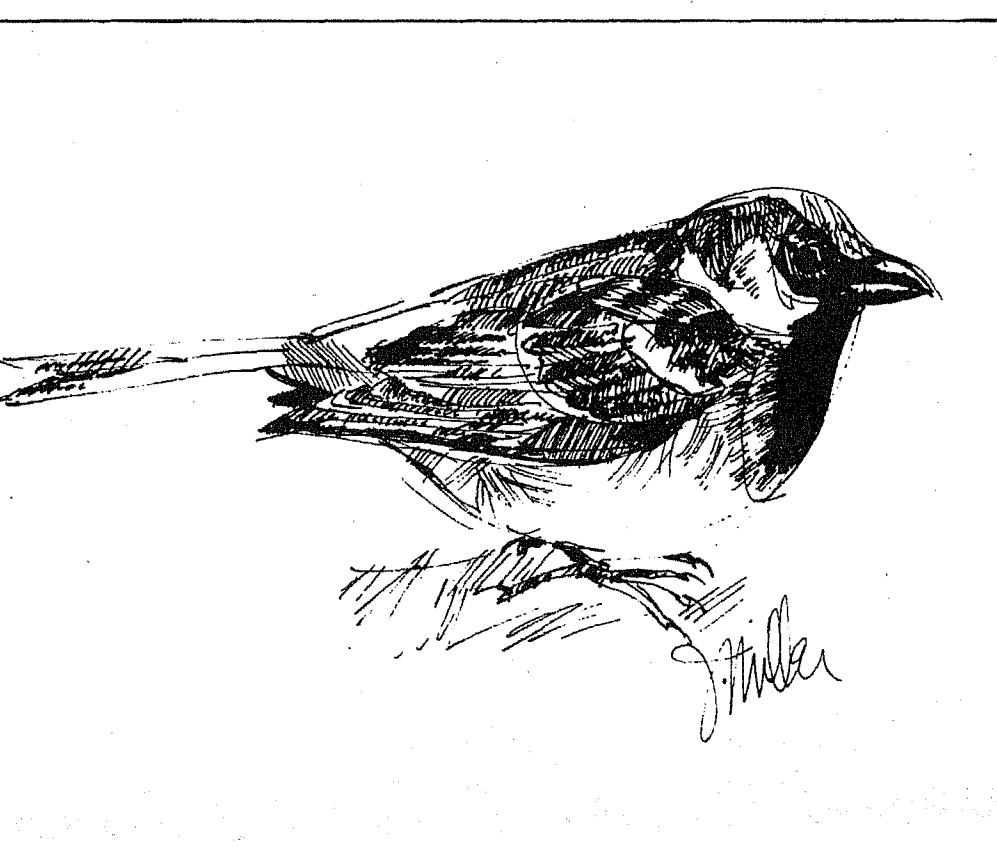
One reason for so impressive a spread is that the sparrow raises several broods of young each year. Another is that, being independent of seasonal animal food, it is a permanent resident wherever it occurs, rather than being a migrant. When it spreads to a new locale, it stays there and multiplies.

Still, there are pockets where the House Sparrow is not found - in Florida, for example, the Everglades and the prairie areas to the north are said to be sparrow-free. And the bird remains more an urban than a rural phenomenon.

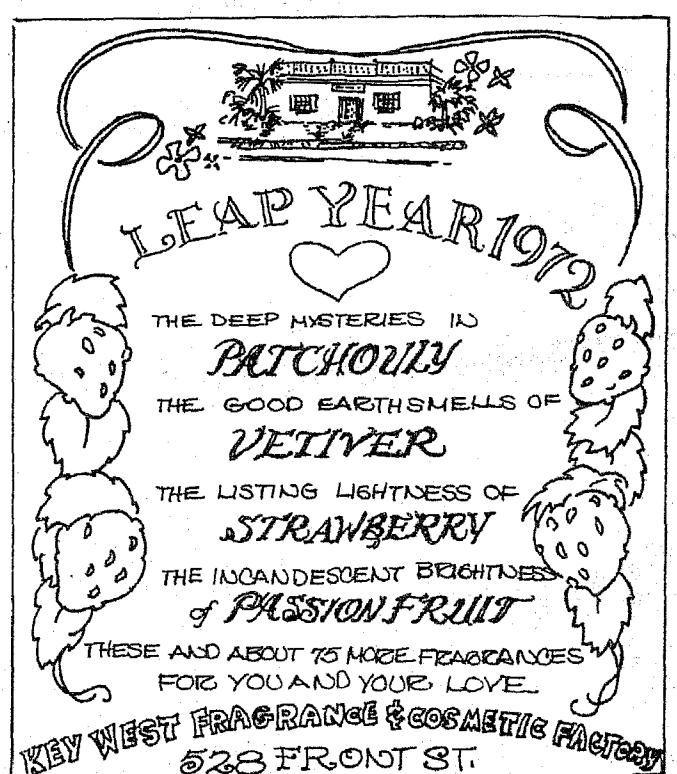
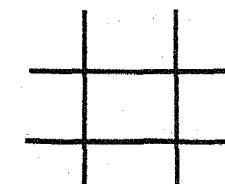
Despite this total distribution as a species, as individuals the birds have a restricted range, occupying and confining their activity to a tiny area. Perhaps a square block or less is some instances. One group on Simonton Street seems to limit itself to two mahogany trees and a gumbo-limbo.

It uses most any material that happens to be handy for its nest - twigs, string, straw - whatever it can weave into the structure. The nests are placed just about anywhere, too - especially around

houses and buildings. Look for them in eaves, in cracks, on ledges, here and there, usually five feet or more above ground. Sparrow nests are often behind gutter overflows, for instance. You can easily spot nests in the ornamental brickwork on the northern facade of City Hall.



Tober is a
tic tac toe.



Simonton at Truman



Capt.
Tony's
SALOON
KEY WEST, FLA.

